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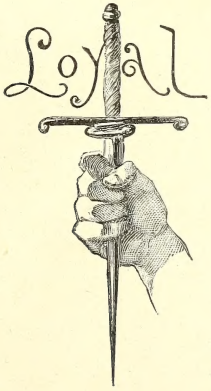
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New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 19

Old Series, Vol. 25



September, 1898 — February, 1899

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TO

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XIX. SEPTEMBER, 1898 — FEBRUARY, 1899.

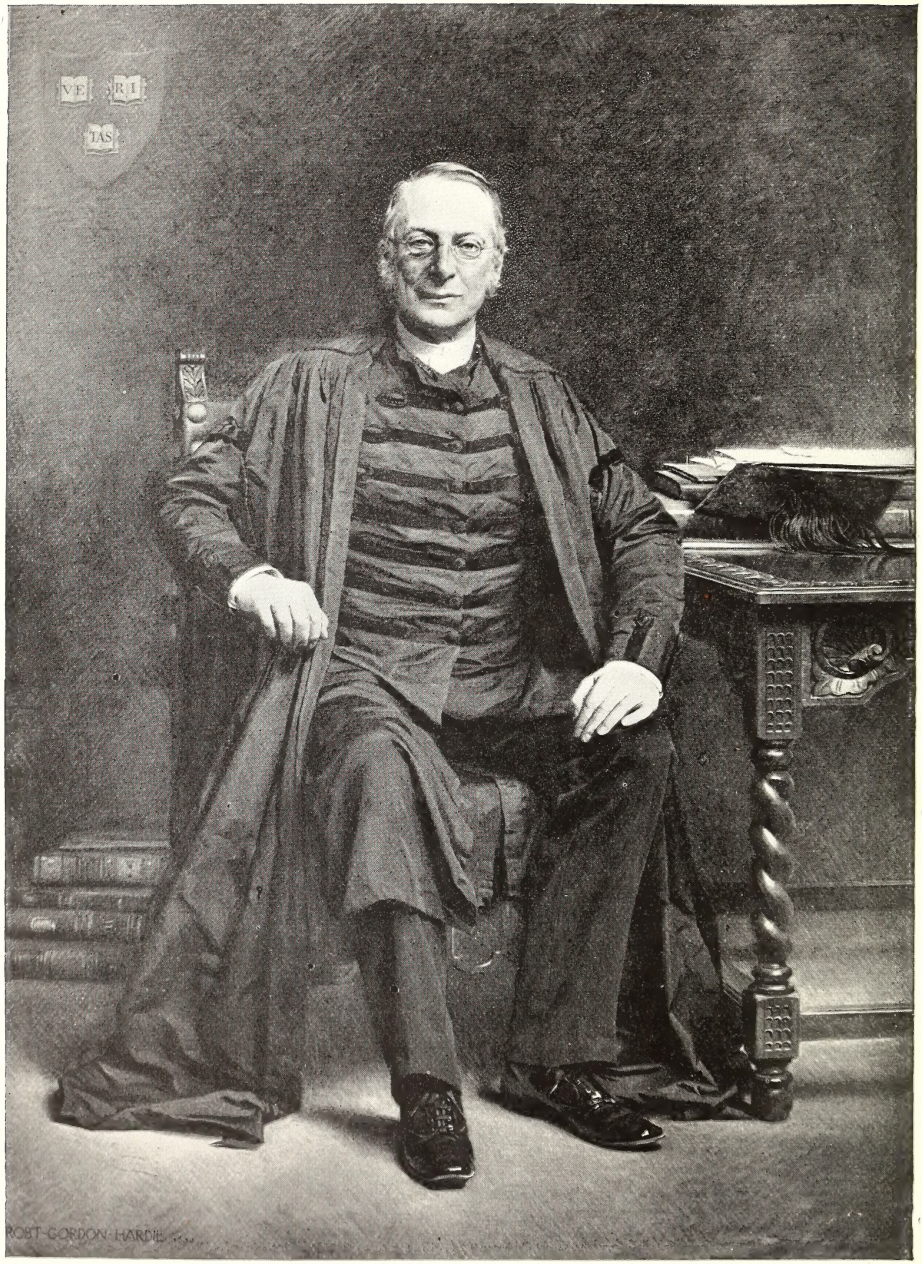
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From the portrait by Robert Gordon Hardie.

CHARLES W. ELIOT.

President of Harvard University.

THE

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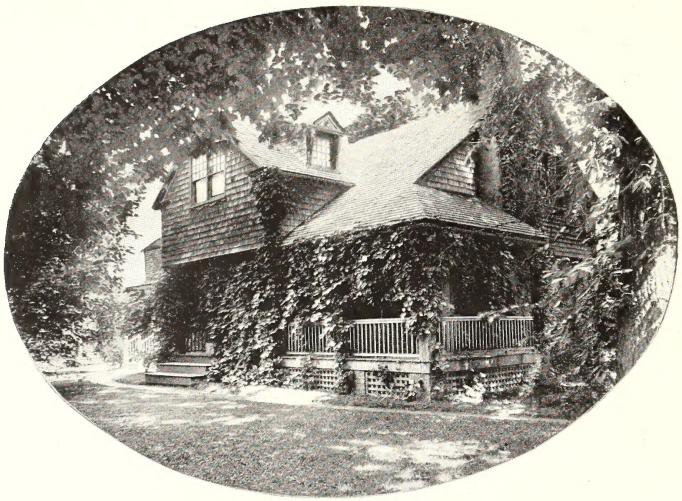
NEW SERIES. SEPTEMBER, 1898. VOL. XIX. NO. 1.

ROBERT GORDON HARDIE, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

By William Howe Downes.

FROM the time of Copley down to our own day the American school of art has always been strong in skillful portrait painters; and it is so still. Robert Gordon Hardie is one of the most conspicuously and deservedly successful of the contemporary practicians in this branch of the painter's calling, and to seek the sources of his power and explain the qualities which go to the perfecting of his work is the aim of the present paper.

The successful pursuit of portraiture demands a combination of intellectual, moral and physical faculties, the co-existence of which in any one individual is rare. Eugène Fromentin, the French painter and critic, thought that there were but eight really great portraitists in the world—Titian, Rembrandt, Raphael, Sebastian del Piombo, Velasquez, Van Dyck, Holbein and Moro. I place the merit of likeness at the head of the list of qualities in a portrait. Without this the work may be, in various ways, of surpassing beauty and worth; but it is not a good portrait. Indeed, this is the very *sine qua non.* But what is a likeness? Not, as nine people out of ten might conceive it, an exact topographical chart of a countenance, such as we see but too often; not a dead-and-alive image, which partakes of the character of a caricature, because it tells a part only of the truth and misses the fine something which is of the most intimate significance; not a big colored photograph, nor a picture of fine clothes, furniture and other accessories, with a human being to play second fiddle to them. I might go on defining what is *not* a good likeness. What a good likeness *is* is not so easy to set forth. The painter must be a thoroughly competent draughtsman and a keen observer; he must be of an indomitable patience, and he must also be prompt to seize upon a transitory expression which reveals character. Executive ability of a high order must be allied with imagination and quick sympathies. The portrait painter relies upon his skill at first, but upon his intuitions at last. I do not think the blending of executive ability and imaginative power is so very rare as it might be supposed; in fact, I am inclined to think that first-rate executive ability implies a certain amount of imagination,—that the faculty of managing, ordering, planning and shaping things and men, requiring foresight as it does, demands a temperament of the imaginative cast. It is a theory of mine that the conduct of great business enterprises to successful issues is based upon the active exercise of a bold imagination. Are we not too apt to credit the author, the artist and that ilk with the exclusive possession of imagination, because they do something "out of their own heads," as the

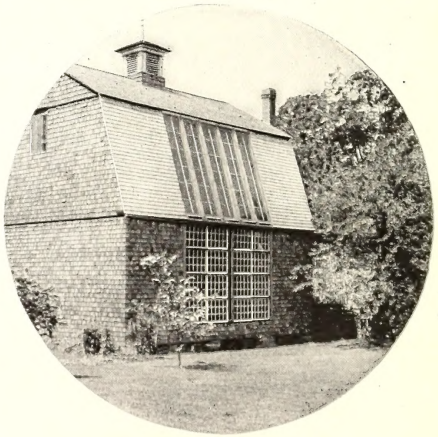


MR. HARDIE'S HOME AT BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT.

children say, and to ignore equal wonders in the creation of colossal commercial, manufacturing and trade establishments?

That the painter relies at first upon skill, but at last upon intuitions, illustrates the true normal method of his growth; and there is nothing more important for an artist than to begin at the beginning. It is all futile nonsense to try to talk high art into art students, who are trying to learn how to draw a nose so that it may not be mistaken for a view of Mont Blanc. What the art student wants to know, what he should be taught, is the tricks of the trade, the how to do it; for there is a way of doing everything, as all old-timers know, and the art schools have no business to teach anything but methods and processes of doing things. The student who does not find this part of his education enough of a job while he is in school has yet to be born. A man does not become an artist by understanding Rembrandt first and learning to draw from the antique afterwards. Of course, there is no law against his indulging in patter about Botticelli and the Japanese by way of recreation during recess. The logical development of the painter should be from the A B C of art gradually upwards. Most of the very best painters began by being what I may call dogged draughtsmen, like the pupils of J. L. Gérôme, for instance; — and this brings us back to Hardie.

To break away from generalities, let us refer briefly to the facts in the history of our artist which may have some bearing upon the specialization of his talent, the formation of his style, and the direction of his powers. Robert Gordon Hardie was born in Brattleboro, Vt., March 29, 1854, being the only son of the late Major Robert Gordon Hardie and Frances Hyde Hardie. His grandfather was a Virginia planter of English descent. It is probable that more of his forbears were Scotch. His boyhood does not seem to have offered any very salient singularities, his attendance at the "district" school and the high school having been more or less desultory, and his predilection for the art of design having early shown itself by the



MR. HARDIE'S STUDIO.

production of caricatures, maps and sketches of all sorts, of the crude and audacious character common to such juvenile efforts.

His bent for drawing having become more and more marked, he was finally allowed to go to New York, where, at the instance of Professor Elie Charlier, at whose house he lived, he began a systematic course of study in drawing at the schools of the Cooper Institute, the Academy of Design and the Art Students' League. Then, acting on the advice of Professor Charlier, he went to Paris to continue his studies under the great French teachers at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. In the fall of 1878 we find him writing home that, after waiting nearly six weeks, he has been admitted to the school as a pupil of M. Gérôme. He tells about his way of living. He and a friend have a studio together in the rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, not far from the Luxembourg Gardens. Then follows a description of the place; it is a complete picture:



MR. HARDIE IN HIS STUDIO.

"Our studio is on the second floor of a two-story building, is 20x20 feet, and about 18 feet high, being finished off to the gable roof. There is a skylight and high side-light to the northwest, and two ordinary windows on the opposite side. Our furniture is exceedingly ordinary, and consists of two small iron bedsteads, two tables, three or four chairs, three easels, a small stove, and a few other necessary articles. The tables, chairs and some other things were purchased of some students about leaving Paris, for very little money, the stove costing only nine francs, tables five francs each, and the chairs only one and a half francs. My part of the rent of the studio is nearly six francs per week. I take my meals at a restaurant in the rue de Buci, where many of the students go, which costs me three francs per day, making the total cost of living twenty-seven francs, or $5.20 per week, which is the best I can do, and, as near as I can learn, is much less than that paid by the other students. Notwithstanding that we practice the greatest economy, we consider our-

selves very pleasantly and comfortably situated."

In the same letter the young man alludes to his visits to the Louvre and the Luxembourg galleries, pronounces the French the greatest painters and sculptors of to-day, and mentions the kindness of M. Bartholdi, the sculptor.

For five years Hardie worked diligently in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and as early as July, 1879, he received an honorable mention. The year following he sent a crayon portrait of a woman to the Salon. I translate from the *Moniteur des Arts*, May 21, 1880:

"This portrait of a woman by Mr. Hardie, drawn with a rare affability, caressed by the artist's crayon as a smiling infant is caressed with the hand,—this portrait of a woman who must have beamed with joy in contemplating her effigy, happy to be so well understood. Mr. Hardie does honor to foreign art, for, if he is of ourselves by his talent, it is to the United States of America that this distinguished pupil of M. Gérôme belongs."



THE LATE MRS. ROBERT GORDON HARDIE.

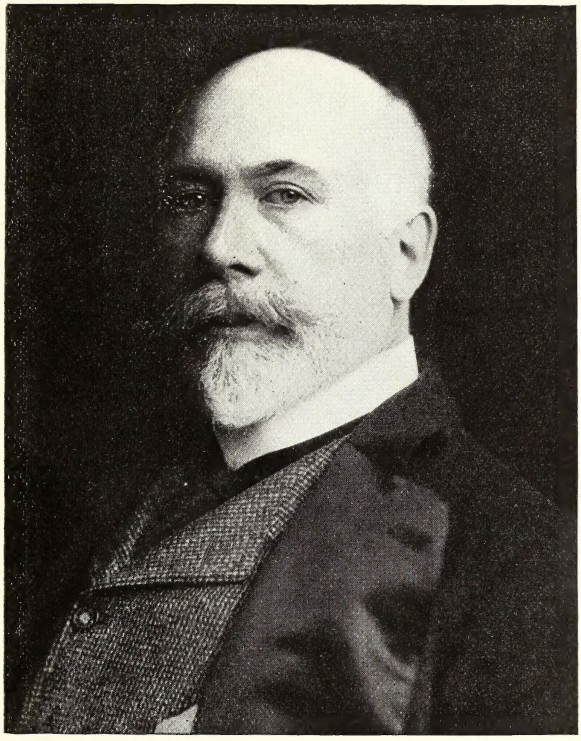
Concerning the same crayon head, Octave Lacroix remarked in one of his articles on the Salon of 1880:

"M. Hardie, un Americain d'un grand talent, est l'auteur d'un portrait de femme où le fusain a pénétré de même les secrets, peu accessibles, croit-on, avec des moyens si élémentaires et si incomplèts, du modèle et de la couleur. C'est là un portrait vivant et parlant, plein de naturel et d'expression, et qu'on peut rapprocher des mieux rèussis."

It is a pity to translate that "peu accessibles, croit-on,"—if, indeed, it is translatable.

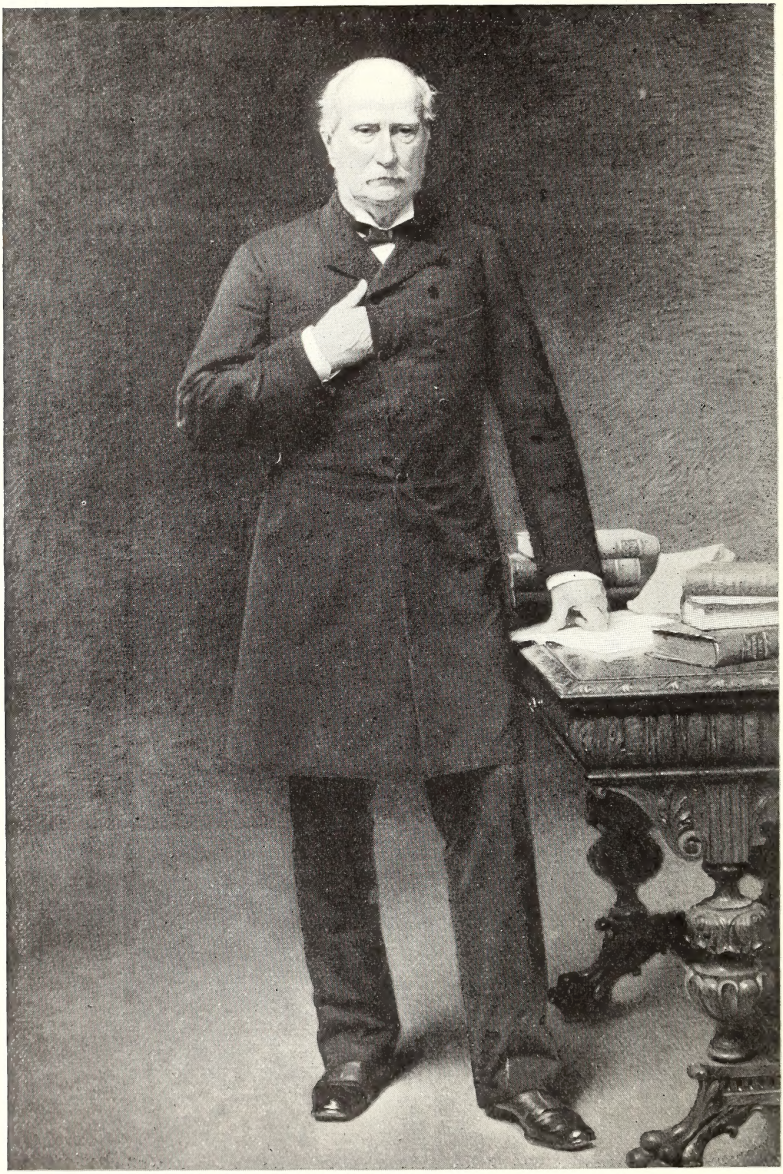
In the autumn of 1880 our young débutant made a journey down the River Loir, as he was feeling a little stale and needing a change of air. He passed nearly two months sketching in a little place called Vendôme, on the banks of this

stream, which, by the way, is not to be confused with the more important river Loire. At Vendôme he was hospitably entertained by the Marquis de Rochambeau and his family at their castle, overlooking the picturesque valley of the Loir. The members of this family are the direct descendants of the Count de Rochambeau, who commanded the French troops at Yorktown. The count's sword which he wore during the campaign in America is preserved in the chateau. The de Rochambeau estate is so extensive that the avenue leading from the highway to the castle is almost two miles long; and it is arched over by beech trees one hundred and seventy years old. Hardie, having letters to the family, was received with open arms, and, after dining and breakfasting frequently at the castle, finally went to pass two days and nights there, during which the family, with the abbé and the curé of Thoré and Hardie as their guests, made a coaching excursion along the valley of the Loir to Ruillé-sur-Loir, where they were entertained at a celebrated convent, and dined with the Sister Superior in a style to rival Bignon of the Avenue de l'Opera. The Loir flows through one of the most beautiful portions of that beautiful land of France, and the coaching trip must have been a charming experience, taking in, as it did, the quaint villages of Montoire and Trôo, with their curious old houses dating back to the times of Henri IV. Hardie remained long at Vendôme, after his pleasant hosts had gone back to their town residence; and when he returned to Paris in time for the opening of the art school, he came well laden with studies of landscapes, heads, figures and still-life, which elicited the welcome "Tres bien!" which is about as hearty as any phrase of approval that a teacher will vouchsafe.



Robt Gordon Hardie

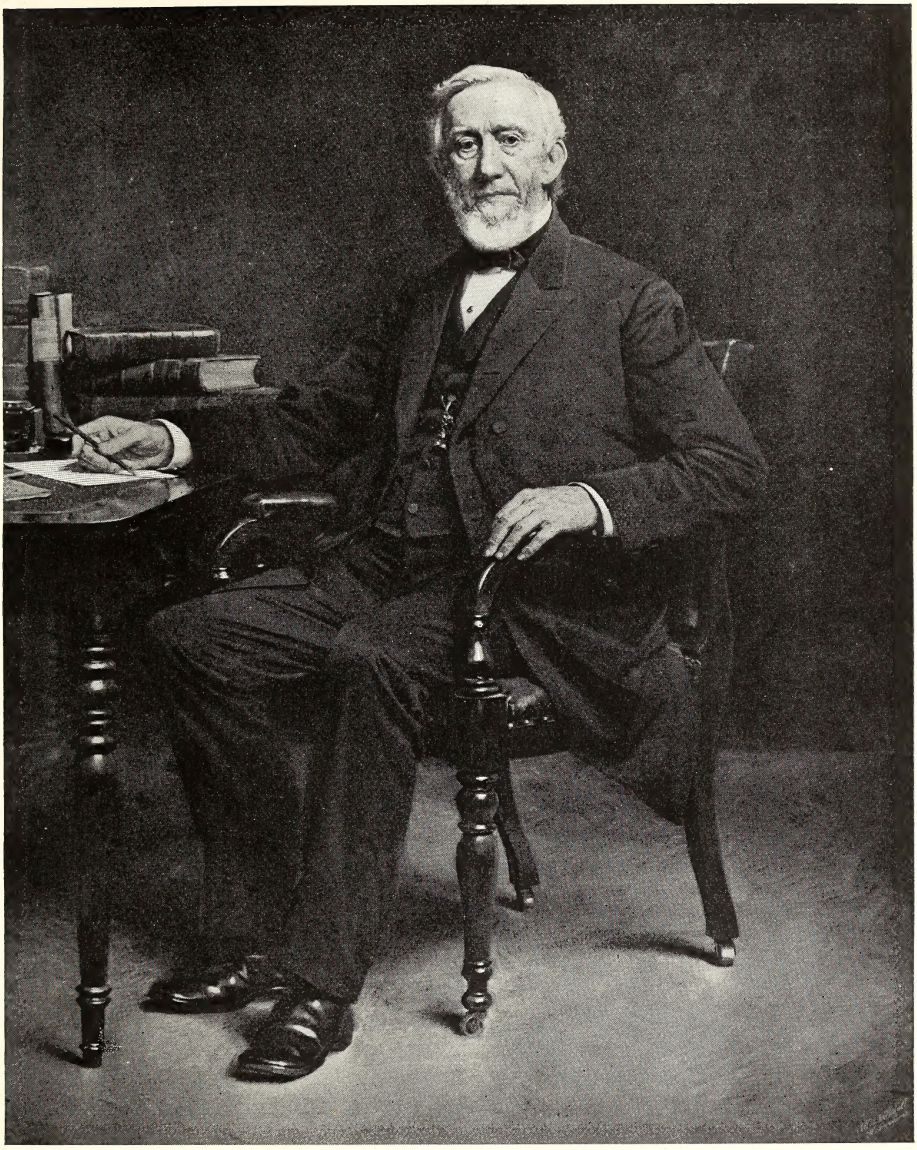
As a sequel to this pleasant outing, Hardie was invited down to the Chateau de Rochambeau the following spring to spend several weeks and to paint the portraits of several members of the family. That same year (1881) he exhibited in the Salon a portrait of William St. Clair, of Washington, of which a correspondent wrote home that it was a fine likeness, a most ex-



HON. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD.

cellent portrait, with a speaking expression, adding the picturesque remark that "There is no etc. about this picture,"—which, I take it, means that no mental reservations accompany his encomium.

It was about the same story every successive year. The young man had struck his gait, and recognition, with those more tangible tokens of success, commissions for portraits, now became assured and substantial. In 1882 he became a pupil of Cabanel. It has been stated in several biographical articles that he studied under Bonnat; but this is an error, as his only mas-

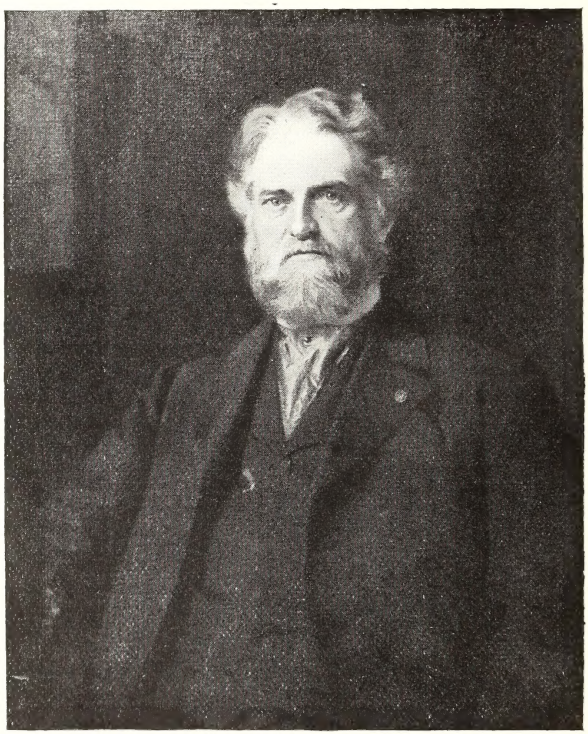


CHIEF JUSTICE MARCUS MORTON.

ters were Gérôme and Cabanel. He continued to exhibit in the Salon as long as he remained in Paris. In the winter of 1882 he was in such demand for portrait work that he established himself in a better studio in the Avenue de Villiers. When he returned to Vermont it was difficult to recognize in the tall, bearded painter the young "Bob" Hardie that the town of Brattleboro had known so well a few years before. But Brattleboro had and retains a high appreciation indeed of his brilliant achievements; and "Bob" Hardie has long since been registered on the Brattleboro roll of honor, which shines with the lustre of such names as Larkin Mead, Mary

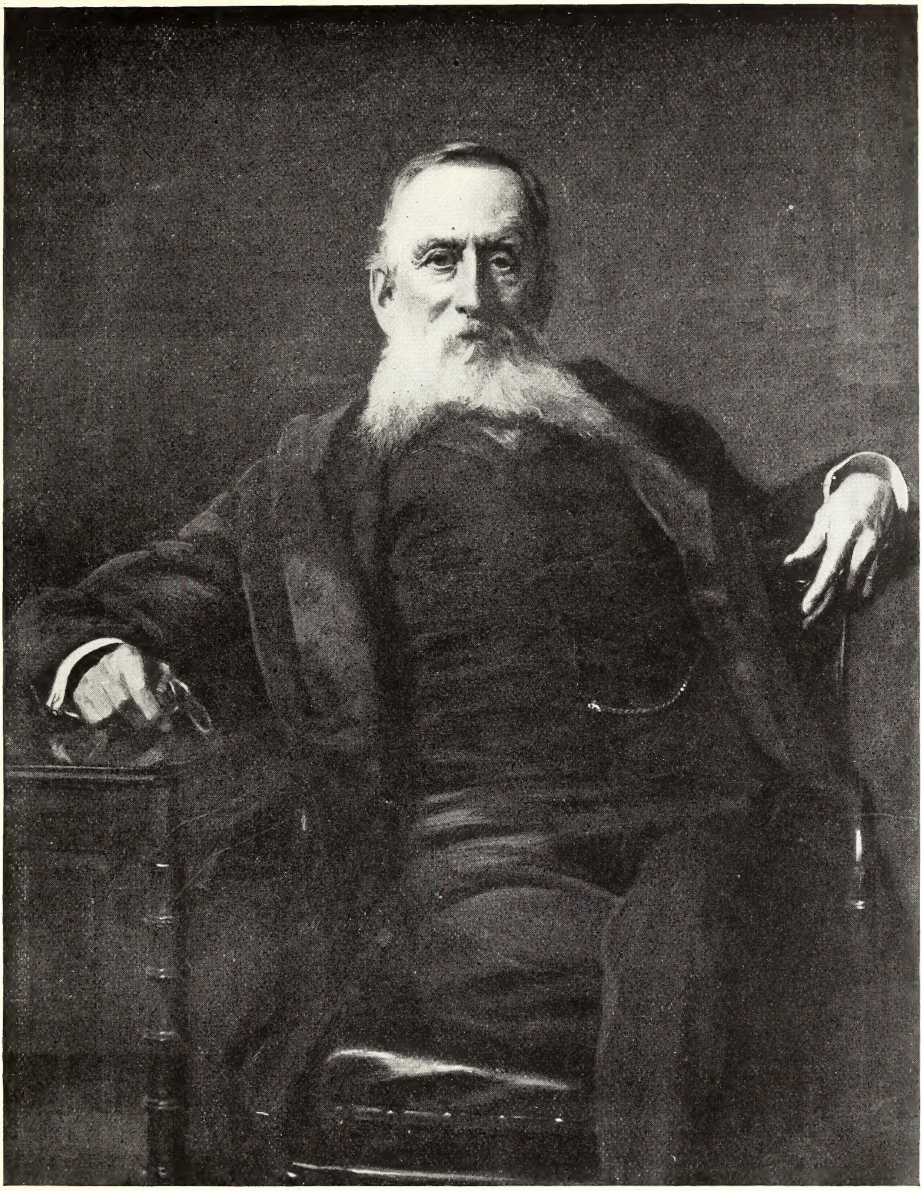
Wilkins, Mary Howe and William Morris Hunt—sculptor, author, singer and painter.

Having traced in a fragmentary way the main outlines of our artist's career up to the time of his graduation, up to his real entrance upon his professional labors, I have brought him to about the period when I first knew of him through his portraits—that is, about ten years ago. In the National Academy of 1888 his full-length, life-size portrait of David Dudley Field, painted for the Court of Appeals at Albany, attracted an uncommon degree of attention, which was as much due to the intrinsic merit of the work itself as to the celebrity of the subject. Following this striking work, the fine portrait of James H. Beal, president of the Second National Bank of Boston, served to introduce the artist to the public of this city. Ever since that time the artist has swung, pendulum-wise, between his New York and his Boston studios, with occasional sojourns with his mother in Brattleboro; and the list of his works stretches out impressively, to testify alike to his industry and to the wonderful measure of favor he has received. Also, it is to be noted, his sitters become more and more prominent personages, as we go down the list—university presidents and professors, eminent judges, great scientific men, great merchants, statesmen, publicists—illustrating his growing reputation and vogue.



PROFESSOR SIMON NEWCOMB.

The foundation of that reputation and vogue is doubtless the strict, honest, direct veracity which the world demands in all its human documents. For there is no use in explaining away the aggressive realism of Hardie's earlier work. In his searching style nothing was extenuated, nothing was neglected, and nothing was sacrificed. His portraits instantly recalled those of Bonnat, not only by their undeviating insistence upon all the facts in sight, but also by that curious cross-hatching of the background which is one of the hall-marks of the French painter. They were as strong, as uncompromisingly strong as anything that Bonnat ever signed. Their fault was that they were too conscientious. The portraits of Chief Justice Morton of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, of William H. Baldwin, president of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union; of President Eliot of Harvard University, of Professor Elie Charlier, of E. H. Abbott, president of the Wis-



ALEXANDER S. WHEELER, ESQ.

consin Central Railroad; of Samuel Johnson, of Lincoln F. Brigham, Chief Justice of the Superior Court; of Walbridge A. Field, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court; of Alexander Wheeler, of Secretary Langley of the Smithsonian Institution; of Robert M. Morse, of Benjamin H. Bristow, ex-Secretary of the Treasury; of Henry Woods, of Eustace C. Fitz, of Judge Durfee of Rhode Island, of the late Surgeon-General Baxter, of Horace White, of James Page, of Frank Merriam, of Col. Oliver W. Peabody, of Thomas Doane, of Redfield Proctor, United

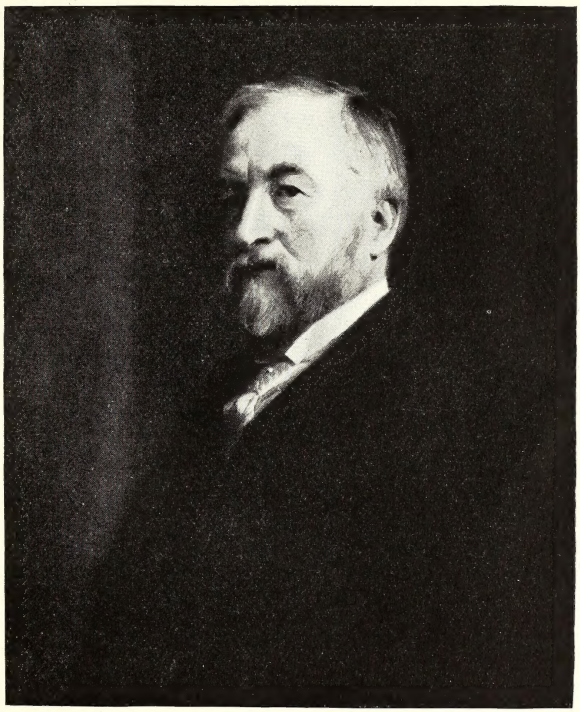


WILLIAM H. BALDWIN.
President of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union.

States Senator from Vermont, and many others — all possessed those qualities of sound and skillful handling, studious representation of detailed fact, vigor of modelling and construction, solidity and fidelity, which are, if not the highest, still the most fundamental and necessary attributes of good portraiture.

But the interval between the time when the first of these portraits was painted and the time when the last was painted was a fruitful period in more than one sense. Hardie was learning not to play all his trumps at once, *cartes sur table;* he was tempering his brusque candor with subtilty and reservations; he was more and more con-

cealing his art by art, more and more using the great artistic principle of sacrifice. When his portrait of Senator Proctor of Vermont was first exhibited in Boston, it was a striking demonstration of the artist's development along the lines indicated. Senator Proctor is a rugged American type; and his typical character is so well brought out in the picture that it may be said to be a work of historic import. It depicts him at three-quarters length, standing by a table, on which one of his hands is resting, while the other hand is half plunged into his pocket. He wears a black frock coat and dark trousers, and is posed full-front. At the right of the background, on the wall, is the coat-of-arms of Vermont, and at the left is an open window, through which is seen a pretty glimpse of a green landscape and a blue sky. This portrait is one of the most remarkable for intense vitality and strong expression of individual character among all the works of the artist. It is a portrait which looks, listens, judges; in its presence it is not discreet to utter secrets.



SAMUEL P. LANGLEY.

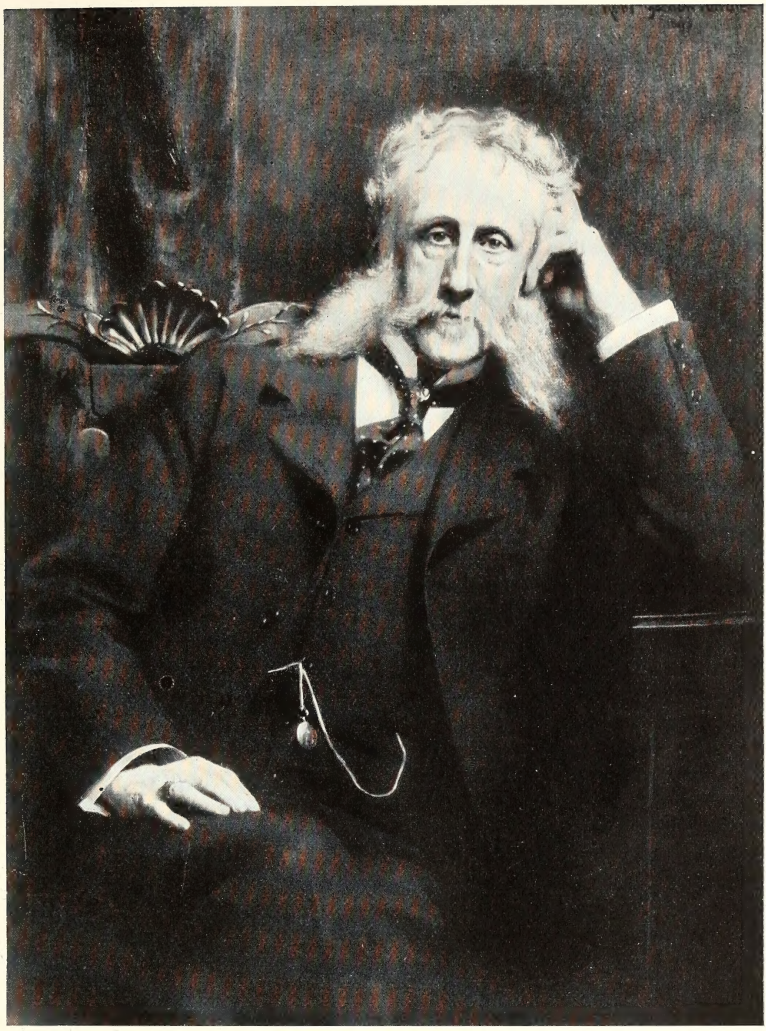
In certain respects the portrait of Judge Brigham, which was painted at about the same time, is a performance of even greater interest. It is a condensed biography on canvas, and a revelation of legal character of a most striking nature. The judge is shown standing behind a railing hung with green baize, and he holds a law book before him, from which he has evidently just been quoting, and he is proceeding to comment upon the citation and to elucidate the application of it. His bland and genial expression, his easy and graceful gesture,—as he waves one hand slightly, placing the other on the rail, — constitute one of the most unmistakable pictorial pantomimes imaginable, and it would be but a pardonable extravagance to say that the hand was arguing. Moreover, one feels confident that the point is well taken, and that the law which has been cited is sound. The whole work is permeated with a legal atmosphere; it is essentially the portrait of a jurist.

Partly to demonstrate that he could paint a portrait of a woman as successfully as that of a man, and perhaps also partly as a relief from the strain of painting so many mere men (with their tiresome sameness of black frock coats), Hardie painted for exhibition at the World's Fair of 1893 a delightful portrait of his wife, who was a



GENERAL HENRY ABBOTT, U. S. A.

daughter of Senator Cullom of Illinois. This lovely canvas, fitly described by the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* as a "picture radiant with youth and beauty," represented the lady in an evening gown of changeable golden silk, with clouded violet shadows. It was as widely noticed by visitors to the exhibition as any portrait of a lady there, and served to add materially to the reputation of its author. I remember an unfinished painting of a lady that Hardie had in his Dartmouth street studio in the winter of 1894, which was the most charming thing in point of color that he ever produced. It depicted a lady wearing a broad-brimmed hat and a gown of pale rose-color and lilac, which was set against a background of red and blue tapestry —altogether a novel color scheme, but one that was most successfully



EDWARD A. STRONG.

brought into harmony and unity. The poise of the head was elegant, and the work had a vast deal of style.

In the more recent examples of Hardie's work I discern with pleasure an increase of freedom, of originality and of sympathy, a broadening out and mellowing of the point-of-view, and an ever-unsatisfied striving for more pure beauty. Knowledge of life, its hard knocks as well as its successes, and knowledge of human nature, with a confidence born of experience and a modesty that results from acquaintance with the best in art, show themselves in the artist's work as well as in his conversation. One of the most unobtrusive, but one of the best of his recent portraits is that of a very famous and very learned man, Professor Simon Newcomb, the astronomer. This work, which is the property of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, is one of Hardie's most genial and intimate portraits. I quote the following admirable description of



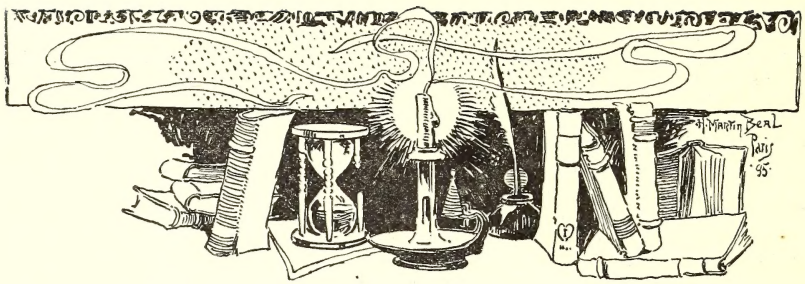
PROFESSOR BRADBURY L. CILLEY.

this head from an article in *Time and the Hour:*

"At this moment there is a picture of Professor Simon Newcomb, painted for Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore, which may challenge comparison with almost any modern work. The zodiac in the corner marks, after a quaint mediæval fashion, the astronomer's calling. The background, of a purplish hue, is strongly limned on a very coarse canvas, and is full of atmosphere, throwing the strong head into remarkable relief. It is not in itself an inspiring head. Vigorous and rugged, it is neither suggestive in expression nor in cranial lines of intellect or inspiration. The one possible ideality, its purposefulness and persistence, Mr. Hardie has seized. Admirably modelled, this head stands for a strong, genuine man—a man not of feeling, but of force; a face enshrining the will to wrestle and to attain. There is something solemn in this grave, stern canvas."

It is because so many of Hardie's sitters have been similarly strong, genuine, rugged types of American character, that this account gives so true an impression of his way of bringing to the surface these traits of leadership, not alone in the renowned astronomer, but in senator, jurist, educator, philanthropist and man of affairs. Perhaps there is something vital and distinctive in the American man, which it has been left to this clear-sighted painter to preserve for history.

From the intermingling of races, and the moulding force of climate, environment, and fate, perhaps the American man begins to exhibit those singularities of character which stamp themselves upon the physiognomy and carriage, and become the indefinable something that proclaims the national type. A strange composite, blending the practical and the ideal, the executive and the sentimental. With all his rough spots and blemishes, Brother Jonathan is sound at the core and worthy of love and admiration. Whatever seemingly inconsistent qualities he, or any one of his individual embodiments, may possess, to the extent that these are indicated in his outward aspect, they become as much the study of the portraitist as of the historian and ethnologist. The importance of absolute and undeviating truthfulness in the portrait becomes the more emphatic as we reflect upon the way that posterity looks upon a likeness, the uses it makes of it, and the conclusions it draws from it as a human document. The great portraits are the authentic and trustworthy portraits; one recognizes and bows before their genuineness. If they can be also what we call decorative, why, so much the better; but that is not the essential thing. If art survives empires, it is because it tells the truth; for truth is, I conceive, the only imperishable part of it. I would not give a picayune for an Arrangement in Black and Gray; but for the portrait of Mrs. Whistler painted by her son, I would give a king's ransom. The day will come when Holbein will be held higher than Van Dyck as a portraitist, because he has more reserve, is freer from exaggeration and is, in a word, more honest. Simplicity is the keystone. Only the very great men have it in perfection, — as Rembrandt in his portrait of The Syndics, Hals in his life-size groups in Haarlem, Holbein, Titian and Velasquez, in all their portraits, which have the very modesty of nature. Nothing else touches us so directly or holds us so long. Every sincere effort towards this goal, not by the forbidden way of imitation, but by original and serious labors, has the approval and backing of all who love art, and of all whose judgment is of weight in art questions.



AMONG FRIENDS.

By Alice Morse Earle.

LIFE among the Quakers in colonial days differed much from life among the Dutch, the Puritans or Virginians. A beautiful portrayal of some aspects of it in Philadelphia has recently been given in Dr. Mitchell's novel, "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker." It was a carefully guarded, closely restrained, absolutely well-ordered life, such a life as brings the greatest domestic comfort, the most equable neighborliness, the most just citizenship, yet seldom rises to the heights of burning romance, self-abnegation, or noblest patriotism.

In the early days of Quakerism in America there was much that was narrow in the walking of good Friends. Learning was but scantily encouraged. George Fox had been a man of meagre schooling, and had got along very well without high scholarship, and others could do so also. Much learning provoked undue pride, and discouraged industry; no one could be anything but idle whose head was constantly thrust in a book. Public spirit and patriotism were not characteristics of Quakers, though there are striking examples to the contrary. In lack of public spirit there was much private charity, and great equity and justice in business relations.

Everything in Quaker life centred around the meeting, and the system of church government afforded perfect control of the public and private acts of individual Quakers, though the church government itself was simple in its ordering. The Quakers of a neighborhood gathered in a meeting with religious services on First and Fifth days. From the meeting, delegates were sent to the monthly meeting, which was for business, and which usually gathered all delegates from a single county, if not too many in number; if so, the county would have two monthly meetings. From the monthly meetings delegates were chosen to the quarterly meeting, usually gathered from a province or a state. The yearly meeting had delegates from meetings all over the country. Thus was the single congregation closely guarded and constantly represented. A curious regulation of all these meetings was that there was no presiding officer, and that no vote was taken on any question under discussion. There was a clerk, and after the debate had gone on for a while, he drew up and

read aloud a statement or resolution framing the apparent attitude of the meeting toward the subject. If this was satisfactory the debate closed, the resolution was a decision, and new business was introduced. If the clerk had not given the sense of the assembly aright, the members continued the discussion. He then drew up another resolution and read it aloud; this was kept up till the meeting gave approval of his statement by silence. Through these meetings and also by series of searching questions to which full answers were required, a constant espionage was kept up, which often grated harshly on "the younger sort."

It is astonishing to learn from the Book of Discipline the minute authority of the Meeting over every aspect of private line. Friends had to submit to unlimited prohibitions, advices and inquiries from "weighty Friends," who served as overseers. Friends were interrogated four times a year by these old and serious leaders in the faith, — whether they were regular in attendance at meeting, and punctual; whether they slept, took snuff, or chewed tobacco in meeting; whether they kept clear from dram-drinking, tattling, tale-bearing, backbiting, meddling, cursing, gaming, dancing and music-houses. They were warned not to launch into business beyond their capacities, to pay their debts; to avoid "superfluities of apparel and furniture in all its branches"; not to buy Indian slaves or sell rum to the Indians; against challenging to fight; against keeping vain and loose company; against vain and frothy discourse; against health drinking. If after warning of offense they persisted in their wicked ways, they were disowned—that is, dismissed from the fold. Quakers were disowned for dancing and even for looking on at dances, for playing on the violin, for tying the hair in a cue instead of wearing it straight, for playing cards, for going into too many business ventures, for carrying a gun. One Quakeress was remonstrated with because she did not use "plain language" — that is, *thee* and *thou*. The church overseer reported that "Deborah said she didn't think she ever should," and she was "set aside." The meeting gave certificates of godly carriage. In 1701 the women members of Friends' Meeting in Philadelphia gave Mistress Letitia Penn a certificate, which ran partly thus:

"These may certify that Letitia Penn has for good order sake desired a certificate from us, and we can freely certify to all whom it may concern, that she hath well behaved herself here, very soberly and according to the good instructions she hath received in the way of truth, being well-inclined, courteously carriaged and sweetly tempered in her conversation among us, and also a diligent comer to meeting, and hope hath plentifully received of the dew which hath fallen on God's people, to her settlement and establishment in the same."

The women of one meeting would also enjoin other women Quakers in warning messages against excess in dress. In 1726, the "women ffriends" of the Burlington meeting sent a message to their fellow Quakers urging them against the wearing of hoop-petticoats, "superfluous gathers and plaits in caps and pinners," red or white heeled shoes, low-necked gowns; against the use of snuff or fans in meeting; against over-dressing the hair, — all this showing, since reprehension was necessary, a tendency to love of dress in Pennsylvania Quakeresses.

Courtship and marriage were closely hedged around. Friends were enjoined against proposing marriage without the consent of the meeting, against marrying any but a Friend, against "keeping unreasonable company" with any woman not a Friend; against going to the weddings of any who marry out of meeting; against being "married by a priest." They were enjoined also "to be clear of one before being concerned with another," in an engagement of marriage. Widows and widowers were reminded not to marry again too swiftly; "not to let their minds out soon to another hus-

band or wife"; and kinship was to be carefully regarded in thinking of wedding.

One demure and well-guarded form of sociability was carried on in towns and villages of the middle states on summer evenings. The Quaker maids sat on their porches or "stoops," with father and mother, while Quaker swains visited from house to house, lingering longest where inclination or interest detained. It would seem as though those orderly stoop visits were the only opportunity Quaker youths had to become acquainted: Quaker courtship would appear to be somewhat difficult of accomplishment, and Quaker marriage was rigidly guarded and regulated by the Book of Discipline. Lovers intending marriage were required to declare their intentions at the Monthly Meeting; they thus published their own banns. In the intense silence of the Quaker assembly the man arose from his seat on his side of the meeting and said formally: "I intend to take Dorcas Macy to be my wife if the Lord permit." Dorcas then arose on the woman's side of the aisle or partition and said in turn: "I intend to take Jonathan Coffin to be my husband if the Lord permit." A committee of "weighty men and women" was then appointed to learn "the conversation and clearness of the parties," — that is, to learn specially whether either were entangled in any other matrimonial engagement. If the report of these inspectors proved favorable, the "continuance of the intention of marriage" was permitted, they were "liberated to proceed according to the devout order of truth," and the engaged pair were said to have "passed meeting." But sometimes the committee of inspectors discovered obstacles, or "disorderly walking," or a previous flirtation. There still was redress; the offender had to make a self-condemnation and apology for his offense, in meeting, the next First day, in some such words as these: "Friends, I am very sorry for my transgression, and desire mercy from God and forgiveness of all the people of God whom I have offended." The marriage was usually then permitted. If a sober young Friend sought a wife in another town, his home meeting sent him off fortified with a certificate enumerating his virtues. One such ran partly thus:

> "He is of sober and orderly behaviour; a frequenter of our Meetings and in good Eunity with us; is clear of all Women hereaway on account of Marriage so far as we can find; Soe we recommend him to your further Care in accomplishing their Intending Marrige."

Friends were enjoined not to marry "out of meeting," and many a lover found it easier to turn Quaker than to lose his bride.

A friend and companion of William Penn was Valentine Hollingsworth, who settled on the banks of the picturesque Brandywine. His daughter was "a lovely, beautiful and delectable Quaker maiden," the delight of the little settlement. For love of her, George Robinson, who was of the Church of England, very gladly acceded to her request to be married in Meeting or, indeed, anywhere else that Katherine said. But the older Friends had "scruples" that George's sudden conversion to Quakerism was not upon established principles, and he came before the Meeting to be asked this "searching" question: "Friend Robinson, dost thou join the Society of Friends from conviction or for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth?" This was a dilemma, but George could not moderate the charms of his sweetheart, and he answered valiantly: "I wish to join the Society for the love of Katherine Hollingsworth." The overseers hesitated and consulted, and finally ordered "delay, and that Friend Robinson be gently, persuasively, and instructively dealt with." All this dealing was done by a gentle and persuasive instructor, and soon George was sure of his convictions. They married, and "were for many years an Example of Piety and

Goodness to all around them, retaining ever their love of Truth and Loyalty to the Society."

If a Friend married out of meeting, he might by profoundly humbling himself, and acknowledging his error, still be retained in the Society, though for a time not in good report. No Quaker groom could express contrition for an offense in "marrying out of meeting," nor indeed submit patiently to discipline for it without unmanly disloyalty to his confiding consort. Occasionally an apology was expressed and recorded. One reads thus:

"To the Monthly Meeting of friends now in meeting at So. Kingston. I through Inattention to the Lights of Christ have Married a wife out of the good order of Friends, neither was she a member of their Society. Therefore now being Sincible that their Rules and orders therein is Consistant with truth, and Seeing the Error of my Doings, am sorry for my Transgression therein, and Desire friends to pass by my offense, and still Continue their Care for me, Desiring I may be preserved to walk according to good order for time to come."

Among New England Quakers a wedding was a very solemn and rather dull affair. Again the couple stood up in the meeting-house side by side; and instead of gay young bridesmaids and groomsmen, "two judicious, grave and weighty men" stood up with the groom, and "two such women" with the bride. Holding hands, the man said, "in an audible and solemn manner": "I, Jonathan Coffin, take this woman to be my wife, promising through divine assistance to be unto her a loving and faithful husband until it shall please the Lord by death to separate us." The bride then made a similar pledge, and they were husband and wife. This was according to the teaching of George Fox, who said: "We marry none, but are witnesses of it." All present then signed the marriage certificate as witnesses and retired to some house, usually the bride's home, for discreet celebration by marriage feasting, and being "decently merry." Even there solemn Quaker inspectors intruded to prevent unseemly mirth and overeating and drinking.

In Pennsylvania, especially in Philadelphia, Quaker weddings were much more cheerful; the marriage ceremony was the same, but after the first declaration of intentions was given a handsome "treat," which preceded the great feast after the marriage. In Philadelphia, not only did the friends of the bride and groom come and eat and drink and all kiss the bride, but every evening for a week the entire bridal party received friends, and again the bride ran a gauntlet of kisses. When Mrs. Robert Erwin received her wedding visitors, four hundred gentlemen came in two days, ate the wedding cake, drank the wedding punch and, doubtless, all kissed her. In some towns the custom was after a wedding to set a table in front of the house and feast all passers-by. In the country, Quaker brides had an "infare" or wedding treat, often so liberal as to be a serious drag on the family that provided it. The Yearly Meeting tried to limit these expensive feastings. In 1716, in Philadelphia, it advised no extraordinary provision for weddings, and the avoidance "as much as may be of inviting those not under our discipline."

The brevity of their addresses has given rise to many slurring and false anecdotes of "Quaker sermons." This, told me by a Quaker, has the merit of being truthful: In a certain Narragansett meeting one preacher rose and gave out his text from the Scriptures thus: "Put off the old man with his deeds." After a moment's stillness he added: "It would be a long job for some of us," and sat down in a silence that was not broken again that First Day Meeting.

They had a quaint sectarian dialect, a use of terms and expressions which would scarcely be understood by "world's people" to-day. Who could tell what was meant by "meetings for sufferings," "renewed engagements," "appearing in supplication," "testimony of denial," "bound by con-

venient," as used by Friends? "Meeting for sufferings" was the working of a committee composed of from twenty-five to fifty of the most worthy, sensible and reliable Friends appointed at the Yearly Meeting to take charge of the correspondence with other meetings, to oversee any necessary publications, in fact, to transact any outside business requiring good judgment, tact and faithfulness. The name originally was given without doubt because to that committee was given the adjusting or at any rate the recognition of the sufferings of Quakers at the hands of their Christian neighbors of other denominations. Sufferers reported seizure of property for refusing to pay taxes to support the militia, arrests for refusal to take part in training day, also losses by fire, and various affronts in intolerant Boston.

The sect is now rapidly decreasing in numbers. Some lover may turn Quaker to win a Quaker husband or bride; there has not been for a century any adding to the Quaker ranks through conversion to the faith. Children were born into the Quaker society; at first both parents had to be Quakers; then they admitted as half-members children one of whose parents was a Quaker. But these children did not always remain in the society. Often all the "discipline" the repression, the quietism, became repugnant to those in whom the unreasoning joy of living was strong. Bayard Taylor expresses this feeling. He lived among the Quaker and German elements of Pennsylvanian life, and knew them.

"Life still bears the stamp of its early struggle and later
Still is shorn of its color by pious Quaker repression,
Still is turbid with calm or only swift in the shallows.
Weary am I with all this preaching the force of example,
Painful duty to self and painfuller still to one's neighbor."

Thus slowly at first, then more quickly, as young lives wearied of Quaker principles and usages, has the sect decreased in numbers. For some years but two Quakers attended the meeting at Wickford, Rhode Island. Every first day they met, Beriah Brown and Holland Vaughan, and sat with their hats on in solemn silence through a proper term, then rose, shook hands, and parted. Sometimes one only was present, but he sat the time out in silent testimony.

A Quaker meeting-house, set in a large lot, shaded with tall cedars, pines and hemlocks, was my next door neighbor in my New England home. Twenty-five years ago a drab coated and drab petticoated congregation of wealth and influence came within the leaden hued walls, opened the heavy shutters each First and Fifth day, and sat, sometimes for hours, on the hard narrow benches, — rows of broad brimmed hats on one side of the house, rows of white net caps and rich gray silk bonnets on the other, the older and grayer and weightier members on the higher seats in the background overseeing the meeting literally as they did spiritually. Substantial carriages and good horses had borne them to the door and filled the horse sheds, from whence an occasional impatient whinny and stamping mingled with the sound, monotonous and droning, yet pleasing, of the inspired testimony and teaching of visiting preacher or home teacher which floated out, half chant, half speech, on the sweet summer air. At other and many more meetings "the spirit did not move." To one not of Quaker birth or faith these hours of stillness and rest bestowed a balm and blessing on the last years of his life, as he sat each First day among the rapidly thinning ranks of Friends.

In their homes, as in their meetings, these Quakers had no pianos, and no songs were heard, and ever plain were they of speech; but, alas, times have changed since that fatal Yearly Meeting at Lynn where music was approved. To-day the old meeting-house is smugly painted yel-

low and white, and has new green window blinds. The horse sheds have vanished, and the horses and carriages too. Every Sunday the shrill resounding notes of Moody and Sankey hymns with parlor organ accompaniment rend and pierce the air. Scarce one who enters within the garish walls ever heard a *thee* and *thou*, and I doubt whether a child in the Sunday School has ever seen a Quaker man or Quaker woman in Quaker garb; there is not a Colton, a Hadwen, a Hartshorn, an Earle, a Chase or any of good old Quaker names among them; and people say with much satisfaction, it is no longer a dull old Quaker meeting, but a hustling mission.

TO HER I LOVE.

By J. Zitella Cocke.

I SAW a lonely moor at close of day,
A dreary waste, bereft of cheer and light,
Reaching afar into the bourneless night,
As ever deepening darkness o'er it lay.
But ah, how changed beneath the morning ray,
What beauteous vision burst upon my sight!
The wild rose smiled, the pools were mirrors bright.
And lilting linnets gladdened all the way.
Dear Love, see there the reflex of my heart,—
A solitude uncheered, until thine eyes,
Like glorious morn, did shine away its gloom,
And quicken to glad life its every part,
Waking dead hopes, that in a sweet surprise
Now fill with melody its fragrant bloom!

THE FOGS.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

THERE were no mists in all the morning sky,
And here lay open lea and heather-wold,
And yonder, cliffs and uplands, steely-cold,
And in the offing, fair ships coursing by.
But late I heard the sea-mew prophesy
Along the downs, with clamor harsh and bold;
And at high noon a little cloud uprolled,
And shut the world out from the day's great eye.

And now a deep bell booms far out at sea;
And all the windward islands and the plains
Dip in the sudden miracle of white;
And sighingly the waves' lone minstrelsy
Falls on the ear like the far plash of rains,
While the Fog lover comes to woo the Night.

THE SATURDAY CLUB.

By George Willis Cooke.

THE Saturday Club, which has occupied so unique a place in the literary life of Boston, originated in Emerson's custom of visiting Boston on the last Saturday of each month to take a look at the new books in the "Old Corner Bookstore." He was also in the habit of dining on these occasions with a few intimate friends at the Albion restaurant or the Parker House. This practice began with him so early as the time of the Town and Country Club, founded by Alcott about 1849, and was perhaps one of the results of the manner in which its meetings were conducted. In his diary, under date of October 14, 1854, Alcott made this record: "Dine at the Albion with Emerson, Lowell, Whipple, Dwight, Hayne (of South Carolina), and Woodman; and we arrange to meet there fortnightly hereafter for conversation." Mr. Frank B. Sanborn records in his life of Alcott that in December, 1854, he was at the Albion with Emerson, Dwight, Alcott and an Englishman by the name of Cholmondeley, when various literary topics were discussed. A few months later, during the last week in May, 1855, a dinner was

given to Lowell, at the Revere House, by his friends. At the head of the table on this occasion sat Longfellow, and at the foot Felton. On Longfellow's right were Lowell, Agassiz, George T. Davis, F. H. Underwood, Holmes, T. K. Parsons, Estes Howe, Charles W. Storey, H. Woodman, and B. Rölker. On his left were Emerson, Edmund Quincy, Charles E. Norton, J. S. Dwight, Thomas G. Appleton, William W. White, John Holmes, Robert Carter, Henry Ware and Professor Benjamin Pierce. It is evident that the personal and intellectual associations begun in the Transcendentalist and Town and Country clubs continued even after those clubs had ceased their existence; and that from time to time there came together the men who composed them, with others of the same intellectual and literary interests.

In his biography of Richard Henry Dana, Charles Francis Adams says that when Emerson visited the bookstore of Phillips and Sampson, on the last Saturday of each month, he met there Horatio Woodman; and by degrees they got into the custom of going to the old Albion restaurant or to the Parker House to dine. At this time Dwight was accustomed to dine at the Parker House, and he probably joined Emerson whenever he was there. Then Woodman invited others, including Samuel G. Ward, a banker and one of Emerson's friends. The next person added to the group seems to have been Edwin P. Whipple, the essayist and lecturer, then a rising literary man in Boston. Woodman was a lawyer, a man of attractive social qualities, and one who had a gift for managing such dinners as these. Mr. Sanborn says, "he had no particular sympathy with the Transcendentalists, except as they became famous, but a certain love for literature and literary men; he was also an epicure, knowing how to provide good dinners and at which Boston tavern his friends ought to dine."

It will thus be seen that the Saturday Club owed its existence to accidental causes or to the demands of intellectual fellowship. In 1854 it had taken a definite form, so far at least as it had become an established custom for a few literary friends to meet once a fortnight or once a month for a dinner and literary conversation. Longfellow recorded in his journal that he dined with the club February 28, 1857, at the invitation of Agassiz, and was asked to join it, which he thought he would do. At the meeting of the club in April, the fiftieth birthday of Agassiz was recognized. Longfellow presided and read the poem beginning:

> It was fifty years ago,
> In the pleasant month of May.

Clever and humorous poems were also read by Lowell and Holmes. In September Longfellow says that Charles Mackay dined with the club, that the session was a quiet one, and that the heat of the room took away all life and animation. He mentions that in May of the next year he again dined with the club, and that he felt vexed on finding plover on the table, and proclaimed aloud his disgust at seeing the game-laws thus violated. He added that if any one wanted to break a law, let him break the Fugitive Slave law, as that is all it is fit for.

The fullest and most explicit account of the origin of the Saturday Club was that set down in his journal by Richard Henry Dana, the younger, under date of August 6, 1857. "It has become an important and much valued thing to us," he wrote. "The members are Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Lowell, Pierce, Motley, Whipple, Judge Hoar, Felton, Holmes, S. G. Ward, J. S. Dwight, H. Woodman and myself. We have no written rules, and keep no records. Our only object is to dine together once a month. Our day is the last Saturday in every month, and we dine at Parker's. A unanimous vote is required to elect a member. The expense of the dinner is assessed upon those present, and charged at the of-

fice, so we have no money affairs to attend to. Guests are permitted, but each man pays for the guest he invites. The club had an accidental origin, in a habit of Emerson, Dwight, Whipple and one or two more dining at Woodman's room at Parker's occasionally; for Woodman is a bachelor, a literary quidnunc and gossip, or as Gould says, 'a genius broker.' Ward is a friend of Emerson's, and came. From this the club grew, Ward, Dwight, Woodman, Whipple and Emerson being the originals. Agassiz, Pierce and I were early invited to meet with them. This made it more of a regular thing, and we established our verbal rule as to membership, guests and expenses. Lowell came in soon after, and then Motley and Longfellow. The first formal vote we had for members was at this stage, for up to this time unanimous consent was obtained by conversation. The vote brought in Holmes and Felton, which made the number fourteen, as many as we think it best to have."

The Saturday Club was sometimes known as the Atlantic Club; but the two were quite distinct from each other, though in his biography of Emerson Doctor Holmes seems to confuse them together. Longfellow says that on May 5, 1857, he dined at the Parker House with Phillips, the publisher, to talk about the new magazine the latter was proposing to publish. The other persons present were Emerson, Lowell, Motley, Holmes, Cabot and Underwood. In 1860 James T. Fields, of Ticknor and Fields, then the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, breakfasted Longfellow, Bryant, Holmes and others. Such gatherings as these, called together by the publishers of the magazine to bring about acquaintance and good fellowship amongst its leading contributors, and that suggestions might be secured as to its management, formed what has properly been called the Atlantic Club. It included many of the members of the Saturday Club; but they were not only not the same, but they had no connection with each other except as the same persons belonged to both. In his biography of Emerson, Doctor Holmes says that the Atlantic Club never had an existence, and that there had erroneously been supposed to be some connection between the Saturday Club and the *Atlantic Monthly*. On the other hand, Francis H. Underwood, who took an active part in bringing the magazine into existence, and who was the assistant or office editor for some years from its very beginning, said in a letter to Doctor Holmes: "You remember that the contributors met for dinner regularly. It was a voluntary, informal association. The invitations and reminders were from my hand, as I conducted the correspondence of the magazine. I have hundreds of letters in reply, and it is my belief that the association was always spoken of either as the Atlantic Club or the Atlantic dinner. Your very decided statement seems to me (in the ordinary use of phrases) erroneous." In his biography of Doctor Holmes, Mr. John T. Morse confounds the Atlantic dinners and breakfasts with the meetings of the Saturday Club, though Dr. Holmes himself did not fall into such an error. He did somewhere speak of the Atlantic Club as "supposititious"; and it is this statement against which Mr. Underwood protested. The fact seems to be that the Atlantic Club consisted only of the gatherings of the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, on invitation of the publishers, who on such occasions gave them a breakfast or a dinner.

A letter written by Moses Dresser Phillips, the head of the firm of Phillips and Sampson, and given in Doctor Hale's "James Russell Lowell and His Friends," describes the first dinner given by the publisher to his contributors, in the early summer of 1857. Doctor Hale says that this was "the first of a series which the Saturday Club of Boston has held from that day to this day;" but in this statement he is mistaken, as already clearly indi-

cated. Mr. Phillips wrote to a relative in these words: "I must tell you about a little dinner party I gave about two weeks ago. It would be proper, perhaps, to state that the origin of it was a desire to confer with my literary friends on a somewhat extensive literary project, the particulars of which I shall reserve till you come. But to the party: My invitations included only R. W. Emerson, H. W. Longfellow, J. R. Lowell, Mr. Motley (the 'Dutch Republic' man), O. W. Holmes, Mr. Cabot, and Mr. Underwood, our literary man. Imagine your uncle at the head of such a table, with such guests. The above named were the only ones invited, and they were all present. We sat down at 3 P. M., and rose at 8. The time occupied was longer by about four hours and thirty minutes than I am in the habit of consuming in that kind of occupation, but it was the richest time intellectually by all odds that I have ever had. Leaving myself and 'literary man' out of the group, I think you will agree with me that it would be difficult to duplicate that number of such conceded scholarship in the whole country beside. Mr. Emerson took the first post of honor at my right, and Mr. Longfellow the second at my left. The exact arrangement of the table was as follows:

Mr. Underwood.

Cabot. Lowell.
Motley. Holmes.
Longfellow. Emerson.

Phillips.

They seemed so well pleased that they adjourned, and invited me *to meet them* again to-morrow, when I shall again meet the same persons, with one other (Whipple, the essayist) added to that brilliant constellation of Philosophical, Poetical and Historical talent. Each one is known alike on both sides of the Atlantic, and is read beyond the limits of the English language. Though all this is known to you, you will pardon me for intruding it upon you. But still I have the vanity to believe that you will think them the most natural thoughts in the world to me. Though I say it that should not, it was the proudest day of my life."

It was natural that the Saturday Club should have been given the name of the Atlantic on the part of outsiders, who recognized the fact that many of the members contributed to the magazine. The Saturday Club was also sometimes spoken of as the Literary Club; and it was popularly designated as Emerson's or Agassiz's club. It was also now and again laughed at as "The Mutual Admiration Society," probably by those who would have been rejoiced to have secured entrance to it. Of this designation of the club Dr. Holmes wisely said: "If there was not a certain amount of mutual admiration among some of those I have mentioned [as members,] it was a great pity, and implied a defect in the nature of men who were otherwise largely endowed." In 1859 Richard Henry Dana dedicated his "Cuba and Back" to "the gentlemen of the Saturday Club"; and this fact sufficiently fixes the name made use of by the members from the beginning. About the year 1888, a bequest of money being made to the club, it was incorporated as "The Saturday Club."

In his account of the club Dana says that it was thought best not to have more than fourteen members. His biographer tells us that this limit was imposed by Dana himself, and in a somewhat arbitrary manner. "In other words, Dana, in this as in other cases, held himself high and believed in exclusiveness; accordingly, though never allowing his position to be misunderstood, he had been liberal with his blackballs. The result was that, in order to elect any one, it became necessary for the other members to watch for some occasion when Dana was away, and then rush in their candidate before he got back." The club slowly grew in its membership, however, Prescott being added in 1858; Haw-

thorne, Thomas G. Appleton and John M. Forbes in 1859; Charles Eliot Norton in 1860, — the earliest member admitted of those now living; J. Eliot Cabot, S. G. Howe, F. H. Hedge and Estes Howe in 1861; Charles Sumner in 1862; Henry James in 1863; Martin Brimmer, James T. Fields, S. W. Rowse in 1864; John A. Andrew and Jeffreys Wyman in 1866; E. W. Gurney in 1867; John G. Whittier in 1868; William M. Hunt in 1869; Charles Francis Adams and Charles W. Eliot in 1870; Charles C. Perkins in 1871; Francis Parkman, Alexander Agassiz, R. H. Dana, Sen., Wolcott Gibbs, Horace Gray, Edward N. Perkins in 1873; Asa Gray and William D. Howells in 1874; Edmund Quincy in 1875; and James Freeman Clarke in 1877.

An interesting incident in the early history of the club was that Emerson, Hawthorne and E. Rockwood Hoar, living at Concord, to which the Fitchburg road then had no train running after the club broke up, were obliged to leave in the midst of the session or remain in town over the night and Sunday. Under these conditions Judge Hoar provided a remedy by having his carry-all meet them at Waltham and convey them to their homes. It may be supposed that this last part of the journey may have had in store the best wine of the feast; for Lowell describes Agassiz at the club meetings as listening intently to Hoar,

> Pricked with the cider of the Judge's wit
> (Ripe-hearted homebrew, fresh and fresh again).

The reason for this night ride will be seen from a note made by Emerson in his journal, in 1862: "Cramped for time at the club, by late dinner and early hour of the return train; a cramp which spoils a club. For you shall not, if you wish good fortune, even take the pains to secure your right-and-left-hand men. The least design instantly makes an obligation to make their time agreeable, — which I can never assume."

Another incident was the formation of the Adirondack club, which in August, 1858, made an excursion into the wilderness of the Adirondack Mountains. The party consisted of Emerson, Lowell, Agassiz, Hoar, John Holmes, Wyman, W. J. Stillman, Estes Howe and Woodman. Lowell was the leader and planned the excursion; though Woodman seems to have been the practical guide and factotum. A rough hut was built on the shore of Follansbee Pond; flannel shirts were worn, fir boughs and blankets furnished the beds, and the fare was the fish and game of the wilderness. After breakfast each morning a mark was shot at, which Agassiz once hit, having never before fired a gun, and steadily refusing to do so again. Emerson bought a rifle, which he seems not to have used. A guide one night paddled him into the lake, and a deer was pointed out to him, but he did not shoot. This trip was described by Emerson in his poem called "The Adirondacks," published in his "Mayday and Other Pieces," 1867. He fitly described the wild life of the woods, saying that:

> No placard on these rocks warned to the polls,
> No door-bell heralded a visitor,
> No courier waits, no letter came or went,
> Nothing was ploughed or reaped or bought or sold.

He describes how Agassiz and Wyman dissected the deer, trout and other creatures slain in wood and water; and he thus speaks of the manner in which the other members of the party spent their time:

> All day we swept the lake, searched every cove,
> Watching when the loud dogs should drive in deer,
> Or whipping its rough surface for a trout;
> Or bathers, diving from the rock at noon;
> Challenging Echo by our guns and cries;
> Or listening to the laughter of the loon;
> Or, in the evening twilight's latest red,
> Beholding the procession of the pines;
> Or, later yet, beneath a lighted jack,
> In the boat's bows, a silent night-hunter
> Stealing with paddle to the feeding-grounds
> Of the red deer, to aim at a square mist.

Longfellow refused pointedly to go on this excursion, because he had heard that Emerson had bought a gun, and he keenly felt the danger which might arise from such an instrument in the hands of a philosopher, one more familiar with the infinite than with powder and game. When asked why he would not join the party, he said that "somebody will be shot."

During the earlier years of the Saturday Club, Horatio Woodman was its purveyor, giving voluntary attention to the menu and the other necessities of its existence. He was a clever and a witty man, had a social quality that his intellectual gifts did not equal, and by his genial comradeship won the friendship of men who in every way were greatly his superiors. In later years he appropriated the funds of his friends, resigned from the club, and committed suicide, as Adams says, or disappeared from sight, about 1870, as is stated by Mr. Sanborn. Doctor Holmes says that the club had no Boswell, and its golden hours passed unrecorded. Mr. Adams expresses the regret that Woodman did not serve it in this capacity, for he had all the qualities that would have made him successful in such a role, adding that "he had a craving for the acquaintance and society of men of reputation, and indeed lacked only the industry to have been a sort of Boswell. In connection with the Saturday Club also an abundant field of interesting gossip and reminiscence opened before him, had he known enough to labor in it. An amusing story-teller, with a natural eye for character and a well developed sense of humor, Woodman had at his command an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdotes relating to the men who in those days made the Parker House and its somewhat famous restaurant a sort of headquarters. Though during the rebellion he was sufficiently active and prominent to have been offered the position of Assistant Secretary of War, yet in his own mind the great achievement of his life was the founding of the Saturday Club, and his connection with that club, which could only have come about through his being its founder, was the thing of which he most prided himself."

After the disappearance of Woodman, it seems to have in part fallen upon Dwight to manage the affairs of the club.* Writing to a friend, in October, 1877, he said: "We had a delightful club dinner yesterday, William Story sat at my side. J. F. Clarke too was there as a new member, and seemed radiantly happy. Also Bayard Taylor, who is giving a course of Lowell lectures on German literature — how that would have interested you! I had a long talk with him and Doctor Hedge on the *Nibelungen Lied*, and in the evening I heard him lecture on that subject, which was very interesting; his lectures are crowded." Some of Dwight's plans for seating the members and guests, preserved by him, indicate who were present or expected on certain dates. Thus, in April, 1873, his sketch provides for Holmes, Dana, Adams, Howe, Dwight, Eliot, Hoar and Estes Howe. In May of the same year twenty-one members were present and eight guests. On this occasion Longfellow sat at the head of the table and Agassiz at the foot. On the right of the chairman were Robert Dale Owen, Parkman, Perkins, Dana, Appleton, Dwight, Judge Kent, Holmes, Adams, Senator Boutwell, Forbes, Wyman and Professor Gurney. On his left were Emerson, H. W. Bellows, Hedge, Henry James, Fields, Eliot, Hoar, Count Corti, C. C. Perkins, Cabot, Rev. Charles H. Brigham, H. G. Denney, Whipple and Dr. E. H. Clark. The journal of Richard Henry Dana gives the reason for so large an attendance. "Our club dined to-day," he wrote, —"the largest number we

*It is Dwight's connection with the club which has led me to make this study, as a part of my forthcoming biography of Dwight, whose life touched so many of the intellectual interests of Boston in his time, in so interesting a way.

ever sat down, partly as the last of the season to which many come, but chiefly to welcome Emerson, on his return from Europe and Egypt. It was really rather a brilliant gathering. Yet, as we sit at a long table, and the room is on the street and, being warm, the windows open, we have no general conversation. All the talking is in sets of two to four each. Towards the end of the dinner we change places a little. Emerson looks years younger for his European tour, and is in good spirits."

Dana was wrong in saying that this was the last meeting of the season, for at the June dinner Emerson sat at the head of the table and Agassiz at the foot. There were present Holmes, Brimmer, Pierce, Forbes, Cabot, Dwight, Howe and Hoar, with Weiss and Barnard as guests. At the January meeting of 1877, Judge Hoar was at the head of the table, and opposite him was Edmund Quincy. On the right of the chairman were Holmes, Harding, C. C. Perkins, Brimmer, Estes Howe and Dwight; and on his left were Emerson, Parkman, Gibbs, Gray, Godkin, Norton and Edward N. Perkins.

A pleasant episode in the history of the club was the admittance of Richard Henry Dana, senior, the author of "The Buccaneer," "The Idle Man," and other works in prose and poetry, as an honorary member of the club, the only person accorded such distinction. Under the date of October 28, 1873, the younger Dana wrote in his journal: "Yesterday my father had a great success and pleasure. I took him to the club to dine. We had Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Charles Francis Adams, Sumner, Holmes, Judge Hoar, President Eliot and others, our usual set; and, after a while, Emerson rose and asked a moment's attention, and said: 'We are gratified to-day by the presence of Mr. Dana. He has a higher as well as an older claim on the respect and honor of men of letters and lovers of literature than any of us here, and we must not let the occasion go by without an expression of our feeling towards him. I propose that, instead of nominating him for election as a regular member of the club, which we would gladly have done years ago, we unanimously declare him an honorary member and permanent guest of the club,' etc., etc. Agassiz put the question, and they all rose to their feet in response, and gave him a hearty cheer. It was very gratifying, touching, and in the best possible taste."

During the first decade of its existence, at least, before other clubs in great numbers had been organized, the Saturday Club was of real service to its members. It gave them social recreation, and it brought to them mental stimulus. It brought together many distinguished people, as Doctor Holmes mentions, and it was a place where the intellectual leaders of the city could meet men from other cities and other countries in a friendly and happy way. "At one end of the table," says Doctor Holmes, "sat Longfellow, florid, quiet, benignant, soft voiced, a most agreeable rather than a brilliant talker, but a man upon whom it was always pleasant to look, — whose silence was better than any other man's conversation. At the other end of the table sat Agassiz, robust, sanguine, animated, full of talk, boy-like in his laughter." Mrs. Agassiz says that her husband was especially attached to the club; and Doctor Holmes remarks that "the most jovial man at table was Agassiz, his laugh was that of a big giant." Around him were usually grouped the men of wit, and those who most enjoyed laughter and fun. In this connection Jules Marcou, the biographer of Agassiz, has said that the members "lingered long round the table, while hour after hour passed in animated conversation, in which *bon mots* and repartees were exchanged as rapidly as a discharge of fireworks — an encounter of anecdote, wit and erudition. At such times Agassiz was at his best, with his inexhaustible *bonhomie*. With a

lighted cigar in each hand, he would force the attention of every one around him. Excited by the pyrotechnic wit of James Russell Lowell, Judge Rockwell Hoar and Doctor Holmes, Agassiz, whose vivid imagination was always on the *qui vive*, was not a man to let others eclipse him. Then would come one of his made-up stories — a mixture of dream and science. If he thought any one in the company was doubting its truth, he would look at him with a dumb request not to betray him. On the next occasion he would repeat the same story without any hesitation, and the third time he told it, he was sure that it really happened, and was true."

Lowell said nothing about the club in his letters, so far as they have been published; but he wrote to Motley, when ambassador of the United States to Great Britain: "I have never seen society, on the whole, so good as I used to meet at our Saturday club." In his memorial poem to Agassiz, however, he described the club with a poet's appreciation and sympathy. Of Agassiz and his place at the table these are his words:

Once more I see him at the table's head
When Saturday her monthly banquet spread
To scholars, poets, wits,
All choice, some famous, loving things, not names,
And so without a twinge at others' fames;
Such company as wisest moods befits,
Yet with no pedant blindness to the worth
Of undeliberate mirth,
Natures benignly mixed of air and earth,
Now with the stars and now with equal zest
Tracing the eccentric orbit of a jest.

Again he says of Agassiz:

Ample and ruddy, the board's end he fills
As he our fireside were, our light and heat,
Centre where minds diverse and various skills
Find their warm nook and stretch unhampered feet;
I see the firm benignity of face,
Wide-smiling champaign, without tameness sweet,
The mass Teutonic toned to Gallic grace,
The eyes whose sunshine runs before the lips
While Holmes's rockets curve their long ellipse,
And burst in seeds the fire that burst again
To drop in scintillating rain.

Later on in the poem he describes the breaking up of the club meeting, and says:

Now forth into the darkness all are gone,
But memory, still unsated, follows on,
Retracing step by step our homeward walk,
With many a laugh among our serious talk.

Then follows an account of his conversations with Agassiz as they find their way homeward, and of the reluctant "Good-night" with which they parted from each other when the end of their walk had been reached.

Doctor Holmes said that he was not able to forget the very modest, delicate, musical way in which Longfellow read his charming verse addressed to Agassiz on the occasion of his fiftieth birthday; and Mrs. Agassiz says the poet had an exquisite touch for occasions of this kind, whether serious or mirthful. If the wit and laughter of the club flowed around Agassiz, the quieter conversation secured its opportunity near Longfellow, on whose left Emerson most often found his place. Longfellow often spoke of the club in his diary, and with evident enjoyment and appreciation of its meetings. He seldom does more than mention his attendance, with perhaps some brief word as to who was present and what was done of special importance; but his frequent reference to it indicates how much it was in his life for some years.

Emerson was described by Doctor Holmes as usually sitting near the Longfellow end of the table, "talking in low tones and carefully measured utterances to his neighbor or listening and recording any stray word worth remembering on his mental photograph." "I went to the club last Saturday," wrote Holmes to Motley, in April, 1870, "and met some of the friends you always like to hear of. I sat by the side of Emerson, who always charms me with his delicious

voice, his fine sense and wit, and the delicate way he steps about among the words of his vocabulary, and at last seizing his noun or adjective, — the best, the only one which would serve the need of his thought." "I well remember amongst other things," says Doctor Holmes again, "how the club would settle itself to listen when Dana had a story to tell. Not a word was missed, and those who were absent were told at the next club what they had lost. Emerson smoked his cigar and was supremely happy, and laughed under protest when the point of the story was reached." Probably no one attended the club more regularly than Emerson, for he greatly enjoyed the meetings; and he was wont to praise the brilliant conversation he heard there. His own attitude was that of an eager listener, and he took less satisfaction in speaking himself than in hearing the clever men about him. In 1864, when the club held a Shakespearean anniversary meeting, he rose to speak, stood for a minute or two, and then quietly sat down. Speech did not come, and he serenely permitted silence to speak for him. Emerson continued his connection with the club until about 1875, always taking a warm interest in the meetings, until his failing speech and memory made them no longer attractive to him.

No one can doubt that Doctor Holmes furnished his full share of the wit and wisdom of the club. He has written of it in his biographies of Motley and Emerson, as well as on other occasions. In his letters it was a frequent subject of mention, especially to those correspondents, like Motley and Lowell, who were themselves members of the club. He first mentioned it in his biography of Motley, and then said that "it offered a wide gamut of intelligencies, and the meetings were noteworthy occasions. The vitality of this club has depended in a great measure on its utter poverty in statutes and by-laws, its entire absence of formalism, and its blessed freedom from speech-making." His biographer says that outside of his own front door there was nothing that gave him so much pleasure as did the Saturday Club. "He loved it; he hugged the thought of it." He could not keep its affairs out of his letters, and he gossiped about its doings with a flowing pen. Evidently it had a large place in his heart, because of the fellowship it gave him, and because of the noble men with whom it brought him into frequent contact.

In writing to Motley, in February, 1861, Holmes shows how important the club had already become in his life, for he says: "The club has flourished greatly, and proved to all of us a source of the greatest delight. I do not believe there ever were such agreeable periodical meetings in Boston as these we have had at Parker's." Writing to the same friend, in 1865, he again expresses his interest in the club meetings. "What a fine thing it would be," he says, "to see you back at the Saturday club again! Longfellow has begun to come again. He was at his old place, the end of the table, at our last meeting. We have had a good many of the notabilities here within the last three or four months; and I have been fortunate enough to have some pleasant talks with most of them." "We come together on Saturdays and have good talks and pleasant," he says in 1871, "rather than jolly times. Many of your old friends are commonly there, — among the rest Sumner not rarely. There is a great deal of good feeling, I think, in our little circle of literary and scientific people. I find Longfellow peculiarly sweet in disposition, gentle, soothing to be with, not commonly brilliant in conversation, but at times very agreeable, and saying excellent things with a singular modesty." Ten years later many changes had taken place in the club; some of the members had died, and others had gone away to Europe or were too far away from Boston to attend the meetings. "I go to the Saturday club quite regularly," wrote Doctor Holmes to

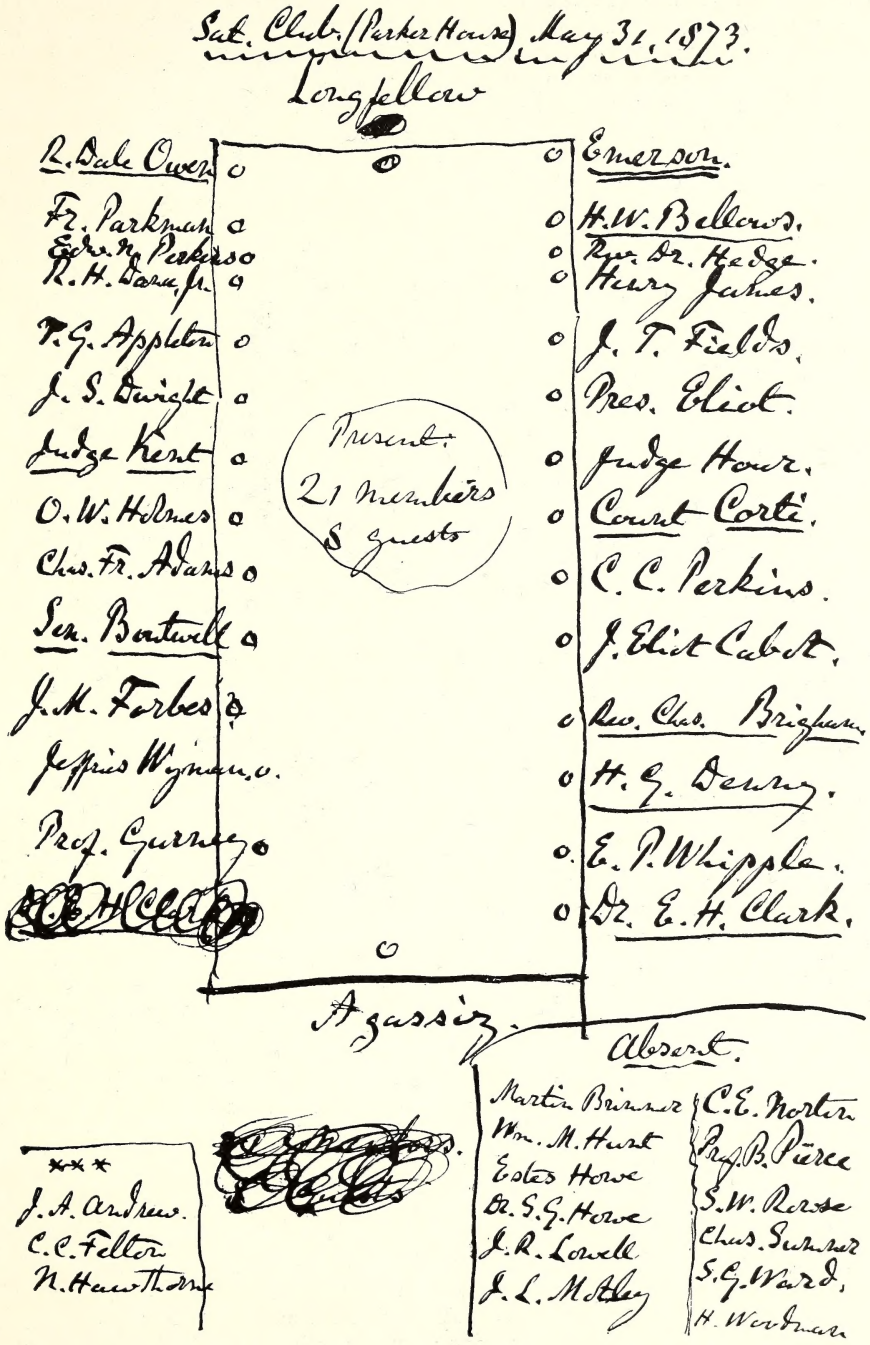


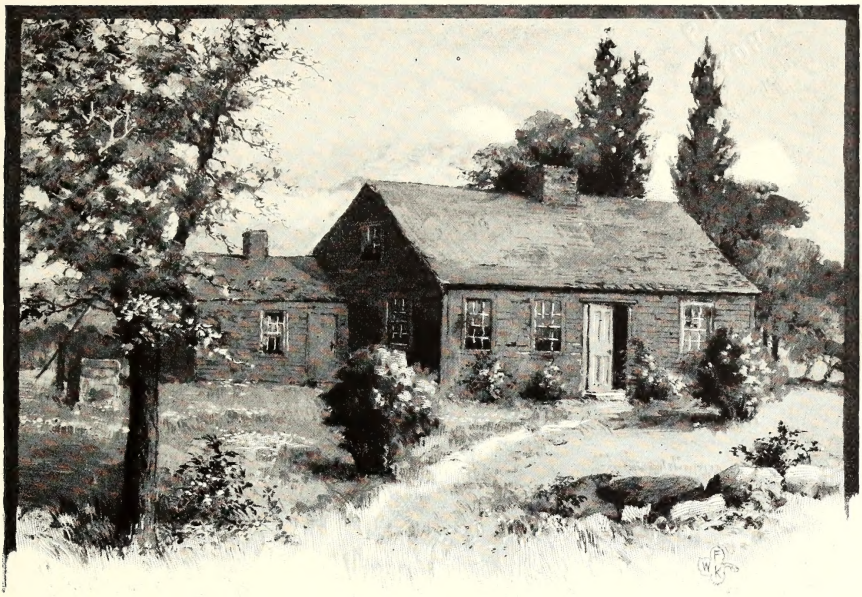
TABLE PLAN FOR THE SATURDAY CLUB DINNER, MAY 31, 1873, BY JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Lowell, in 1883, "but the company is more of ghosts than of flesh and blood for me." He lamented the fact that Longfellow, Agassiz, Emerson, Lowell, Hawthorne, Motley and Sumner no longer attended, and added, "I feel as if I belonged to the past." He proposed, however, with the aid of the younger members, to keep the club alive until Lowell could return to give some fresh life to it. He had already lamented that the club was not what it was when Lowell had attended its meetings. Finally, in 1890, he complained that he hardly saw a face of the old times, except those of Dwight and Hoar, "where we used to have those brilliant gatherings." His biographer says that probably no other member of the club felt about it as Doctor Holmes did, and adds that of all who sat at its table he was by far the most brilliant talker. We may accept this opinion without admitting the truthfulness of Mr. Morse's statement that if Holmes had traveled largely he would have held the club in less esteem. Such a statement falsely assumes that more of cosmopolitanism would have made Doctor Holmes another man, and would have saved him from enjoying the men he met at the Saturday Club.

Mr. Samuel G. Ward, now a resident of Washington, is the only original member of the club now living. The other older members are Senator Hoar, Professor Norton, President Eliot, Judge Gray, E. L. Godkin, J. M. Forbes and Wolcott Gibbs. The club still continues to meet at the Parker House, on the last Saturday of each month, except July, August and September. There are now thirty-eight members. Chief Justice Field of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts is the president, and Professor W. W. Goodwin of Harvard University is the secretary. There is not in the club at present so large a proportion of literary men as formerly. A member has said of the club, in 1884, that Doctor Holmes was then president; and he was always present at the dinners, — and so were Judge Hoar and Mr. J. M. Forbes. These three, with a few intimate friends like Lowell and James Freeman Clarke, who came less frequently, kept up a steady fire of bright sayings and jokes, to which the younger generation was often glad to listen in silence. Since the death of Doctor Holmes and Judge Hoar, everything is changed in this respect; but the dinners of the club still remain as social and informal as ever, though the old leaders are gone.

For twenty years, beginning about 1856, the Saturday was the leading club of Boston, and it contained most of the men of wit, brilliant parts and literary reputation who lived in or near the city. It was a gathering of genial friends, who sought good fellowship and intellectual relaxation. The meetings were social and not literary; no essays were read, and no lectures were given. At one meeting of the club, when a reporter forced his way into the room before dinner and asked Doctor Holmes what subjects were to be discussed, he received the reply, "We do nothing but tell our old stories. We never discuss anything." Except on rare occasions the literary part of the meeting consisted of conversation only. The dinner was the central object, and that was expected to bring out quite enough of social chat and conversational stir of thought to give the meetings a real interest. There being no rules to observe and no red tape to follow, the meetings were purely informal, and therefore cheerful and cordial. All the members knew each other intimately, and consequently felt quite at home with each other and ready for the free expression of thought and sentiment. Already the club has assumed a considerable importance in the literary history of Boston, and that importance is likely to increase as the history of the club is more fully known and as its members are looked at from a time more remote.

10319



THE DESERTED HOUSE.

By Edna A. Foster.

THE house is empty, but the door stands wide,
As if the last departing soul that fled
To make his home thereafter with the dead
Was loth the last warm glimpse to be denied,
And left it thus — ajar. By its gray side
The roses cling and vines their tendrils spread
Across the threshold, now unchecked by tread
Of glad or weary feet; their blossoms hide
The gap where sill and step have broken tryst.
Along the bare, dim rooms there seems to steal
A sweet, illusive shadow; laughter's breath
Is borne around me, and I almost feel
The touch of hands; while thro' the memory's mist
There dawns a face refuting change and death.

The Little Brown House on the Albany Road.



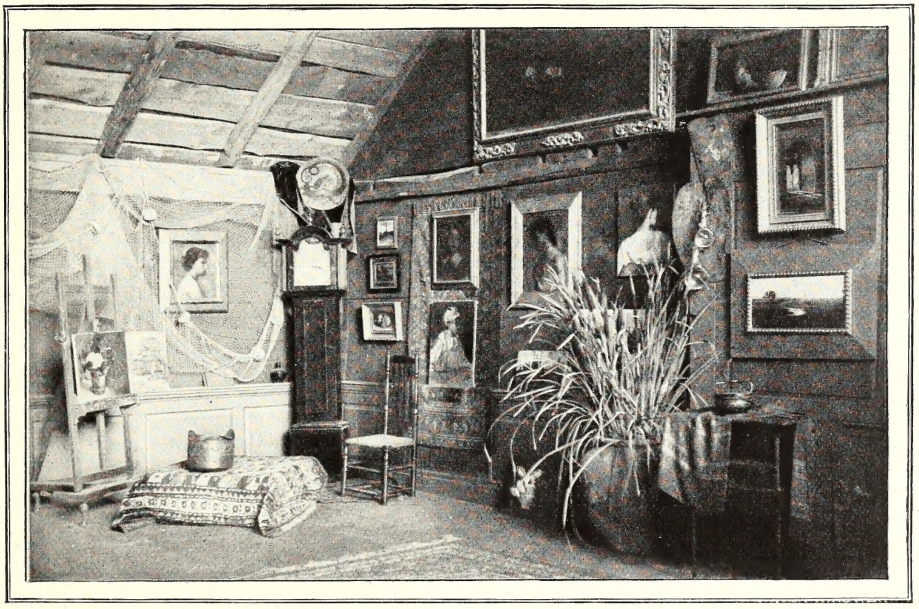
By George Sheldon.

THE transformation is wonderful; it seems almost a work of magic. The story of Aladdin's Lamp cannot be wholly a myth. The sky no longer looks through a gaping roof to a yawning cellar. The rain, the hail and snow no longer enter as if welcome guests. Warp and woof, fashioned and dyed in the Orient, supplants the rubbish on the rotting floors. Stuffs, rich and rare, flow from walls no longer black with smoke and grime. Festoons, rivaling in texture those from the loom of the spider, which they displace, show artistic taste and delight the eye. Pictures and works of art fill every "coigne of vantage."

Gone the staggering partitions; gone the low, brown, ragged ceiling. The long slanting rafters are in full view. The massive chimney and the rotund oven stand displayed. Kitchen and bedroom, pantry and parlor have disappeared in one generous whole. Through the narrow windows, inviting streams of soft light from elegant lamps are sent abroad into the night towards every point of the compass. The genii of the place preside over cheerful hospitality within, where so lately a sad spirit of seclusion and gloomy content held sway. No contrast could be greater. In the yellow light, thrown fitfully out from the burning logs in the huge fireplace, graceful forms flit to and fro, appearing and disappearing with the fantastic shadows upon the red wainscoted wall. Sweet music is heard, soft and weird, as if afar off, and stories are told of witches urging their broomstick steeds across the stormy midnight sky to festive meetings in uncanny nooks with still more uncanny folk.

The Antiquary sits upon the hearthstone and muses. The change seems so unreal and bewildering; he cannot draw the line, and the past will mingle with the present. He watches the sparks and the curling smoke as they rise towards boundless space, and voices of the unseen catch his responsive ear. He hears, in the mouth of the cavernous oven hard by, whisperings and wailings from the spirits of the past,—the household familiars. Driven from old haunts they have crowded the oven for shelter, as one of the few undesecrated spots. "We claim," they say, "recognition before our final departure. Behold what we bring, and record what you will." And the Antiquary sees a shadowy procession

issuing forth from the mouth of the oven and bearing open scrolls on which are pictured events centering around this old hearthstone, — plain matters of fact, scenes of joy, scenes of sorrowing, of triumph, of despair, details of everyday life and duty in the far off past. Shadowy and dim, growing brighter and clearer, the vision passes upward, disappearing with the smoke and the sparks. Thus impelled, the Antiquary records in homely phrase the result of his musings in the little brown cottage by the old Albany road on the evening of its dedication to a new purpose and to a new lease of life by its new occupants.

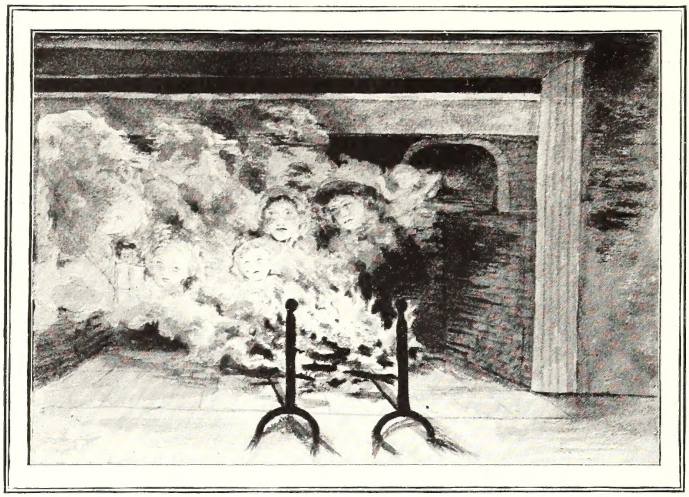


"THE TRANSFORMATION IS WONDERFUL."

The little brown house stands on a part of the tract which in 1686 the "Proprietors of Pocumtuck" "sequestered for the use of the ministry of Deerfield forever." In this service the lot was leased from year to year by a committee chosen by the town, the income of it going, during his lifetime, to the Rev. John Williams, our "Redeemed Captive," and afterwards to his successor in office, Rev. Jonathan Ashley.

As in later days, so in the olden time, leased lands fared hardly. Every thing possible was taken from it, and little or nothing returned. In 1759, after seventy years of this kind of treatment, the selectmen in a petition to the General Court say, "the soil is poor and barren for want of manure," also that the land is of less benefit to the minister than its value in money would be, and they ask leave of the General Court to sell it. There was, however, another reason for this action, and, it may be, the main one.

Deerfield was then the center of business for a large region round about, and craftsmen of many kinds— "tradesmen" they were then called — were seeking places here on which to build shops where they could exercise their handicrafts. Suitable locations were hard to get, and the ministerial lot, lying along the Albany road, was wanted for that purpose. In 1760, under the authority of an act of the colo-

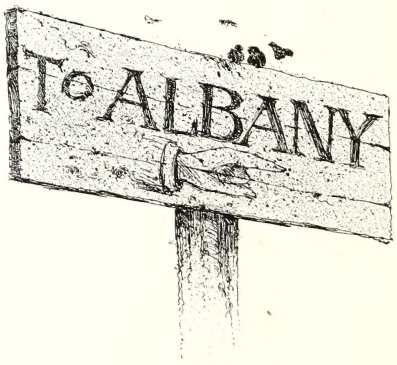


THE HOUSEHOLD FAMILIARS.

nial legislature, this tract was cut up into small lots by the town and sold to tradesmen. It had been laid out originally between the house lot of the "Worshipful John Pynchon" on the south and the Middle Lane to the meadows on the north. The Pynchon lot was later the home of Mehuman Hinsdale, the first white man born in Deerfield, "twice captivated by the Indian salvages," as his grave-stone testifies. The Middle Lane became in due time the high road from Northern Hampshire to Albany and the scene of military operations against Canada by the way of the lakes. The lots sold to tradesmen faced north on this road. Many now living have seen the guide-board at the head of the "Lane," on which was a hand with the forefinger pointing westward, directing the traveler "To Albany."

Very soon this poor and barren land bore abundant fruit. Buildings sprang up, and new sounds were heard all along its border. The clang of the anvil and the blast from the bellows of Armorer Bull answered to the hissing of the flip iron and tap of the toddy-stick of his neighbor, Landlord Saxton. The ting-a-ling of Silversmith Parker more than held its own with the muffled thud from the loom of Elizabeth Amsden the weaver, and the soft music of the flickering bowstring of Feltmaker Hamilton, as it rained blows on the fine fur of the beaver, muskrat or raccoon. The mallet of Hitchcock, the hatter, responded feebly in a dull monotone to the sharp speaking strokes of the hammer on the lap-stone of David Saxton, as he sat at the east window of the kitchen in the little cottage on the old colonial road.

Should the traveler from the Hudson, coming over the Hoosac Mountain to the Connecticut Valley, be waylaid by prowling Indians, and stripped of all his effects, he could be refitted and refreshed within the borders of the old ministerial lot. Had his horse been spared, it could be fed, shod, furnished with a new saddle and a portmanteau; or had fortune been more cruel, had the horse been taken,



the traveler could be provided with a new one from the choice stud of Breeder Saxton. He could buy a hat, shoes, cloth for a coat, and a watch for his fob. He could procure a sword, musket, or a pair of pistols, and, after

a mug of hot flip and a bountiful dinner with Landlord Saxton, the despoiled stranger could go on his way rejoicing, having obtained all these things without money, although not without price. In those days credit was universally given and was rarely abused.

Come back again to the little cottage where, by the great window in the east end of the kitchen, David Saxton hammered the oak tanned



"HE HAMMERED AND PEGGED AND SEWED."

soles, and with well-waxed home-spun thread closed the seams of honest upper leather, with honest toil and good judgment. Concerning this latter quality there is a story told characteristic of the man and bringing him a little nearer to us.

The shoemaker was so often called upon to act as referee, arbitrator, appraiser, etc., that he must be pardoned if he became a little vain of his reputation. He thoroughly enjoyed these labors and honors; a little grumbling at the burden he might have thought increased his importance. One day, while at work on his bench, he was called upon by a neighbor to act as a referee on some question in dispute. Springing up suddenly, letting his lapstone and hammer tumble to the floor, he exclaimed, while whisking off his leather apron with alacrity: "What a cussed thing it is to be a man of judgment!" Nevertheless, this son of Crispin went his way to exercise this judgment for the benefit of his fellows with real content.

Assuming kitchen, dining room and shop to be one, while the husband and father hammered and pegged and sewed, and sewed and hammered and pegged, month after month and year after year, his good wife, Bathsheba, was always nigh. Here she baked, and here she brewed, washed, ironed, boiled and stewed. From his low bench by the east window one day in every week David could see the roaring red fire in the big brick oven in front of him, and could watch the fierce flames as they curled to its dome and darted their forked tongues towards him, only to be caught at its very mouth by the spirits of the air



"THE BUZZING WHEEL SANG A LULLABY."

and sent swiftly up the flue. David could watch his spouse, as with her long iron peel she removed the glowing coals when the oven had reached the right pitch of heat, and with her husk-broom, wetted as need be in a pail of water on the hearth, swept clean of ashes the oven floor. And when the oven door had been put up a suitable time to "draw down the heat," he could see Bathsheba as she deftly tossed from her light wooden peel, into the farthermost depths of the heated cavern, the squat loaves of rye and Indian bread. This peel was as white as river sand and "elbow grease" could make it. In due time David could snuff the rich savor of the brown beauties as they were taken out on the peel and piled upon the table near him, a good week's supply for the family. The front part of the oven may have been filled in with pumpkin pies, or tarts with the initials of the children cut in pie crust on the top, or, on state occasions, it may be with a spare rib of pork, or a pigling entire, a haunch of venison, a wild goose, or a turkey. Nothing came amiss to this great, warm-hearted friend of the family.

But the oven had a rival in the attentions and affection of David. Close by, at its right shoulder, was a capacious fireplace, with its generous back log, fore log and top log, urging up the climbing flame, every day, and in season all day long. As the mouth of the oven was closed six days out of seven, it had a poor chance against the loquacious fireplace, which by a side glance came full in view from the shoemaker's bench. Besides, there was the great iron dinner pot, which the swinging crane held out daily over the very heart of the merry fire, that welcomed it with great glee, laughing and dancing under and about it, embracing it with its red arms, and touching its very lid with its curling lips of flame. The stolid iron, yielding to its ardent friend, was forced to acknowledge its subtle influence, and soon David could hear the contents of the big-bellied pot merrily gurgling and babbling of the jolly time they were all having, although in hot water together.

So the "pot was biled" every day in the week. But the marvel and the mystery of it all—the leaping flame, the solid iron, the hissing steam! David was no philosopher—the shoemaker should stick to his last. He was no Watt, to note the tilting lid. He was no chemist, to analyze effects. He had a good appetite, engendered by healthy toil and a clear conscience. He could do ample justice to the contents of the pot, when piled upon the pewter platter, as the style on the sun dial lined with the meridian. But he never stopped—why should he—or we either for that matter—to speculate upon the daily miracle wrought by the loving fire spirit of the household. David saw Bathsheba put into the mouth of that pot cold water, and then beef, pork, cabbage, carrots, parsnips, turnips, all cold and indigestible; later he had stopped with upraised hammer, while pegging a sole, to see her swing out the crane and souse into the seething mass a bag of Indian pudding, resuming his labor when this was safely accomplished. And daily he had seen these crude materials come out smoking, luscious food, fit to "set before the king." Therefore the oven got the worst of it in the rivalry for the affections of David.

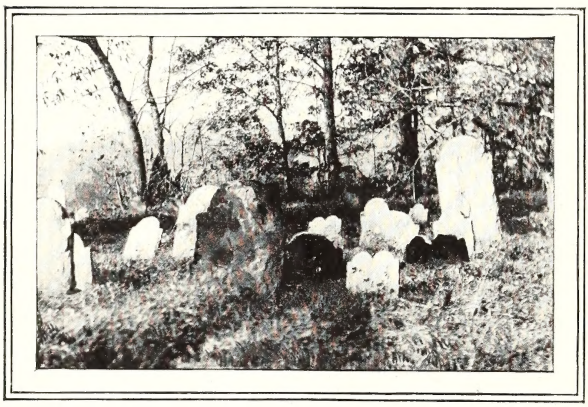
If the oven had thought about it, if the fireplace had thought about it, if David had thought about it, — which none of them did, — they might have drawn this moral: Be faithful and useful not only one day in seven, but every day of the week.

So by the great east window, where the morning sun shone full upon him, David hammered and pegged and stitched, and pegged and stitched and hammered, to secure the understanding of his customers and bread for his wife and children; while Goodwife Bathsheba baked and brewed and ironed and carded and spun, the hum of the wheel in harmony with the sound of the hammer. From flax taken in barter for the products of David's labor, she spun and twisted the honest thread with which his seams were closed; and while her foot pressed the treadle, and her busy fingers gauged and guided the slender



GOD'S ACRE.

thread her buzzing wheel sang a lullaby, and David with his stirruped foot gave an occasional jog to the cradle. For amid all the sights and sounds of this life of mutual industry and helpfulness, children came to be cared for and loved, and, alas, to be mourned for. Was David seen with arms extended as he had drawn home the last stitch of a seam, gazing abstractedly at the empty cradle by the



"THEY REST TOGETHER."

oven door, we may be sure his thoughts were away among the little mounds, more or less grassed over, in the graveyard hard by. Four times during eight years had that cradle been robbed. Four times the dread messenger had led a procession out of the square room beyond the kitchen, over the threshold of the low-browed front door, to the God's Acre at the west end of the ministerial lot.

Should we wonder if the stricken Bathsheba put salt for sugar in her pies, or seasoned her bread with scalding brine, when we know that across the level field, in full view of the small shuttered window of her pantry, slept that city of the dead, where four of her five darlings had been laid, one by one and side by side? For she must work as well as weep. By straining her eyes, as the bright sunlight streamed across the little mounds, the mother fancied that she could distinguish between the fresh scar on the bosom of mother earth and those partly healed by the kindly ministrations of time, and she sadly compared them to the scars in her own bosom; only on these time had worked more slowly and across these only shadows fell.

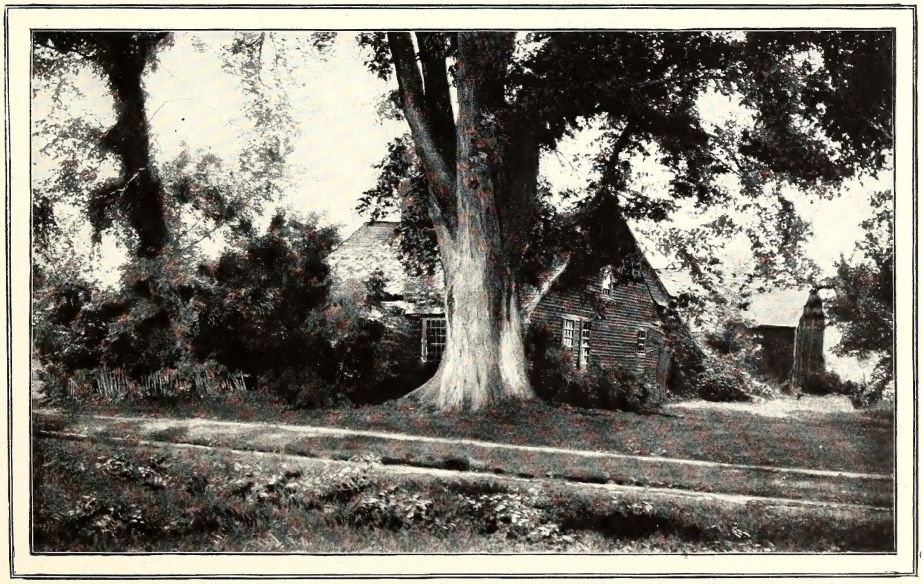
It may have been to remove his wife from a prospect so saddening that David before the birth of another babe, or before the brown had changed to green on the newest mound, left the little cottage and sought with Bathsheba at New Salem that comfort denied their parental longings here. In their new home the fates were kinder, and children were born and lived to cheer their declining years.

On the west side of our Old Burying Ground, where the gentle breezes come up from the murmuring Pocumtuck, where the aspen reaches out its kindly hands in benediction over the spot, and its restless leaves whisper, perchance, tales of bygone years, the four little mounds lie, side by side, as of old; but now there are two larger and longer ones; and on the moss-grown stones standing at the head of these are recorded the last events in the lives of David and Bathsheba Saxton.

From David Saxton the brown house passed to David Hoyt, Senior. If Hoyt then took up his abode here, it was doubtless to pursue his calling of "maker of wiggs and foretops." In this polite generation, the owners of bald heads are told that this defect is a mark of wisdom and honor; consequently they are apt to be rather proud than otherwise of their sterile pates. Not so in the time of which we speak. Whether it was incense to the goddess Hygeia, or a tribute to the goddess of fashion, the bald head was carefully covered; the first ravages by

a foretop or by the side hair combed up and braided on the top; total devastation by a full wig. Women rarely needed anything more than a foretop. Engaged in a business like this, himself well on in years, we can easily imagine the class of customers and their friends that gathered about the hearthstone of the wig-maker, sipping their flip or cider and telling stories, as men of their age are fond of doing. The host doubtless often told how his father, when a boy, was captured at the sacking of the town in 1704; how, being carried to Canada, he lived with his Indian master at Lorette; how William, son of Governor Dudley, then on a mission to Vaudreuil, governor of Canada, saw him on the streets at Quebec one day, and how the envoy jingled twenty silver dollars in the face of his Indian owner and offered to exchange them for the boy; how the savage could not withstand the temptation, and the captive boy was made free; how the Indian, soon repenting of his bargain, came back with the dumb dollars for the live boy who could hunt and fish. Too late, for Dudley, foreseeing this, had hurried Jonathan on board an English vessel, and the Indian went away lamenting. David had doubtless often seen this Indian, for in times of peace he used to come to Deerfield to see the lost boy, of whom he was very fond. Jonathan, says tradition, showed great affection for the savage and declared his sojourn in Canada to be the happiest part of his life. Of course, David talked freely on this topic; but there is reason to think he was fond of silence. He believed silence to be kingly, if not golden, and so he had married as a second wife Silence King. A less sentimental reason — she, too, being a "maker of foretops" — may have had its bearing on the case. Why not? Love and thrift are good everyday yoke mates; — blossom and fruit. Thriftless love is too unsubstantial for use.

David's stories would doubtless be matched by others. Deacon Jeremiah Nims, son of that John who was taken and carried to Canada from near Frary's Bridge in 1703, could tell of



"IT NESTLED SO SNUGLY UNDER THE GREAT ELM TREE."

his father's adventures while in Canadian captivity and his terrible experiences when, with three other young men, he escaped and made his way home through the wilderness, where he arrived in a demented state and nearly famished. John Williams, Nathan Catlin, John Sheldon could each relate tales of Indian warfare and captivity, heard from their grandfathers; while his next door neighbor, Justin Hitchcock, could talk of a later war, and thrill his hearers with his own experiences while responding to the Lexington alarm. He could tell how the inspiring notes of his fife renewed the tired muscle of the Deerfield Minute Men under Captain Locke on their march to meet the enraged British lion in Boston. The fifer could also relate as an eye witness the particulars and the result of the disastrous campaign of Burgoyne, and could tell with a relish how the company of Captain Joseph Stebbins and others swooped down upon the personal baggage train of the harassed general, and could perhaps show, like some of his fellows, trophies harvested on that occasion. Captain Joseph himself, whose house stood in sight across lots, could repeat the well known pranks of the mobs he led in visiting the tories and enforcing their signatures to patriotic resolutions. Others could tell stories of witches, or of ghosts, as the current talk of the evening might run. Meanwhile, the light from the blazing hickory logs was casting shadows of the group around the hearthstone upon the green baize curtains of the turn-up bed and the red wainscoted walls, where they appeared huge and weird, like the ghosts of restless giants; — pictures quite in keeping with the tales that were told.



DOORSTONE TALES.

About a century ago, Epaphras Hoyt, son of David and Silence, became the owner and occupant of the cottage, which then retained its original external form, to which recent changes have restored it. Although a young man, Hoyt brought with him a valued experience, and the atmosphere as well as the form of the house was gradually changed. Hoyt was a man of genius, whom science had marked for its own, and he gathered here all kindred elements in the town. His Experience, or "Spiddy," as she was called, bore fruit from time to time, and wider accommodations were required; so "Aunt Spiddy's bedroom" and back kitchen were added in the rear, and "Aunt Spiddy's stoop" in front.

The favorite studies of General Hoyt were the art of war, natural philosophy, astronomy and colonial history. He was in the meridian of life when the great wars of Europe which followed the "Reign of Terror" convulsed that continent. As a military man, he watched the course of Napoleon with the deepest interest. He followed him step by step, over the Alps into Italy, over the sea into Egypt, over the Pyrenees into Spain,

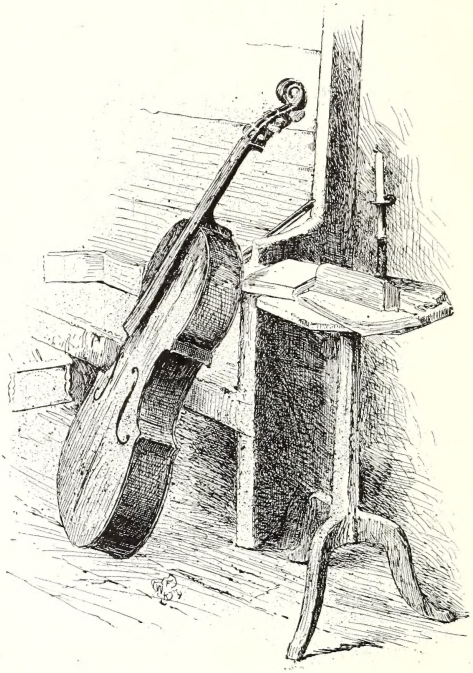
where his cannon disturbed the "burial of Sir John Moore;" across the Rhine to the fields of Ulna and Austerlitz and Jena and Eylau and Wagram, as he raged to and fro like a demon of destruction, ignoring or tearing into tatters, all the established rules which had hitherto been the guide for the movements of European arms on the march or in manœuvres on the field of battle. Here was a rare chance to study the art of war on a grand scale from a new master. Hoyt, like an enthusiastic patriot, gave himself up to it with ardor and success. Can we not see him with the poker drawing plans in the ashes on this great hearth, plans of recent battles to illustrate his theme, showing his friends how Napoleon had beaten the Italians, the Austrians or the Russians, by this or that movement, at this or that critical moment? The point once demonstrated, Aunt Spiddy with a few whisks of her birchen broom sent the offending ashes under the fore stick, sweeping aside these plans no more effectually than some new burst of genius in the Corsican did those of the crowned heads of Europe.

One result of these studies was a treatise on "The Military Art," issued in 1798, for the use of the United States army. This work attracted the attention of the first President, and it was doubtless by the light of our east window that General Hoyt read the letter from Washington offering him a command in the United States army, which was then being organized for a conflict with France. Hoyt's work passed through several editions, and was followed by more elaborate works, largely prepared under this roof. All were illustrated by plates, showing the formation and evolutions of companies, regiments and armies, on parade and in active service on the field. Imagine sketches of these plans pinned up on the red wainscoting of the kitchen, and note the trouble they gave Aunt Spiddy, when the frolicsome wind from the open window sent them scurrying over her nicely sanded floor, with the possibility that some might be caught in the draft and whisked with the flame and smoke up the wide-throated chimney. Hoyt's reason for declining the commission from Washington we do not know. We do know that it was not a lack of patriotism or waning love of the military art. Probably he felt the call for home duties more urgent. He was Inspector-General of the state troops. Trouble was brewing with Great Britain as well as with France, and many feared that the great Corsican himself would turn his arms across the waters to our shores. The hand of General Hoyt may be seen in the action of the Board of Trustees of Deerfield Academy, when in 1806 a new professorship was established. It was for teaching the "Theoretical and Practical Art of War viz:—tactics according to Stuben and Dundas . . . Practical Geometry on the Ground; Elements of Fortifications, and the Construction of small works in the Field; Elements of Gunnery; Topography; Military History; Partisan War, or War of Posts; . . . These subjects will be under the direction of Major Hoyt, Brigade Inspector. . . . It is believed that the Present Critical Situation of our Country will induce young men to qualify themselves for an honorable defence against every hostile attack on their native land and lay a foundation for military Glory."

But our genius sacrificed not alone upon the shrine of Mars. Gradually, as the years went on, the little cottage on the Albany road became the undoubted center of mental activity for Northern Hampshire. Around its hearthstone the young men gathered and listened to discussions of the most abstruse problems, not only of war, but of philosophy and pure science. Here space was measured with a line, the trackless star was traced to its hiding place by day, the sun after his going down at night, and a path was predicted for the erratic comet. Some of the results of these hearthstone

studies are with us in published works on astronomy, military science and colonial history by Hoyt, and on mathematics, biblical criticism, civil law and general literature by Rodolphus Dickinson, one of his young friends.

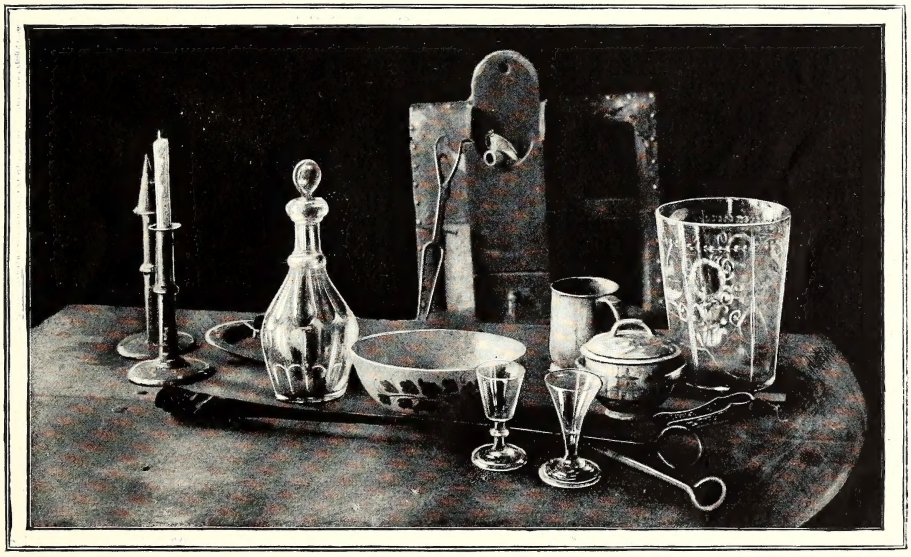
Another boy of whom the world has heard received here his inspiration and here enjoyed his first laurels. Half a dozen rods from the great east window, Epaphras and Experience could see Mercy, sister of the General and wife of Justin Hitchcock, as she leaned from her pantry window for a morning chat, or busied herself about her back yard chores, her chickens and her geese. Among her two-legged cares was a bright, dark-eyed boy, the torment of her life, who early came under the influence of his "Uncle Ep." As a mere lad he would eagerly listen to the talk round his uncle's hearthstone, and as he grew in years his love for the truths of science kept pace with his hatred of the great usurper Napoleon; for all along he had drunk in the current talk which represented this master of the art of war as a blood-thirsty tyrant, a cruel monster, whose pastime was the murder of women and children. Picture the scene at the cottage on the evening of Monday, March 4, 1805, as the General read the latest news, that three months before, at Notre Dame, Bonaparte had been crowned emperor of France. Did hatred for the French nation prevent even pity for its fate? Did righteous indignation or dread despair for suffering humanity come uppermost in the minds of the assembled group? One year lacking a day, other news came, and to the hearers the tables seemed turned. With what joy they heard the General read from the *Greenfield Gazette* a highly colored account of the success of Alexander and the allied army over the French in a battle of December 2, 1805, and the comments — that "sanguine hopes are now entertained in Europe that Bonaparte has at length arrived at the termination of his career."



"NOW SILENTLY RESTING IN MEMORIAL HALL."

This was the first report by the way of England of the battle of Austerlitz, a battle in which Napoleon gained one of his greatest victories over the combined armies of Russia and Austria. The fulfilment of these "sanguine hopes" was not yet. More countries were to be overrun, and more thrones to be overturned; thousands of widows and orphans were yet to taste the horrors of war. At length, however, Bonaparte's hour struck. June 3, 1814, a hand-bill was received at Deerfield, which was published in the *Franklin Herald* of June 7, containing the joyful news that the allied armies had entered Paris and that the emperor was a fugitive. We of this day can hardly imagine the excitement and the thanksgiving which followed this announcement; and of all the coterie of the little brown house, not one was more strongly impressed than the "bright, dark-eyed boy," Edward Hitchcock. He at once began his tragedy, "The Downfall of Bona-

parte." In its pages can be seen reflected the sentiment of the time, which ranked Napoleon as the most heartless and cruel despot the sun ever shone upon, and Alexander, the czar of Russia, as the friend of humanity and the prince of peace. It gives us queer notions of our democracy to see the emperor stigmatized in this production as "a mud sprung reptile," "a filthy toad," a "base born Corsican." This tragedy, which covered the leading events of the rise and fall of Napoleon, was put upon the boards and acted by the leading lights of Deerfield in the old meetinghouse, part of the pews being floored over for a stage. This was the event of that generation, and the assumed names of the actors clung to many of them through life. In my boyhood, the names of Blucher and Ney, Lescourt and Platoff were as familiar as household words.



OLD-TIME CHEER.

This tragedy was evidently composed under the eye of General Hoyt, for his ear-marks can be seen on almost every page. The low ceiling of Aunt Spiddy's kitchen must have looked down a hundred times on the author and his fellows, as they spouted the lurid lines before the critic in rehearsal for the stage; and the copyist was doubtless often vexed by changes in the text in order to insert some new technical military phrase or let in a little more blood and thunder. How wide a circulation this historic effusion had is not known; but Horace Greeley relates that when an apprentice at Poultney, Vermont, the tragedy was acted there, and he personated one of the characters. In after years, President Hitchcock made efforts to suppress this callow effort of his genius, and copies are scarce in consequence. Under the lead of his uncle, young Hitchcock became an ardent student of astronomy and, making a practical application of his acquirements, constructed the astronomical tables for a series of almanacs which he published at Deerfield. Some of his problems were questioned by the astronomers of Europe; but with General Hoyt at his back he maintained his ground, and after a sharp contest his positions were at length admitted as proven by the Continental Magnates. Doubtless

the big fireplace echoed the rejoicing which followed this victory of a self-made Deerfield boy over the savants of Europe. And well it might, — for had it not for years been throwing light from its pine knots on these knotty questions?

General Hoyt was a graduate of the Deerfield district school. Edward Hitchcock had in addition a few winter terms at the Deerfield Academy, and this was his Alma Mater. Although professor, and later president of a college, and the recipient of collegiate honors from far and wide, he never saw as a pupil the inside of any college walls, and he may well be called a graduate of the little brown cottage on the old Albany road. Perhaps the honor must be shared with the great elm tree under which it nestled so snugly, with its moss covered roof. It is related that the General and his nephew were in the habit of fleeing, to escape the disturbance from the children and the swash of Aunt Spiddy's mop on the floor, to a seat among the branches of this even then giant tree, to study their most profound problems; and here Edward spent many a studious hour, refusing to join in the pastimes of his companions. Certain it is that the seat in the old tree was a favorite place of resort, not only for the General and the future president, but also for their growing sons and daughters.

Hoyt had such an appreciation of and admiration for the Duke of Wellington, that, in 1811, he named his only son after him, Arthur Wellesley, thus anticipating the fame the Iron Duke gained later at Salamanca and Waterloo. European wars did not, however, wholly engross the attention of Hoyt. He is best known to-day by his "Antiquarian Researches" concerning the Indian wars of New England, a work of great value to students of New England history.

The rise and progress of the events which led to the War of Impressment with England must have been watched with the deepest interest and discussed in all their bearings under the roof-tree of the Inspector General's cottage. Here would the patriotic citizens gather; here would be first heard the declaration of the war, and here first came the stirring news of our gallant naval victories so unexpected by either of the belligerents; and here, we may be sure, were sung the spirited songs they inspired. The General was not gifted in song, but what he lacked in tone and harmony he made up in energy, and doubtless the rafters shook as he emphasized the sentiment of Chancellor Kilty's variation of "Britannia Rule the Wave."

"For see, *Columbia's* sons arise,
Firm, independent, bold and free;
They too shall seize the glorious prize,
And share the empire of the sea;
Hence then, let *freemen* rule the waves,
And those who yield them still be slaves;"

or as he joined in Ray's stirring lyric:

"Too long has proud Britannia reigned
The tyrant of the sea,
With guiltless blood her banners stain'd,
Ten thousand by *impressment* chain'd,
Whom God created free;"

or in the rollicking tribute to Commodore Perry:

"Hail to the chief, now in glory advancing,
Who conquered the Britons on Erie's broad wave;
Who play'd Yankee Doodle to set them a-dancing,
Then tripp'd up their heels for a watery grave."

We have seen that the General did not live then, as in later years, in scholastic seclusion. Neither was he an exclusive devotee to science and military art. He was an active man of affairs, with a wide-spread political influence, and was, in fact, one of the river gods. He was post-master and registrar of deeds for Northern Hampshire; and hundreds of pages written by his daughter, Fanny, by the light from the east window are now daily consulted by the public. The little brown cottage was also the

center of the executive power of the new county of Franklin, for the General was high sheriff. We may trust that when he went in state to open the courts, Aunt Spiddy saw to it that his blue, brass-buttoned coat was scrupulously clean, that his cockade and crimson silk sash were properly arranged, and the hangings of his dress sword were spotless as the sun.

Time changes all things. The philosopher and friend, the student and the guide, the man of science and the man of power departed; and of his kith and kin the only representative left to-day on the old Albany road is a young woman who revels in the quick wit and the flight of imagination which she inherited from an unexpended balance in the large brain of her great grandfather, Epaphras Hoyt.

No greater contrast can be conceived than that between some of the early occupants and those who now for a year and a day make their abode in the little brown house,—Rufus Rice and his fitting mate, Esther. Rufus was a first class representative of the typical Yankee, keen, shrewd and honest in business, droll and witty in words, wise, careful and far-sighted in action. He was the founder of the fourpence-ha'penny packet express between Deerfield and Greenfield, which still flourishes under the whip of his grandson, another Rufus. "Express Rice" had small opportunity for book learning in youth; but his judgment was sound, and he came to be much relied upon in business by the manless maiden, the distressed widow, and the skilless professor. One of the latter class, after vain struggle to repair a water conduit, called in Mr. Rice. The following brief conversation illustrates the prominent traits in both the interlocutors:

"I find," says the Professor, "after thoughtful consideration and repeated, carefully conducted experiments with this preparation, that all my attempts are fruitless, and that the water still continues to exude copiously."

"O, yaas, yaas, fix it so 't 'll allus leak like sixty."

"I am compelled to acquiesce in your decisions; but, Mr. Rice, may I inquire what methods you would recommend to—"

"O, I'll git it fixt as right 's a hoe-handle. Don't you give yourself no more trouble about it."

In sorrowfully condoling with Mr. Rice on the great loss he had sustained in the death of his son, the Professor remarked with his voice full of tears, "I understand, sir, that your son possessed a considerable amount of mechanical ingenuity, that in fact he had proved his constructive talent in practical achievements under adverse circumstances, and with great lack of needful appliances."

"O, yaas! yis, you give Seth a jack-knife and gimlet and he'd make eny most anything."

The sphere of Mr. Rice was narrow; he filled it well. He left no stain on his character or shadow on the little cottage. Neither the hearth-stone, the oven, nor the window had reason to complain in the companionship of these honest everyday folk.

It is said that coming events cast their shadow before. With the next occupants of the little brown house, we will suppose in our musings the case is reversed. One of the fleeting scroll bears a name well known in border warfare, that of Sergeant John Hawks, the hero of Fort Massachusetts, the compeer of Stark and Putnam, of Burke and Rogers and other noted partisans of the French and Indian wars. He died as colonel at his home in Deerfield Street, next door to that of David Hoyt, elder brother of Epaphras. Colonel Hawks in his old age spent much time at the "Old Indian House," then a tavern, with the father of Epaphras as landlord. We may be sure that young Epaphras improved every opportunity of hearing the bar-room stories of this scarred veteran of two wars, that he

was often at his brother's house, and that he haunted the home of the hero listening eagerly to his door-stone tales. Nor can we doubt that here was born the spirit of research which seized upon the wide awake boy, and that in this primary school he began the study of the "Art of War." In his "Antiquarian Researches" General Hoyt does full justice to the heroism of his aged mentor, and many a vivid scene of Indian warfare therein pictured was doubtless in language heard from one who could say, "All of this I saw and part of which I was;" and the old warrior could have asked no better medium for a history of his deeds. These stories which our three steadfast friends had heard rehearsed a hundred times in the earlier days, the oven, the window and the fireplace now heard repeated to a new circle of listeners, gathered in the old kitchen; for John Hawks, the newcomer, had all these tales by heart, and took due pride in recounting the deeds of his grandsire. But the times had changed; blessed peace flooded the land, and the stories fell on comparatively listless ears. Epaphras and his coterie had no successors here. The hearthstone was no longer presided over by Mars, Clio or Urania. With the passing of the shadow, the heroic days of the little brown house vanished for aye.

But the shifting scene had not left the hearthstone desolate. On the ruins of the temple of Mars, the genius of music now established an altar. The first offering upon this was the babe, Charles, the first born of John and Emily, his wife, who in due time became a devotee of Apollo. He was a teacher of sacred music, a long time leader of the village choir, and, perhaps, through a strain inherited from the hero of Fort Massachusetts, he was also a lover of martial music, organizing and leading the village military band.

Charles Hitchcock, son of Deacon Justin and brother of President Edward, born on the adjacent lot, was the next occupant of the little brown house, with the additions of his "Aunt Spiddy's porch" and "Aunt Spiddy's bed room." Charles was a man of versatile tastes, with strong salient points in his make-up. His regular occupation was farming, but in common with his "Uncle Ep" he had a taste for local history. He was overflowing with stories and anecdotes relating to former generations of his townspeople which he had accumulated, the greater part of which are now, alas! lost forever. The Antiquary must not be held accountable for the loss of this inside view of the society of old Deerfield, for at the date of Deacon Hitchcock's death he had not been invested with the robes of the "Oldest Inhabitant." He had, however, heard enough from the lips of the Deacon to become aware that here was a rich storehouse of local lore; he had called the attention of Professor James K. Hosmer to the fact, and had arranged for an interview in the little brown house, when Mr. Hosmer was to take down Deacon Hitchcock's stories in writing. This movement proved too late; on the very day appointed, Deacon Hitchcock was called to a bed of sickness from which he never rose. This circumstance is told as a much needed warning to many who might profit by it. There are Hitchcocks and Hosmers of various grades in every community.

Taking the warning to myself, I proceed to make a record, that of all the salient points in the character of the new owner of the little brown house, Deacon Hitchcock's love for music was the most notable. That was unmistakable. To this the oven, the window and the fireplace will cheerfully and unanimously testify. For it was still before the days of the iron stove and tin oven that the singing master entertained at all hours of the day and untimely hours of the night his friend the minister, a musical composer and writer of hymns. Here it was that new theories were

discussed, new combinations of notes tried, and especially new adaptations of language to tunes. The melodies of the sweet singer of Israel were released from the harsh bondage of Sternhold and Hopkins, and made to clothe the more harmonious measures of the minister, while the more lurid verses of the uncompromising Watts were rehashed or banished without compunction to meet the more generous interpretation of the Scriptures under a milder form of theology. The theology being settled, this did not trouble the twain, but to adapt the piety and beauty of Watts to the new conditions and new claims of musical science was a task requiring all the knowledge and all the skill of these earnest enthusiasts; and it was here that the Deerfield Collection of Sacred Music gradually took on substance and form. As the melody of music was in their hearts and voices, so the science of music was upon their lips; they talked earnestly and musefully by the light of the east window, the tallow candle or the pine knot, of octave and compass, of pitch and accent, of chords and triads and cadence, of points and counterpoints, of canons finite and canons infinite, of scale chromatic and diatonic, of sequence and modulation and transformation, even unto the weariness and confusion of the unlearned. Doubtless the big-bellied bass viol, made by Deacon Justin, and the pitch pipe he used, both now silently resting in Memorial Hall, could testify, if summoned, of all these things more fittingly and more musically than the unmusical muser of this hour.

It is natural to assume that Deacon Hitchcock inherited from the amateur builder of the bass viol his love of harmony; but this could not fail to be fostered by the example and influence of William Bull, the composer and publisher of a musical treatise, who lived next door to the house in which Charles was born and brought up. However this may be, when Charles in early manhood became intimately associated with Samuel Willard, the unshackled minister of free thought and free expression, a great opportunity was given him for cultivating and refining his strong native talent. The new friendship was harmonious and mutually helpful. The saintly Dr. Willard did not, indeed, dwell beneath this roof, but his hallowed voice seems on this occasion to echo from wall and ceiling, conjured up, it may be, by the subdued melody evoked by the skillful touch of his musically inspired granddaughter.

Meanwhile the warm-hearted oven and the cheerful fireplace, ignoring all ancient rivalry, clung together as fast friends under the same mantel-tree, while the great east window smiled serenely on both. Well and faithfully each of the three served in its own way those who understood their secrets and their power. Charles, the singer, had readily made friends with the musical fireplace, but he understood not the mysteries lying in the depths of the oven; they were unfathomable to him. When he had pondered for a time what he should do, he hied away to the hills beyond the valley to the home of the setting sun, even to the house of Isaac, surnamed Baker. Now Isaac had a comely daughter who had aforetime looked with favor upon the itinerant singing master, and after a short responsive wooing the twain became one. There were literally "no cards" for the wedding party. The venerable secretary of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, then a boy of ten, gave out the invitations verbally from door to door.

It was on a birthday of Washington three score and ten years agone, that the friends of Charles and Lois held high festival within these walls, and so was celebrated the advent of the bride and the new mistress, who then began a new life here with our three friends, and with the pantry of Bathsheba and Silence and Experience. These were all glad of her coming, especially the oven, which well

knew that, although no longer a Baker by name, she would continue to practice the art; and from its mouth came abundant proffers of good cheer, and thenceforth it gave Lois loyal and warm-hearted service. The pantry vied with the oven in the welcome. Although its shelves were weighted with pounds of pound cake, piles and piles of pies, dishes of doughnuts, jars of jams and jellies, baskets of bread and biscuits, cakes of cheese, plates of cookies and gingerbread — these long shelves, ranged one above another, their edges newly decked with scalloped paper, laughed cheerily as they displayed their tempting treasures to the optics and olfactories. Had a vote of approval been then and there taken, it is doubtful whether the *ayes* or the *noes* would have carried it. All these culinary preparations had been made by volunteer friends of the groom under the lead of Aunt Hannah Hoyt, sister of our friend, the General. Being the head of the commissariat, she wore on this occasion, as the insignia of her office, the big gilded epaulettes of the bridegroom. Tallow candles made luminous spots here and there in the darkness. The electricity of that day shone on the faces and was manifest in the spirits and light movements of the guests.

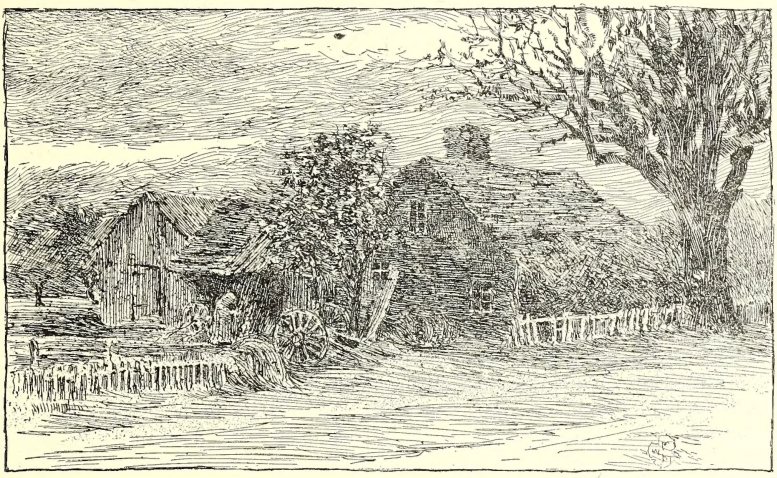
In the glowing hickory coals under the forestick lurked the loggerhead at a red heat. Cool mugs of home-brewed beer, flanked with eggs and sugar, stood hard by, ready to meet the fire fiend in a friendly contest. The result of all the hissing and foaming and spluttering which followed was like that of many heated, wordy combats: each side claimed the victory. In fact, however, the red iron always turned black and retreated under the forestick for reënforcements, while the mug of flip went briskly about, cheered by, and cheering in turn, the company. On this occasion it was flanked by a big tumbler of Santa Cruz toddy, which was passed to old and young.

Singing and playing games, like the "Needle's eye" or the "Barberry bush," may have been indulged in; but one amusement of wedding parties of the day, "Chasing the bride round the chimney," certainly was not. The oven objected to the game and would not budge; it stood sturdily the whole evening, blocking the only path. It still objects, and still holds its position.

Dancing, which at divers times and places, has been up and down the gamut of public opinion, from the lowest bass, where it was considered the most subtle device of Satan for the ingathering of souls, to the highest pitch of piety, where it ministered to the exaltation of saints, — dancing at this time in Deerfield was ranging among the joyous notes and was at high tide of popular favor; it was an especial accessory to wedding festivity, — and certainly the centennial of Washington's birthday and the wedding day of Charles and Lois was celebrated with the customary decorous hilarity. It is safe to assume that Harry, the brother of Charles, was master of ceremonies in this feature of the entertainment, for he was an ardent disciple of Terpsichore. We hear of one noteworthy occasion when Harry sacrificed his desire for this diversion on the altar of friendship or, perhaps, of friendship and indignation combined. It was the day when the mutual friend of the brothers, the musical minister, had been refused ordination by an adverse Council. Harry, in behalf of the young people, wrote a feeling letter, notifying the rejected candidate that in consequence of their sympathy for him at the action of the Council the Ordination Ball arranged for the evening would be given up.

The music furnished to regulate the tripping footsteps on such occasions was usually the sympathetic fiddle, — the young chaps chipping in to hire a fiddler. If none was available, some of the musical ones would set and keep the time by singing, or humming, or calling, or some combination of these methods. The muser recalls

one occasion when as the merest slip of a boy he went with his sister to "a neighbor party" and witnessed what would be called in the slang of to-day a "kitchen shin-dig." The hostess, Mistress Sabrina, inspired and directed the old-fashioned contra dances in her long kitchen. Fragments of the sights and sounds still remain with me, impressed, it may be, by a knowledge of the parties, and by seeing the personal application. The director was perched upon the loom at one end of the room, whence her voice rang out with a free and easy swing somewhat like this, with all necessary adaptations:



"Now cross over my son Stoddard, tum tum diddle dum, tum tum diddle dum — down outside now my son Amos, tum tum diddle dum, tum tum diddle dum, come to your ma now 'Lisa Ann Parker, you're not big enough, you're not big enough, right and left now Jane Alcesta, tum tum diddle dum, tum tum diddle dum, down in the middle Stoddard Williams, tum tum diddle dum, tum tum diddle dum."

This lady was about the age of Charles, and was doubtless at the wedding, and perhaps her peculiar talent may have been called into requisition; but as this is a tale of verities and the scrolls of the household familiars do not particularize, it cannot be asserted. For the same reason it must be left to the imagination to picture how Captain Hannah beckoned Lois from the bright firelight of the kitchen into Aunt Spiddy's dim little bed room for mysterious conference with certain wise matrons, her new aunts, and how Experience gave her timely words of advice and warning from her ample store of hard earned knowledge, or how Marcy and Betsey and Persis showered upon her maxims of wisdom for her guidance in her new sphere, and how the words of her mentors fell upon the ears of the happy and trustful bride with the same abiding effect as water showered upon the back of the proverbial duck.

The year hand on the clock of time crept on. For two-score years Charles the singer and Lois the baker abode together under the roof tree of the little brown cottage, growing browner year by year, and then were gathered to their fathers. Of the two children who first saw the light within these walls, Justin took unto himself a helpmeet and dwelt in a new house hard by, but Harriet remained alone in the old home. Three decades passed. Time was left unmolested to work his will upon the failing habitation and its

forlorn, clouded inmate. Little by little the roof gaped here and there as if to invite the rain, the hail and the snow. The floor of the square room and the pantry of Bathsheba found sad companionship in the dark yawning cellar. Ruin and decay rioted in Aunt Spiddy's bed room. The lingering partitions, black with grime and smoke and festooned with dust-laden cobwebs, faltered and staggered. Still, Harriet with bent form and tottering steps clung steadfastly to the old-time home, all for love of it and for the associations which filled every nook and cranny. All else failing, she crept close to our three old friends for sympathy and cheer, and the staunch fireplace, the tried oven and the great east window proved as true to Harriet as Harriet was true to this taleful relic of by-gone days — the little brown house on the old colonial road to Albany.

THE RISING OF CALEB BALLARD.

By Florence Tinsley Cox.



DOWN in the valley twilight had already fallen, darkest where the western mountain shut out the declining rays of the chill November sun, and lightening up to dim daylight on the top of Black Hill, where the old Ballard homestead stared out bleakly upon the desolate landscape. Two miles away as the crow flies lay Fremont, nestled warmly among the hills, and offering in its two stores and public library a centre of attraction for the young people of the neighborhood. In the middle of the village stood the church and the post office, both equally dependent on the stage coach of Hartley Oakes, who brought impartially mail bags and minister from Taylor's Crossing, the nearest railway station. In summer he brought tourists as well, men in golf stockings and knickerbockers, and gorgeously attired women attended by trim maids. The great hotels on the lower road were filled with gay society people, and the Fremont weekly ball was reported by special men sent up by the city dailies. In September the crowd gradually ebbed away, and by November the hotels stood in dismal state and the village had sunk to its usual winter quiet, enlivened now and then by a sociable or sleighing party.

Two miles back on the Pine Road the difference was little felt; and the Ballards especially lived on calmly in the gray house. That it was gray was the only drop of bitterness in Deborah Ballard's cup. In her dreams she saw it painted white, a tower of purity on the hill-top; and once, by the exercise of Spartan self-denial, she had saved up sufficient to paint the gable end nearest the road. That time was now so long past that the thin white coat had sunk into close union with the gray boards; but the picture of its splendor had never quite faded from her mind. Seated in the old armchair with the cushioned seat, she took up the tale once more, as the gay patches of a quilt, known in New Hampshire

parlance as a "tack," fell into place under her nimble fingers.

"When I married Caleb, I never s'posed I'd live stiddy in a gray house. 'You take care o' the outside, Caleb,' says I, on the very day of our weddin', forty year ago, 'an' I'll take care o' the inside.' There ain't a prettier house than this in Fremont—on the inside; but I never see a man so cantankerous 'bout paint as Caleb is. All the Ballards is near. Caleb's grand'ther wouldn't let his wife hev more than one apron to onct; an' Caleb's father sawed the rockers off this here chair, so as Caleb's mother shouldn't rock. Not as she hed turr'ble much time for rockin', nuther! Caleb ain't stinted me in nothin' 'ceptin' paint,—but he's sot on his own way." She sighed patiently and tried a red patch by a blue one. "I do hope he'll paint in the spring. There ain't no use doin' it now, for the city folks is all gone,—an' I do want them ter see the paint when it's fresh. I heerd one say last summer: 'What a pretty place!' An' another said: 'Why don't they paint?' Land sakes! I'd paint if I could; but I don't see no way 'cept I steal! Maria says she'd sell butter 'n' eggs, 'n' a ham or two; but Caleb'd know. He knows how many cans o' preserve I've got, an' how many dish towels, an' he counts the eggs regular; an' he's that high sperrited that I don't dast. I did s'pose arter all the girls married an' went off, we'd hev easier times, bein' only me an' Reub for Caleb ter care for; but things ain't changed one mite —an' I declare I do feel sorry for Reuben, kep' up tight the way he is. Never a cent of his own money, nor his way in nothin', — an' he with the Ballard sperrit, too! Don't you think it's jest turr'ble — don't you think so?"

She glanced questioningly over her spectacles, and then exclaimed indignantly: "I don't b'lieve you've heerd a word I've ben sayin', Sallie Mayhew!"

Her companion raised her head from her book and laughed. "I ain't jest sure I hev, Aunt Debby; but I know it's 'bout paint, an' — really, Aunt Debby, I'm jest in the most excitin' part!"

"Do tell!" her aunt responded leniently. "Well, I used ter be jest like you when I was a girl, allers readin', — pattern medicines, old newspapers, almanacs, anything. I rec'lect how my father used ter scold. Sech a sinful waste o' time, he said; — an' Caleb's exackly the same way. He hates ter see me read the county paper. Not that I ever touch it till all the work is done!"

She settled back more comfortably, and gazed about the room. It was clean, painfully clean. The walls, newly whitened in the fall, were sparsely covered with photographs framed in primitive fashion. One represented Caleb Ballard's father and mother, taken in their sere and yellow age; another showed the old house, with Mt. Jefferson rising gray in the background; another, the schoolhouse where Deborah Ballard's mother taught in her youth; while in a conspicuous position, between the two front windows, hung an elaborate picture of great-grandfather Ballard's tomb at Portsmouth. This latter Deborah had surrounded with a wreath of dried autumn leaves and small pine cones. Coarse scrim curtains were looped back stiffly at the three windows, a few cane-seated chairs stood primly against the walls, home-made mats were strewn over the painted floor, and a large lamp stood on a small table in the centre of the room. Deborah surveyed it all blissfully. Each object was personally dear to her, while many were the result of toilsome hours. At length her eyes settled upon Sallie, who had drawn close to the western window and was striving to make use of the few remaining minutes of daylight.

Sarah Mayhew was the daughter of Mrs. Ballard's only brother, and, like her aunt, had inherited the sanguine complexion and mild blue eyes that conferred a certain charm on the least favored of the Mayhew race. She was

tall and upright, and her face, though not distinguished by particular beauty, was comely enough in a way, fresh and good-natured. She laid aside her book with a sigh, and looked out into the darkness.

"Aunt," she said, "I do wish Reub could take me over to Fremont to-night. I've ben here a week now, an' he hesn't ben able to do it yit. There comes Uncle up from the barn. I b'lieve I'll ask him."

Mrs. Ballard threw down her work. "The kettle ain't on, an' the table ain't sot, an' me a-settin' here as if I hed a month afore me! Fetch out the pie an' doughnuts, Sallie, while I go down cellar. If there's one thing your uncle hates, it's ter wait for his meals." And she disappeared into the kitchen as a measured tramp came along the side piazza.

The two women bustled about, and the table was soon prepared for the coming meal. At last Mrs. Ballard stopped, and glanced inquiringly at her niece. "Where's your uncle?" she asked. "I heerd him come in, but I ain't seen him sence, though I've called him twice."

"He went into the bedroom, Aunt, an' he's there yit."

"He ain't sick! Don't tell me he's sick!" The strong woman tottered as she ran through the parlor to the hall, a hundred vague fears flitting through her mind.

"Not upstairs, Aunt," cried Sallie. "He's in the spare bedroom, out of the parlor."

Mrs. Ballard sat down on the bottom step with a sigh of relief. "Land sakes, Sallie! how you did scare me! I thought of paralysis. All the Ballards go off suddin like. Caleb keeps his papers in the spare room, — an' bein' a little deef, he can't allers hear me callin'. Caleb, Caleb, supper's ready!"

Passing through the parlor she opened the bedroom door. The curtain was pulled up to the top, and in the deep twilight the room looked empty.

"Caleb!"

"Light the lamp," commanded a cross voice out of the darkness.

"The lamp, Caleb? Why, supper's ready an' waitin'."

A snort of indignant protest was the only reply. Mrs. Ballard edged over to the bureau and struck a match. It took her some time to lower the wick and adjust the chimney, for her hands still shook from her agitation. When the lamp was lighted, she turned about, and gave a cry of terror that brought Sallie trembling inside the door.

On a chair by the side of the bed was neatly folded a suit of clothes, and in the bed, propped up with pillows, lay Caleb Ballard. His hair was ruffled up defiantly on top of his head, his great, strong arms were folded upon the bedclothes, and his black eyes glared out menacingly upon the two frightened women.

"Oh, Caleb, whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Ballard. "My poor old man! Was you took so that you couldn't call me? Oh, Caleb, — can't you speak?"

"You don't give me a chance," he snapped. "I'm vergin' on the grave, an' bein' no 'count, an' not hevin' no jedgment, I've made up my mind ter hev comfort in my last days."

"I'll send for the doctor," cried Mrs. Ballard, laying her hand on his hot forehead, "an' I'll fix you up a nice mustard plaster — sha'n't I, Caleb? It will do you a mint o' good. An' I've got some camomile somewhere in the house."

"Now, look a-here," cried Caleb, "if you s'pose I'm goin' ter let you torture me with mustard plasters, you're mistaken. I'm goin' ter die in peace, I am, — an' no doctor nuther." He nodded his head decisively.

"Caleb, you mustn't die," cried his wife, sobbing. "I can't git on without you, Caleb!"

The tears came into Caleb's eyes, and his grim face quivered. "I'm sorry ter leave you, Debby," he said, slipping his arm about her, as she

knelt by his side. "You've ben a good wife ter me, — but my time is come. Reuben will soon fill my place."

"Never ter me, Caleb."

"Yes, ter you. He's a turr'ble smart man, is Reuben, an' nobody dast learn him nothin'—not even his old father."

The two sobbed in unison, closer together than they had been in years. Sallie slipped out quietly and left them alone. Caleb was the first to recover himself.

"There, there," he said, "go give the boy his supper, Debby, — an' leave the lamp on the table — an' the Bible. I don't feel so bad now, — an' I ain't complainin'."

"Isn't there something you could eat, Caleb?"

"I don't care for nothin'."

"A piece o' cold chicken an' a hot doughnut?"

"Well, jest ter please you."

"My dear old man!"

She kissed him affectionately. Still blinded by her tears, she passed through the parlor and into the kitchen. Peter Colley and Reuben were already at the supper table. A giant was Reuben, tall and muscular, with his father's dark beauty and domineering disposition, tempered somewhat by his mother's mildness. People still told tales of the frantic rages into which the elder Ballard had fallen in his youth, and he was still a man whose wrath it was unsafe to excite. His son was the sole person who occasionally dared to stand out against him; and frequently civil war raged in the old house. Reuben, however, was generous; and the knowledge that he did the work of two ordinary men had hitherto prevented Caleb from going beyond a certain limit in his treatment of him. Then, too, Reuben served faithfully, year after year, without recompense; although it was understood in the family that he should ultimately inherit the farm, — the two daughters of the house having married well and settled in the West. So far Reuben had shown no disposition to follow their example; but Sallie Mayhew often made long visits to the farm, and Mrs. Ballard had of late imagined that Reuben was becoming rather attentive. It was a union that would have been particularly agreeable to her; she felt how pleasant it would be to have Sallie always about her. To-night, however, her world was slipping away, and she never noticed Sallie's blushing face nor the grin that Peter strove to conceal at her entrance.

"Reuben, your father's very sick," she quavered, standing in the doorway, looking at them all. The whole scene stood out distinctly, and the selfish comfort of it gave her an additional pang. "So sick, Reuben, that he ought ter hev a doctor, — but I'm scart ter send for one."

She knew that this strong son of hers often took both decision and reproach on his own broad shoulders. Now he only laughed.

"Why, Mother," he said, "he's only mad. There ain't nothin' the matter with him."

She stared at him incredulously.

"He's not sick, 'ceptin' in his pocket. I told him he must pay me wages next year, — an', Lord, but we hed a hot time in the barn! He pays Peter wages,—an' I work harder than Peter. He said some dreffle hard things ter me, Mother, — an' I said some, too, —an' the upshot was, he went off in a towerin' rage, an' said I might run the farm."

"He looks turr'ble sick, Reuben."

"There ain't nothin' the matter, Mother. You jest fix up a nice supper, an' he'll come round. Why, Mother!" — for she broke out into a passionate fit of weeping. They were all around her at once, and Reuben drew her head to his shoulder.

"There, there, don't cry!" he said tenderly. "I swear, if he was another man, I'd thrash him within an inch of his life! Yes, I would," he shouted, defiantly, fancying he heard a smothered roar from the bedroom. "You fix up some supper, Sallie, an' let Mother take it in. She'll feel bet-

ter when she's seen him eatin'. Git out some o' that citron preserve, Mother."

Mrs. Ballard laughed and disengaged herself from his arms. "I don't see how I come ter be sech a fool," she said, wiping her eyes. "I were that upset! Yes, Sallie, I'll take in the tray. He did give me sech a turn! I can't rec'lect when he went ter bed afore. Peter, you might drive over ter Fremont an' git the paper, an' see if there's any mail. An', Peter, buy some oranges. Oranges was allers Caleb's fav'rite fruit."

She picked up the tray, temptingly arranged by Sallie, and went back into the bedroom. Caleb still lay propped up on the pillow, but all softness had vanished from his face.

"Oranges is awful dear this time o' year, Debby," he complained. "I b'lieve you think I've got a gold mine somewheres."

Mrs. Ballard put down the tray, and looked at him reproachfully. "Reuben is jest right. You ain't one mite sick, Caleb; an' you've ben out in the parlor listenin'. You're so deef you could never have heerd about oranges way in here. You ought ter be ashamed o' yourself, Caleb Ballard, scaretin' me ter death the way you done!"

Caleb's eyes shifted to and fro, and he curled up his toes under the bedclothes. "I ain't never said I was sick. I said I were on the verge o' the grave —an' so I be; an' I s'pose I can stay in bed when I've a mind ter, can't I? Mebbe you think I oughter ask Reuben first."

Mrs. Ballard sighed and brought the tray to the bed. "Here's your supper," she said. "I s'pose you can eat it in bed if you want ter. We ain't got no table the right height, so I'll hev ter put it on a chair."

Caleb raised himself on one elbow and surveyed the spread. "You've brought out some o' that citron preserve," he exclaimed in an aggrieved tone. "There ain't but three cans on it left. You allers pamper up Sallie Mayhew. Why can't she eat plum preserve? There's twenty-six plum."

"Eat your supper, an' stop findin' fault. Sallie got out the citron for you, seein' as you were sick. I declare, Caleb Ballard, you're enough to provoke a saint! You've slopped the tea right over on my best tack! When you git through, you can jest climb up ter our room, an' I'll fetch up your clothes."

"I ain't a-goin' ter stir," declared Caleb, defiantly. "You want ter get me upstairs, where I can't see how things goes ter wrack an' ruin, an' where I'll be out o' the way. Oh, no, Deborah Ballard! This room is warm from the parlor stove, — an' here I stay."

Mrs. Ballard regarded him with consternation. "Why, Caleb, bain't you goin' ter git up ter-morrow mornin'?"

"Mebbe I be, an' mebbe I bain't," he returned oracularly, stirring his tea; and with this answer she was forced to be content.

Meanwhile in the kitchen affairs had gone on swimmingly. Peter, clad in a huge cloak, departed on his cold ride, chuckling over the new situation at the farm, and conscious that his recital would bring a delighted audience about him at the store, where Caleb's failings had often elicited much mirth from the council that assembled around the blazing stove. When the dull winter days come in the country, many a lonely woman in some desolate back farm hurries her husband off to the store for a needed household necessity, being content to pass several companionless hours in return for the gossip he is sure to bring back. Never were there such pitiless gossips as the Fremonters. Many a man's life has been laid out before that assembly, and if it was a black and horrid thing they gloated over it, and afterwards poured the tale into feminine ears that burned while they listened.

As the sound of the wheels died out, Reuben turned away from the win-

dow. Sallie had gathered up the supper dishes, and now stood, with both of her plump arms bared, deftly washing the cups and saucers. The teapot was placed on the back of the stove to keep warm, and Mrs. Ballard's supper awaited her at one end of the empty table. Reuben stood watching his cousin. He looked so lazy in his free hours that few people realized how much energy and decision was hidden under that careless exterior. To see Reuben work was a revelation, and to see him angry was a warning.

"Sallie," he said, leaning against the wall, "it's an awful thing ter hev a temper."

"Everybody hes, that's wuth anything," she answered, not looking at him.

"Do you think so? I've got an awful temper, Sallie. Did you know that?"

She smiled at him sunnily. "You allers hed, Reub. You used ter scare me 'most ter death when I was a little girl."

"Do I scare you now, Sallie?"

"Not at all, Reuben. For one thing, you don't git angry at sech silly things; an' then, even when you are in a regular downright rage, I allers know jest what will smooth you down. I'm on your side in this last fuss."

"I wish you were allers on my side, Sallie. You know I must marry some day, if the woman I love will hev me; an' I was thinkin' jest now how turr'ble it would be if my wife was scar't o' me. Mother is scar't o' Father; an' when he goes into one of his passions, her eyes hurt me. If my wife looked at me like that, I'd kill myself. It's like some poor dumb critter ketched in a trap an' hearin' the dogs." He ended almost with a sob.

"Oh, Reuben," cried Sallie, the tears coming in her eyes, "you need never be scar't of that! It's only injustice an' cruel things that make you rage, — an' she will like you better for it!"

"Will she?" he cried, catching both her wet hands in his. "Sallie, can't you guess whose face I see when I think of my wife? I'm not rich, Sallie, an' I'm not smart, an' I don't wear clothes like the men in the books you read, — but I love you! Do you dare ter marry me, Sallie, — temper an' all?"

Sallie flushed crimson, but raised her eyes bravely. "I love you, temper an' all!" she said. "An' I wouldn't hev you changed the least mite in the world."

Reuben drew her to him and kissed her passionately. "I'm so glad, Sallie. I was 'most scar't ter ask you. That Ezra Hutchins hes ben hangin' 'round you so long, — an' all the women is stuck on him ever sence he first preached ter Fremont!"

"I never see'd him, Reub, when you was there."

"We'll git him ter marry us!"

"Git who ter marry who?" asked Mrs. Ballard, coming in that moment, tray in hand.

"Ezra Hutchins — ter marry us, Mother! " Reuben cried. "Sallie's goin' ter be Mrs. Reuben Ballard. We hev settled it."

"Land sakes! Well, it's what I allers wanted. Not that I'm any great hand for advisin' folks ter marry. Matrimony is a dreffle unsartain state, an' men folks is turr'ble hard ter live smooth with at the best."

"What's Father done now, Mother?"

"He's still in bed, Reuben, an' he ain't calculatin' ter git up again."

The young man broke into boisterous laughter. "Yes, he will. Do you think he'd let anybody else do the bossin' on this farm?"

"Don't you fuss any more, Mother. You jest eat your supper, an' go ter bed, — an' he'll be up afore you are in the mornin'."

With these predictions in her ears, Mrs. Ballard went up to the gable bedroom that had been hers and Caleb's through the many years of their married life. It looked strangely empty without him, but, surrounded as she was by so many of his possessions, it seemed most unlikely that the morrow

would prove different from past days. Still her sleep was broken through the night, and twice she awoke under the impression that Caleb had come back to his place beside her. It was rather late in the morning when she rose and went down stairs. The bedroom door was open, and with a vague feeling of hope she passed through. Caleb was awake, and his face shone out ruddy against the white sheets. The moment he saw her he began to complain peevishly. "It's dreffle late, Deborah," he said, "an' I want my breakfast. I don't see why Reub didn't call you. I allers said the hull place would go ter wrack an' ruin when I was dead. Sixty years, man an' boy, I've ben up at four, — an' here it's past six, an' you jest down!"

The months slipped quickly by, and April came with its deceitful warmth to send a thrill through the maple trees and loosen the ice in the streams. The whole world was suffused with moisture, and the greedy earth, forewarned of the summer drought, filled rocky springs and wells with water, while grass and flowers sprouted lustily and prepared fragrant pleasures for coming days. The sun shone cheerfully, and there was a feeling of youth in the world that made the blood run quicker even in old veins, and turned the eyes of the young towards the future with prescience of joys.

Up at the Ballard house Sallie stood on the sunny piazza and looked up at the mountains. Life was growing very real to her as the days of maidenhood passed away, bringing nearer and nearer the morning of her wedding. Little time had she for dreaming, however, for at the farm her presence had become essential, and she already held the place of daughter in the disordered household.

Caleb Ballard still lay in the spare bedroom, and what had begun by being the joke of the countryside had ended by becoming its problem. They made bets at the village store as to when he would rise, and they concocted elaborate schemes for his undoing. In his family Caleb had, however, found an unexpected ally. For three days Deborah viewed him with impatience and expressed her opinion with an openness altogether foreign to her meek character; then for three days she watched him with misgivings; and the end of the week found her installed as nurse by his bedside. That he was afflicted with some mysterious disease became her secret conviction, and she bore his whims in angelic silence. The doctor came, laughed and departed, but still her belief remained unshaken.

"Doctors can't see a man's insides," she declared. "Caleb's jest like a rotten apple, all color an' shine outside, an' unwholesomeness in. I rec'lect when Job Brewster were a little bare-footed boy, — an' now he's settin' up ter know a Ballard's insides! Caleb is took jest like his grandmother, who pined an' pined tell she were the color of the wall, an' that soft in her mind she didn't know a calf from a settin' hen. Caleb's pined a hull lot already."

"I ain't soft in my mind," growled the sufferer in the bed.

"Yes, you be, Caleb!" returned Mrs. Ballard. "You've lost count of the preserves twict!"

The young minister came, with spiritual admonitions for this unruly member of his flock. He went sooner than the doctor had gone, and laughed as the tired horse drew him slowly homeward. He was blessed with a sense of humor, and although he took himself severely to task for his laxness, and returned determinedly to the Ballard farm the very next day, he was obliged to confess that neither levity nor sternness could move that grim old head from the pillow.

Mrs. Ballard regarded his visits as an intrusion. "Caleb ain't no show," she declared hotly. "Him ter come a-speechifyin' an' rilin' up a poor sick man, what ain't got so dreffle long ter live nuther! I call it presumin'!"

"What did he mean by Proverbs

xxvii., 22?" asked Caleb. "I wish you would look that up, Debby."

She found the verse and read it slowly: "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

"Did he mean me by that?" cried Caleb, angrily.

However, on the whole the winter had passed pleasantly for the invalid, and if he had lost flesh, only the eyes of love could discover it. Enthroned in the spare bed, he exercised a certain supervision over the housework, and received affably the curious neighbors who came to regard him. His talk was of politics and the country in general, and if a friend strove to give the conversation a personal tone, he waved the subject aside with so much spirit that the most persistent was discouraged. Sallie's presence at the farm he regarded with unspoken resentment, for, although he evinced little interest in the matter, he knew that the day set for the marriage was rapidly drawing nearer, and that Reuben had quietly assumed the position that he had thrust upon him, that of master of the place.

Reuben, however, although directing the work of the farm, was without funds, and unable either to hire help or buy the necessary seed for the spring sowing. Old Ballard chuckled when he thought of his son's difficulty. Reuben swore quietly to himself at times, but showed no outward emotion.

Of all the members of the household Sallie was the happiest; for, accepting the situation as final, with the simplicity of her nature, she performed the work that came to hand, and went on her unruffled way. Standing on the piazza, her thoughts were busy with the future, while her eyes were turned upon the distant mountains, when suddenly Reuben, looking excited, came around the corner of the house, and stepped cautiously upon the piazza, while at the same moment his mother opened the kitchen door. The three met in the sunshine.

"I've fixed the old man this time," Reuben began, gleefully. "What do you s'pose I'm goin' ter do?" The women shook their heads.

"I'm goin' ter paint!"

"Oh, Reuben!" both exclaimed together.

"Not the hull house!" his mother cried, excitedly.

"Yes, the hull house, an' the hull barn, an' the hull granary, an' the chicken house, an' the sugar house, an' the ice house, an' the pig pen, if the paint holds out!"

Mrs. Ballard clasped her hands and turned pale.

"It don't cost so much," Reuben went on. "I never s'posed paint were so cheap, for Father allers talked as if it were diamonds. Now, this house, it's so low-studded, it won't be hardly nothin'."

"Where'll you get the money from, Reub?"

"I sold a ton of hay yesterday, an' Harvey hes bought the sugar crop in the trees. Peter an' I will help him when it comes sugarin' time."

"Caleb was askin' somethin' 'bout hay this mornin'," his mother put in, anxiously.

"He was out in the barn last night," Reuben returned. "I know you don't b'lieve it, Mother, — but it's the solemn truth. He's out ev'ry night. What on airth do you s'pose he wears? I kind o' think it's Sallie's waterproof. That's what makes it so hard. The paintin' hes got ter be done in one day, so he won't know. Eight of the boys will be here at ten, ter paint all day, an' they won't charge a cent. You must give them a bang-up dinner, Mother."

"I'm scar't your father will hear 'em, Reub."

"No, he won't. We'll eat in the barn; an' you might make up a dress or something on the machine, so ter drown us out. We'll paint the back of the house the very last thing, ter make it safer."

"It don't seem hardly right."

Reuben laughed scornfully. "I ain't never hed no wages. Now, I'm goin' ter spend them all ter onct, that's all."

Mrs. Ballard raised her troubled eyes to the house. "What color, Reub?" she asked.

"You allers said white, Mother. The barn will be red. Folks mostly puts on three coats; but I'll tell the boys ter put on our one coat thick. It's in honor o' my weddin'," he added, merrily, with a glance at Sallie.

At ten o'clock a big farm wagon drove up to the door, and eight young men, paint brushes in hand, got out quietly. Reuben was there to give directions, and Mrs. Ballard beamed upon them from the doorway. They departed in different directions, like industrious ghosts.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Ballard closed the door between the parlor and the bedroom.

"Why, Debby!" cried Caleb, sitting up in bed, "what's that for?"

"I'm goin' ter sweep, Caleb," she answered, with one guilty eye at the crack.

"It's only Wednesday."

"Yes, I know, but the room's dreffle dirty."

"Where's Sallie?"

"Gettin' dinner. Do you want her?"

"Do I ever want her?"

From eleven to twelve Mrs. Ballard swept the parlor and hall, while four men worked on the front of the house. Caleb fidgeted. He was sure something was wrong. At twelve o'clock thirty ham sandwiches, a gallon of coffee, three dozen doughnuts and half a dozen pies were carried out to the barn, and the eight sat down to a merry meal. Mrs. Ballard, much flushed, bore in the invalid's dinner.

"Didn't I hear a wagon stop?" he questioned querulously, while she arranged the tray.

"Peleg Gill left your paper."

"Why didn't he come in?" I'm tired of lyin' here without a soul ter speak ter. I might jest as well hev a tombstun over me."

"He was in a turr'ble hurry. Jane was waitin' for her yeast."

"He's allers in a hurry. What's Reuben doin'?"

"He's eatin' his dinner."

"When's he goin' ter plant the south field?" the old man inquired, with a chuckle. "Ask him how much he got for that hay. He can't do nothin' on this farm without my knowin' it."

At one o'clock Peter, passing by, looked in at the back window and winked wickedly. Caleb slipped out of bed and tiptoed to the window. All was quiet; the only object in sight was Peter carrying a long ladder toward the barn.

"Goin' ter git more hay," the invalid murmured. "Wonder what he sold that load for? He was cheated, at any rate, — he's sech a fool!"

Ten minutes later Deborah, coming in, found him lying back on the pillow with such a weak expression, that she had serious qualms of conscience.

"Goin' ter set with me?" he asked affably. "I've ben turr'ble lonely this mornin'. I've read my paper through twict."

"Do you mind, Caleb, if I stitch up a skirt?"

"No. That makes three skirts you've hed in a year. You're dreffle extravagent in clothes, Debby!"

"That ain't so, Caleb, — an' you knows it. There ain't many women as self-denyin' as I be. Forty year hev we ben married, an' this house ain't hed a coat o' paint,—an' paint is cheap, —turr'ble cheap!"

"I don't want ter hear no more 'bout it. It's paint, paint, paint, from mornin' ter night. If you want paint so bad, you can buy it yourself!"

"What with?" demanded Mrs. Ballard, scornfully, pulling the machine to the window. "I say any woman who marries is a fool!"

"So's a man!" returned Caleb.

After this interchange of civilities, the pair were silent. Debby stitched away industriously, and Caleb lay watching a point on the hillside where

the road showed through the naked trees. His keen old eyes were able to discern every object that passed this open space, and in many cases to recognize pedestrian or vehicle. Presently, with a sidelong glance, he again began a conversation.

"There ain't a funeral in the neighborhood, is there, Debby?"

"Not that I knows of."

"I thought I hedn't heerd o' nobody bein' dead," he remarked amicably; "but layin' here, I don't know what happens. What made me think so was seein' so many wagons. I've counted ten in a half an hour."

"There's ben a good many passin' here ter day."

"Goin' ter Fremont?"

"I s'pose so."

Again there was silence. Debby finished the skirt, and began to run up some sheets, and Caleb had a nap. He had just opened his eyes, when there came a knock on the bedroom door.

"Come in!" Caleb cried, sitting up eagerly.

The young minister opened the door. "What!" he exclaimed, "still in bed! Why, I thought you were up long ago!"

"Still in bed," Caleb answered, shaking hands. "Set down. I'm glad ter see you. Debby, git him a rockin' chair."

With a flushed face, Deborah turned toward the parlor door, — but the minister stopped her.

"Don't let me trouble you, Mrs. Ballard," he said. "I'll take this old patriarch here in the corner. A hundred years old, isn't it? I thought so. My grandfather down in Maine has its brother. I suppose you will be buying new things now."

"New things? What for? Ain't the old ones good enough?" demanded Caleb.

"I meant for the wedding, of course."

"Oh, for the weddin'! Wal, I s'pose Sallie an' Reuben would be fools enough ter try ter fix up; but, preacher, the old man holds the purse strings. There ain't never ben no change made in the place sence my gran'ther's day. Debby hes ben worryin' me an' worryin' me for forty years ter paint, — you know what women be, — but she'll hev ter worry forty years longer."

"Exactly." The young minister laughed. "But, perhaps, now that you are so fine, you'll want to keep it up. I declare it was a great surprise. I looked up from the lower road, and I said, 'Can that be the old Ballard place!' I really didn't know before what a fine situation you had."

"I don't understand," Caleb said with a bewildered look and putting a hand to his ear. "I'm a little deef." It was seldom he acknowledged his failing.

"I said the new paint made your house stand out from the lower road. I think all Fremont must be driving by to see it. I met a dozen teams. It looks very well, Mrs. Ballard."

"My house painted?" The question was a roar.

"Painted! I should think so. And the barn and granary. Why, is it possible you didn't know?"

"Oh, you woman!" Caleb screamed, darting a look at his wife, under which she cowered. "This is what hes ben goin' on, is it? This is what sweepin' rooms an' stitchin' meant, is it? Oh, jest let me" — and he made a sudden dart from the bed, while his wife sunk fainting.

The minister put out his strong arm and caught him. "That is enough, Mr. Ballard," he declared sternly. "How dare you disgrace your manhood? Your wife has cost you a little paint; but what have you cost her? Do you realize, man, the anxious hours she has passed this winter, the sleepless nights spent in brooding over your supposed sickness? Any one who saw her in the fall, and sees her now, can guess at what her life has been. She is nearer the grave than you are."

He towered over the old man in in-

dignant wrath. Caleb burst into tears. "She isn't dead," he cried wildly, throwing his arms about her. "I never meant it, sir; I never meant it! I'm an old fool, but I love my wife. Debby, Debby!"

The minister lifted Mrs. Ballard tenderly onto the bed. "Hush!" he said. "Bring that glass of water from the table, and I will bathe her head."

Caleb clung to her with effusive affection, as she came to.

"If I get you your clothes, Mr. Ballard," the minister exclaimed, "perhaps you would like to come out and stop the painting."

"I should like my clothes," Caleb answered, sheepishly,—"but let them go on with the paintin'. Debby wants the house painted, — an' she shall hev what she wants."

"A praiseworthy resolution! It is a pity it did not occur to you forty years ago."

Ten minutes later the minister climbed into his buggy. A smile was still on his face, but as he drove away he grew grave.

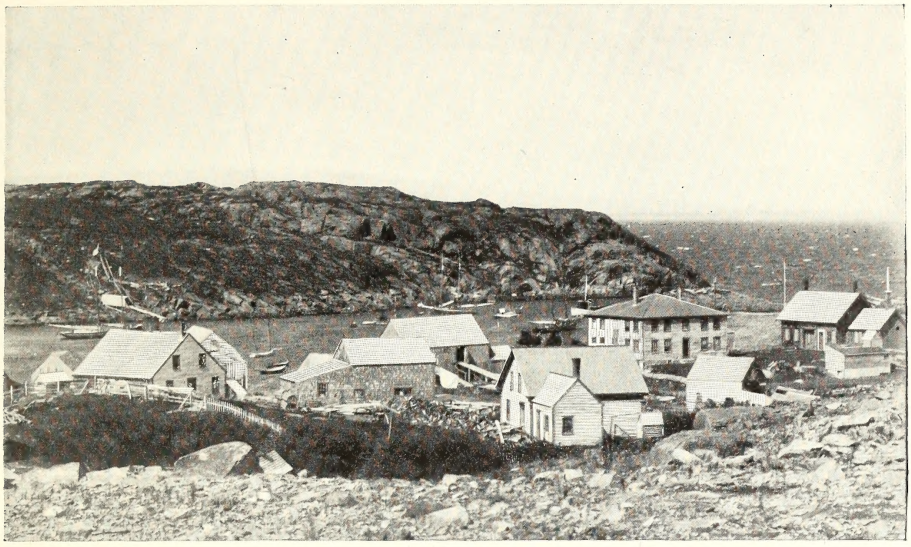
"A wife," he murmured, "who for forty years has stood bravely by her husband's side, and given him love and duty, the best of her life and heart! And she had asked that little thing on which her simple mind was set — an indulgence that could have been given for fifteen dollars — and at last obtaining it by fraud, — she, naturally the soul of honor! I wonder if women marrying such fellows think what marriage means 'In sickness and in health — till death do us part.' It's a large contract." He was silent a moment, and then he gave a sigh. "I hope Sallie will be happy," he said aloud, and drove on.

Back at the Ballard farm, the eight men were singing as they kept painting on in the spring sunshine.

THE HORIZON.

By Mary Laura Mason.

IT is as if we stood on some vast shore
Of one great sea. And waiting there, we send
Our gaze far, far away, until at last
We mark some distant line that seems the end.
But Soul, reach on undaunted, bold and free,
And for thy aspirations fear no bond,
What man calls Death is but the limit of
His vision: all the Ocean lies beyond.



MONHEGAN, HISTORICAL AND PICTURESQUE.

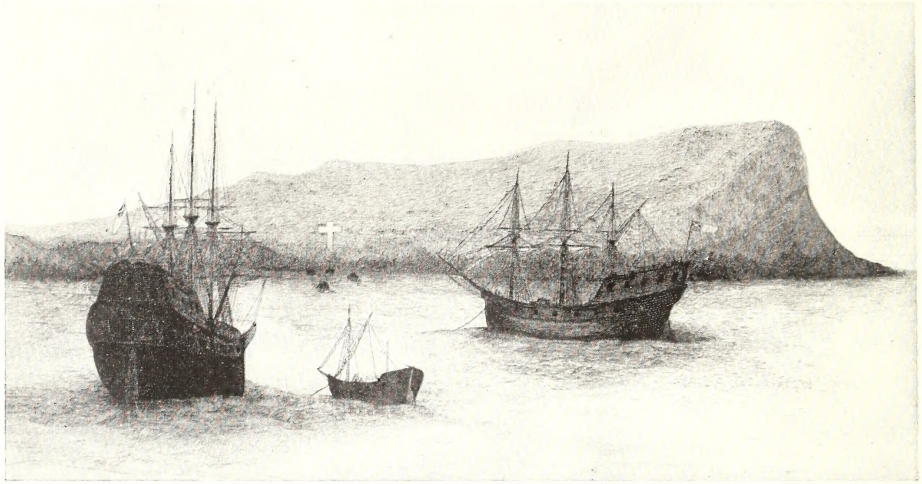
By A. G. Pettengill.

Illustrated chiefly from photographs by S. P. R. Triscott, William Claus and sketches by Frank Myrick.

IN days long gone by a party of English explorers set sail for the shores of the New World. Prevented by head winds from reaching the particular point of their destination and driven by the pressing need of wood and water, they turned their ship's prow to the north and approached what is now the upper New England coast. It was near evening of a late spring day; and as the good ship sped on her untried way the watchers aboard saw appearing out of the depth of the distance ahead a bit of land. Fearing to sail on to an unknown shore at night, they stood off, and early the next morning again turned their vessel's bow to the land of the evening before. As they drew closer in, the dim mass began to take shape; and sailing around to the north they found it to be a bold and rocky island, far out at sea, and very fair to look upon. One of the party, he who chronicled the event, deeply grateful for deliverance from the perils of stormy ocean and treacherous shore, and greatly refreshed by the sight of the beautiful isle of green and gray, gave impulsive utterance to his feelings in the words: It is "but an island of some six miles in compass, but I hope the most fortunate ever yet discovered." It may be that this ardent expression reflected the thought of the whole company.

The massive pile of land and rock that was hailed with so much delight by those wind-stayed and needy ancient mariners is known to-day as Monhegan, — the La Nef and La Tortue of Champlain, the St. George of Weymouth, the Barties of John Smith, and the Southack of later days.

While this "bold-to" isle of a rugged clime may not be "the most fortunate ever yet discovered;" while it does not possess the political significance of a Corsica, nor the religious meaning of an Iona, nor the soft air, rare herbage, rich fruitage, and class-



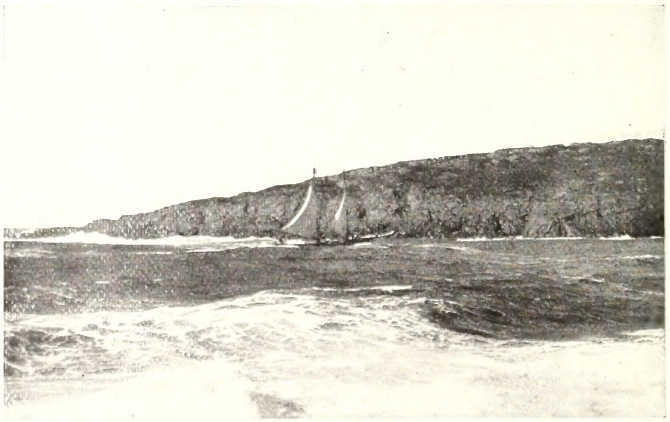
From an old painting.

WEYMOUTH'S EXPEDITION, 1605.

ical associations of its sisters of the Ægean sea, it is yet rich in picturesque beauty, full of historic interest and abundantly supplied with the most striking legends of land and sea. Small though the island is it has played an important part in the industrial and political beginnings of New England, and is today the Mecca of the summer pilgrimage of a constantly increasing number of unspoiled and cultured people, — business men, teachers, artists, and writers.

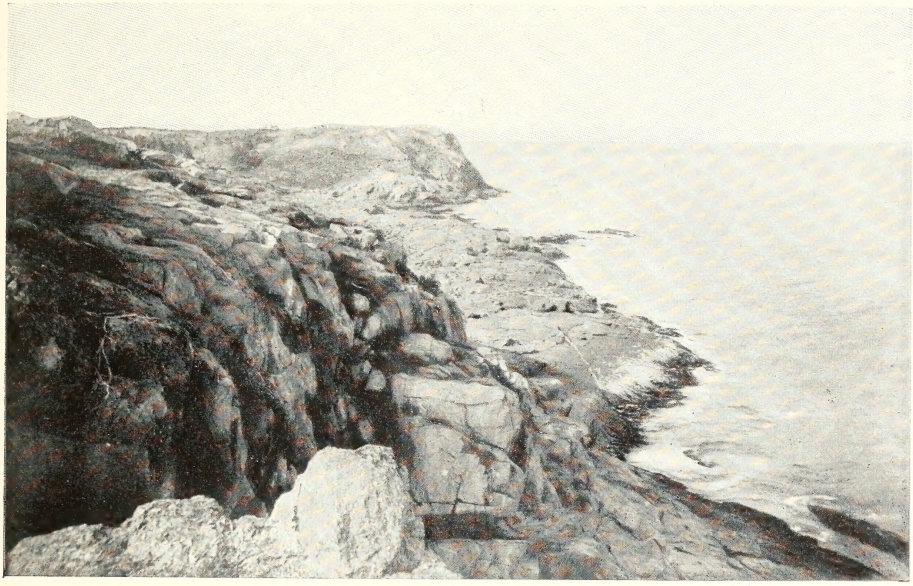
Like more ambitious history the chronicles of Monhegan divide themselves into periods. Up to 1605 is the period when navigators, from the Cabots to Champlain, came upon the coast, sailed by the island, looking admiringly upon its rugged beauty, no doubt, but left no mention of landing. The authentic history of this "keystone of New England," begins in 1605, from which time down to 1619 is the period of the first visitations and initiation of industrial activities.

About noon of Saturday, May 18, 1605, an Englishman, Captain George Weymouth by name, commanding the good ship *Archangel*, dropped anchor half way between Monhegan and the group of islands now known as "the Georges." Some hours after, accompanied by twelve of his crew, he went ashore upon the former for the purpose of making observations and replenishing his supply of wood. After a short stay the party returned



THE MAIL BOAT.

to the ship with the plenteous fruits of their visit, and the next day sailed their vessel to a safer anchorage among the islands nearer to the main. This is the first recorded visit of Europeans to Monhegan. Rosier, the narrator of Weymouth's voyage, says by way of brief description of the place: "This island is woody, grown with fir, birch, oak, and beech, as far as we saw along the shore, and so likely to be within. On the verge grow gooseberries, strawberries, wild pears and wild rose bushes. The water issued forth down the rocky cliffs in many places; and much fowl of divers kinds breed upon the shore and rocks."



CLIFFS AT MONHEGAN.

Following the visit of Weymouth, many navigators and adventurers stopped at the island during this period, some for a rendezvous, others for fishing and fur-trading, while a few established there the base of their operations for exploring expeditions along the coast. Among the last was the famous Captain John Smith, who sought the North Atlantic region for gold and whales. Failing these, he intended to load his ship with cod and other fish in which the waters were reported to abound. In his deeply interesting "General History of New England" he says: "In the month of April, 1614, ... with two ships from London, I chanced to arrive at Monhegan, an isle of America in 43° 4′ of northeasterly latitude." Again, speaking of the mountains, headlands and islands of the new coast and their remarkable adaptability to service as landmarks for explorers, he says of Monhegan: It "is a round high isle, and close by it Monanis, betwixt which is a small harbor where we rid." Later on, while writing eloquently to his countrymen to try their fortunes in this promising land on the main despite its newness and strangeness, he alludes to the fertility of New England soil and asserts, by way of illustration: "I made a garden upon the top of a rocky isle in three and forty degrees and a half, four leagues from the main, in May, that grew so well that it served for sallets in June and July." It is more than probable that this reference is to Monhegan. Although Weymouth made the first

recorded visit to this secluded spot, John Smith is the first who mentioned its name. "Monahigen," as he gives it in his history, is of Indian derivation and, according to some authorities, means "grand island." Being a good Christian, the doughty captain did not like the name, for it smacked too much of heathenism. He accordingly changed it to Barties, and so indicated the island upon his map of New England. This pioneer in American discovery lingered at and about Monhegan for several months, probably, making plans, building boats, it is said, exploring the coast from Penobscot Bay to Cape Cod, gathering data for a map of the country, and perfecting it for the publisher, as far as was possible.

Five years later, in 1619, Captain Dermer, the last of the real explorers of this region, arrived at the island to rendezvous with a fellow navigator. Not finding him, he left his ship and crew there to fish, while he himself sailed in a pinnace along the coast, going south as far as the place now occupied by Plymouth. Returning soon to his base of operations, he sent his vessel with her crew home and, embarking in his smaller craft, ranged the shore again, reaching this time a point as far south as Virginia.

It is pleasant to lovers of this isolated sentinel of the sea to know of its close association with such eminent explorers and with their praiseworthy activities in opening up the land for the beginnings of settlement and of that new social, political and religious life which in its present high development is the cherished possession of the people of New England.



FISH HOUSES.

Until 1619 the population of Monhegan was of the summer sort. People came to rendezvous and fish and trade with the Indians upon the adjacent main; and when the pleasant season was over and cold and storms threatened, they betook themselves to more genial climes, to return when weather conditions should be more favorable. But from 1619 on there was a growing tendency to form a permanent settlement. Englishmen

had been going to the island for years. It was well and widely known; it was advantageously situated for commercial purposes; it was comparatively safe from Indian depredations; it had been acquired by men believing in colonization. Settlement follows quickly on the heels of repeated visitation, and, though the exact date is not known, nor the names of the people first locating there, Monhegan probably had the beginnings of a permanent population before the mainland, and possibly before Plymouth. Three Englishmen put ashore at Saco in the fall of 1618 for mutinous conduct found their way to this island and spent a miserable winter there in some abandoned fishermen's huts, waiting for the relief that would come with the ships in the spring. Thus for the first time was there practically occupation through the year. The next summer the beginning of a permanent colony of fishermen and fur-traders was probably made. Professor Johnston, the historian of ancient Pemaquid, says: "Probably from this time (1619) the island was permanently occupied, at least until the breaking out of the first general Indian war."

With a possible temporary suspension at long intervals, but with ever increasing prosperity, the colony continued to the last quarter of the century, when it reached its highest degree of activity and wealth. At this time, it is said, the island was filled with dwelling houses. A busy place the village must have been in those fifty years. Many a vessel made the island her chief destination, or stopped there for stores and trade on the way between England and Boston, Salem and Piscataqua. Pinnaces and ships plied between its narrow harbor and the adjacent settlements, bent on trade. The haggling of buyer and seller resounded among the rocks; the hillsides were covered with fish-flakes; men in ancient costume climbed the bluffs to watch for schooling mackerel, and paced the borders of the eastern cliffs hoping to sight the ships



bringing news of home and the price of fish in English markets. Into the midst of the earliest of these scenes and events, no doubt, came Samoset at times. Sachem of the tribe inhabiting the adjacent coast and, by his own declaration "Lord of Moratiggon" (Monhegan), he often came into contact with the captains frequenting his domain and doubtless learned from them the "Welcome Englishmen!" with which he greeted the Pilgrims on the Plymouth shore. To this settlement and to the ships at anchor in the harbor came Bradford and Winslow in 1622, seeking food for the starving colonists at Plymouth. They got what they asked, and that without pay. The next year, the success of these men being noised abroad, the hungry people of Weymouth sent representatives to the same place for bread. History does not state, but the probability is that they were as well treated as their brothers of the neighboring colony. Thus was the infant Massachusetts nourished of her who in later times became dependent in turn.

To show the great comparative prosperity of the settlement in 1672 and on, and the influence it exerted in the joint affairs of the colonies at that time, it is only necessary to allude to



THE HARBOR.

the establishment of a certain new county in that region and the part Monhegan took in the matter. In 1672 the people inhabiting the settlements east of the Kennebec River and within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, feeling the pressing need of more law and order in their social and business life, petitioned the Massachusetts General Court to take them under its care. The petition was granted; and in the summer of 1674 a county organization was formed and a court established at Pemaquid. The new county was called Devon, or Devonshire. The original petition contained the names of ninety-six men, representing seven settlements. Of these names, eighteen — several more than the average from each colony — belonged to Monhegan parties. The expense attending the establishment of the court and county was £20, of which the island colony of "the Georges" was assessed £5 10s. — an amount far greater than the tax of any other one settlement. In addition, out of a total of thirty-three officers created by the needs of county and court, Monhegan had nine, distributed as follows: Recorder and clerk of courts, constable, two grand jurymen, sargeant, corporal, two county commissioners out of four, and clerk of writs. Without doubt, at this time Monhegan was of greater importance in point of wealth and enterprise than any of her sister communities.

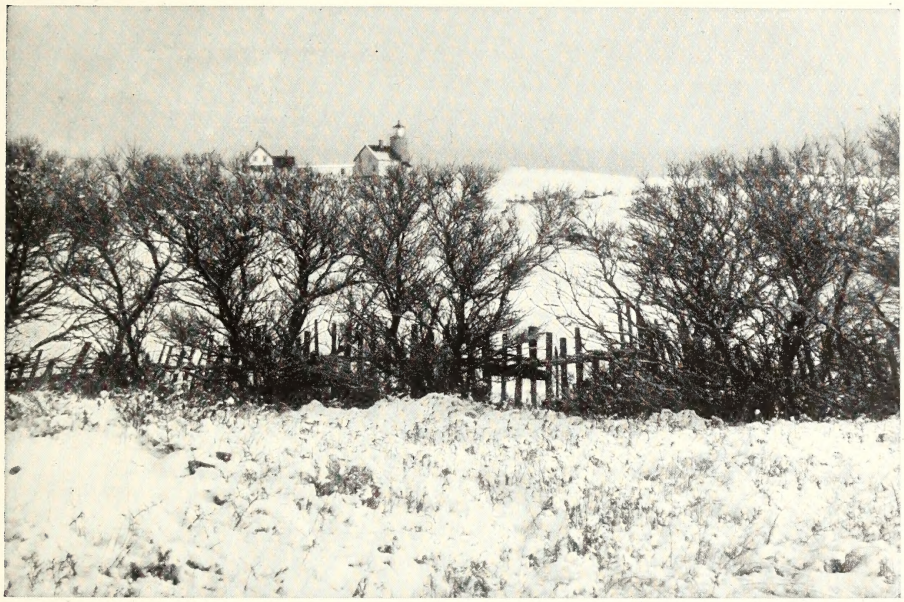
It would be very satisfying to the lover of this unique isle to know that



all her wealth came through legitimate channels. This, however, is impossible; for it is pretty well substantiated that the bounty of £5 offered in the last part of this period for every Indian brought to the settlement, means not so much their extermination as dangerous neighbors as their capture for sale into slavery. There was little of buying and selling in the northern regions, in those days, with which Monhegan was not experimentally familiar. It will ever remain a blot upon the fair fame of the earliest settlements of the Maine coast that the detestable practise of stealing and selling human beings was pursued, even to small degree.

But all the prosperity of the island was destroyed and further development arrested by the first Indian war, which burst upon New England in 1675. It was not, however, until the summer of 1676 that the colonies on the mainland, in the new county, were swept away and the settlers compelled to flee for their lives to the islands off shore. Finally, they all gathered at Monhegan for refuge. From this temporarily safe retreat and comprehensive point of view, the hunted whites witnessed in all directions toward the main the burning of their hard-earned houses. The island settlement itself being threatened after a while, the inhabitants, in company with their distressed neighbors, took ships and sailed away to the west for safety — to Salem and Boston.

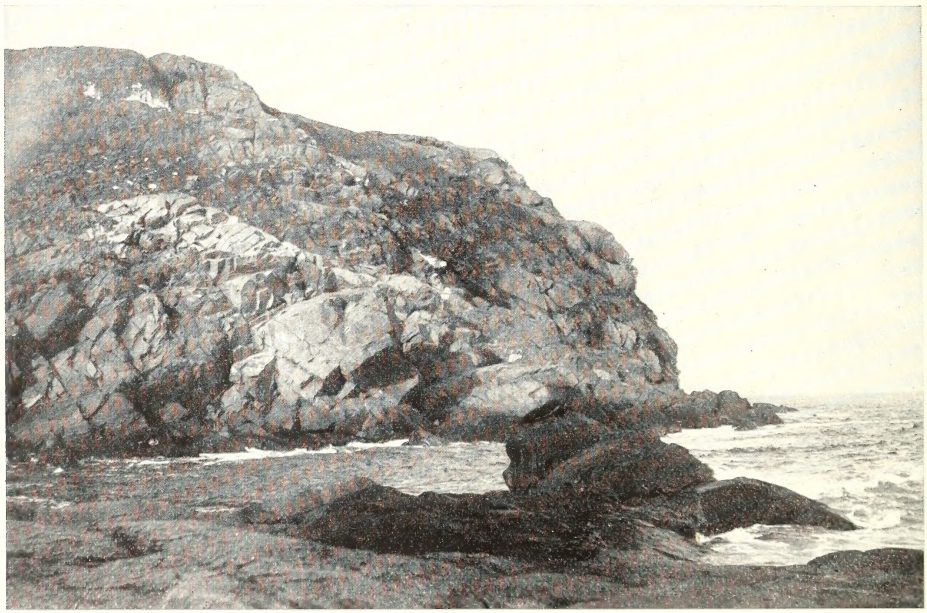
From the fall of 1676, the time of the departure of the settlers west, to the treaty of peace between England and France in 1763, was the period of practical abandonment of permanent business and home-making. The reason of this condition of things is not hard to find. From the commencement of King Philip's war in 1675 to the fall of Quebec in 1759, there was a continual succession of Indian wars, bloody and cruel. They were five in all, and after each the settler had scarcely time to raise a new house from the ashes of the old and gather the fruit of the spring planting, before the war-whoop of the painted



THE LIGHTHOUSE.

savage was again heard in the clearing and the sharp report of the gun in the quiet woods, while white-faced men and women rushed from field and home to the shelter of cabin and stockade. Uncertainty and terror reigned supreme for almost a century. To be sure, Monhegan was off the beaten track of marauding savages; yet so great was the confusion of things everywhere, and so profound the dread of the Indians, that even the advantage of isolation did not avail for the return of the old prosperity.

trade of that region, upon recovery from the great shock of the year before, was encouraged to center at the seat of government. Such conditions, along with the general confusion incident to the Indian war, gave little encouragement to the self-exiled inhabitants of Monhegan to return, or for others from the west to take their places. Being of an independent cast, they preferred to fish and trade with absolute freedom from the restrictions of the government of the Duke of York, whose benefactor, Charles II.,



WHITE HEAD.

Another cause still prevented renewed activity — the restrictions placed upon commerce by the government of the Duke of York, which, the next year after the destruction of the settlements, in 1677, took possession of the country and tried to reduce the savages to a state of peace and build up a colony at Pemaquid. The rule was that no vessel of any other government should fish in the waters round about without first reporting to the Duke's agent at Pemaquid and receiving permission. Besides, all the the sturdy Puritans hated with a most cordial hatred.

Yet, despite savage wars and annoying political conditions, there was some activity on the island through this period, although of small proportions. In 1679 an enterprising trader by the name of Cox, a resident of Pemaquid, but at that time at Piscataquid, wrote to Boston for a small loan to help fit out his vessel for Monhegan, where he hoped to exchange his commodities for furs, and thus make a profit-

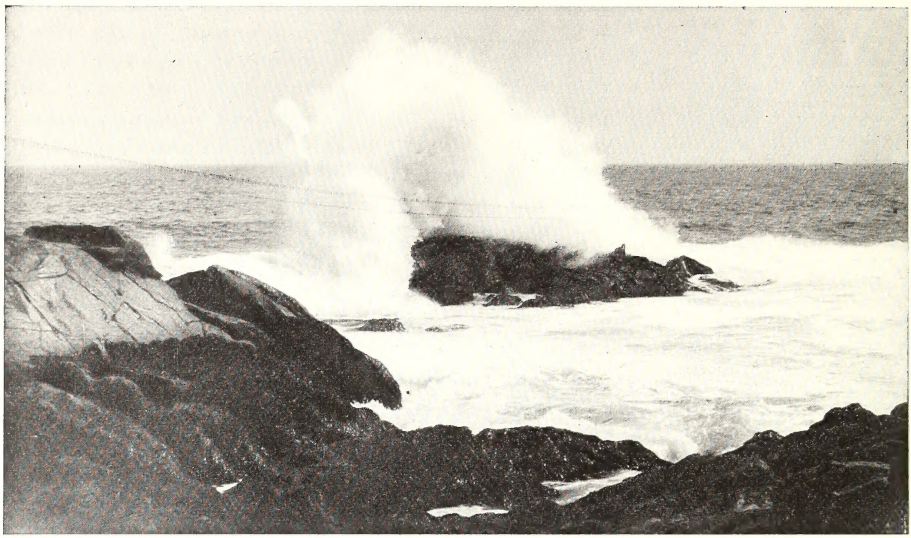


able voyage. In 1686 there was a sale of land near the harbor to a party planning to engage in business. In 1730 William Vaughan, a prominent man living on the Damariscotta River, had a fishing station on the island, but all details concerning the matter are lacking. These facts indicate that the settlement was trying in a small way to recover itself. There may have been a few inhabitants all through this period, but if so, the community was of such little importance that it attracted no particular notice from its neighbors over the sea at Pemaquid. The records of this ancient settlement have little to say, in this period, of the far-away isle.

But when Quebec fell and, four years later, peace was established between the long contending European disputants, New England people began to take heart and push east. All along the Maine coast and in the interior old settlements were revived and new ones established. Seekers for home and fortune were again attracted to Monhegan. They came from the west and north. The Bickfords of Beverly purchased the island in 1770 for £160, and in 1790 disposed of it to Henry Trefethren, who with his two sons-in-law, sharers of the property, occupied it for a long time; and their descendants now hold much of the land. As time wore on and business up and down the coast improved, Monhegan began to grow populous and thrifty again. Fishing was profitable, good homes were built, and general advance was made, until 1839, when the settlement became a plantation. Since then things have gone quietly on; and to-day the community consists of a hundred souls and is a part of a great state; privileged to share her blessings, and able to assist in bearing the burdens of her government, even as its forerunner was wont to do in relation to the county of Devon over two hundred years ago.

In addition to well authenticated historical events and personages, countless traditions cluster about Monhegan — guesses at fact mixed with island folk-lore. It was said in Spain, over three centuries ago, that a number of Englishmen were living on an island in the northern seas in lat. 43° and eight leagues from the mainland. Attempts have been made to identify this place with Monhegan. It is contended by some that the famous Popham expedition rendezvoused here, in the summer of 1607, on its way to found a colony at the mouth of the Kennebec, and that, delaying their departure, the people held a religious service on the island on Sunday, August 9, during which the chaplain preached a sermon, said to





be the first sermon in English on New England soil. There is an interesting old painting representing this rendezvous. Two ships and a pinnace of ancient style lie at anchor on the east side of the island. Several boat-loads of people approach the shore to land. At some remove from the water line a huge cross stands. On the right towers White Head with Burnt Head beginning to rise at the left. Original sources of information wholly support neither the story of the visit, nor the conception of the artist.

There were those living years ago who told of a British warship that lay at anchor in the harbor some time during the war of the Revolution. While quietly riding on the little bay a squall came up from the northwest. The people warned some of her officers, who were ashore, to slip the vessel's cable and put out to sea, as her position was dangerous. The advice was ignored. In the meantime the squall sped swiftly on, black and ominous. Over the loom of Manana, up the narrow harbor, it rushed, and with tremendous force hurled itself upon the doomed ship. She was driven ashore and pounded to pieces by wind and wave. To-day her great guns lie among the rocks close in shore, but hidden from prying eyes by plentiful seaweed. Other stories there are, of murderous Indians, and wreck, and treasure, thrilling to the soul and captivating to the fancy, excellent material for poet and novelist, but hardly meeting the requirements of sober history.

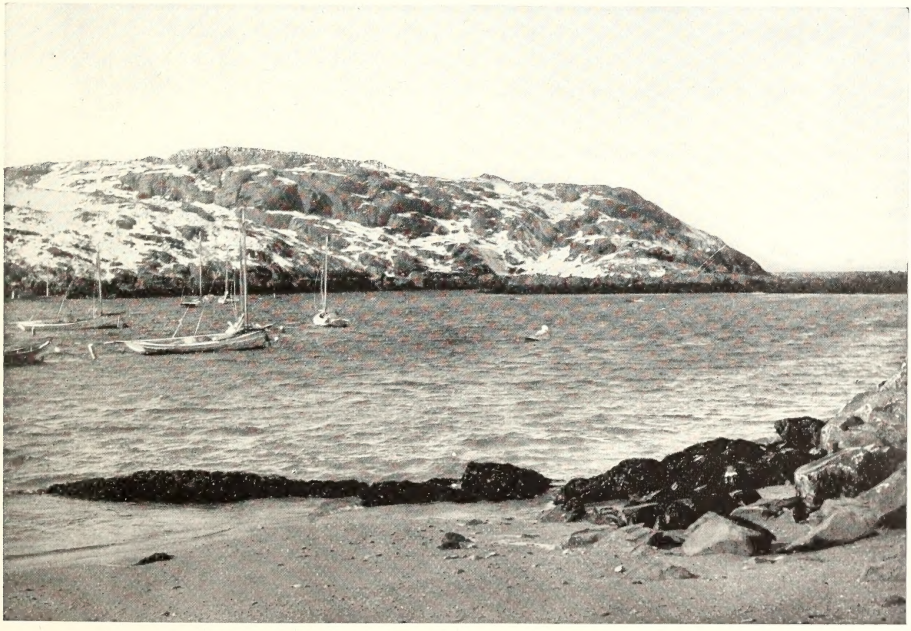
But had Monhegan no history and no tradition whatever, the island would still be of the greatest interest scenically. From the standpoint of the picturesque, this Advanced Guard of the island host of Maine is, in many respects, not surpassed, if indeed equalled, by any of its companions on the coast. There is no other just like it. Its nature and its life are peculiarly its own. It lies ten miles from the nearest mainland, far out on the bosom of the restless sea. No fog but gently envelops its mighty form; no storm but fiercely beats upon its devoted head; no billows but severely lash its rocky sides; no summer waters but reflect their richest radiance to dress the isle in beautiful tints; no brightly shining moon but softens its rugged outlines and gives to the passing mariner pleasing impressions of repose and grandeur. Alone, yet not alone; for a huge black rock — whaleback Manana — rises abruptly from

the sea and stands close by; sharer of the isolation of its greater sister, effective foil to her beauty. From the northern end of this huge bulk, a much smaller ledge, called Smutty Nose, crosses nearly to the main island, forming a harbor of miniature proportions. This little arm of the sea partakes of every mood of the great body to which it belongs. When the ocean is calm, the little bay is as still as a mill-pond, save for the long swell undulating gently along its course; but when the sea is disturbed and angry, it hurls its great billows into the harbor's wide-open mouth, quickly changing the quietude of the place to a boiling caldron, on the broken surface of which the boats pitch and toss and roll in wild confusion.

The common landing-places for visitors coming by packet are the two little beaches named North and South. Grouped in picturesque confusion at their head are the principal fish-houses, while all kinds of fishing paraphernalia are scattered about. Beyond, commanding a good view of the harbor from many points, lies the straggling village.

The hamlet is divided into two parts by an almost imaginary line, consisting of the slender stream that forms the outlet of an extensive marsh. One part of the village goes by the name of "the North end"; the other, "the South end." The little schoolhouse stands in one part, and the modest chapel in the other, while half way between is the public library. Along the irregular line drawn through these points runs the single ragged roadway, on either side of which, in valley and on hillside, extend the houses and business establishments of the people. But one building is pretentious — the old square mansion called the Trefethren house, built one hundred years ago. The dignified bearing of old colonial homes is still apparent in its aged form; and the wondering visitor asks himself how it was that such an ambitious structure could have come into existence in so great isolation.

The homes generally are modest but comfortable. The people are of

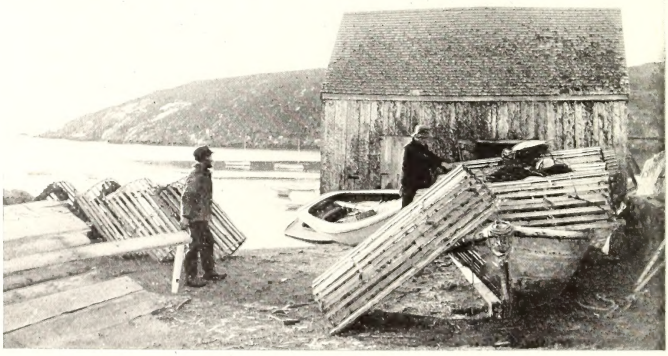




A CORNER OF THE VILLAGE.

New England stock, and though long years of practical isolation have produced in them certain peculiarities, they compare favorably with other communities similarly situated, and in some respects with those more advantageously placed. While not as excessively enterprising as many of their brethren in the cities, they are yet progressive and very thrifty. One who knows them well by experience asserts that there is no more prosperous fishing village along the whole coast than theirs. Their morality is unquestioned, and their religious expression spontaneous and sincere. He who attends their social meetings is deeply impressed by their naturalness in worship, and finds himself wishing oftentimes that such might become the condition of the sermon — satiated and spiritually indifferent people of the main.

Yet these people share some of the faults of less arcadian simplicity. Feuds between the two ends of the town are suspected to have occurred. The student of tradition tells of the ice-house near the marsh, once nearly completed, now entirely gone to pieces because of the sectional differences of its projectors. He tells of the great seine boat, drawn up near the store, that is fast passing into decay because of the indisposition of the islanders to agree upon a method of working her in the mackerel fishery. But such little tiffs are the mark of no great weakness, and they are more than compensated for by the faithfulness with which the fishermen observe

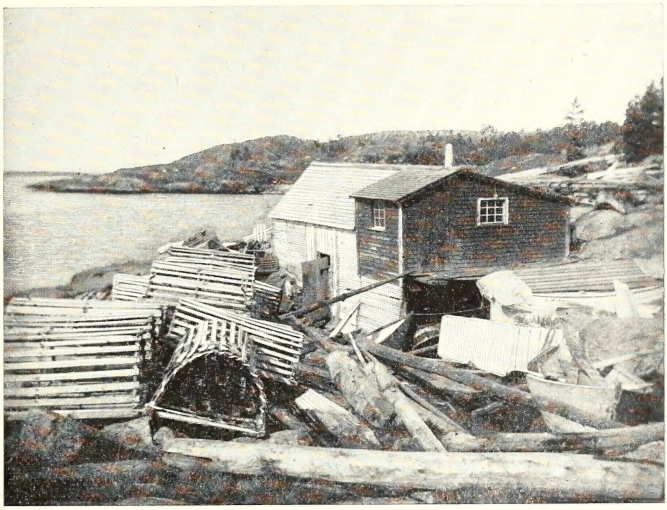


LOBSTER MEN.

the unwritten law that lobsters shall be trapped only in winter when other fishing is not safe.

A little gardening is done — just enough for a fresh vegetable in its season and a bright flower for the sitting room. But the vocation is fishing; and at this the men toil hard through summer and winter, through sunshine and rain, and, when oppressed by the monotony of it all, lighting up their lonely lives by occasional visits to the mainland, and by "sings" and "parties" at home.

Monhegan business establishments — the fish houses — are deeply interesting to lovers of the marine. Of the simplest architecture, and often somewhat dilapidated, they are yet exceedingly picturesque by reason of the yellowing touch of age, the artistic grouping of roofs, and the odd bits lying about. To the painter seeking novelties, they are a prize.



A FISHERMAN'S HOUSE.

If the outside is unique, the interior is more so. Everything is marine, in itself or by association, — lines, nets, floats, oars, masts, sails, dories, decoy ducks and a score of other objects, hung here and heaped there. With an old gray-bearded sea-dog, possessed of a strong propensity for telling "yarns," sitting in the midst of all these sea-tools, a Dickens could make much of such material.

As to other aspects of Monhegan, it is to be said that the island proper is one and five-eighths miles long and five-eighths wide, containing about one thousand acres. At the highest point it towers more than one hundred and fifty feet above the ocean, while in its lowest parts the marshy land is at about the level of the sea. Between the frequent hills, for the most part rock-covered and bare, valleys lie, at the bottom of which miniature streams run their little journey to lowland and sea. In the spring and fall, when rains are heavy and frequent, these streamlets rush in foaming torrents down their rocky beds, for their water sheds are often steep and high. The general trend of the surface is downward from the heights at the north, to Lobster Point at the south. The western shore is comparatively low, while the eastern coast is broken up into a series of immense rocks and lofty headlands, the latter terminating, in most cases, in high, precipitous cliffs. These rocky heights are very fine, and are not surpassed this side of Grand Manan. White Head and its companion just over the deep, wide gorge are fully one hundred and fifty feet high. Ragged and wild their descent to the ever restless water laving their base. The climber needs the utmost skill and nerve to make his way safely down their bold front, even if it can be done at all. The sure-footed sheep that have had free range of the island for years, sometimes venture too far

down among the crags in their search for tufts of tender grass and, failing to find their way back, miserably perish on some rocky shelf, leaving their wool and bones to whiten in the summer rain and sunshine, pathetic reminder of the poor dumb life there wretchedly brought to an end. It is said by observing ones among the islanders that, when the winter storms are hardest, the huge billows rush with so great force upon these bold headlands that their spray, hurled many scores of feet into the air, is carried by the swiftly moving blasts across the island and against the window-panes of the dwelling-houses, where the evaporating water leaves the salt deposited to give proof of its distant source.



To him who loves the rocks, and the sea-weed, and the bits of ocean life among them, and the breaking waves with their rushing foam and tossing spray, the shore line of this outpost of the main is a continual marvel. In the whole circuit of the coast there are scarcely two places that are similar. The minerals range from fine sand at the landing, up through wonderfully varied pebbles and gigantic boulders, to the great shapeless masses of rock forming the headlands at the north. Here the tourist conjures up all sorts of objects among the ledges and crags. Nature gives the suggestion, indeed, but the imagination of the enthusiastic onlooker gives it complete form. Staircases there are leading up from the water's edge, balconies overlooking sheer descents, and the inevitable pulpit-rock. His satanic majesty one time visited the island, — for here the place where he sat, and there the pool where he bathed. In Gull Rock, the huge projecting ledge near the south end, there is a cave-like opening, quite extensive and very interesting, but difficult of access. This rocky room of generous entrance looks out upon the eastern sea, and is just the place of a summer morning to dream the hours away, or of a late afternoon to watch the shadows lengthen upon the silent deep.

The finest examples of sea-washed rocks are to be found at "the North end." Huge their forms, rich their colorings, marvelous their tints changing with the moving sun! Could artist transfer them to his canvas as they really are, he would do what artist never yet has done.

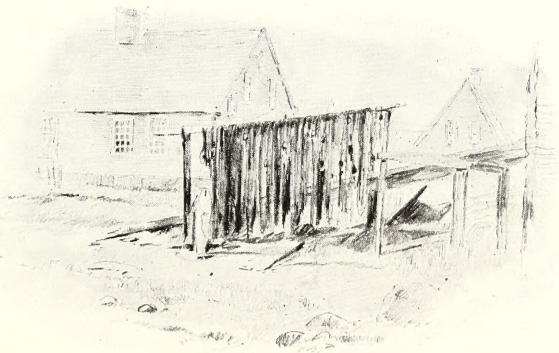
There is a ragged place south of Gull Rock called "the Washerwoman." Removed a little from the shore is a ledge making, with the black rocks about, a deep and wide pool. A billow rushing in from the sea is broken upon the ledge and destroyed. All over the rock its waters flow. Whirling, tossing, foaming, they reach the basin. Still wild and restless, they hurry back and forth, chafing in their narrow confines. In all their disquietude, they take upon themselves in the bright summer sun the most marvelous colors and delicate tints. There is no white like that of their foam, and no greens like those of their ceaseless flowings and tossings. The energy and vividness of it all enchain one. It is a place to wonder and admire, and — worship.

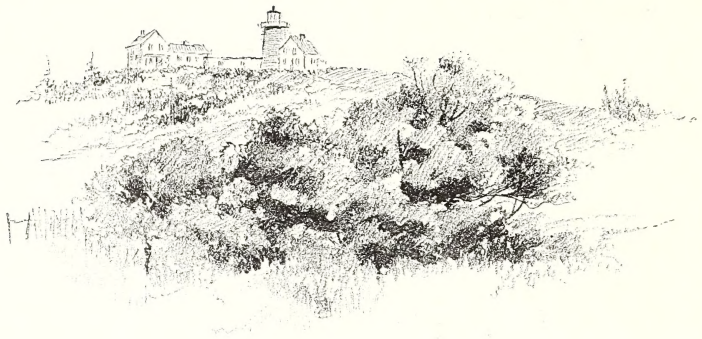


In the old days the island was well covered with woods; but now they are confined to the northern end. The trees are mostly evergreen. As one rambles through the wooded parts, he is surprised to find much of the beauty of great forests meeting him. Old wood roads and pathways abound, as on the main; and scarcely a walk but is bordered by bush and fern and carpeted by the softest and greenest of grass. The most delicate flowers grow on the barren hillsides and among the crags. It is with a thrill of delight that the appreciative tourist plucks from the most unpromising nook some sweet-scented, graceful little blossom.

The views to be obtained on this "Island of the Wild Rocks" are rich, varied, and comprehensive. The scenery is not all watery waste, and not all dismal ledge. As one sits of a summer afternoon on the veranda of his cottage close by the shore, and looks dreamily out upon the harbor and up to the summit of the towering b l a c k pile opposite, he at once becomes conscious of the singular beauty of the scene. The gentle wavelets of the quiet bay softly lap the shore almost under him, making a subdued singing noise in the sand as they flow and ebb. A little way out rides the diminutive fishing fleet of the islanders at their moorings — thirty boats or more — punts, dories, and tiny open sloops a score of feet in length; and over on the other side, close under the frowning mass of Manana, a schooner keeps rhythmic motion with the long swell, — with, perchance, a white mackerel steamer near by, patiently awaiting the appearance of her prey. As the spectator begins to feel his enthusiasm kindling at the sight, there appear on the sunlit waters at the mouth of the harbor a number of boats returning from the fishing grounds. Lazily they move over the scarcely rippling surface, and with conscious effort make their moorings and discharge their freight. Over all are the mid-afternoon sun and the clear, pure atmosphere; and to the north and south, the long reaches of placid, shining ocean.

As one leaves the village and seeks the higher land, his eyes are blessed by scenes of greater beauty still. As he climbs, new vistas appear, — one a rocky valley bordered by hardy vegetation sufficient to soften its severity,

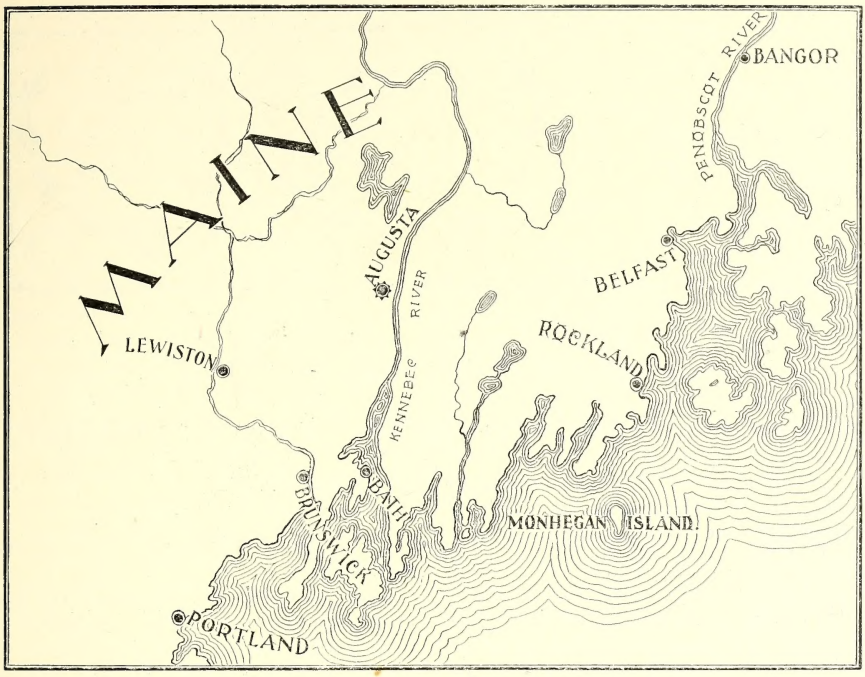




and descending gradually to the sea shining silver white under an August sun; out upon the ocean, a ship almost becalmed; beyond, a large schooner hull down. As one continues his progress he reaches the most commanding outlook on the island. Here he sees what the eyes of few are privileged to rest upon. Comprehensive and grand is the view. The horizon line is broken only here and there. From the northeast to the west the Maine coast stretches in rugged beauty, the adjacent waters shimmering in the sun. Numerous islands, of varying size and aspect, fringe the shore, and at the north, looming in the hazy atmosphere, rise the beautiful blue Camden hills. Seguin lies a score of miles to the west, and Matinicus the same distance to the east. The rest is — ocean; ocean with his wonderful sweep; ocean with his variant moods; ocean with his journeying ships.

Rambling still further in his quest for the beautiful, the tourist arrives at the western verge of Light House hill just as the sun is going down, attended by his retinue of summer clouds. His slant rays yield slowly to the gathering chill and gloom of evening. A narrow path of reddish gold leads from the north of the Great Rock, over the sea to the shore in the far distance. A little fleet of fishing boats under the huge shoulder of Manana try for bait, — partly within the golden path. The sun disappears; the brightness rises from sea and land to the upper clouds; the heavens are aflame; the sunset is in its glory. At that supreme moment the light above the watcher's head streams out white and bright, to shine while the sun sleeps, to give clear rays to needy men in place of the god of day. The dew falls faster and the chill increases, but no gloom is felt by the wayfarer as he descends the hill to the village; the uplifting influences of the island sunset fill his soul to the full. And on the morrow as, perchance, he sails out of the little harbor bound for his distant home, he finds himself repeating to himself the words of the song:





"Monhegan is a pleasant isle,
As fair as fair can be,
The sweetheart of the summer sun,
The jewel of the sea."

Yes, Monhegan is full of interest and charm; and its power of attraction is increasing every year. The historian goes there to solve perplexing problems of local history; the artist turns hither for new and striking subjects, of which village and shore are full, making the island the most paintable of any on the coast; the literary man seeks in this far-away place new motives, situations, characters and pictures for his book, and finds them in the simple life of the people and in the varied scenery. So the beautiful and historic island is contributing to make still more precious America's rich possessions of art and letters.



THE POET.

By Frederick Rosslyn.

HE sang of trailing showers and wind-swept downs,—
He who but knew the tragic hearts of towns;
Of scudding cloud and storm-tossed waters wide;—
And 'twixt the four walls of an attic died.

BRUTE OR MAN—THE ANNEXATION PROBLEM.

By Raymond L. Bridgman.

IN a few years, as the history of mankind goes, men and women will be studying the deeds of the United States as we study those of Rome and of Athens, of Egypt and of Assyria, with an equal lapse of time rolling between and with solicitude for their future as we now are solicitous for ours. They will forecast their duty and their destiny, in part, by the successes and by the failures of antiquity, among which will stand the record of the great American republic.

In the development of mankind during a period of such length, whether it be upward or downward, it is inevitable that our status will change greatly. We cannot stand still. Personal traits will change as our many race elements become blended, as new ideas affect life's motives, and as new surroundings and enlarged perspective alter the minds and the bodies of men. Even physical types change. The Cavalier and the Puritan are no longer with us. The Highlander and the Lowlander are not as they were five hundred years ago. We here include all races. Our political institutions are changing rapidly. Our successors twenty centuries hence will not think or act with our purposes or our methods.

But our acts as a nation are free, and they are our own. It is for us, here and now, to have a share in determining the course of the current which will continue for ages to come, when the great names of our times are mere items in chronology and when only the organic acts of our mighty republic will be studied for their bearing upon the development of mankind. Shall the acts which are done just at the juncture of these two centuries be such as shall be acknowledged hereafter to have been in direct line with straightforward progress to the highest ideal of the race, or shall the student of the records of a shattered and vanished nation put his finger upon this point in our career and say: "Here began that departure from the path of national rectitude and that offence against the law of national growth and integrity which led to its calamitous and needless downfall"? Shall the nation to-day so act as to insure its perpetual life and growth in the transformed conditions of national existence scores of centuries hence, or shall it stand in history as do Greece and Rome, as the ruins upon which have been erected still later structures?

Some people believe that there is a

law for the development of mankind which includes all the nations and all time, wherein humanity exists. They believe that there is "that far-off divine event toward which all creation moves." They believe that there is a high ideal, an ultimate goal, than which there can be no human ideal or attainment higher, and beyond which there is no advancing. They believe that this ideal will be reached when "the nations shall learn war no more," and when reason shall succeed brute force as the ruler of mankind. This means, politically speaking, that there will prevail around the globe, if this ideal is realized, a code of international law so general that every community will obey it, as it now obeys its own national and local laws, joined with local codes, which will protect fully all personal rights and which will give free scope for all desirable personal activity. National existence then will have been merged in the broader and deeper unity of all mankind. Intercourse between the ends of the earth will be absolutely free, and will be hindered only by the limitations of time and space. Small nations and great nations, as we now speak of nations, will occupy their several areas without thought of aggressive action against each other and without a dollar paid for national defence. The rights of each will be secure under the guarantee of all the world for peace. And this ideal will have been reached, not by brute conquest of the weak by the strong, nor by offensive and defensive alliances whereby selfish foresight supplements brute force, but by the growth of genuine friendliness between nations and by a general recognition of the profit of peace with the unity of mankind.

In that unity the ideal of the human race as an organic whole will be reached. Each part will contribute to the good of every other and will receive contributions from every other. Personal activity and success will be limited only by inborn hindrances. This is the high ideal which we may expect to attain, above which there can be no higher, and beyond which there is no possibility of going. This is the ideal to attain which we are bound to shape all our national policy, and failing to realize which we are working at cross purposes with the law which underlies the development of humanity.

Some people are pleased not to recognize this omnipotent factor in human progress. They are contemptuous toward all who do. But they need not consider that factor unless they choose. It will crush them just the same. Other people, however, acknowledge it to the full; and such will regard the highest motives which can animate us and the broadest wisdom which can guide us, provided they are not swept off from their feet by the newness and the strangeness of the prospect of annexing more territory to the Union.

The question whether or not the United States shall pursue the policy of annexation is to be determined by this highest possible standard, — the agreement of that policy with the ideal condition when the world shall be at perpetual peace, with justice to every individual. Such an ideal is not beyond human attainment, and by as much as men or nations fail to strive for it, by so much are they false to the light which they have already.

It is not necessary to prove that the destruction of the Union would follow if annexation prevails. It is sufficient to demonstrate that in all probability the interests of the United States and of mankind at large would suffer by the policy of annexation, and that peace and prosperity will be promoted by restricting our domain to our present boundaries. The annexation of Hawaii is an accomplished fact; but it may prove to be best for both parties, as they were before the annexation, to maintain as large a measure of home rule for the islands as possible, with as little as possible of participation on their part with any affairs upon the continent. But the nation now faces

the annexation of the Philippines, the Ladrones, the Carolines, Porto Rico, and even Cuba; for, shameful to say, some men are so seared to the moral effect of the declaration with which the United States began the war for the liberation of Cuba that they regard its annexation in the near future as a profitable and unobjectionable proceeding.

With these questions to be answered, the problem is to be studied in the long perspective of centuries. The largest standard of measurement must be used. The forces which have shaped the development of mankind thus far must be weighed as accurately as we can from the records of history, while into the future must be projected the forces of the present, all of them, not only man's present standard, but the loftiest height to which he can attain. The measure in which we discharge our duty in this crisis must be judged by the degree to which we rise to the possible attainment of humanity.

Thus far in the development of the status of nations, as well as in the development of all things on the face of the earth and in the waters of the sea, physical force and brute motives have been predominant. Selfish fitness to survive has been the inexorable standard, and the law of the survival of the fittest is recognized as the controlling factor in the struggle of races of men and of races of brutes alike. But the fatal consequences of this universal law have their lesson for intelligent men who would rest content under it. The fighting monsters in the animal kingdom have had their triumphs and have disappeared. Great fighting nations have arisen with the rapidity of a summer thunder cloud, have attained their terrible proportions, have wreaked their fury and have spent their force, leaving wrecks and devastation behind them, conferring little or no benefit upon humanity, and continuing no longer, in comparison with the ages during which they might have survived, than the thunder storm continues compared with the year during which it occurs.

Thus far in the history of nations, brute qualities, physical and mental, have triumphed. Physical strength, mere material weight, has been a chief factor. Animal qualities of mind have been joined with it. Cunning and ingenuity have borne their part. Deceit and selfishness, but always with the intellectual qualities degraded to the level of the cunning of the fox or the subtlety of the serpent, have prevailed. It is the brute which has triumphed thus far in the record of the nations of the past which have overrun the world, while the permanence of the present occupants of the globe is not sufficiently assured to make any prediction safe regarding the period during which they will remain in their relative position. Three hundred years is a very brief time in human history. Yet during that period Spain has sunk from the foremost rank in civilization and splendor of material power to a most contemptible position. National traits change with the generations. We cannot be assured that the descendants of any of the present nations, two thousand years hence, will retain the present qualities. It would apparently be safe to predict that they will not. Hence present strength is no reason for assuming that it will continue forever.

The development of the nations thus far having been on the plane of the animal, the issue for us in this crisis is whether a new and honorable departure shall occur at this point in the history of mankind, or the old law of force shall thrust its discreditable form further into the future and shall disgrace our subsequent progress. To state the issue would seem to be sufficient for an answer. It may not only be conceded, it may be asserted, that in the progress of the centuries the spiritual element in man will in time so far overcome the animal that there will be an evolution out of the control of the animal into the full domain of the spiritual, so that the ultimate at-

tainment of a high standard may be reached, even through the continued predominance of the material and gross considerations in the development of humanity. But the question, facing us with pertinence, is, whether the time has not already come for the spiritual to assert itself and to drive the mere material side back to its deserved subordinate position in the advance of humanity.

Force has ruled the world thus far. In a material realm, matter must shape the outward conditions, whatever be the powers behind it to control the forms which it may take. The issue for the United States in this juncture is, whether the greed of property, the earth-hunger of the people, the purely selfish and commercial side shall engross all the energies of the nation, so that it will enlarge and enlarge, till the mutual hostility of diverse interests shall drive them asunder and break the nation into fragments, or whether the persistent holding to a high ideal shall prevail, transforming the selfish into the self-sacrificing, raising our people to a higher level than is possible for any people under a different system of government and with lower ideals, and cementing national unity until there can be no stronger or more homogeneous people upon the face of the earth. The issue presented to us is like that which every man has to face continually, whether his higher nature shall retain its rightful supremacy, or shall be overwhelmed by the sordid pursuit of mere material gain. Will the United States risk its magnificent birthright for the mere rubbish of goods and land? This is the choice which is presented to our people this day.

Immediately after Dewey's victory at Manila it was heard from many quarters, and doubtless many people believed it to be true, that the United States had entered upon a new era. Magnificent, not to say magniloquent, utterances were heard regarding the new destiny which had suddenly opened before our country consequent upon the destruction of a few Spanish ships by our ships, which survived uninjured. To many people it seemed as if a sudden break had been made in our national consciousness; and, a shame it is to say, among this number were high officials whose years and supposed intelligence and sense of truthfulness ought to have preserved them from such a pitiable mistake. There seemed to run over the country, like the flame of a furious prairie fire, a feeling that we were the masters of a domain inconceivably larger than our own, and that we were responsible for the good conduct and prosperous development of a large portion of the earth. All of a sudden the world, which had seemed to be limited to the northern half of the western hemisphere, loomed up as unspeakably big, and the United States was the only thing of size and strength in it.

All of a sudden, too, and especially from quarters where we were wont to hear nothing but advice for the exclusion of all other nations from sharing our trade or our acres with us, arose the cry that our isolation was at an end, and that hereafter our national career must be shaped on other lines, and that we were henceforth to have a serious share in deciding the destiny of a large part of mankind, including those without, as well as those within our boundaries. At the very outset, a protest must be made against this position. It is essentially untrue. The outcry against our national isolation is not founded on fact. The isolation which has marked the career of the United States is either the isolation which we have attempted in our trade relations (which those who do not think it an error may defend as best they can), or it is merely that sagacity in keeping out of international complications which has saved us doubtless many a million of dollars and many lives which would otherwise have been wasted in foolish wars. In the true sense of isolation, as China has been isolated we have had little of it.

Look at the facts, and see whether our national policy has made us without influence in the world. Isolation is to be judged by the fact whether or not this nation has been a commanding influence in the history of mankind since it had a separate existence of its own. How does our country stand in the estimation of the civilized world,—not the few governing classes, but the millions of men? For answer, turn to the records of immigration. See how the light of the American republic has pierced the darkness in all parts of Europe. See how the dawn of the best democracy the world has ever witnessed has stirred the hearts of patriots wherever manhood exists to respond to the living embodiment of truth and hope for humanity. See how genuine is the suspicion with which the American republic is regarded among the monarchies of the Old World. The words of Longfellow speak in no exaggeration:

> "Humanity, with all its tears,
> And all its hopes and all its fears,
> Is hanging breathless on thy fate."

Is that isolation? Is the nation upon whose success hang the hearts of millions in foreign lands, and upon whose advance the old aristocracies and oligarchies see their own ruin portrayed, an isolated nation? Instead of being isolated, there is not, in all truth, a single other nation on this round earth which is so well known in so many other nations, which is the standard and secret hope of so many people, and whose progress is so earnestly desired by so many.

See how the people of the Old World flock to our shores to escape from their hard conditions at home. They come to us for their own good. It is not abstract devotion to political principles which brings them here, to endure worse burdens than at home. Our democratic government gives all people under the sun the best chance in the world to make the most of the powers which they have, and to accumulate and to enjoy the fruit of their labors after they have employed nature's strength to the utmost. The story of the improved condition under the government of the mass of the people, where kings are unknown and where born aristocrats never intrude, has penetrated to all climes, to the snows of Norway and Russia, and to the heats of the tropics, and people from all parts of the world come here to make their permanent homes, and to abide in peace under our laws. That is not isolation, but the very reverse. No nation on earth, judged by the best tests, is so little isolated as ours.

But what the United States is to the people who seek her protection tells only half of the story. The positive influence which emanates from these shores to the countries of the Old World is no less powerful and refutes no less overwhelmingly the untrue assertion that we have pursued a policy of isolation. Since early in this century people from this country have been pushing forward into the heart of ignorance and heathenism, right in the face of suffering and sometimes of death, carrying the gospel of the Bible, raising up a few workers whose rapid multiplication in recent years is the conspicuous and complete demonstration of the success of the policy of Christian missions. Our country has been none the less influential because these workers have not been under the government. They have come from Christian America, and they have made our country thereby known and respected wherever they have gone. But if governmental action is demanded, look at such events as the opening of the Japanese empire by an official of the United States navy. The great and secluded nations of the East have opened their doors to foreigners through the influence of the United States more than from any other cause. This is not national isolation; nor has our course in the East been in contravention of the principles in the farewell address of Washington.

Look further at the international relations of this country with others in

the way of science and invention. When our accomplished scientists go abroad to conventions of their peers from other nations, though they do not represent our government, they do represent the accomplishments of this country in the foremost lines of thought in the world. They have weight, too, according to the value of the new truth which they have to bring to the common fund. They stand upon an equality with all mankind, and they are part and parcel in the development of humanity in their particular fields of research. This is not isolation, but the amplest comity and friendliness with all that is good in all the world in their particular sphere.

Again, in the matter of inventions,—does not America confessedly lead the world? Our machines and implements are now exported in vast quantities, and it is the fault of our legislation, not of our inventors, nor of the possible demand from abroad, if they are not sent out in still larger aggregate. American ideas penetrate to all parts of the world. American methods are found to be more economical and more productive than the methods of other people. We are exerting to-day unquestionably more influence upon the world than any other nation. Is this isolation? Is there anything in this policy to be ashamed of? Can any new departure be made from it which will improve the present conditions? The plea of past isolation for a new departure and for the annexation of new territory, in order that it may be opened to our ideas or to our inventions, is based upon essential lack of information regarding our present powerful influence in other civilized countries, or it is based upon a sordid ideal of national influence which it will be folly to follow.

But the annexation policy is to be resisted, not only because in its outcry against isolation it is egregiously false to the facts and to the highest ideal of national influence, but because it would inevitably degrade our nation from a destiny which may be higher than building docks and warehouses and planting coffee or sugar in Hawaii, or playing the overseer for naked wretches in hemp fields in the Philippines, or domineering Cubans on sugar plantations, or waving the flag of the republic over the ignorant natives of the Carolines or the Ladrones. Two distinct standards are before our people, just as they are before the private person. Shall he give his life for houses and lands, for dress and servants, for stocks and bonds, or shall he, making small account of the poor stuff which destroys all appreciation for the best there is in nature and in humanity, give his thought to that which is most real and which alone is worth his noblest powers, and is none the less potent because it is not listed on the stock exchange, nor valued by the assessors, nor to be measured or weighed by any government standard sealed by the sealer of weights and measures? This nation, under the almost miraculous impulse of invention and the cheapness of material things, is already neglecting the better things which were made more of when luxury was not so plentiful; and therein is an imminent danger that the cry of annexation for material advantage will outweigh the solid objections on the other side. The animal, the brute in man is pushing to the front as the supplies for animal luxury are cheapened by invention; and the question is whether the animal is not getting altogether too much attention, compared with the spiritual. Certainly the popular thought does not run as much to great and ennobling truths as it did since persons now living can remember. Shall the United States be absorbed by the material products which it makes in such enormous quantities, or will it use these things as means to the higher end, and will it assert the real supremacy of the spiritual over the animal? Will the luxury and expansion of Rome cause the downfall of the Roman republic? In her case the answer, emphasized by two thousand years and undisputed by any one,

was yes. Shall the American republic follow the Roman republic and give the same answer?

When the war with Spain broke out, our people were in the midst of a popular agitation, threatening to cleave society into two great classes. As there is vitality in the republic, that question, in the long run, would have been settled on the side of justice and humanity. The issue between great aggregations of capital on one side and the millions of people employed by the capitalists on the other would have been settled so that each side would have received its dues, each would have had just reward for its risk and effort, and tyranny, whether of capital over labor or of labor over capital, would have been overthrown. Doubtless this progress would have been slow and painful. The human race, under the lead of this republic, was advancing over ground where humanity had never gone before. But we were making progress. The people were thinking on these questions. The agitation, the suffering, the strikes, the lockouts, the consolidations of capital, the displacement of labor, the rejection of half-used machinery, the political discussions, the threats of social revolution, all these things, which are phases of progress toward an adjustment, were in progress. The political campaign of 1896 made many people serious as they thought of the future. The growing conviction that something deeper than the currency was the cause of the immense vote for Bryan made many men thoughtful. But the people were patriotic. The republic would have survived and progress would have been achieved, genuine progress toward a standard which the world has never seen yet, and which would have meant permanent gain for the masses in their larger share in the fruit of their labors and greater security for capital in the larger justice which it would accord to its employés and still retain a sufficient profit.

But the war with Spain has interrupted all this. Already it looks as if the war had set back our civilization for years. No one can tell how long it will be before the popular craze for military and naval heroes, how long before the burden of the war debt, how long before the disturbance of the people's purpose will be outlived and the nation once more be thinking seriously upon the genuine problems for it to solve. The war costs us immeasurably more than can ever be computed in dollars or measured in lives lost and limbs missing and health shattered. This remains true, although it is also true that the war has brought certain large and inspiring gains to this nation and to humanity. But when the war is ended, shall we be kept upon the low plane of brute struggle and mere wire-pulling politics by the extension of our borders, without annexing at the same time a solitary idea to uplift us or a single man who is worth something to us because he supplies an element which we do not have?

If the problem be discussed upon the ground of our highest service to the world at large, regardless of our own condition, so as to meet the plea of those who assert that we have a divine mission to fulfill and a divine message to deliver, the answer remains the same. We can do most for the uplifting of the human race when we ourselves reach our highest possibility of character, intellect and organic activity. But these traits are of quality, not in the slightest degree of quantity. Extent of territory and numbers of people will not in the least help us in gaining that ideal. It is sufficient to offset the life of a single saint or philosopher against the lives of thousands of plutocrats of antiquity, powerful in their day, but forgotten now, to enforce the point. It is for the nation to grow upward, not horizontally, to reach its greatest efficiency for the uplifting of other nations. Mere bigness compels no respect, save from the minds which dwell on the level of the brute. The 400,000,000 people of China never appeal to the admiring

judgment of mankind, because they constitute such a mighty nation. The three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ are not despised because they were so few; nor did the exploit of Lieutenant Hobson, with his seven men, seem contemptible in the eyes of any one because such a handful tried to do so much. By carrying forward our development within our present expansive boundaries, by solving the problems which are pressing us hard, by proving that a stable democratic government is the best on earth, we shall do more for the elevation of humanity than by any amount of material enlargement.

A plausible plea for annexation, which is entertained by some men in high position and is being repeated by men of lower grades as if it were an enunciation of eternal and immutable law, is that the law of life implies growth, and that our nation can be strong vitally only as it enlarges its boundaries. "If we live, we must grow territorially," it is said; "as soon as we cease to annex territory, we enter the stage of decay and our disappearance from the face of the earth is only a matter of time." Not only does this argument put the cart before the horse in its assumption that annexation will increase or promote vitality, thus making an effect masquerade as a cause, but it is open to two fatal objections, which bring out clearly its utter absurdity. It being a general principle, as it is said, that national vitality involves national extension, it must apply to all other nations as well as to our own. Therefore each nation, in its extension of boundaries, will soon run up against the others. What becomes of this principle of national development? Logically, having no further territory in which to expand, all the nations must simultaneously enter upon their stage of decay, humanity has reached its maximum, and the era of crash and catastrophe is at hand.

But suppose that by some mysterious necromancy, this eternal, immutable justification of annexation applies only to the United States, and does not hold for any other nation! The relief from the final catastrophe is only temporary. We should speedily annex all the other outlying continents and islands of the earth, including all Arctic and Antarctic regions, the crest of Chimborazo, the heights of Kunchinginga and the expanses of Sahara. The English lion and the Russian bear would whimper at our feet, and the vast empire of China, one overgrown, personified coolie, would beg to carry our valise for us; but still that vitality which is the soul of the argument for annexation would impel us on, or we should face national stagnation and decay, and all mankind would go down to oblivion with us. Should we throw out grappling irons and annex the moon, then the outlying planets, and the Pole Star? But all creation might be taken in before the insatiate maw of this latest and favorite annexation theory would be satisfied. Yet if it fails at any point, it fails at the beginning; and there it does fail by the test of the true direction which national vitality takes when it rises to the level of genuine humanity instead of groveling on the level of the brute.

National greatness and possibility of great service as a nation are not necessarily joined with immense territory or with countless millions of people. If people are homogeneous and so closely compacted that a representative from one end of their territory is near enough to the other to be qualified to legislate for it, then large populations may exist under one government, even in a democracy. But when the people whom it is proposed to annex are the positive reverse of homogeneous, when the territory is so remote that the people of the distant parts cannot know each other's condition, then there is no possible gain, but constant threat of loss in putting them under one government. It must be remembered, too, that in a democracy the parts have equal power. It might not be the question what we would do with them so

much as what they would do with us which would fill our days and nights with anxiety. Under our government, men count by units, and a vote is a vote, whether the man who casts it be wise or ignorant. In our senate and house decisions are made by majorities, and wealth and intelligence have no advantage in the count. By bringing in these outlying islands as part of our country, we needlessly expose ourselves to the mercy of their people, foreign to our ideas, foreign to our methods of enterprise, foreign to our customs, having no bond with us, not desiring to come in, and bringing not a solitary element of strength which we do not possess. If there is no affinity between us and them, between our institutions and theirs, before annexation, the mere act of compulsory union will not develop those essentials, nor make them one at heart with us. They would never become patriotic Americans, nor would the United States ever seem fatherland to them.

A peculiar feature of the situation, which would be amusing were is not so discreditable, is the tactic assumption on the part of some that whatever we do is right because we are a patriotic, Christian nation. It is evident, in some instances, that the fact that Spain is a Catholic country adds to the unconscious idea that whatever we do against her must be right. It is assumed to be an impartial and righteous judgment, though this nation (an interested party) is the judge, that we can use the people and the property of Spain's colonies better than she can, therefore it is our duty to take them from her by force, even though such taking be wholly removed from the purpose of the war to free Cuba. War for conquest on the ground that the conqueror is a better administrator of property than the conquered, as a permanent principle in international relations, is justified by professing Christians who would be shocked beyond measure by an intimation that they would steal or in any unlawful way do injury to their neighbor. "War justifies conquest," their argument runs; "therefore it is right for us to conquer all of Spanish territory which we can, and keep it for our permanent possession. Wars of conquest have been known from the beginning of the world."

Whether wars of conquest have always been righteous wars, whether the purpose of those wars was justified by the Christianity which these people profess, they never seem to consider. The brute customs of a past above whose level we hope we have ascended are taken blindly to justify us in aggression which has no better moral basis than highway robbery, on the ground that the highwayman (in his judgment) could put the money to better use than could his victim. The moral sense which sees distinctions regarding property rights of individuals becomes totally blind when in the presence of the larger problem of nations, and falls back upon vague talk of a "divine mission" or "manifest destiny," when there is no more divinity or foreordained destiny in it than there is in a crime which a thief commits in order to gain property for himself. The rights of the other party are wholly overlooked, and because Spain stands in a lower moral, educational and commercial level than we, it is assumed that therefore it is right for us to take property to which we have no moral right or pretext whatever. Right of conquest and divine mission are made to serve as excuses for a downright act of robbery by the nation. Again it is the brute in man, not the manliness in him, not his best part, which comes to the front in this plea for the annexation of Spanish islands.

If there is any force in the plea that this nation has a divine mission to perform, that it is our manifest destiny to be a mighty factor for the elevation of mankind, then it is evident that that mission will be performed and that destiny will be accomplished only as we give to mankind something which the world does not possess now, some-

thing higher and better, grander and stronger than has been attained by any other people in the past, something which is the high ideal of those who see only in ideality the perfection of administration and the exactness of justice to each person which can be attained by the best government possible on earth. But such a mission can be accomplished only by the most self-sacrificing attention to the details of administration and to the adjustment of classes to each other, only by the solution of the extremely complicated problems which must inhere in the international relations of our now seventy millions of people, grown to three hundred millions, to five hundred millions, each group with its duties to and claims upon every other, each individual with his service to give and demand to be paid, all upon the simple principle of justice, but justice to be established against organized greed and oppression at every step. There is the field of our divine mission. The annexation of mere acres or of savage, half-civilized, or even civilized men, who have no ideas to bring to the solution of these perplexities, will not aid us one particle in the discharge of our divine mission. On the contrary, they will be just so much of hindrance, as a man's absorption in the management of his property, no matter how many millions he may accumulate, takes his mind from the things in life which are better than dollars and beside which social position is a foolish dream. If the time of Congress be demanded by bills relating to colonial or territorial administration, to the exclusion of measures for a mathematically perfect currency, for the promotion of international friendliness in regard to improvements of business or invention, or for the discussion of that vast possibility of reform in the treatment of labor and the regulation of accumulated wealth, for the establishment of perfect political equality for every voter, for the forwarding of the educational interests of our ignorant classes, for the assimilation of our alien immigrants, for the regulation of our internal means of transportation and communication by rail and by water, for the thousand other problems of internal importance which have never yet failed to press upon the people of state and nation far in excess of their ability to solve them, if annexation tends to retard our internal progress, as it surely would, then we are failing in the discharge of that divine mission which is urged as the pretext for annexation, and we are preventing our own progress in what would not only be positive gain for ourselves, but which, being secured by us for the first time on earth, would thereby be an example to all other people and thus give something tangible to humanity. To live on the gross material level in a world which combines the material and the ideal, as we would tend to do by annexation and by yielding to the materialistic faction, would prevent our attaining the ideal by which we can most benefit mankind.

But yet other reasons are to be urged in debating whether the brute or the man shall triumph in the annexation policy. If there is any one respect in which this nation commands the attention of the world by reason of a marked difference in origin and purpose, that respect is its moral strength and its definite moral purpose in the realms of personal character and political liberty. England grew out of the misty past, Saxons, Angles, Jutes and Danes, bent on adventurous mission, mingling with the Britons and Gaels, back of whom we cannot go. The Gauls were in France when history made the acquaintance of the country. Teutonic tribes dwelt in the forests of Germany before we know to the contrary. So with other nations of the Old World, great and small. At no one point have they stepped upon their soil, a new arrival, with strong purpose, laying the foundation of a new political system or declaring new and high ideals for the direction of political

affairs and for the guidance of individual life. But in our case, at a particular hour, there stepped upon Plymouth Rock a party of men who had signed a political compact just before landing, who laid the foundation upon which this great republic is built. Nor is this truth affected a particle by any previous settlements at any point along our coast or in the interior, nor by any multiplicity of subsequent arrivals which did not harmonize with the principles or customs of the real founders of the republic. Plymouth Rock to-day is the one strong and great representative of true Americanism. The United States is to-day as large as Plymouth Rock, and no larger, and Plymouth Rock is as large as progress and justice, toleration and liberty. That is the true foundation upon which Americanism rests. That embodies the principles by which our national existence must be guided, if that existence is to continue. That is the one historical fact which differentiates the United States eternally from every other nation on the face of the earth. That is our sole claim to the confidence and the respect of the world.

If this country has any divine mission, it is not to steal the property of other nations, nor to take it from them by force of arms or at the muzzle of the thirteen-inch guns of our battleships, nor to force a hard bargain of any sort from any people too weak to resist our tremendous might; but it is to set so high a standard of self-sacrifice and effort for humanity that the world will drop its suspicion and will emulate us in our unselfish devotion to the good of mankind, seeking mere justice for ourselves. But such a standard can never be realized by grasping the property of the world. Achievement in the true line of our destiny is solely in the realm of the moral, first of all, with material and financial achievements following that and conditioned upon it. It is the strength of Plymouth Rock, and of Plymouth Rock alone, which has brought us to our present national stature. Other parts of the world are fairer in luxuriance of vegetation than ours. Nature has poured out possibilities upon other lands equally with our own. Her lavish hand did not scatter her benefits solely upon the middle portion of the northern continent of the western hemisphere to the exclusion of every other quarter of the globe. It has been our moral strength, fostering activity, thrift and foresight, which have made us what we are, so far as we have any distinction over any other nation on earth.

To bring out of this war all which may be brought out, and failing to bring out which we shall fail in our duty and shall deserve a reprimand by the voice of mankind, as Shafter would have deserved a national reprimand if he had squandered his strength and lost Santiago, we are bound to be so broad and so humane, so generous in our policy to our prostrate foe, so considerate of the weak, that all mankind will be compelled at least to admit the facts and to say that such and such things were done. Beside such a tribute from mankind, no number of millions of war indemnity, no number of islands conquered and annexed by force would have any weight. The choice is thrust upon us. Each act would stand forever in history as an event which could not be altered or effaced, either as a sublime inspiration to every nation, an example to the victorious, a hope for the vanquished, or as an eternal monument of disgrace, of a high ideal spurned, and of a base motive victorious.

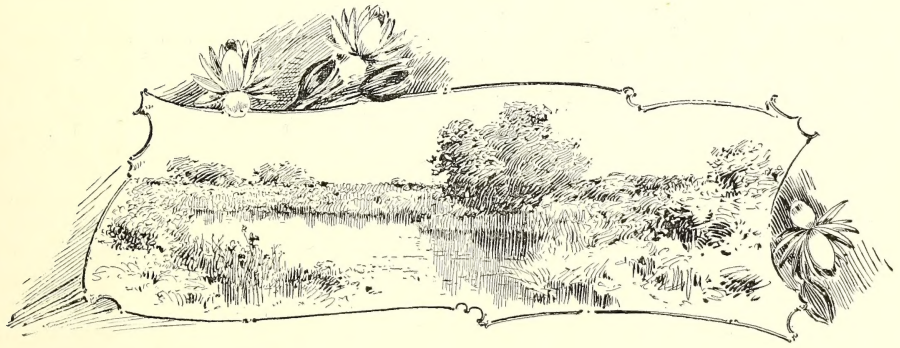
Now is opportunity, such as comes to nations but once in a century. The choice is ours to take the right hand or the left. Having passed by this parting of the ways, we shall never pass this way again. Material considerations, such as the commerce of the islands, are utterly beneath notice compared with the greater benefits to be secured.

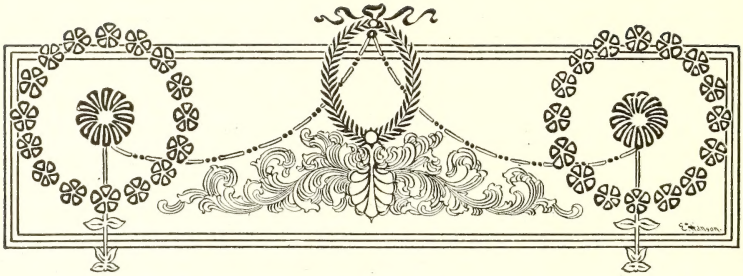
But even the commercial benefits may all be secured as fully as by an-

nexation, if we pursue the right course. It is not the government which makes property and profits in business, but private enterprise, under the protection of government. If such governmental protection is assured, and if the opportunity for trade with the islands is offered, whereby the private owners there may exchange products with private producers here, as liberally as if all were under one flag, then we gain as much commercially and avoid the dangers of political complications.

But all such considerations are secondary. First of all is the obligation to hold this nation, founded upon Plymouth Rock, to the lofty significance of the movement to Plymouth Rock, to set a standard of self-government such as the world never saw before, of such self-restraint for the benefit of humanity as no nation ever put upon the page of history, of such magnanimity that the world will say in admiration that nothing higher could be possible, of such enthusiasm to make this war count for the permanent advancement of mankind that all the nations shall catch the inspiration of the ideal Stars and Stripes, and join us in our sublime progress toward the disbandment of armies and toward the coming sovereignty of the republic of nations.

This standard is not too high. Its attainment is easily possible. The disposition to do this is already strong in many hearts, which realize that the most sublime moment in our history for many a year is just upon us, and that the thrilling question now is, whether we shall rise equal to our duty and our responsibility or shall forever suffer the evil consequences of selfish short-sightedness by yielding to the brute in our nature instead of asserting our manhood. We did not make the opportunity; it was forced upon us without our understanding how momentous was the issue to be raised. We did not make our responsibility; that is forced upon us by our very natures as men, with power to rise above the level of the brute. But the opportunity is here, and the responsibility is here. It is simply for us to say whether the manhood in us is equal to the emergency, whether we shall be brutes or men.





THE CENTURY PLANT.

By Louise Betts Edwards.

'MIDST garden glories stands the century plant,
As lonely as some hearts among their kin,
Whose barren stems no gracious token grant
For all the tender tillage that has been
The nurture of the life that lies within.

Its grim, gray leaves the glistering sunlight store;
The service of the skies they freely take;
No tear-drop trembles where the storm swept o'er,
A symbol of the pride and pain that ache
Within the heart that weeps not, though it break.

Then, — miracle that mocks the doubting years —
The flower unfolds,—but, ah, for other eyes
Than those that watched and watered with their tears,
And other hands than those whose labor lies
Deep at the root of this fair, sweet surprise.

For these long since have gone, long since made glad
By common weeds that flowered at their feet,
And quickly gave what loveliness they had,
Nor needed the slow century's ripening heat
Their crown of blossoming beauty to complete.

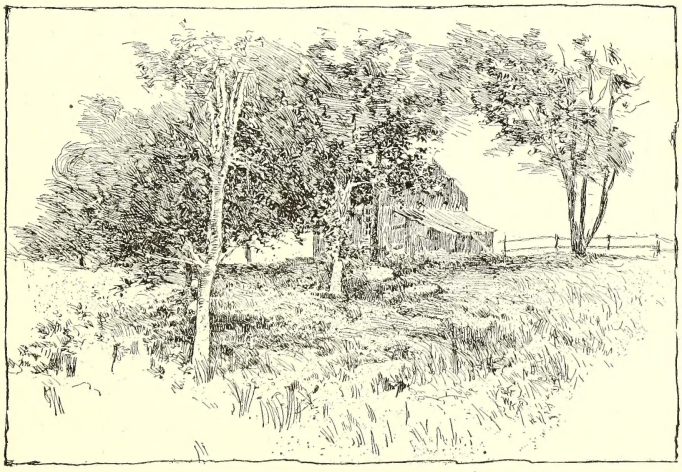
Ah, tardy triumph of a heart too proud,
Cold brow, that wore too late love's diadem,—
A nine days' marvel to the careless crowd,—
What meaning has its message—now—to them?
And the heart's flower withers on its stem.

THE QUEST OF AN ANCESTOR.

By William E. Barton.

I HAVE not always mourned the fact that I am unable, up to date, to trace my descent from the *Mayflower*. My maternal grandfather, who came from Scotland when my mother was a lassie and made his way to the prairies of Illinois on board that transformed *Mayflower*, a prairie schooner, told me when a lad that through his maternal grandmother I am descended from Alexander Selkirk. For a good many years, covering my boyhood, being a descendant of Robinson Crusoe seemed to me a thing beside which the *Mayflower* appeared very tame.

But the time came at last when I wept for more worlds to conquer. I knew that my father was the son of a soldier of 1812, whom I can just remember, and that he was the son of a Revolutionary officer whose name I bear, and that he was the son of a British soldier who died with Braddock at Fort Du Quesne. Clearly there was no *Mayflower* at the end of my paternal line. But my great-grandmother, I thought, might have been a *Mayflower* descendant. So I gave such data as I had to a society which exists for the purpose of helping people to find their ancestors, — and with this result:



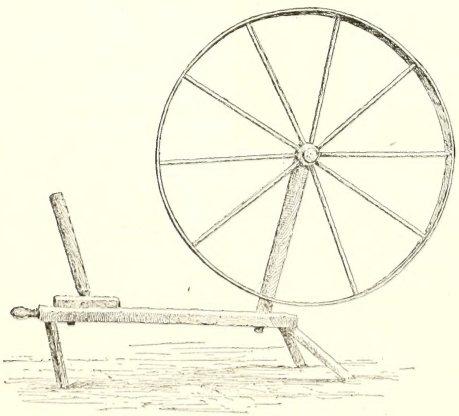
SITE OF MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S HOME.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Barton married Rhoda Carver, daughter of Joseph Carver, who was the son of Joseph Carver and Elizabeth Snow. Elizabeth Snow was the daughter of Benjamin Snow and Elizabeth Alden. Elizabeth Alden was the daughter of Joseph, the son of John Alden and his good wife Priscilla.

I will not deny the joy that I felt when my feet were thus taken out of the common clay and set on Plymouth Rock. But I was elated and sought further. That was my mistake. A man should let well enough alone. I was also studying the higher criticism. I came to see that there was some evidence of the duality of Isaiah. At last, as I found how many brave things William Barton did, I came to suspect the duality of my great-grandfather. Alas, my suspicions proved correct! There were two William Bartons,— and among the good things which my great-grandfather did, he left one undone: he did not marry Rhoda Carver. I have no fault to find with my great-grandmother, of whom I shall say more later; but just at that time I

thought that if my great-grandfather had known how anxious I was to have come over in the *Mayflower*, he would have married Rhoda Carver and let the other William Barton marry Margaret Henderson.

I have few family relics. The sword of this same great-grandfather hangs on my study wall, and it is my most priceless bit of property, loaned me by an uncle. If I knew that he would never see this article, I would confide to the gentle reader the hope that he will never call for it. And I have my grandfather's family Bible. The two seem somehow to belong together,—and I photographed them a while ago. My good wife has more relics. With what pride does she pour tea from her grandmother's teapot! I have seen her stand and dream before her great-great-grandfather's clock. He was a brother of Abraham Davenport, the hero of Whittier's poem; and this old clock kept time on the dark day in Connecticut. My wife's ancestors really came over in the *Mayflower*. But she is better than I, as every one knows. I have wondered for some time whether I could not find something more about this refractory ancestor of mine; and I determined to spend a part of my summer vacation in tracking him. So I left my good wife and the children beside a pretty lake,



MY GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S SPINNING WHEEL.

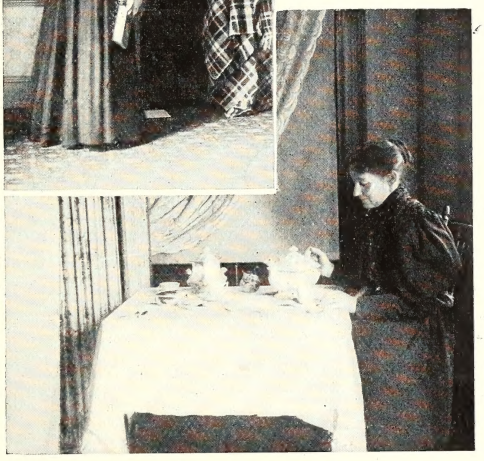
where the children play in the water, and the trees sometimes are reflected so clearly that the picture may be reversed and show almost as well. Then I set out for New Jersey.

I had learned other things about my ancestor, which I may as well tell here. He was born in England in 1755, and while yet a lad drifted into the British army. He came to America, under Gage, about 1773, and was in Boston during the disturbances that led up to the Revolution. Growing up with a love for the land where his father lay buried, and coming to it with joy, he felt increasing dissatisfaction as the war approached at the prospect of an event which might place him in arms against the men with whom his father had fought. There seemed no way out of it, and he did his duty as a British soldier. On that side he fought, but with little heart, at Lexington and Bunker Hill. When Boston was evacuated, he went with the army to Halifax, and registered a vow that, at whatever hazard, he would fight no more against the side in which now he had come to believe. On Howe's return, in July, he sought some opportunity to escape from the service which had grown irksome and false to him, but found no chance for several weeks. There followed that long series of disasters to the Colonial arms, the battles of Long Island, Harlem Heights, White Plains, and the surrender of Forts Washington and Lee. It was the darkest hour, except Valley Forge, in all the history of the Revolution. Fort Washington had fallen, and Washington was about to give up Fort Lee and begin his long retreat through the Jerseys. The Hudson River divided the armies. Then seemed his first desperate opportunity. Taking a bucket, he made his way through the lines to the river. On the way he met a mounted officer, who ordered him to return. Too eager now to be thwarted, he refused, and the officer drew his sword and struck at him. He beat the horse back with his bucket, and for a time kept the officer at bay, backing

meantime toward the river. At length the officer struck him across the face, leaving a deep scar for life; but he got the return blow with the bucket, and dismounted the officer, captured his sword, swam with it to the other side, wounded as he was, entered the Continental army, and served with honor to the close of the war. He became a lieutenant; and the sword which he wore, and which I have, is said to be the one which he captured, and bore in his teeth across the Hudson. I like to go to the Fort Lee ferry in New York and look at the river, and think of that brave fellow, wounded but desperately courageous, making his way across. Our family tradition affirms that Washington had known his father, and that he greeted the son cordially, and said some pleasant things to him about his father and himself; but these are more interesting to me than they would be to the reader. Indeed I am quite conscious that this is a very personal story altogether; but I remember that the world is made up of persons, and that persons like personal stories if they illustrate something, and that many persons besides myself, nowadays, are in quest of ancestors, and I am not without hope that some will have a warm heart for a fellow-seeker and an interest in his fortunes and perhaps get lessons from his quest.

"I HAVE SEEN HER STAND BEFORE THE CLOCK."

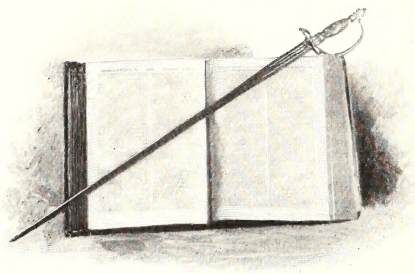




MY WIFE'S HEREDITARY CHINA.

Back in the hills of New Jersey, then, this brave man settled at the close of the Revolution,—and there he died. I went first to Morristown, the county seat, and found his will and the inventory of his estate. His wagons, horses, grain, tools and household furniture made a long list; and I was glad to read the items, for I felt confident that some of the articles listed must be in existence. And so I found it to be. A goodly number of distant relatives, who are also his descendants, but whom I had never seen, still live near his old home, and with the aid of the inventory identified various articles therein described.

"One razor," I read. "I've got that," said one third cousin. (I have it now!) "One large iron kittle." "I've got the kettle," said another. "One large spinning-wheel." "Martha's got the spinning-wheel." And so with a good many articles, which had belonged to the old Revolutionary veteran. I photographed my great-grandmother's spinning-wheel. I brought away with me my great-grandfather's old axe, and my great-grandmother's tongs, — bless her! — and a root of her favorite peony, and one of her smoothing irons, and some minor relics. I hung her old pancake griddle to a tree above the large kettle. Only the edge of its disk and the long handle show in the picture,—but it was a most interesting



"THE SWORD AND BIBLE SEEMED TO BELONG TOGETHER."

piece of kitchen furniture to me. They raise much buckwheat in that part of New Jersey, and I learned that, besides the toothsome pancakes, the dear old lady was famous for her shortcakes, baked before the open fire on that same griddle. I got one of her great-granddaughters to stand beside the extemporized fireplace, and photographed the outfit, axe, flatirons, half a cannon-ball mould from Hibernia furnace, kettle, tongs, griddle and all.

I picked up some interesting bits of gossip about my ancestor. He was a hard worker, and compelled others to work also. He was a pleasant man in his disposition, but sometimes when imposed upon, or discovering evidences of insincerity, "got very mad." He always took his bottle when he went away, and got it filled, but drank very little liquor for that day, and was never known to be the worse for it. He was a warm patriot and a good hater of King George and a great admirer of George Washington. He must have enjoyed fighting, for he left his alliterative declaration that "a fight is a frolic." I also learned about his courtship, of which anon.

By rare good fortune, I was able to identify his grave and that of his wife. By putting together what my father had told me and what two distant relatives on the ground remembered, the spot and the graves were identified to a certainty, a thing that in a few years would have been impossible. I had taken with me a Revolutionary marker and a small bronze tablet. With the help of my cousins, I obtained two granite stones, unhewn. One was nearly three feet high, practically square at the base and slightly tapering; the other was flat on two faces. I wanted nothing better. I had brought with me a stone cutter's chisel, and I had to stop and grind it often, for the rock was very hard. In one I cut the letters "W. B.," and in the other, "M. H. B." Before his headstone I fastened the marker and tablet, and covered the stone with the flag. It was perhaps crudely, certainly very simply done, but it seemed to me better to do it with my own hands, and more appropriate than to have taken there a more costly and showy and less enduring monument.

On my way back to the train, I obtained a very interesting relic of Hibernia. There was a furnace there in the days of the Revolution, and Washington depended upon it for solid shot. Now and then an excavation brings to light a rusty three-inch shot. The superintendent of the mine still in operation there gave me one of those old revolutionary cannon balls, which I was glad indeed to secure. And this brings me to the incident which I have been keeping till the last. I had known it in part all along, but I learned a little more of the detail.



THE OLD KETTLE, TONGS, GRIDDLE AND CANNON-BALL MOULD.

Toward the close of the Revolution, there was a guard at Hibernia, commanded by a lieutenant with a deep scar on his face. He was tall and gaunt and awkward and sensitive about the scar. Not till later were such things counted a source of honest pride. There was a merry-making at Hibernia, and the belle of the evening was one Margaret Henderson, a plump, vivacious little woman, and just a bit coquettish. She was descended from the Scotch-Irish immigrants to that region in the days shortly before the Revolution. The apples had been peeled and put on to cook, and the apple butter was stirring, and the room was cleared for a game. It was "Drop the handkerchief," an ancient and innocent game that has had no small share in settling the social destiny of a considerable part of the people of the republic. As they were beginning to play, the lieutenant came in and took a seat on a bench near the door. They pressed him to join the game, but he refused. He was over twenty-five, and was considered a hopeless bachelor. He eyed Margaret Henderson a little; but there were a half dozen young fellows there, some of them his own soldiers, who were fully intending to see her home that night. He drew his long legs under the bench to keep them out of the way, and watched the game.

The handkerchief was dropped behind Margaret. She took it, and walked slowly around the ring, debating in her coquettish little head behind which of the young men she should drop it. She walked entirely around the ring, and still could not make up her mind. She started a second time, and got half way round. Bless her heart, — she did not know how much was hanging on her decision! But she decided, and, turning on her heel, she flung the handkerchief full in the face of the lieutenant, and ran.



WHERE MY FATHER WAS BORN.

The lieutenant was a brave man. He was taken by surprise; but he rallied his forces, got his feet out from under the bench in an astonishingly short time, caught her half way round the ring, saw her home that night, proposed to her next day, and married her two weeks afterward.

It was a shocking thing for Mar-



HOW WE MARKED THE GRAVES.

garet to do, no doubt, and I hope that her mother scolded her properly for it. But I am glad that she did it. And I am not sorry to have made a most interesting journey to mark her grave and that of the man she married.

I found where they built their home. I drank from the pure spring beneath the hill. I found her best table, and the crane that hung over her fire. Most precious of all, I found their family Bible, with the family record intact, and I have a promise that some day it shall be mine.

So I came back from my journey of less than a week, with many pleasant memories and a better understanding of some things connected with my ancestors. I know now the rocky farm where my father was born. I know now where his father and his father's father lived, and how they lived. I have the pictures, too, and can show them to my children. I may never go there again; but I am heartily glad to have taken this journey in quest of my ancestor. I cannot help thinking that it would be a pleasant thing in this day, when we are nearly all Sons or Daughters of something or other, for a good many people to take similar trips, with stone chisels and cameras. My cousins objected to the planting of laurel on the old soldier's grave. Laurel, they said, was too common there. But I am glad to have a little growing above him, for he deserved it, and the more common such virtues as his become the better. And I am glad to think that on the grave of his plucky little wife there is to bloom next year her own favorite peony.

FIRE INSURANCE IN NEW ENGLAND.

By Charles W. Burpee.

MAN'S personal endeavors may be crowned with success for a time, he may establish a business which gives him a satisfactory return, he may have mastered the problem of material existence; but fire may come, and in an hour his hard-earned savings, the source of his income, the proud result of his ingenuity and perseverance may vanish. Experience has taught this, and few are the men who have not learned the lesson. There must have been some form of insurance in the earliest history of commerce and industry. It is well established that in the old English guilds there was a common fund, maintained by fixed periodical payments, for security against "fire, water, robbery or other calamity."

After the days of William the Conqueror, it appears that in any great calamity in England an appeal was made to the whole nation through the clergy and the parish churches. The sovereign granted to individuals the right to collect for sufferers. The first definite form of insurance we have record of, is in the presentation by some unknown person to Count Anthony Gunther of Oldenburg of a plan, by which the count should take upon himself the losses of all who should pay him one dollar annually on each one hundred dollars valuation — either in his own or other countries. The count did not desire to mix up in such matters, fearing that if he did Providence might be tempted; and the man was sent on his way with a hint that this sort of business belonged to private persons.

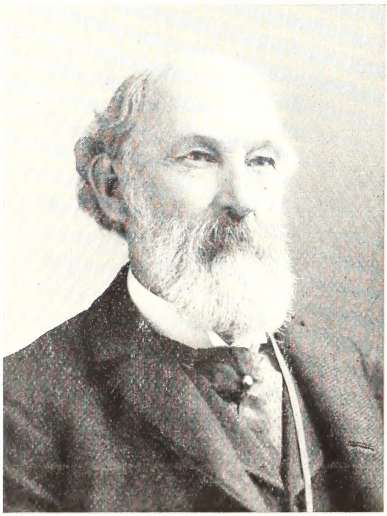


MARSHALL JEWELL.

The next record we have — though undoubtedly houses were individually insured much earlier — is when a petition for forming a fire insurance company was laid before Charles I., in 1635. Those were troublous times; life insurance might have proved a more absorbing topic for that unhappy monarch. Not till the Restoration is there further reference to the need which was demanding to be provided for as England's trade increased. Then a petition from "several persons of quality and eminent citizens of London" for forming a company was referred to Charles II.'s council. It was rejected on the ground, forsooth, that it was not reasonable that any but a city should reap profits of this kind.

Life insurance began to flourish, and there may have been fire insurance in other countries; but it can be asserted almost positively that there was none of the latter in England in 1662. It took the great fire of London, September 2, 1666, to arouse England to action. The following year Dr. Barton opened an office for assuming risks on the individual basis.

The first office in France was not opened till 1745, and in Germany — Hanover — not till 1750. Deputy Newbold had a scheme for interesting the city of London in insurance, but though he pushed it with great perseverance he met with a cold reception. In 1680 Dr. Barton's "office" became a joint stock company, England's first. It took the name of "Insurance Office for Houses." This stirred Newbold to fresh activity; history shows that insurance rivalry is as old as organized insurance itself. Newbold finally succeeded in getting what we nowadays should call "a pull," and a city company was formed. The hints we get of the hot war of rates which followed have a somewhat familiar sound. Whatever the reasons may have been, Dr. Barton's company won, and the city company went to the



GEORGE L. CHASE.
President of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company.

wall in about a year. The "office" company now became known as the Phœnix, and soon as the "Old Phœnix," in distinction from others which selected this suggestive name. Its principle was the establishment of a fund of ground rents, to answer in case of loss.

Dr. Barton's earliest vigorous rivals were the "Friendly Societies," whose tempting feature was that each subscriber should pay "toward building up the house of any contributor destroyed." All the societies learned in due season that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Placing little dependence on the night watch, they engaged men whose duty it was to do all in their power to subdue flames wherever they started. Primitive as that may seem, in the days before firemen, it is remembered with credit that one of Hartford's largest companies, in this century, set aside a sum for the payment of men for fire service; that a similar idea is carried out in Providence, and that in general insurance people have done about as much to save communities from fire as they have to make losses good.

A company was organized in London in 1704 to insure household goods; and in 1710 the renowned Sun Insurance Company came into existence, illustrating the growth of the insurance idea. This company advertised to insure movable goods, merchandise and the like. It engaged skilled men in all crafts, whose business it was to hasten to any house that was threatened and remove the goods in it. If the house bore one of the signs of the Sun Insurance Company, the men received their pay from the company, the amount being deducted from the sum paid the insured. If it was any other house, the men were to look to the proprietors of that house for remuneration according to fixed rates. For a century this company did a large business, not only in London, but in many other cities on the island.

The English companies naturally established branches in America; one in Boston is mentioned in 1724. The honor of having the first purely American company belongs to Philadelphia, where the "Philadelphia Contributionship for the Insurance of Houses from Loss by Fire" was organized in 1752. Judging by the change it made in the conditions of its



THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, HARTFORD, CONN.

insurance in the course of years, this company had some remarkable experiences, from which it deduced a peculiar maxim: it refused to accept risks on houses where there were shade trees on the premises. Thereupon some of its members left it, to set up an independent company, which was dubbed the "green tree company." Its right name was the Mutual Association Company of Philadelphia. The original company, of which Franklin was a member, continues to-day, insuring brick buildings.

The first company in New York was a mutual — the Mutual Fire Insurance Company — founded in 1787. The Knickerbocker Company came next, in 1796. British offices began to push the agency business in New York and elsewhere in 1805. The first fire insurance lawsuit in this country was brought by one John L. Sullivan; that was in 1807, and the Massachusetts Mutual Fire Insurance Company was the defendant. Steam fire engines were first used in 1829. The National Board of Fire Underwriters, which has done so much in the interests of honest insurance, came into existence in 1866.

After this preliminary history, we pass to show how the New England states, particularly Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut, have made so noteworthy a record for themselves in their achievements in fire insurance. We must understand the character of the native New Englander before we can appreciate the delay and then the comparatively slow growth at the outset. Puritan descendants of the English guildsmen had a wholesome fear of corporations; they were for independence in all things; they led isolated lives; there was small community of interests; and nothing brought them together till the Revolution came. In fire insurance they had to learn for themselves the lessons learned by people across the ocean. There were a few agencies of foreign companies, but for the most part business was done on the old individual

basis, chiefly marine. It was not till after the new government had been formed that there was much indication of a tendency to organize companies; and in general the early history of fire insurance in New England is much like that in the mother country. The rapid strides in the present century prove a striking contrast with this early hesitation and delay.

John Marion was the agent for the London societies in Boston in 1724. When business took a fresh start under the state constitution, and as the number of fires increased, the important consideration of protection for invested capital was forced home. If profits were to accrue, there was no need that they should go across the seas; and that profits would accrue was evident, as also was the fact that individual underwriting did not meet the requirements. Moreover, a vital point in insurance is prompt settlement, which was made most difficult by the distance from the London companies. The people's dread of corporate greed was conquered.

In 1784 an invitation was extended to Providence people, who already were deeply interested in insurance, to attend a meeting at the tavern of John Marston on State street, Boston. Some enthusiasm was aroused; yet the petition of Boston men in 1785 for a fire office insurance company was refused as not "for the advantage of the town." The petitioners themselves approached the subject with fear and trembling, accompanying their arguments with excuses for their boldness. The names of these pioneers were William Shattuck, William Wetmore, Jesse Putnam, John Winthrop, Jonathan Harris, William Brown, Samuel Salisbury and John Andrews. They pointed out that neighborly charity, however generous, was inadequate and too precarious to bring relief to sufferers, whereas by paying a "very inconsiderable premium, they can secure a permanent resource competent to every possible loss."

But the times were ripening. Ten years later, June 25, 1795, the legislature granted a charter for the Massachusetts Fire Insurance Company, with a capital of $300,000 and not to exceed $600,000, in shares of $100 each. The stock was to be paid in in ten annual installments. If at any time the losses exceeded the capital so far received, assessments were to be levied and $10 extra was to be paid on each share, provided always that no proprietor should be liable for more than $100 on each share. No dividends were to be declared till the losses were all paid. The company was not to insure for an amount exceeding three-quarters of the value of the property. This would seem like reaching modern times with a jump, were it not that the old-time timidity was shown by limiting the existence of the company to twelve years. The company more than fulfilling expectations, it obtained a change of name to the Massachusetts Fire and Marine Insurance Company in 1799 and an extension of time for eight years. It was required to increase its capital stock by $300,000, of which $180,000 was to be paid in. Careful restrictions were made to protect the insured,



J. D. BROWNE.
President of the Connecticut Fire Insurance Company.



From a steel engraving by John A. Lowell.

THE CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, AT HARTFORD.

among them one that $300,000 should be held for fire risks only. Furthermore — and this is the first instance of state supervision — the company must make reports to the legislature whenever called upon to do so. Further extensions of time being granted, the company continued till 1848, when it retired by its own request.

Mutual fire insurance was the more popular form, perhaps we might say more in keeping with the sentiments of the people. No company was incorporated, however, till March 1, 1798, when a charter was given to the Massachusetts Fire Insurance Company. We get here a good idea of what it was then thought a "solid" mutual company should be. After $2,000,000 had been subscribed to be insured, the corporation might insure any building in the commonwealth for seven years; if any member's loss was more than the existing funds, the directors must make an assessment; no member to pay more than two dollars for each dollar advanced by him as premium deposit. The company had a prosperous career till the Boston fire wrecked it, and within a month after that event it reorganized and continued till 1894, when it reinsured its risks and retired.

According to Nathan Warren, who has made a careful study of the subject, the Newburyport Marine Insurance Company (1790), the Boston Fire Insurance Company, and one other, five in all, completed the list for Massachusetts up to 1800. With the opening of the new century, however, insurance asserted itself. Not only were companies permitted to organize; they were welcomed. Before 1830 there were twenty-seven companies. Not many of these lived till the Boston fire in 1872, and only two of them survived that.

The question now was, How shall insurance companies be controlled? rather than, Shall charters be granted?



THE NATIONAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, HARTFORD.

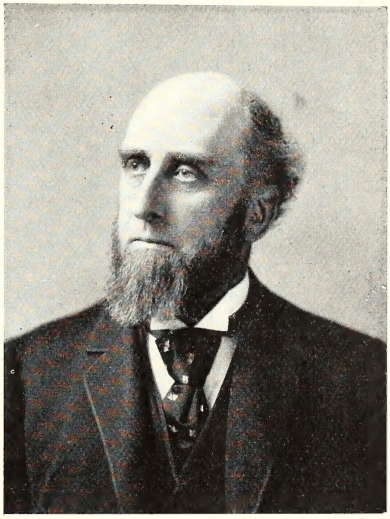
A new kind of laws was called for. Among the earliest of these laws was one, passed in 1807, requiring a statement of stock paid in, the character of investments and the amount of outstanding risks. Eleven years after that, the powers and duties of marine companies, with their restrictions, were defined by statute. It was decreed that not over ten per cent of the capital stock should be written on any one risk, and that annual statements should be made. Until 1820, right to insure against fire was delegated by special charter; in that year a law was passed giving all companies the authority to engage in this branch of the business. Dissatisfaction having made itself felt, it was, in 1827, forbidden that policies should be written with foreign companies with less than $2,000,000 capital, or ever for more than ten per cent of the capital. Five years later a further restriction was made by requiring agents of foreign companies to give bonds of $5,000, to make returns of all business done, and to pay a tax of one and one-half per cent on premium receipts. Mutual companies were allowed in 1835 to issue policies in Massachusetts for seven years for three-quarters value, when the company had $50,000 subscribed to be insured, every policy to constitute a lien on property insured for the purpose of securing the deposit notes and any lawful assessment. In 1837 all companies were required to make annual returns to the secretary of state, instead of to the treasurer, as previously. The first official insurance report was issued by Secretary John P. Bigelow in 1838. It covered only the Massachusetts stock companies, of which there were forty-eight, including twenty-nine in

Boston. Ten companies failed to report. The aggregate capital was $9,415,000, and the outstanding risks amounted to $139,000,000.

The legislature of 1849 granted permission to the mutual companies to go into all New England states and New York. The year 1860 marked the inauguration of factory insurance in Massachusetts. The experiment first tried in Rhode Island in 1835 had proved eminently successful, and the only wonder is that the results had not been more quickly appreciated by manufacturing New England as a whole. In this year, 1860, the industrial concerns in Lowell were allowed to contract with each other for mutual protection against fire, and the Boston Manufacturers Fire Insurance Company was organized in Boston.

In 1852 the state secretary, treasurer and auditor were designated as the Board of Insurance Commissioners. The insurance department, bringing all the insurance business under the supervision of three commissioners, was established in 1855, being the first in the country, and a tremendous step forward it was. Of the 154 fire and marine insurance companies then doing business in the state, 113 were home companies, 41 came from other states, and 5 were foreign. Of the Massachusetts companies, 34 were stock companies, and Boston was the home of 19 of them. The aggregate paid up capital was $6,386,100, and the amount of outstanding risks was $185,000,000. Fifteen of the companies were mutual marine and mutual fire and marine, of which 7 were in Boston. The assets of all were $6,398,389, with outstanding risks of $130,000,000. Mutual fire companies numbered 69, including 11 in Boston, and the aggregate risks of all were $200,089,637. Not a few outside companies were utterly unreliable and depended on fraudulent methods. These the department quickly drove out. All companies seeking to do business in the state were obliged to show $1,000,000 in cash funds and $1,000,000 in deposit notes, and new Massachusetts companies were prohibited from going outside the state. The insurance laws of Massachusetts are frequently taken as models by the legislatures of other states. The first codification of them is dated 1854.

Periodically since the days of Dr. Barton's "office" in London municipal control of insurance has been urged by this or that reformer. The stand taken by Massachusetts on the subject is worthy of study. The first serious agitation in this direction was in 1860. The insurance commissioners announced it as their opinion that good insurance companies were sufficient,



JAMES NICHOLS.
President of the National Fire Insurance Company.

though a system might be devised by which the companies should give a bonus (on a fixed ratio) to the firemen. Then the Virginia and Maine as well as the Massachusetts legislatures began to show a tendency to favor state insurance — not being so afraid of tempting Providence as was Count Anthony Gunther. In Massachusetts the subject was referred to the insurance commissioner, who reported emphatically that state insurance was not wise unless it should appear that regular fire offices lacked honor and



THE ÆTNA FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, HARTFORD.

integrity, which was not the case. The plan was opposed to the spirit of republican institutions and opened the doors for politicians and placemen. To quote from the report:— "The results of such loose and extra-hazardous method of underwriting as would be likely to follow are not difficult to predict. The state would thus hold out the strongest possible incentive to wholesale fraud and incendiarism. Moreover, these crimes would be encouraged, under such a system, by that lax sentiment of public morality which, as in the case of smuggling or false invoicing by respectable importers, does not scruple to defraud the government, so boundless in resources, of its dues; while the same persons, as a general rule, are strictly honorable in their private dealings and would shrink from dishonest action between man and man. Hence, in order to meet its inevitable losses on the score of incendiarism, bred and born of such a system, the state would either be compelled to raise its premium rates above the present standard of our private stock companies — thus exploding the delusive idea of state insurance — or it would have to meet this deficiency by falling back upon revenue from other sources. The manifest injustice to general taxpayers which the latter method would inaugurate would not long be tolerated, since the large class of heavy contributors to the state treasury either do not count among their possessions any insurable property, or that property (suburban residences and farmhouses, for instance) is so secure and isolated in its position that it would not be fair to tax it for the benefit of such as may be exposed to the dangers of a sweeping conflagration. The fundamental principle of reciprocity upon which all equitable insurance is

based would be clearly violated by such an alternative." At the same time the commissioner pointed out evils in mutual insurance as conducted. As to municipal insurance, the law of 1872 — the year of the Boston fire — provided that there must be $50,000 in subscriptions before policies could be issued. The legislature of 1873 investigated this matter and the commissioner reported that the requisite amount of subscriptions should be $500,000, as with the mutual companies.

The Chicago fire in 1871 and the Boston fire in 1872 made an epoch in Massachusetts insurance, not only as to the companies themselves, but as to legislation. By the Chicago fire 106 companies doing business in Massachusetts lost $56,000,000, or about one-half of the total loss. Twenty-three Massachusetts companies lost $4,471,500; yet only 3 had to suspend, and the other 20 had a surplus of over $10,000,000 after losses were paid. And that was a bad year, too, for the marine insurers. The disaster of the Arctic whaling fleet, chiefly a Massachusetts enterprise, entailed a loss of $860,000 on three New Bedford companies.



WILLIAM B. CLARK.
President of the Ætna Fire Insurance Company.

The flames in Boston in 1872 ate up $80,000,000 worth of property. Of the $56,000,000 insurance, only $37,000,000 was paid by the 192 companies. No insurance man in Boston at that time will ever forget that day. The losses for the 52 Massachusetts companies footed up $35,500,000. Twenty-six of the 32 companies that went into insolvency were Massachusetts companies, four mutuals and 22 joint-stock companies. Of the latter, one-half managed to pull through in time. Among those that failed were some of the oldest and most reliable in the land, paying magnificent dividends on the investments of hundreds of people who had no other dependence. Their combined capital was $6,000,000. The highest percentages of losses paid were as follows: the Massachusetts, 100; the Boot and Shoe Manufacturers Mutual, 90; the Bay State, 89.7; and the Mechanics, 85. The lowest percentage was 20, by the Franklin.

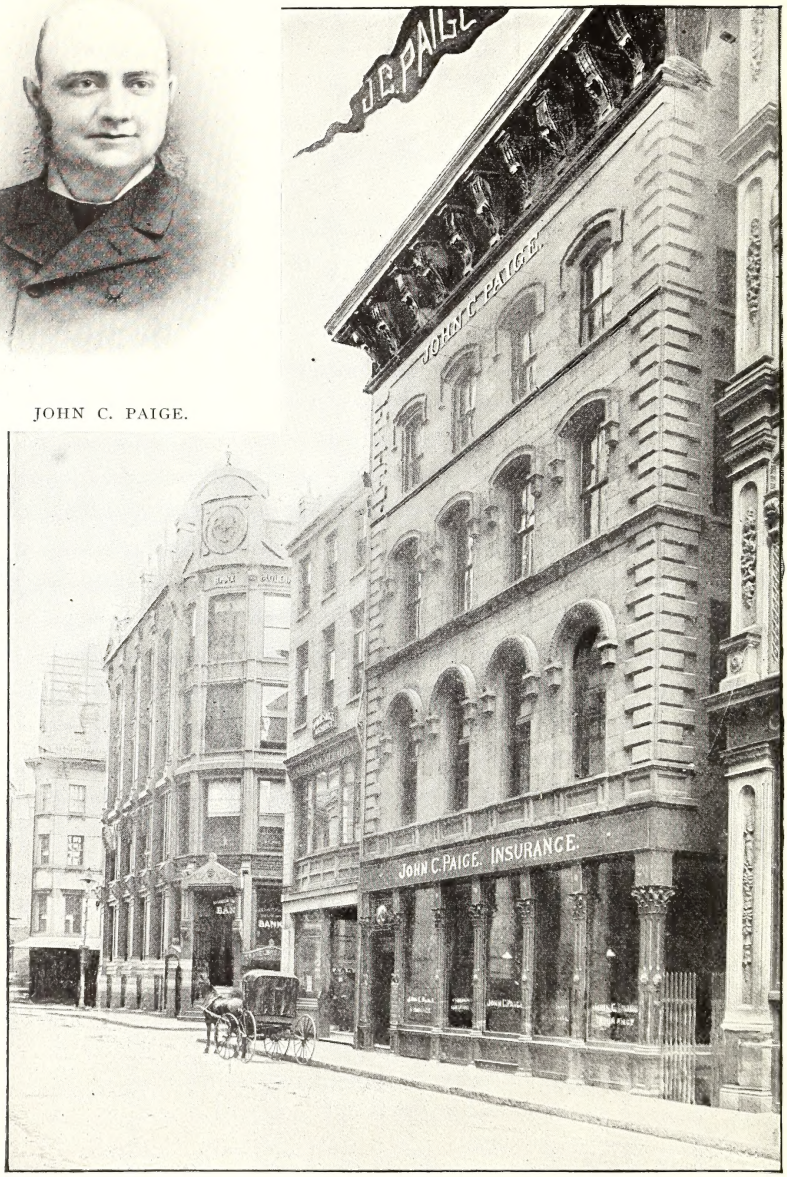
The legislature was called together in special session. A bill was put through immediately, allowing underwriting by companies without special charter, by mutual companies with a capital of from $100,000 to $300,000, and by mutual marine companies with a permanent fund of not less than $400,000. The mutual companies were required to have $500,000 subscribed.

Advocates of municipal insurance came to the front with renewed zeal, and a law was passed allowing towns and cities of less than 4,000 inhabitants to form themselves into insurance companies, while in towns and cities of over 4,000 population, fire insurance districts were authorized within the limits of the amount of insurance in each district. Courage revived when Deputy Stephen H. Rhodes, acting commissioner, secured statements from all the companies that carried the Boston insurance. Particularly gratifying was the good news from Connecticut.

Another result of the fire was the passage of a general law increasing the amount of paid-up capital re-



JOHN C. PAIGE.



THE JOHN C. PAIGE BUILDING, BOSTON.

quired. Dividends were limited, but at the same time a capitalization of surplus was allowed, in the interests of both the stockholder and the policyholder. A new system was inaugurated also with the foreign companies, the department taking full supervision of all their business. This was an innovation for America.

With the companies themselves, it had been demonstrated that premiums were too low, and rates were increased and revised. The variety in the forms of policies caused trouble, so that in

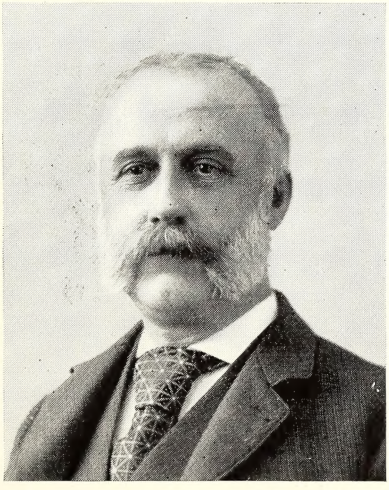
1873 a standard form was prescribed by law. In 1881 this form was altered somewhat, to make it more elastic and also to provide for arbitration. This is the form in use at the present day, and it has been followed by several other states. Another act of that legislature was to remove the three-quarters restriction on mutual companies and to permit them to insure for full value, like the stock companies.

There have been times when it seemed as if incendiarism were the attendant curse of fire insurance. For years there has been constant work on the part of the companies to eradicate this evil — mostly due to over-insurance and competition in rates; and all sorts of methods have been resorted to, perhaps with too much timidity about contesting claims in court. The Massachusetts commissioners in 1862, Elizur Wright and George W. Sargent, called attention to the danger of too many companies and agents, and suggested consolidation as a remedy. In 1865 they declared that the public suffered more from fully insured men than from burglars. The stock companies, they held, suffered little, as fires raised rates "as surely as the moon does the tides." With mutual companies, they contended, over-insurance was prevented by statute, every proprietor being required to bear one-quarter of the risk of a total loss. Moreover, every one insured in a mutual is a co-proprietor and is on the watch.

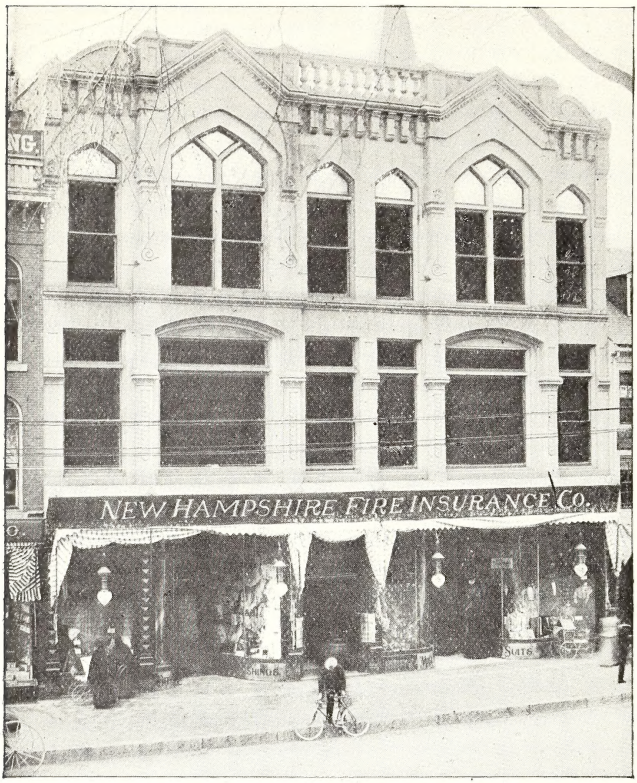
Evidently in order to make good to the community the weak point with insurance companies as to prosecution in the courts, Massachusetts in 1894 established the office of fire marshal, whose duty it should be to investigate all fires in the state, with power to arrest and also to attend to the matter of protection from fire. The state was divided into ten districts, and officers were detailed to hold inquests whenever necessary. The wisdom of this course was soon demonstrated. There had been an enormous amount of incendiarism, as is shown by the reports, mostly due to over-insurance.

There are now 203 companies doing business in Massachusetts, as follows: 6 state stock companies for fire only, 58 for fire and marine, 100 mutuals, and 39 foreign companies.

Rhode Island, which state in many ways has led in insurance, did not have a company till the close of the last century. Private underwriting was done in Providence by Stephen Hopkins, John Garnish, Joseph Lawrence and Thomas Manchester in 1756. Henry Paget was added to the number in 1762. In 1794 John Mason in Providence started a business "upon such principles and under such regulations as were established by the principle merchants of this town, at a regular meeting, which are nearly similar to those established in Boston." It was a typical "Lloyd" business and had its origin, like the Lloyd of London, in a coffee house. Each man put down his name with the amount to be insured by him at the end of a policy stating the conditions. Judging by the character of the business done in Rhode Island at that time, this probably was mostly marine insurance. Joseph Lawrence, Mason's competitor, put his



GEORGE P. FIELD.



THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING, MANCHESTER.

price for a policy at one dollar, with no other office fees, and guaranteed that in case of loss no deduction should be made from the sum insured.

Mason's company grew into the Providence Insurance Company, of which he was the first president, with William Hail Mason as secretary. The organization was on February 3, 1799, the capital was $150,000, and marine insurance was the only kind handled. The Newport Insurance Company was launched the same year, but soon found the seas too tempestuous. Though there had been a previous attempt, no mutual company was established till 1800, when the Providence Mutual Insurance Fire Company began to bid for business. Lawrence was back of this company. It sought subscriptions for insurance on one hundred houses with payment of twenty-five cents on every one hundred dollars. This was the first distinctive fire insurance work in the state; and the company has continued it with success to this day.

The Washington Fire Insurance Company, which was destined to consolidate with the Providence Fire Insurance Company in the well-known Providence Washington Company of to-day, dates from January, 1800, when its capital was $100,000, quickly increased by $10,000. E. L. Watson, who has delved in the old records of Rhode Island companies, noted a peculiar custom of the early directors of this company — early in a double sense. They held their meetings at six o'clock every Tuesday evening, and they were so annoyed by the tardiness of some of their number that



JOHN C. FRENCH.
President of New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company.

they adopted a rule making tardiness punishable by the payment of a quart of porter. Richard Jackson was the first president and George Benson secretary. The company placed an agency in New London, allowing two and a half per cent commission. The Bristol Insurance Company, organized in Bristol in 1800, took slaveship risks, and ended its career in 1803.

Rhode Island suffered terribly by the war of 1812, and most of her insurance companies were forced to the wall. But as soon as peace was declared, more companies were formed, and nine more before 1821. The Providence and Washington consolidation took place in 1817, with a capital of $132,000, and a new charter was taken out in 1820. As the Providence Fire Insurance Company, chartered in 1818, never had organized, the directors of the consolidated company resolved to work the fire field. To-day the company has a fine building of its own and a name that is known far and wide.

The history of manufacturers' insurance in Rhode Island is full of interest. Zachariah Allen of Providence owned a cotton mill in Allensdale, which had been built as nearly fireproof as possible, even to laying the shingles in mortar. A heating apparatus was put in and the stoves removed, and finally the best known devices for extinguishing fire were provided. Then Mr. Allen confidently asked for a reduction in his rates. The only reply was that cotton mill rates would continue at two and a half per cent. "Then," said Mr. Allen, "cotton mills will insure themselves." He laid his methods before other manufacturers, and before long the Manufacturers Mutual was started, with Amasa Mason as president and John H. Ormsbee as secretary. When policies were written at a rate lower than the old companies could think of, there were many prophecies of failure, and even though the first year yielded a dividend of fifty per cent the wise ones shook their heads. There were indeed losses and assessments in the second year, but the principle was accepted by manufacturers in other places, and eventually the great manufacturers' mutual system was the result. It is said that none of the companies in that system has had to levy an assessment since the second year of Mr. Allen's pioneer company. The reason is to be found in the strict requirements as to construction and fire apparatus. The original company was soon followed by the Firemen's Mutual, the State Mutual, the Blackstone, the Mechanics, the What Cheer, the Merchants, the Enterprise, the Hope, the American and the Mercantile, all of which are successful to-day.

The Rhode Island insurance commissioners office was established in 1859, with power to examine any company whose solvency was doubtful. At first there were three commissioners, but the number was reduced to one. The leading mutual companies formed were more successful than in some of the other states. The Union Mutual, which takes risks only on dwellings and contents, and the American Mutual Fire and Steam Boiler Insurance Company, which changed its name to the Providence Mutual and Steam Boiler, are good examples. The Insurance Association of Providence was organized by the underwriters in 1883, to prevent fraudulent practices. The Providence Protective Department is a voluntary association of underwriters for the maintenance of a salvage corps, and consists now of two companies, which are practically a portion of the regular municipal fire department, though supported by insurance funds. There are to-day 147 fire insurance companies doing business in Rhode Island, of which 30 are Rhode Island companies.

A group of men were engaged in fire insurance under a company name in Hartford before there was any chartered company in the state of Connecticut. The agents were Peleg Sanford and Daniel Wadsworth, and the

name of the company which they signed for was the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. This was in 1794. The association proving successful, the group of private individuals was enlarged the following year by adding to the list the names of Colonel Jeremiah Wadsworth of Revolutionary fame, John Caldwell and John Morgan, and also Elias Shipman of New Haven. The new name was the Hartford and New Haven Insurance Company. Mr. Shipman not long afterward removed his interests to New Haven, where he set up the New Haven Insurance Company, which flourished from 1795 to 1833. Sanford and Wadsworth dissolved partnership in 1798, which ended the Hartford company.

Ezekiel Williams, Jr., had by this time built up considerable business in marine insurance, encouraged by the members of the other association. But as commerce increased it was found that there were serious disadvantages in the Lloyd system which was being followed, since subscribers developed a faculty of keeping out of sight except when dividends were due. Consequently, in October, 1803, the gentlemen interested secured a charter, and the Hartford Insurance Company was organized to do marine business. In 1825 it became the Protection Insurance Company. Marine companies were also established in New London, Norwich and Middletown. The war of 1812 wrecked marine business. The Norwich company went into fire insurance, the Hartford became the Protection as stated above, and the others that had been formed previous to the war gave up.

Mutual insurance in Connecticut has been exceptionally successful, largely because of conservative men and methods. The Mutual Association Company of the city of Norwich started in the untried field in May, 1795, and it is doing business to-day along the lines it then adopted. Each person joining was to pay on the sum insured by him a premium of one-half of one per cent the first year, one-third the second, and one-fourth the third and thereafter. When the profits had amounted to £2,000, the surplus was to be divided annually. If everything was swept away by a single loss, the members were to contribute not exceeding one per cent on the amounts insured by each. Growth was slow. It was almost twenty years before the first surplus was divided. But it was a sort of a family affair, every person insured being known to the officers of the company and to each other. The meetings were held in the court house, and partook of the nature of a town meeting. Policy number one is still in force. The assets to-day are $13,000; only dwelling houses are insured, and no risk of over $1,000 is taken, and there is no desire to extend business. A similar experiment in New Haven in 1801 failed miserably.

The first stock company to go outside of the state for risks was the Norwich Marine, which became the Norwich Fire in 1818. The Chicago fire destroyed it. This left the Hartford Insurance Company the oldest in the field, it having been incorporated in 1810, with a capital of $150,000, and with General Nathaniel Terry as its president. Its chief investment was in the stock of the Hartford Bank, which was established in 1792. As has been remarked by Secretary Woodward of the Hartford Board of Trade, one thing which has had much to do with making Hartford one of the foremost insurance centres in the world is the high character of the men who established its companies and who have maintained them. This company is an illustration. It took risks almost at the outset for one-third more than its entire assets, yet each risk was so carefully placed that there was no anxiety. The second year of its existence it tried placing agents in outlying towns, and ten years thereafter was encouraged to go still farther. The secretary, Walter Mitchell, in whose office the business was done, received a salary of $300,

and $30 a year rent. The president had no salary till 1823, when he got $200. The company went on the principle that the secret of success in insurance is to insure; whenever there was a fire in which the losses were particularly heavy, the officers hurried to the place and let it be known that the Hartford stood ready to pay all claims. It was seldom that they went away from the place without taking more insurance. The Chicago fire loss, $1,968,225, was paid in full by the help of the company's old standby, the Hartford Bank, and of the Connecticut Mutual Life. The loss of $485,356 in the Boston fire was paid out of the current receipts. A stock dividend of twenty-five per cent was paid out of the profits in 1877, raising the capital to $1,250,000, at which figure it now stands. In 1870 the present handsome office building was erected, and enlarged in 1897.

The New Haven Fire Insurance Company, incorporated in 1813, was absorbed by the Hartford in 1819. The Middletown Fire, incorporated in 1813, was taken up by the Ætna of Hartford, which came into existence in May, 1819. The reason for starting the Ætna was peculiar. Secretary Mitchell of the Hartford lived in Wethersfield, and he was so erratic about his business hours that he exasperated the enterprising men of Hartford, till they resolved to have a fire insurance company of their own. The capital was $150,000. The company at an early date began to push its agencies. When the Protection Company gave up its business, it left an opening in the West, which the Ætna quickly filled; and since then it has continued to expand. In 1866 its capital was increased to $300,000. Full of ambition to be the largest company in the country, it issued 10,000 new shares at par in 1881, bringing its capital up to the present figure, $4,000,000. Mr. Woodward says that to it belongs the credit of first using outline charts, out of which grew the invaluable system of Sanborn maps. To meet its loss of $3,782,000 by the Chicago fire, it reduced its capital one-half, and at once built it up again by cash payments of $1,500,000. The Boston fire loss, $1,635,067, was met with a further contribution of $1,000,000 from the shareholders. The City Fire Insurance Company of Hartford was destroyed by the Chicago fire.

The Connecticut Fire Insurance Company of Hartford is another company which has prospered by honest, conservative management. With a capital of $200,000 when it started in 1850, it now has a capital of $1,000,000, assets of ever three and one-half millions, and one of the handsomest buildings in the city for its home. The Phœnix is still another of the same kind, founded by Henry Kellogg in 1854 with a capital of $100,000. Its advance has been remarkable. When the Chicago disaster brought it losses of $937,219.23, it had assets of $1,900,000. Governor Marshall Jewell, who was connected with the company, appeared among the smoking ruins of the city, and in a short speech announced that the Phœnix was ready to give its check in full for every proved claim. The Boston fire caused no trouble whatever. The capital today is $2,000,000. Like the other companies, the Phœnix has an elegantly equipped building.

The Merchants Company having been ruined by the Chicago fire, the National Fire Insurance Company, just starting, decided to continue its business, and despite the sudden reverse by the Boston fire has taken its place among the first of Hartford companies. It has a beautiful building, erected in 1893. To complete the list of Hartford stock companies, mention is to be made of the Orient, succeeding the City in 1871, with a capital of $100,000.

To show that mutual insurance can be reliable and successful when properly conducted, reference may be made to the Hartford County Mutual Company, organized in May, 1831, modest and careful always, and with a

name as good as gold. Further evidence is to be found in the Middlesex Mutual Association Company of Middletown, chartered in May, 1836, and a success from the first. The New London Company is still another mutual company which has had a long and honorable career, having been organized in 1840. The State Mutual of Hartford is the youngest, but gives excellent promise.

The office of the insurance commissioner in Connecticut was created by law in 1865, but the department was not established till 1871. Since then it has been foremost in promoting true insurance interests. Its report this year indicates the care that is always taken by the department. The national convention of Insurance Commissioners of the United States last year adopted a form for annual statements which the Connecticut department has accepted. It shows for each company, as the underwriting and investment exhibit, the net premiums received during the year, the interest earned, the net losses incurred, the expenses, the loss for the year, the amounts remitted to the home office, the surplus at the end of the year, the per cent of the total net losses incurred to the net premiums earned, and the per cent of the total expenses incurred to the total of the net premiums earned. This is followed by tables of statistics, which the Connecticut office has been publishing for some years. They cover: 1, capital, assets, liability, surplus and per cent of assets to amount at risk; 2, items composing assets; 3, items composing the liabilities; 4, income during the year; 5, items composing the expenditures; 6, income, expenditures, premiums received, commissions paid during the year; 7, fire risks, premiums, losses incurred and per cent thereof; 8, fire insurance transferred in Connecticut during the year; 9, fire risks written, premiums received and average premium per cent in last three years; 10, marine and inland business; 11, summary comparison of fire business (including mutuals) in Connecticut for the past twenty years; 12, summary comparison of condition of fire insurance companies authorized in Connecticut from 1878 to 1898. And this gives but a feeble idea of the carefulness in detail essential for the insurer and the insured. The report just issued shows 142 companies doing business in the state. Of these the number of Connecticut stock companies is 9; mutuals, 17; outside stock companies, 75; outside mutuals, 6; foreign companies, 35.

Maine had little insurance of its own till 1868, although the laws had been favorable since 1821. After the state banks had been taxed out of existence, Governor Chamberlain in 1868 recommended the appointment of a bank and insurance examiner. Albert W. Paine was appointed. In the face of considerable opposition, he made two distinct departments of banking and insurance. In 1895 a law was passed requiring that fire inquests in every municipality should be reported, and a fire inspector was ordered in every town of more than 2,000 inhabitants to examine buildings in process of erection and to give directions as to precautions. A tax of two per cent is levied on all premiums received by foreign companies in excess of losses actually paid during the year. There are 145 companies doing business in the state, divided as follows: home mutuals, 48; Maine stock, 2; stock companies of other states, 64; mutuals of other states, 3; foreign companies, 28.

The first New Hampshire fire insurance companies were mutuals, and they proved very unsatisfactory. Three commissioners made the first report in 1852. The first regular company established, not chartered, was the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company of Manchester, in 1869. Governor E. A. Straw was the president, Governor James A. Weston, vice-president, G. B. Chandler, treasurer. The success of the company has carried its name into almost every

part of the country, and it has made an annual progressive growth for twenty-eight years.

In 1885 laws were passed forbidding the transfer of suits from the state to the United States courts, forbidding combinations of companies and the use of any but valued policies on buildings, and decreeing that wrong descriptions of warranties should not invalidate unless fraudulently given. Such legislation caused the out-of-state companies to withdraw at once. As a result of that, twelve mutuals were established, and the greatest precautions were taken against fire. At length the old companies went back, but declined to take farm buildings as risks. The failure of the People's Fire Insurance Company of Manchester in 1893 was a memorable event. The company was wrecked by the president and treasurer, and three hundred stockholders lost everything.

The total number of companies at work in the state is 94, of which 33 are mutuals and 6 are New Hampshire stock companies. The aggregate paid-up capital of the stock companies is $1,475,000.

What are known as the cash mutuals charge a full cash premium, and in addition insert a stipulation in the policy that once or twice the amount of the premium paid can be assessed on the policy-holders if necessary to pay losses. The county and town mutuals collect no premiums, but depend wholly on assessments to pay the losses as they occur.

The Grange Mutual, whose business is confined wholly to the members of that order, charge a cash premium of one-half of one per cent of the amount insured, and in addition a premium note of three per cent of the amount insured, upon which an assessment can be made when necessary.

Vermont people made good their fire losses in the last century by means of the lottery. Then companies were chartered and organized to extinguish fires. The Vermont Fire Insurance Company was organized in 1827. Daniel Baldwin, long chief engineer of the Montpelier fire department, was the prime mover in this enterprise. Associated with him were Thomas Reed, Jr., James H. Langdon, Joshua Y. Vail and Chester Hubbard. The company was required to pay the state a tax of six per cent of its profits. Its first modest office cost $1,177.33; its present structure cost $48,000. Until recently representatives from each town in the state, when they went to attend the legislature, made it their first duty, says Joseph A. DeBoer, to carry into the treasurer of the company the assessments of the company from their towns, by them sent to pay their "insurance tax," a service gratuitously rendered by the representatives. The annual meeting was held early in the session; the representatives were also the representatives of the company. The insurance department was organized in 1852, and the first report was issued in 1869. In all 47 companies are placing insurance in Vermont. Of these all are from outside the state except three, and of these two are mutuals. The policies of the mutuals are mainly for five years.

The foreign fire insurance companies which do business in New England are so many in number, so great in influence and so large a factor in the making of New England insurance history, that an article on the fire insurance of New England without mention of them would be incomplete, indeed.

There are thirty-four foreign companies now regularly admitted to do business in some or all of the New England states. They include nearly all the great companies of the world. Until recently many companies contented themselves with having a representative in this country and received "surplus lines," but recent laws restricting the opportunities of the surplus line company, together with the great competition for business and, above all, the splendid future which

far-seeing managers saw awaited this country, caused the strong companies who were on the outside to come properly into the fold, and quite recently half a dozen English and German companies have chosen United States trustees, deposited $300,000 or $500,000 with the treasurer of some leading state, and regularly applied for admission to the chief states of the Union.

Of the thirty-five companies doing business here, twenty-seven are British. They have assets of seventy-five millions of dollars and a surplus above all liabilities (including capital) of over thirty-two millions of dollars. These figures are constantly changing, and are greater now than when the records from which they were taken were made up, but this suffices to show the magnitude and strength of the foreign corporations.

In the year 1897 all the stock fire insurance companies doing business in the United States wrote risks with premiums amounting to $124,132,687, and of this the foreign companies obtained $42,494,120, or about 34 per cent of the whole. In New England the foreign companies wrote even a larger percentage of the business. All companies together took in New England premiums amounting to $12,928,406, and of this amount foreign companies captured $4,832,645, or about 37 per cent of the whole.

It is a matter of history that the foreign companies obtained their prestige through the magnificent manner in which those who were here in 1872 settled their losses at the great Boston fire. It is true that their losses were not as great as those of the Boston companies; but the princely way of dealing with the property owners impressed everyone, and the foreign corporations will never be forgotten by those who held their policies in 1872. To the Boston manager of the Royal of Liverpool at that time the English manager cabled: "Delighted to hear our loss is only a million; help the sufferers and push the business vigorously." Added to this, while financial death and dismay met home companies at every turn, not a single foreign company of the first or second rank failed to pay one hundred cents on the dollar of every claim.

The first great English companies to enter the United States were the Liverpool and London and Globe and the Royal Insurance Company of Liverpool. They came in 1850 and 1851 respectively. They started in a small way, but to-day the Royal has funds in this country for the exclusive protection of American policy holders amounting to nearly eight millions of dollars, and if a succession of calamities should eat this up, as much of the fifty-one millions held on the other side would be sent over as may be needed.

The North British and Mercantile of Edinburgh is the next oldest foreign company here, coming in 1866, and two years later the great Imperial of London came. This company took a great impetus in New England when the late John C. Paige of Boston became United States manager, and the success it then had has been continued by his successors, who still represent it in Massachusetts. The Imperial has two millions of dollars here, and the millions in the company's vaults on the other side are ready when needed. In 1871 the Lancashire entered the United States; and in 1872 the London Assurance Corporation and the Commercial Union of London were admitted. Other companies followed quickly, and within the past three years seven or eight English and German companies have made their deposits and started in to do a regular agency business.

Here are a few figures which serve to show the part foreign fire companies play in the New England field. One hundred and twenty-four companies from all places took in New England in 1897 the following premiums:

Massachusetts	$8,825,281
Maine	1,554,500
New Hampshire	974,246
Rhode Island	1,073,043
Vermont	501,336

Thirty-five foreign companies took in the same states as follows:

Massachusetts	$3,105,839
Maine	417,879
New Hampshire	204,572
Vermont	116,062
Rhode Island	339,336
Connecticut	648,957

This amount of $4,832,645, being the New England premiums in 1897, is over one-third of all the premiums taken from New England by all classes of companies. Of this amount the Royal of Liverpool wrote about 12 per cent of all the business written in foreign companies.

The two houses in New England which have had the greatest influence on the business in New England, and which to-day do the largest business in these states are Field & Cowles and John C. Paige & Co. Both these houses are in Boston, and they do the largest business in the city.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters was established in 1866, at a time when the Portland fire had emphasized the need of controlling cut-throat competition. It was apparent that large companies were being undermined and becoming unreliable. This body has exercised a strong influence for good. Nearly every state and large city now has its board of fire underwriters to regulate rates and to attend to other matters of general interest. The New England Board of Fire Underwriters, with headquarters in Boston, is to New England what the national board is to the whole country. One of the beneficial results obtained is uniformity in policies. In special cases variations from the standard are printed separately and pasted upon the policy.

It is held that combinations as regards rating are to be commended when based on an analysis of the results of insurance. But there are limits to this, fixed always by the possibility that if the rates are unreasonably high, members of the combination will break away and adopt a schedule of their own. Much has been heard in recent years about combinations to rob the people. Color for such rumor should be studiously avoided. It had its origin, no doubt, in the attempt to get companies onto a better paying basis, it being a notorious fact that for some years insurance capital in general has brought poor return.

Perpetual fire insurance has never been popular in New England. The North America of Boston issued a few such policies, and some have been given by British underwriters. They are based usually on about ten annual premiums. It appears to New England people that deposits from perpetual insurance cannot be apportioned, but must go into convertible securities, where they may be returned on three days' notice; only the interest can be used for dividends, and there are likely to be sudden demands at any time, which may prove embarrassing.

Co-insurance has been adopted quite generally within the past few years as a means of protecting companies. In the beginning it developed considerable opposition, and is still a subject of legislative debate. By the conditions of this plan, the insured assumes part of the risk and in return gets a special rate.

It is clear that insurance in New England has been advanced steadily by the thoughtfulness and energy of the best class of men; and while there is more or less clashing as to details in the different states, the general insurance interest is on a sound and secure basis, affording the secure protection which business and society demand.

A LAST ASSEMBLING.

By Alice Brown.

THIS happened in what Dilly Joyce, in deference to a form of speech, was accustomed to call her young days; though really her spirit seemed to renew itself with every step, and her body was to the last a willing instrument. She lived in a happy completeness which allowed her to carry on the joys of youth into the maturity of years. But things did happen to her from twenty to thirty-five which could never happen again. When Dilly was a girl, she fell in love, and was very heartily and honestly loved back again. She had been born into such willing harmony with natural laws, that this in itself seemed to belong to her life. It partook rather of the faithfulness of the seasons than of human tragedy or strenuous overthrow. Even so early she felt great delight in natural things; and when her heart turned to Jethro Moore, she had no doubt whatever of the straightness of its path. She trusted all the primal instincts without knowing she trusted them. She was thirsty; here was water, and she drank. Jethro was a little older than she, the son of a minister in a neighboring town. His father had marked out his plan of life; but Jethro had had enough to do with the church on hot summer Sundays, when *fourthly* and *sixthly* lulled him into a pleasing coma, and when even the shimmer of Mrs. Chase's shot silk failed to awaken his deep eyes to their accustomed delight in fabric and color. To him the church was a concrete and very dull institution: to his father it was a city set on a hill, whence a shining path led direct to God's New Jerusalem. Therefore it was easy enough for the boy to say he preferred business, and that he wanted Uncle Silas to take him into his upholstery shop; and he never, so long as he lived, understood his father's tragic silence over the choice. He had broken the succession in a line of priests; but it seemed to him that he had simply told what *he* wanted to do for a living. So he went away to the city, — and news came flying back of his wonderful fitness for the trade. He understood colors, fabrics, design; he had been sent abroad for ideas, and finally he was despatched to the Chicago house, to oversee the business there. Thus it was many years before Dilly met him again; but they remained honestly faithful, each from a lovely simplicity of nature, but a simplicity quite different in kind. Jethro did not grow rich very fast (Uncle Silas saw to that), but he did prosper, and he was ready to marry his girl long before she owned herself ready to marry him. She took care of a succession of aged relatives, all afflicted by a strange and interesting diversity of trying diseases; and then, after the last death, she settled down, quite poor, in a little house on the Tiverton Road, and "went out nussin'," the profession for which her previous life had fitted her. With a careless generosity, she made over to her brother the old farm house where they were born, because he had a family and needed it. But he died, and was soon followed by his wife and child; an now Dilly was quite alone with the house and the family debts. The time had come, wrote Jethro, for them to marry. She was free, at last, and he had enough. Would she come? Dilly answered quite frankly and from a serenity born of faith in the path before her and a certainty that no feet need slip. She was ready, she wrote. She hoped he was willing she should sell the old place to pay Tom's debts.

That would leave her without a cent; but since he was coming for her, and she needn't go to Chicago alone, she didn't know that there was anything to worry about. He would buy her ticket. There was an ineffable simplicity about Dilly. She had no respect whatever for money, save as a puzzling means to a few necessary ends. And now the place had been sold, and Jethro was coming in a month. Meanwhile Dilly was to pack up the few family effects she could afford to keep, and the rest would go by auction.

Little as she was accustomed to dread experiences which came in the inevitable order of nature, she did think of the last day and night in the old house as something of an ordeal. People felt that the human meant very little to Dilly; but that was not true. It was only true that she held herself remote from personal intimacies and confidences; but all the fine invisible bonds of race and family took hold of her like irresistible agencies, and welded her to the universe anew.

As she started out from her little house, this summer morning, and began her three mile walk to the old homestead, she felt as if some solemn event in her life was about to happen, and her heart beat higher in her breast and brought about the suffocating feeling of a hand laid upon the throat. She was a slight creature with a delicate face and fine black hair. Her slender body seemed all made for action, and the poise of an assured motion dwelt in it and wrapped about its angularity like a gracious charm. She was walking down a lane, her short skirts brushed by the morning dew. She chose to go 'cross lots, not because, in this case, it was nearer than the road, but because it seemed impossible to go another way. Yet never in her life had she seen less of the outward garment of things than she was seeing this morning. A flouting bobolink flew from stake to stake in front of her, and bubbled out in melody. She heard a scythe swishing in a neighboring field, and the musical call of the mowing machine afar, and she did not look up. Dumb to the beautiful outer world, she was broad awake to human souls: the souls of the Joyces, alive so long before her and stretching back into an unknown past. They had lived, one after another, in the old house, since colonial times; and now, after this quiet act of a concluding drama, Dilly was going to lower the curtain and sweep them from the stage.

Her mind was peopled with figures. She thought of Jethro, too. He seemed to be coming ever nearer and nearer. She could hear his tread marching into her life, and could see his face. It was very moving, as she remembered it. A long line of scholarly forbears had dowered him with a refinement and grace quite startling in this unornamented spot, and some old Acadian ancestor had lent him beauty. His eyes were dark, and they held an unfathomable melancholy. The line of his forehead and nose ran haughtily and yet delicate; and even after years of absence, Dilly sometimes caught her breath when she thought of the way his head was set upon his shoulders. She had never in her life seen a man or woman who was entirely beautiful, and he saturated her longing like a prodigal stream.

She was a little dazed when she climbed the low stone wall, crossed the road, and came into the grassy wilderness of the Joyce back yard. Nature had triumphed riotously, as she will when niggardly thrift is away. The grass lay rich and shining, lodged by last night's shower, and gate and cellar-case were choked by it. The cinnamon roses bloomed in a spicy hardiness of pink, and the gnarled apple trees had shed their broken branches and were covered with little green buttons of fruit. Dilly stopped to look about her, and her eyes filled. The tears were hot; they hurt her, and so recalled her to the needs of life.

"There!" she said, "I mustn't do so!"— and she walked straight for-

ward through the open shed, and fitted her key in the lock. The door sagged, but she pushed it open and stepped in. The deserted kitchen lay there in desolate order, and the old Willard clock slept upon the wall. Dilly hastily pushed a chair before it (this was the only chair old Daniel Joyce would allow the children to climb in) and wound the clock. It began ticking slowly, with the old, remembered sound. Somehow it seemed beautiful to Dilly that the clock should speak with the voice of all those years agone; it was a kind of loyalty which appealed to the soul like a piercing miracle. Then she ran through to the sitting-room, and started the old eight-day in the corner; and the house breathed and was alive again. She threw open the windows, all save those on the Dilloway side (lest kindly neighbors should discover she was at home), and the soft rose-scented air flooded the rooms like an invisible presence and bore out the smell of age upon gracious wings. Now Dilly worked fast and steadily, lest some human thing should come upon her. She tied up bedclothes, and opened long closed cupboards. She made reverent piles of clothing from the attic; and finally, her mind a little tired, she sat down on the floor and began looking over papers and daguerreotypes from her father's desk. Just as she had lost herself in the ancient history of which they were the signs, there came a knock at the back door. So assured had become her idea of a continued housekeeping, that the summons did not seem in the least strange. The house lived again; it had thrown its arms open to human kind.

"Come in!" she called; and a light step sounded in the kitchen and crossed the sill. It was a man, dark eyed and very handsome. "Oh!" murmured Dilly, catching her breath and holding both hands clasped upon the papers in her lap. "Jethro!"

The stranger was much moved, and his black eyes deepened. He looked at her kindly, perhaps lovingly, too. "Yes," he said at last. "So you'd know me?"

Dilly got lightly up, and the papers fell about her in a shower; yet she made no motion toward him. "Oh, yes," she said softly, "I should know you. You ain't changed at all."

That was not true. He looked ten years older than his real age; yet time had only dowered him with a finer grace and charm. All the lines in his face were those of gentleness and truth. His mouth had the old delicate curves. One meeting him that day might have said, with a throb of involuntary homage, "How beautiful he must have been when he was young!" But to Dilly he bore even a more subtile distinction than in the faraway time; he had ripened into something which harmonized tremblingly with her own years. He came forward a little, and held out both hands; but Dilly did not take them, and he dropped the left one. Then she laid her fingers lightly in his, and they greeted each other like old acquaintances. A flush rose in her smooth brown cheek. Her eyes grew bright with that startled questioning which is of the woods. He looked at her the more intently, and his breath quickened. She had none of the blossomy charm of more robust womanhood, but he recognized the old gypsy element which had once bewitched him, and felt he loved her still.

"Well," he said, and his voice shook a little, "are you glad to see me?"

Dilly moved back, and sat down in her mother's little sewing-chair by the desk. "I don't know as I can tell," she answered. "This is a strange day."

Jethro nodded. "I meant to surprise you," he said. "So I never wrote I was coming on so soon. I was real disappointed to find your house shut up; but the neighbors told me where you'd gone and what you'd gone for. Then I walked over here."

Dilly's face brightened all over with a responsive smile. "Did you come through the woods?" she asked. "What made you?"

"Why, I knew you'd go that way," he answered. "I thought you'd get wool-gathering over some weed or another and maybe I'd overtake you."

They both laughed, and the ice was broken. Dilly got briskly up and gathered a drawer-full of papers into her apron.

"I can't stop workin'," she said. "I want to fix it so's not to stay more'n one night here. Now you talk! I know what these are. I can run 'em over an' listen, too."

"I think 'twas real good of you to turn in the place to Tom's folks," said Jethro, also seating himself, and, as Dilly saw with a start, as if it were an omen, in her father's great chair. Not that you'll ever need it, Dilly. You won't want for a thing. I've done real well."

Dilly's long fingers assorted papers and laid them at either side with a neat precision. She glanced up at him then, and her eyes had again the quick, inquiring glance of some wild creature in a situation foreign to its habits.

"Well," she said, "well! I guess I don't risk anything. An' if I did—why, I'd resk it!"

Jethro bent forward a little. He was smiling, and Dilly met the glance, half fascinated. She wondered that she could forget his smile; and yet she had forgotten it. Like running water, it was never twice the same.

"Dilly," said he, much moved, "You'll have a good time from this out, if ever a woman did. You'll keep house in a brick block, where the cars run by your door, and you can hire two girls."

"Oh, my!" breathed Dilly. A quick look of trouble darkened her face, as a shadow sweeps across the field.

"What is it?" asked Jethro, in some alarm. "Don't you like what I said?"

Dilly smiled, though her eyes were still apprehensive.

"It ain't that," she answered slowly, striving in her turn to be kind. "Only I guess I never happened to think before just how 'twould be, I never spec-'lated much on keepin' house."

"But somebody'd have to keep it," said Jethro good-naturedly, smiling on her. "We can get good help. You'll like to have a real home table, and you can invite company every day, if you say so. I never was close, Dilly,—you know that. I shan't make you account for things."

Dilly got up and, still holding her papers in her apron, walked swiftly to the window. There she stood a moment, looking out into the orchard, where the grass lay tangled under the neglected, happy trees. Her eyes travelled mechanically from one to another. She knew them all. That was the "sopsyvine," it's red fruitage fast coming on; there was the Porter she had seen her father graft; and down in the corner grew the August sweet. Life out there looked so still and sane and homely. She knew no city streets,—yet the thought of them sounded like a pursuit. She turned about, and came back to her chair.

"I guess I never dreamt how you lived, Jethro," she said, gently. "But it don't make no matter. You're contented with it."

"I ain't a rich man," said Jethro, with some quiet pride; "but I've got enough. Yes, I like my business; and city life suits me. You'll fall in with it, too."

Then silence settled between them; but that never troubled Dilly. She was used to long musings on her walks to and from her patients, and in her watching beside their beds. Conversation seemed to her a very spurious thing when there is nothing to say.

"What you thinking about?" he asked suddenly.

Dilly looked up at him with her bright, truth-telling glance. "I was thinkin'," she answered, with a clarity which never seemed ruthless, because it was so sweet, "I was thinkin' you make me homesick, somehow or another."

Jethro looked at her doubtfully, and then, as she smiled at him, he smiled also.

"I don't believe it's me," he said,

confidently. "It's because you're going over things here. It's the old house."

"Maybe," said Dilly, nodding and tying her last bundle of papers. "But I don't know. I never had quite such feelin's before. It's the nearest to bein' afraid of anything I've come acrost. I guess I shall have to run out into the lot an' take my bearin's."

Jethro got up, put his hands in his pockets, and walked about the room. He was very gentle, but he did at heart cherish the masculine theory that the unusual in woman is never to be judged by known or unknown rules.

"But it is a queer kind of a day," owned Dilly, pushing in the last drawer. "Why, Jethro!" She faced him, and her voice broke in excitement. "You don't know, I ain't begun to tell you, how queer it seems to me. Why, I've dreaded this day for weeks! but when it come nigh, it begun to seem to me like a joyful thing. I felt as if they all knew of it: them that was gone. It seemed as if they stood round me, ready to uphold me in what I was doin'. I shouldn't be surprised if they were all here now. I don't feel a mite alone."

Her voice shook with excitement; her eyes were big and black. Jethro came up to her, and laid a kindly hand on her shoulder. It was a fine hand, long and shapely, and Dilly, looking down at it, remembered, with a strange regretfulness, how she had once loved its lines.

"There, poor girl!" he said, "you're tired thinking about it. No wonder you've got fancies. I guess the ghosts won't trouble us. There's nothing here worse than ourselves." And again, in spite of the Joyces, Dilly felt homesick and alone.

There came a soft thudding sound upon the kitchen floor, and she turned, alert, to listen. This was Mrs. Eli Pike in her carpet slippers; she had stood so much over soap-making that week that her feet had taken to swelling. She was no older than Dilly, but she had seemed matronly in her teens. She looked very large, as she padded forward through the doorway, and her pink face and double chin seemed to exude kindliness as she came.

"There, Dilly Joyce! if this ain't jest like you!" she exclaimed. "Creep in here an' not let anybody know! Why, Jethro, that you? Recognize you! Well, I guess I should!"

She included them both in a neighborly glance, and Dilly was very grateful. Yet it seemed to her that now, at last, she might break down and cry. The tone of olden friendliness was hard to bear when there were no other voices to answer. She could endure the silent house, but not the intercourse of a life so sadly changed.

"There!" continued Mrs. Pike, with a nod, "I guess I know! You're tired to pieces with this pickin' and sortin,' an' you're comin' over to dinner, both on ye. Eli's dressed a hin. I had to wring her neck. *He* wouldn't ha' done it; you know that, Dilly! An' I've been beatin' up eggs. Now don't you say one word. You be there by twelve. Jethro, you got a watch? You see't she starts, now!" And Mrs. Pike marched away victorious, her apron over her head, and waving one hand before her as she went. She had once been stung by bees, on just such a morning as this, and she had a set theory that they infested all strange door-yards.

Dilly felt as if even the Joyces could not save her day in its solemn significance unless, indeed, they should appear in their proper persons. She thought of her bread and butter and boiled eggs lying in her little bundle, and the simple meal seemed as unattainable as if it were some banquet dreamed of in delirium. It was of one piece with cars going by the house, and two maid-servants to correct. To Dilly, a car meant a shrieking monster propelled by steam; yet not even that drove her to such insanity of revulsion as the two servants. They alone made her coming life seem like one eternal school, with the committee ever on the platform, and no recess.

But she worked very meekly and soberly, and Jethro took off his coat and helped her; then, just before twelve, they washed their hands and went across the orchard to Mrs. Pike's.

The rest of the day seemed to Dilly like a confused though not an unfamiliar dream. She knew that the dinner was very good, and that it choked her, so that Mrs. Pike, alert in her first pride of housekeeping was quite cordially harsh with her for not eating more; and that Jethro talked about Chicago; and Eli Pike, older than his wife and graver, said "Do tell!" now and again, and seemed to picture in his mind the outlines of city living. She escaped from the table as soon as possible, under pretext of the work to be done, and slipped back to the empty house; and there Jethro found her, and began helping her again.

The still afternoon settled down in its grooves of beauty, and its very loveliness gave Dilly a pain at the heart. She remembered that this was the hour when her mother used to yawn over her long seam, or her knitting, and fall asleep by the window, while the bees droned outside in the jessamine, and a humming bird—there had always been one, year after year, and Dilly could never get over the impression that it was the same bird—hovered on his invisible perch and thrilled his wings divinely. Then the day slipped over that unseen height, and fell into a sheltered calm. The work was not done, and they had to go over to Mrs. Pike's again to supper, and to spend the night. Dilly longed to stretch herself on the old kitchen lounge in her own home; but Mrs. Pike told her plainly that she was crazy, and Jethro, with a kindly authority, bade her yield. And because words were like weapons that returned upon her, to hurt her anew, she did yield, and talked patiently to one and another neighbor as they came in to see Jethro and to inquire when he meant to be married.

"Soon," said Jethro, with assurance. "As soon as Dilly makes up her mind."

All that evening, Eli Pike sat on the steps, where he could hear the talk in the sitting-room without losing the whippoorwill's song from the Joyce orchard, and Dilly longed to slip out and sit quietly beside him. He would know. But she could only be civil and grateful, and when half past eight came take her lamp and go up to bed. Jethro was given the best chamber, because he had succeeded and came from Chicago; but Dilly had a little room that looked straight out across the treetops down to her own home.

At first, after closing the door behind her, she felt only the great blessedness of being alone. She put out the light and threw herself, as she was, face downwards on the bed. There she lay for long moments, suffering; and this was one of the few times in her life when she was forced to feel that human pain which is like a stab in the heart. For she was one of those wise creatures who give themselves long spaces of silence and so heal them quickly of their wounds, like the sage little animals that slip away from combat to cure their hurt with leaves. Presently a great sense of rest enfolded her, a rest which seemed ineffably precious because it was so soon to be over. It was like great riches lent only for a time. Outside this familiar quiet was the world, thrilled by a terrifying life pressing upon her and calling. She longed to put her hands before her eyes and shut out the possibility of meeting its garish glory; she did cover her ears lest its cry should pierce them and she could not resist. And so she lay there shivering, until a strange inviting that was peace and not commotion seemed to approach her from another side, and her inner self became conscious of unheard voices. They were not clamorous, but sweet, and they drowned her will and drew her to themselves. She got softly up and, going to the darkened

window, looked out across the orchard. There in the greenness lay the old house. It called on her to come. It seemed to Dilly that she could not make haste enough to be there. She slipped softly down the narrow stairway, and across the kitchen, where the shadows of the moonlit windows lay upon the floor. A great excitement thrilled her blood; and though quite safe from discovery, she was not wholly at ease until she had entered the orchard path, and knew her feet were wet with dew, and heard the whippoorwill, so near now that she might have startled him from his neighboring tree. No other bird note could have fitted her mood so well. The wild melancholy of his tone, his home in the night, and the omens blended with his song seemed to remove him from the world as she herself was removed; and she hastened on with a fine exaltation, fitted her key again in the lock, and shut the door behind her.

As soon as Dilly had entered the sitting-room, where the old desk stood in its place, and the clock was ticking, she felt as if all her confusion and trouble were over. She smiled to herself in the darkness. She had come home, and it was very good. They had begun with the attic in their rearranging, and this room remained unchanged. She had wished to keep it in its sweet familiarity, unaltered till the last. She drew forward her father's chair, and sat down in it, with luxurious abandonment, to rest. Her mother's little cricket was by her side, and she put her feet on it and exhaled a long sigh of content. Her eyes rested on the dark cavern which was the fireplace; and there fell upon her a sweet sense of completed joy, as if it were alight and she could watch the dancing flames. And suddenly Dilly was aware that the Joyces were all about her again.

She had been sure, in her coming through the woods, that they knew and cared; now she was certain that, in some fashion, they recognized their bondage and loyalty to the place, as she recognized her own, and that they upheld her to her task. She thought them over, as she sat there, and saw their souls more keenly than if she had met them, men and women, face to face. There was the shoemaker among them, who, generations back, was sitting on his bench when news came of the battle of Lexington, and who threw down hammer and last and ran wildly out into the woods, where he stayed three days and nights, calling with a loud voice upon Almighty God to save him from ill-doing. Then he had drowned himself in a little brook too shallow for the death of any but a desperate man. He had been the disgrace of the Joyces; they dared not think of him, and they know, even to this day, that he is remembered among the townsmen as the Joyce who was a coward and killed himself rather than go to war. But here he stood—was it the man, or some secret intelligence of him?—and Dilly, out of all his race, was the one to comprehend him at last. She saw, with a thrill of passionate sympathy, how he had believed with all his soul in the wickedness of war, and how the wound to his country so roused in him the desire of blood that he fled away and prayed his God to save him from mortal guilt,—and how, finding that he saw with an overwhelming delight the red of anticipated slaughter, and knew his traitorous feet were bearing him to the ranks, he chose the death of the body rather than sin against the soul. And Dilly was glad; the blood in her own veins ran purer for his sake.

There was old Delilah Joyce, who went into a decline for love, and wasted quite away. She had been one of those tragic fugitives on the island of being, driven out into the storm of public sympathy to be beaten and undone; for she was left on her wedding day by her lover, who vowed he loved her no more. But now Dilly saw her without the pathetic bravery of her silken gown which

was never worn, and knew her for a woman serene and glad. That very day she had unfolded the gown in the attic, where it had lain, year upon year, wrapped about by the poignant sympathy of her kin, a perpetual reminder of the hurts and faithlessness of life. It had become a relic, set aside from modern use. She felt now as if she could even wear it herself, though silk was not for her, or deck some little child in its shot and shimmering gayety. For it came to her, with a glad rush of acquiescent joy, that all his life, the man, though blinded by illusion, had been true to her whom he had left and that, instead of being poor, she was very rich. It was from that moment that Dilly began to understand that the soul does not altogether weld its own bonds, but that they lie in the secret core of things, as the planet rushes on its appointed way.

There was Annette Joyce, who married a Stackpole, and to the disgust of her kin clung to him through one debauch after another, until the world found out that Annette "couldn't have much sense of decency herself, or she wouldn't put up with such things." But on this one night Dilly found out that Annette's life had been a continual laying hold of Eternal Being, not for herself, but for the creature she loved; that she had shown the insolence and audacity of a thousand spirits in one, besieging high heaven and crying in the ear of God: "I demand of Thee this soul that Thou hast made." And somehow Dilly knew now that she was of those who overcome.

So the line stretched on until she was aware of souls of which she had never heard; and she knew that, faulty as their deeds might be, they had striven, and the strife was not in vain. She felt herself to be one drop in a mighty river, flowing into the water which is the sum of life; and she was content to be absorbed in that great stream. There was human comfort in the moment, too; for all about her were those whom she had seen with her bodily eyes, and their presence brought an infinite cheer and rest. Dilly felt the safety of the universe; she smiled lovingly over the preciousness of all its homely ways. She thought of the twilights when she had sat on the door-stone, eating huckleberries and milk and seeing the sun drop down the west; she remembered one night when her little cat came home, after it had been lost, and felt the warm touch of its fur against her hand. She saw how the great chain of things is held by such little links, and how there is nothing that is not most sacred and most good. The hum of summer life outside the window seemed to her the life in her own veins, and she knew that nothing dwells apart from anything else, and that, whether we wot of it or not, we are of one blood.

The night went on to that solemn hush that comes before the dawn. Dilly felt the presence of the day, and what it would demand of her; but now she did not fear. For Jethro, too, had been with her, and at last she understood his power over her; and could lay it away like a jewel in a case, a precious thing, and yet not to be worn. She saw him, also, in his stream of being, as she was swept along through hers, and knew how that old race had given him a beauty which was not his, but theirs,—and how, in the melancholy of his eyes, she loved a soul long passed and, in the wonder of his hand, the tender lines of other hands that had waved to fiery action. He was an inheritor; and she had loved not him, but his inheritance.

Now it was the later dusk of night, and the cocks crowed loudly in a clear diminuendo dying far away. Dilly pressed her hands upon her eyes, and came awake to the outer world. She looked about the room with a warm smile, and reviewed, in feeling, her happy night. It was no longer hard to dismantle the place. The room, the house, the race were

hers forever; she had learned the abidingness of what is real. When she closed the door behind her, she touched the casing as if she loved it, and, crossing the orchard, she felt as if all the trees could say: "We know, you and we!"

As she entered the Pike farmyard, Eli was just going to milking, with clusters of shining pails.

"You're up early," said he. "Well, there's nothin' like the mornin'!"

"No," answered Dilly, smiling at him with the radiance of one who carried good news, "except night time! There's a good deal in that!" And while Eli went gravely on, pondering according to his wont, she ran up to smooth her tumbled bed.

After breakfast, while Mrs. Pike was carrying away the dishes, Dilly called Jethro softly to one side.

"You come out in the orchard. I want to speak to you."

Her voice thrilled with something like the gladness of confidence, and Jethro's own face brightened into vivid anticipation. Dilly saw it, and caught her breath. Though she knew it now, the old charm would never be quite gone. She took his hand and drew him forward. She seemed like a child, unaffected and not afraid. Out in the path, under the oldest tree of all, she dropped his hand and faced him.

"Jethro," she said, "we can't do it. We can't get married."

He looked at her amazed. She seemed to be telling good news instead of bad. She gazed up at him smilingly. He could not understand.

"Don't you care about me?" he asked at length, haltingly; and again Dilly smiled at him in the same warm confidence.

"Oh, yes," she said, eagerly. "I do care, ever and ever so much. But it's your folks I care about. It ain't you. I've found it all out, Jethro. Things don't always belong to us. Sometimes they belong to them that have gone before; an' half the time we don't know it."

Jethro laid a gentle hand upon her arm. "You're all tired out," he said soothingly. "Now you give up picking over things, and let me hire somebody. I'll be glad to."

But Dilly withdrew a little from his touch. "You're real good, Jethro," she answered, steadily. She had put aside her exaltation, and was her old self, full of common sense and kindly strength. "But I don't feel tired, an' I ain't a mite crazed. All you can do is to ride over to town with Eli, he's goin' after he feeds the pigs—an' take the cars from there. It's all over, Jethro. It is, truly! I ain't so sorry as I might be, for it's borne in on me you won't care this way long. An' you needn't, dear; for nothin' between us is changed a mite. The only trouble is, it ain't the kind of thing we thought."

She looked in his eyes with a long, bright farewell glance, and turned away. She had left something which was very fine and beautiful behind her; but she could not mourn. And all that morning she sang little snatches of song about the house, and was content. The Joyces had done their work, and she was doing hers.

VOICES OF OUR FATHERS.

By Charlotte W. Thurston.

MASSACHUSETTS! Massachusetts! Ah, thy days of long ago,
When our brave old patriot Fathers faced their savage Indian foe!
Here to-day within thy pastures graze serene the tranquil sheep,
And men's anxious hearts no longer need those fearful vigils keep.
Undisturbed the horses wander on the upland green and cool;
Undisturbed the sleepy cattle linger knee-deep in the pool;
Thundering down the peaceful valleys glides along the writhing train,
Sounds the locomotive's war-whoop echoing over hill and plain;
Still to-day the corn is waving as it waved in days of yore;
Still to-day the May-weed clusters round the farmer's open door;
Still to-day the scarlet lily rears her splendid head on high,
Turns her gorgeous face in greeting blithely on the passer-by.
Here to-day the fireweed flashes from its seared and blackened bed;
Thistles nod a grim defiance, armed with spears from heel to head;
Sleepy primrose with her slumbers still her lover-bee repels;
Meadow rue gleams by the roadside, dogbane rings her pink-white bells;
Vervain blue and elder-blossoms wave their greeting as we pass;
Milkweed, celandine and spikenard, from the tangle of the grass.

And the old-time sturdy spirit of our Fathers has not fled! —
From their graves their voices echo—voices of the patriot dead:
Guard the Union, O our children! shield the land we won for you;
Choose ye rulers for the nation, robed in honor, brave and true.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

AT Nantucket, the schoolmaster took us to "The Captains' Room;" and the hour spent with the Captains was the most interesting hour spent in our two days on the island. The official name for the place is the Pacific Club; which does not mean that its members are pacific above all that dwell at Nantucket, but that they all once had much to do with the Pacific Ocean. The club is half a century old, no doubt; and when it was founded, in Nantucket's golden age, when the town, now of three thousand people, had ten thousand, and stood only behind Boston and Salem among Massachusetts ports, these men commanded whalers in the Pacific, going on three or four year voyages, and sometimes clearing ten thousand dollars on a voyage, in the income from which I suppose some of them still feel secure and comfortable as they sit and smoke in the Captains' Room. It was a large club once, the Pacific Club, and the Captains were a hale and hearty lot; but there are but few of them left now — not a dozen — and the snow is on all their heads. Hale and hearty they are indeed in their winter, but pensive, and live chiefly in the past. I suppose that they talk mostly of the past as they sit there together in the Captains' Room, — where many of them do sit together almost all of almost every day, going home to dinner and to supper, but then coming back. And it is of the past that you will want to have them talk if you are privileged to be taken to the Captains' Room, and taken into good fellowship, as we were.

It was a time when all America was a Pacific Club, as it never was before, — a most assertive and belligerent Pacific Club; and all the talk which did not run upon Pacific whaling ran on Pacific politics. What was to most of us a thing of maps was to these men as real as Nantucket. They knew Samoa well before Stevenson was born, and had firm opinions on its land system. This one, who had sailed round the world eight times, had made New Zealand his headquarters before there was an Englishman there, and had visited Auckland when its English population was over sixty thousand. The people of the Pacific, to the Captains, were not figures in the last census, but men of flesh and blood, men and brothers, — that was the thing we felt the most,— the poorest of them, men and brothers. They had been, some of them, in the Philippines. They had been in the Hawaiian Islands a dozen times, and knew them better than we knew Nantucket. And now the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to the United States; the vote had just been passed. What did they think of it? "Well," said Captain Grant, "I think it's a good thing for 'em; but I'm afraid we didn't have a square deal with 'em."

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We are afraid so too. When all the sophisticated politicians and sophisticated missionaries have made all their fine distinctions, and the sugar folks have had their whole frankly selfish say, and others of us have registered our opinion that the Hawaiians will be "better off" annexed to the United States, the plain people, to whom men, even Pacific Ocean men, are still men and brothers, feel in the middle of their honest hearts that it wasn't "a square deal"; and so far, as mem-

bers of the body politic, as they have been made privy to it, they have been made worse by it, more amenable to the next invitation to moral commodiousness and accommodation,— as we are all made flabbier by every compromise or crookedness to which we are led or driven unprotesting. The plain people believe, almost all of them, we think, that the Hawaiians will be "better off" under our government and united to us; and they would probably say, if asked, that they would believe the same of the Mexicans and the Nicaraguans and the Cretans. But they feel that somehow the Mexicans and Cretans and Hawaiians should have the privilege of choice in such matters, even the privilege of foolish and short-sighted choice. They are troubled — for, not being politicians nor in the sugar business nor missionary business, they are still capable of being "troubled" — with the misgiving that, in playing with the Hawaiians, we used loaded dice. They don't doubt the divine right of revolution — they are too good Puritans for that. Cromwell was all right, and George Washington was all right; and it is altogether likely that Mr. Dole and his friends gave Hawaii a much better government than it had before — and that it sadly needed a better government. But they think that if Cromwell had had the Dutch navy at the mouth of the Thames on the eve of Naseby, and a Dutch army landing in Norwich to "look after the interests" of the Dutch Puritans there during the unpleasantness, and if, immediately after the King's head was off, he and his Ironsides had ceded England to Holland, without any appeal to the English people, for fear that Stuartism would else get the upper hands (and do we not all agree that Stuartism was a cursed thing, bad for England and bad for the world, — and forced to Dutch treatment in the end?),— the plain people, we say, would not think that was "a square deal." And they think that in Hawaii we simply traded with ourselves — that we helped get an American agency into control of the Hawaiian government, and then got our agents, in their role of "government," without any appeal to the people, to turn Hawaii over to America. They wish that the American gunboat hadn't been in the harbor when the revolution was going on, and that the American marines hadn't landed and kept themselves in evidence, and that the new "government" hadn't kept in such close and constant touch with Washington. They wish that "annexation" hadn't been rushed through at last just when the country was in a hot wave of "imperialism" and fair and sober consideration of the question had for the time become impossible. They think that this way of doing things does not become the great republic, they think it is not democratic, they are afraid it is dangerous, they are afraid that Cromwell would say it was "not common honesty."

They think, too, that we should carry on our "imperialism" — some of them call it stealing, but they are the uncultivated ones — on the same principles on which we discipline and educate the Democratic Party in the South. One man, one vote, is democracy, they say, — and every man, one. The Hawaiians are certainly as voteworthy as the Black Belt; and if the foundations will be destroyed if every negro does not vote, why shall the Hawaiians not vote, at least on their own destiny? If government by the First Families is not good in Alabama, why is it good and necessary in Hawaii? Because the sum total of education and "solid sense" in the little group of Americans now running the government, you tell them, is greater than that of the Hawaiian people; but they answer you that that is the sort of thing the wicked Southerners used to say. Because then, you tell them, we could not otherwise have annexed Hawaii; — but that troubles them.

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In truth, this is what ought to trouble every one of us; and this kind of trouble is the only trouble we need any of us have very much over this whole question of "imperialism" or "expansion," which is now the chief question with us. The annexation of Hawaii — although it can do us no particular good, can bestow nothing of any account upon us which under free and rational trade relations could not be secured just as well without annexation — can do us no harm, saddle no responsibility upon us beyond what every great nation ought to take for civilization, if we "deal squarely." The proper limits of "expansion" for any nation are hard to define; the sagacious practical statesmanship of each time has got to determine them for that time as best it can. Each push of our own — to the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific, Alaska — has been through controversy. Geographically there is no reason why we should taboo islands —why we should take in Alaska and refuse to take in Cuba and Hawaii; such reasons as there once were cease to exist. "Great empires commonly die of indigestion," Napoleon said, and said truly; and Gladstone has warned England of the indigestion which has already attacked her and is weakening her to-day. But great and small are relative terms. The French philosophers of the last century believed that republics must always be small, that large republics never could be strong and stable, because public spirit and opinion could not make themselves felt freshly and unitedly over great areas; but this was because they could not foresee those means of communication and relation which have made our United States smaller for political purposes than the thirteen States along the Atlantic coast which elected George Washington president. North America will be smaller for such purposes a generation hence than the United States to-day; and we are of those who believe that this republic will in due time be coextensive with North America. With the victory of Wolfe at Quebec, says Green, the English historian, with true discernment, began the history of the United States; and Quebec will by and by be a happy city in the United States, finding there its natural place. Until it does find its place there happily and naturally, of its own free will, we do not want it there at all. Until then — for we have no fears, either, of adjacent islands, archipelagoes of them, on the basis of a "square deal"—we do not want San Salvador, where Spain first stepped ashore, nor Cuba nor Porto Rico, where her flag last flew. "Expansion" for expansion's sake, the thirst for conquest by a nation suddenly made drunk and heady by startling and sensational military successes, national highway robbery, are things for every sober man to set the seal of his damnation on as the temptations to public sin and the sure ways to national disaster and doom. But the annexation to the United States, at a proper time, by proper means, of Cuba or Porto Rico is nothing to be afraid of, but doubtless a desirable thing, — and, we think, ultimate and manifest destiny.

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The annexation of the Philippine Islands is a very different question— leaving the morals of the matter entirely out of the account. No man of common sense can for a moment approve such annexation. It is not because a hundred million dollars put into the Philippines would not yield half the returns of the same millions put into Oregon or Texas, — although we have no doubt that is the truth. It is not because, as some are fond of saying, a republic has not wisdom or capacity, such as kings and kaisers have, for dealing with colonies and dependencies; we refuse to believe it. It is because we have no logical or natural affiliations with the Philippine people, no common history or traditions, no considerable rela-

tions of any sort, no points of contact, nothing to make them digestible; and because a nation's first duty is to its own integrity, is to keep itself strong and healthy and definite and united, that so it may do well its work for the world. If there are conditions which make "expansion" proper and profitable, none of these conditions exist in connection with the Philippines; there would be, for us, everything to risk and nothing to gain.

Yesterday's newspaper had the following word from the United States consul at Shanghai. We incorporate it as being as good an illustration as could be asked for of the devil's gospel which has been preached to America in this time by a thousand men of standing, even in pulpits and missionary societies, confounding the confusion which presses so hard upon the plain people so sincerely anxious to know and do what is sensible and progressive and right.

"We should hold the Philippine islands, the Caroline islands and the Ladrone islands, also Cuba and Porto Rico. It does not matter whether we call them war indemnity or what. We need them in our business. You have no idea and cannot have until you get out here how all nations are fighting for trade and what an intense jealousy there is of the United States. Just now the continental peoples seem more jealous of us than even of England. If we are to have anything to say we must have a navy. To have a navy, we must have coaling stations. That means the Sandwich islands and the Philippines."

It does not matter how we get them, or what we call it; we need them in our business! The conscienceless brigandage of the position does not seem once to dawn on this official of our government. But worse, if possible, in an official, than the wickedness of words like these is their wantonness and folly, the adventurism stealing the livery of statesmanship, oblivious of a hundred complications dangerous and looming clearly up, forgetful of all the high responsibilities with which the republic is charged, of every precious thing with which it is freighted in trust for humanity, and blinded by materialism and the proximity of petty things to the fact that every argument for what they urge is an obvious and decisive argument against it.

But our duty to the Philippine people? Is not giving them back to Spain like giving back fugitive slaves in 1850? Is not our duty, once having them in our power, to hold them for freedom and a better life, under the protection of the republic? We believe in the American people in such a way as makes us confident that this is the principal question with them. We decline to believe that the American people are thieves and robbers. With great matters such as they never dreamed of when the war began suddenly thrust upon them by its course, they have been unable to think as fast as events have transpired, and their minds are not ripe either as to their true interest or as to their duty. The possible obligation to the people of the Philippines, the possible opportunity for freedom and progress there under our ægis, have presented themselves so strongly as to make good people forget their obligation to Spain, to worthy international usage, to the national security, stability and welfare, and to those republican principles in whose preservation, integrity and power alone we can continue to be of real service to freedom and humanity, or continue permanently to be at all. There are indeed wrong things in the Philippines to be righted; there are wrong things to be righted in China and Siam, wrong things in Honduras and Hayti, and Turkey and Italy. We are responsible, to the extent of our proper influence, for all. Our duty as a people is to keep our ears and hearts open to all the wrongs in all the world. There are a hundred ways by which, if we are indeed in earnest, we can help to right them. The true way — either as concerns the Philippines or any other place — is not that whereby we endanger international honor or

endanger the nation itself. Without any such danger, without any taint of gambling, there are ways by which, from our present point of vantage, we can insist, through an international protectorate or otherwise, upon better government in the Philippines. Let us insist upon it.

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This has been the first great war in human history waged professedly, and we believe really, on altruistic grounds, not in behalf of ourselves, but in behalf of oppressed and suffering neighbors. It was an unnecessary war. It accuses us of immaturity and lack of self-control that we did not achieve its really valuable and desirable results in another way. By and by we shall achieve such things in better ways, because the whole nation will rise to the level of its to-day's best thinkers. But the primary and determining motive of the war was noble, — sympathy with the oppressed and suffering. "The great mass of the American people," as we said in these pages when the war began, "have taken the position which they have taken in obedience to righteous and heroic impulses, to instincts and convictions which are the safeguard of liberty and humanity. That which is aroused in them is not selfishness, not greed, not any grubbing instinct, but the instinct of justice and sympathy." "It is a war," said Senator Hoar at Washington, "in which there does not enter the slightest thought or desire of foreign conquest or of national gain or advantage. I have not heard throughout this whole discussion in Senate or House an expression of a desire to subjugate and occupy Cuba for the purposes of our own country. There is nothing of that kind suggested. It is disclaimed by the President, disclaimed by the committee, disclaimed by everybody." And when the declaration of war came, an express resolution declared that we entered upon it with no thought or purpose of territorial aggrandizement.

So, says one, we entered upon the war of the Revolution with no thought or purpose of independence. The men of Lexington and Bunker Hill had no thought of it; Washington disclaimed it, Congress disclaimed it, everybody disclaimed it. They were thinking only of resisting unjust taxation; the thought of independence only gradually ripened. So we entered upon the Civil War with no purpose of emancipation, but only of preserving the Union. Lincoln solemnly protested, in his inaugural address, that he had no power or purpose to emancipate the slaves, and he continued to disclaim that purpose for a year and a half. Who can foretell the changing chances and problems and duties of war? Shall we be literally bound forever by abstract, general declarations? No, we shall not. This only shall we be bound by, through every changing circumstance, as Washington was bound and Lincoln, the Congress of the Revolution and the Congress of the Civil War: that no high resolution ever decline into a lower, that no great cause ever become a selfish and a mean one. It may well become our duty, on some morrow or other, to annex Cuba and Porto Rico to the United States; it may be that both islands will desire it, and that every true interest of theirs will be subserved by annexation. If so, we shall not be hampered nor affected in the slightest degree by any reference to the resolution in our declaration of war, nor by any sneers in Spain or Austria or anywhere else that the appropriation of Cuba and Porto Rico was what we were really concerned with at the beginning and the real motive of the war. No man and no nation confident of their own purposes, conscious of rectitude, ever bother themselves about such criticism. Only they must be conscious of rectitude, their purpose and their policy must be honest and true, consistent with their own principles. It would not be consistent in our republic, and it would not be

right, to impose ourselves upon Cuba or Porto Rico, to do with them as we please without their consent. The fundamental principle of this republic is that all governments "derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." This is no glittering particularity, true for Massachusetts and Virginia, possibly for Anglo-Saxondum. It is the great truth for which the American republic stands in this world, which it came into being to emphasize and illustrate to the world, a possession so much more precious than the possession of Porto Rico or Cuba that these beside it are but as the fine dust in the balance. Our duty, our most simple and plain duty, to Cuba and to Porto Rico is to help them to that good government which they themselves elect. If one of these days they elect to come to us, then it is for us to determine whether our national welfare and the welfare of the world will be best served by making them integral parts of the republic. We have no suspicion that we have done Porto Rico wrong by cutting her loose from Spain. Although it has been said that she has been the most loyal of all Spanish dependencies, the hearty and even jubilant reception everywhere of General Miles's army shows how slack was her allegiance, and how grateful and happy she is for a new chance in life. But we should do her great wrong, having cut the bonds of her allegiance, if we did not let her determine what her own new chance shall be and, in faithfulest remembrance of Sam Adams and of Jefferson, keep from imposing our will upon her, contrary to her own judgment and her own wishes. The case with Porto Rico is precisely like the case with Cuba; and as there is no doubt that we shall let the larger island elect her own destiny, so there should be no doubt about the smaller island.

If we understand the American people aright, there is no doubt. As, by declining to ask of Spain any indemnity, the republic, in this war to liberate our oppressed neighbors, has shown itself superior to the poor money consideration which has marked the close of previous wars, so we believe she will be true to the higher opportunity and demand of civilization. The theory that good men have a right to steal so long as they steal from bad men—and that we may determine for ourselves whether we are the good — will no longer pass muster in the world's politics any more than in the Berkshire village. The theory that strong men have a right to steal from weak men is also passing. The theory that conquerors must be honest and magnanimous to the conquered, that Americans must do unto Spaniards as they would have Spaniards do unto them in similar extremity, is coming in. No longer anything that will not be approved as a "square deal" in the "Captains' Room"!

*
* *

It was, we think, a convention of Latter-Day Saints which once passed these resolutions: "Resolved, that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. Resolved, second, that the Lord hath given the earth to his saints. Resolved, third, that we are the saints."

This is what sinners calling themselves saints have been resolving through all the former and the latter days, — Spanish sinners once, Anglo-Saxon sinners lately, — and putting their resolutions into practice. "The right of conquest" has been the chief right alleged for the most gigantic thieveries and crimes in human history. The right of conquest! The new conscience, the mind of the dawning century, thunders that that "right" will be recognized no more. The time past will suffice for that superfluity of naughtiness; God now commandeth all nations everywhere to repent. The "laws of war" sanction this and that! The laws of the new era will make short work with these

"laws of war," — as, please God, at a vastly earlier day than some men dream, they will make short work with war itself. "The right of conquest," "the laws of war,"—the republic invoked them quite sufficiently, steeped itself in their infamy quite enough, in the day of its crimes against Mexico. Let there be no second chapter. If we began this war in the service of humanity, let us end it in a higher service to humanity, nor sell the mighty space of our large honors for any trash. God sets before the republic to-day blessing and cursing. We can go on indulging in the "original sin of nations." We can strike such a high, new note in the settlement of the problems left us by the war as shall purify and ennoble our whole national life, make every people honor us, and enable the historian to look back to this hour as the beginning of a great and beneficent new epoch for America and for mankind.



A PROSPECTUS.

Mr. Ananias Bounce
Has the honor to announce
The first issue of *The Day,*
Number Naughty-Naught, Broadway.
Nothing ever seen as yet
Touches it; *videlicet*:
Its supreme desire shall be
Not for size, but brevity.
All the news, with sober sense,
It will test, assort, condense,
Throw the straw and husks away,
Give the kernel in *The Day.*
When it does not chance to know,
It will dare to tell you so.
When a thing should not be told,
Though editions might be sold,
Though its readers' optics itch,
It will scorn to handle pitch.
What it honestly believes,
It will wear upon its sleeves,
Though the whole two-cented town
Shall unite to "call it down."
As to parties, it will dare
Get its truth from everywhere.
As to news, it will report
More the church and less the court,
More the good that men have done
Than the sin beneath the sun.

It will not attempt to be
A diurnal library:
Comic Weekly, Art Review,
Fashion Journal, Sporting, too,
Literary Magazine,
Scientific Bulletin,
Children's Paper, Kitchen Guide,
Sermon Digest, Poet's Pride!
Thus it will have time to be
Quite a Newspaper, you see!
As for its advertisements,
(Listen, O ye men of sense!)
Fake or honest, large or small,
It will print no "ad" at all.
Now that it may meet with ease
Probable emergencies—
Not a buyer in the crowd—
It is suitably *endowed.*
Thus its virtue will endure;
Thus its courage we insure;
For if buyers, in the end,
Fail, for foe or lack of friend,
We're prepared on any day
Just to give the sheet away!
Knowing how success succeeds,
When a man no friendship needs,
On immediate favor counts
MR. ANANIAS BOUNCE.

—*By Amos R. Wells.*



MONTREAL FROM MONT ROYAL.

THE

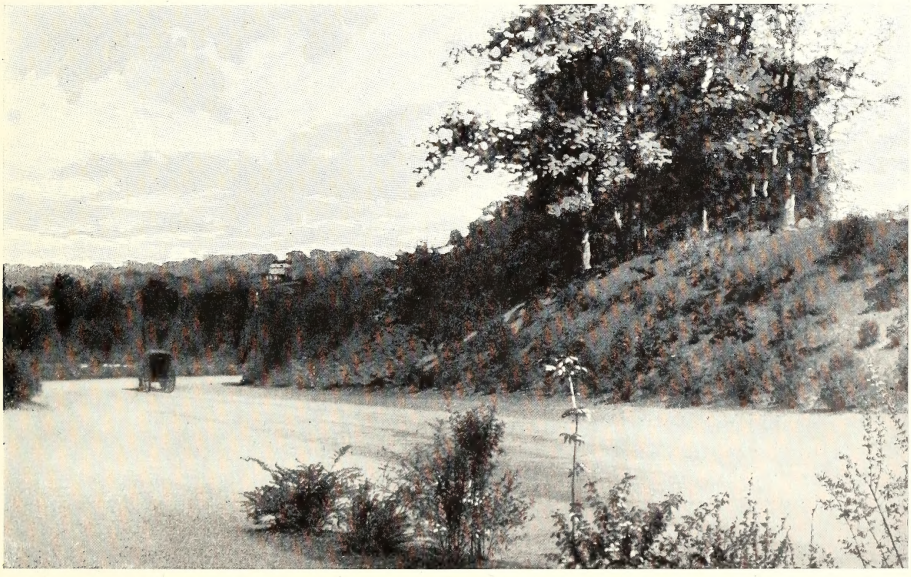
NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES. OCTOBER, 1898. VOL. XIX. NO. 2.

THE ARNOLD ARBORETUM.

By William Howe Downes.

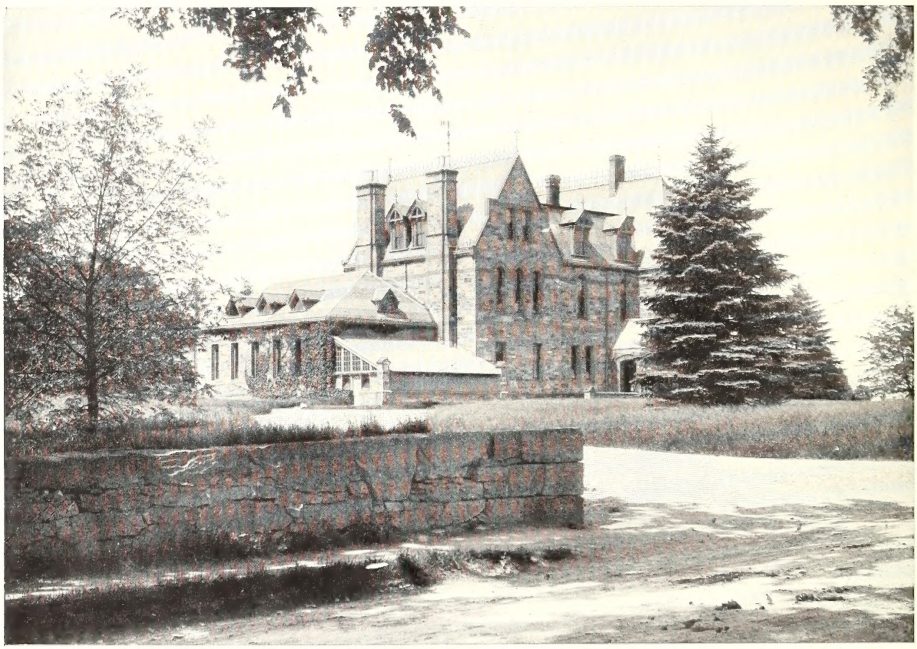
SOUTHWEST of Boston, in the suburban ward of Jamaica Plain, lies a park of two hundred and twenty-two acres, which forms a part of the municipal park system, and is joined by parkways to Franklin Park on the one hand and to Jamaica Park on the other. Yet the Arnold Arboretum is different from all other parks, and it is more than a park. That which makes it different and more is this,—that it is an outdoor school of arboriculture, a vast museum of trees and shrubs, and a department of Harvard University. But, while this special character sets it apart from all other parks in Christendom, it does not in the least interfere with its beauty, does not prevent it from being one of the most delightful of public recreation grounds, and, in fact, might not even be suspected by the casual visitor. Therefore the grumbler who would complain because everything in this age of pedagogy has to be educational; who would lament to see



ENTRANCE TO THE ARBORETUM GROUNDS.

poor old Dame Nature made a branch of study, and all her works classified, labeled, arranged, dissected; who would declare that the groves were "the first temples of the gods" and not merely so many healthy specimens of Castanea vesca, Quercus alba, Abies Canadensis, and Ulmus campestris, to be catalogued and ticketed by a pragmatic generation, — therefore this grumbler, I say, has no case, no ground to stand on, for the shrewdest argument in favor of knowledge is that knowledge is not only power, but pleasure.

In 1886, that great American artist, Frederick Law Olmsted, wrote: "As a seat of learning and an 'Academy,' Boston is yet the most metropolitan of American cities. Others are gaining at many points with gratifying rapidity, but, on the whole, Boston is moving in a more simply evolutional and democratic way, taking ground less by forced marches and at isolated points in advance of her main line, consequently with a firmer footing. Her advantage in this respect is a good form of civic wealth. Any sterling addition to it is worth more to the reputation and commercial 'good will' of the city than an addition of the same cost to its shops, banks, hotels, street railroads, or newspapers. The Arboretum, with the library, cabinets, laboratory, correspondence and records, of which it will be the nucleus, will not simply bring a certain excellent accession to the population of Boston; it will extend her fame, and will make in a measure tributary to her every man on the continent who wishes to pursue certain lines of study, and lines rapidly coming to be known as of great economic national importance."



THE BUSSEY INSTITUTE.

The lines of study here alluded to are those that concern forestry in its large sense; and the national importance of this subject may easily be understood when it is known that the preservation of the remaining forests in our national domain is essential to the future existence of successful agriculture in the Far West.



ENTRANCE TO THE ARBORETUM NEAR THE HEMLOCK WOODS.

"Science," says Wilson Flagg, "has built an altar under the trees, and delivers thence new oracles of wisdom, teaching men how they are mysteriously wedded to the clouds, and are the instruments of their beneficence to the earth."

Thus science not only spares the romance and poetry of the trees' kingdom, but even adds to it a larger and more inspiring significance. We are told that the crafty druidical priests had a practical reason for ascribing sacredness to the oak. Knowing the value of its wood, and foreseeing the extinction of the best trees, they took the only means of preventing this waste by appealing to the superstitions of their followers. May there not be some such device by which to curb the avarice and circumvent the vandalism of the forest-destroyers of our time?

The study of trees must surely be among the most uplifting, pure and useful vocations; and I recommend it, more or less blindly, as a specialty for the young men who wish to create a career for themselves in a department of activity combining the most undeniable utility and the most inexhaustible delights. For, like architecture, this profession means a livelihood, without which the charms of the most attractive arts are likely to prove more or less hollow.

When the late James Arnold of New Bedford bequeathed one hundred thousand dollars to Harvard University for the foundation of the Arboretum, it may not have been so much because he foresaw the need of the generations to come, as because he was wise enough to heed the advice of his friend, George B. Emerson, of Boston, the author of "Trees and Shrubs of Massachusetts;" but he should have all the honor due, nevertheless, for opening the opportunity of a career such as I have hinted at, at the same time establishing the foremost institution of its kind in the world.

The Arboretum as we know it is due to a sort of partnership entered into by Harvard University and the City of Boston. In consideration of its value as a part of the park system, and its lo-

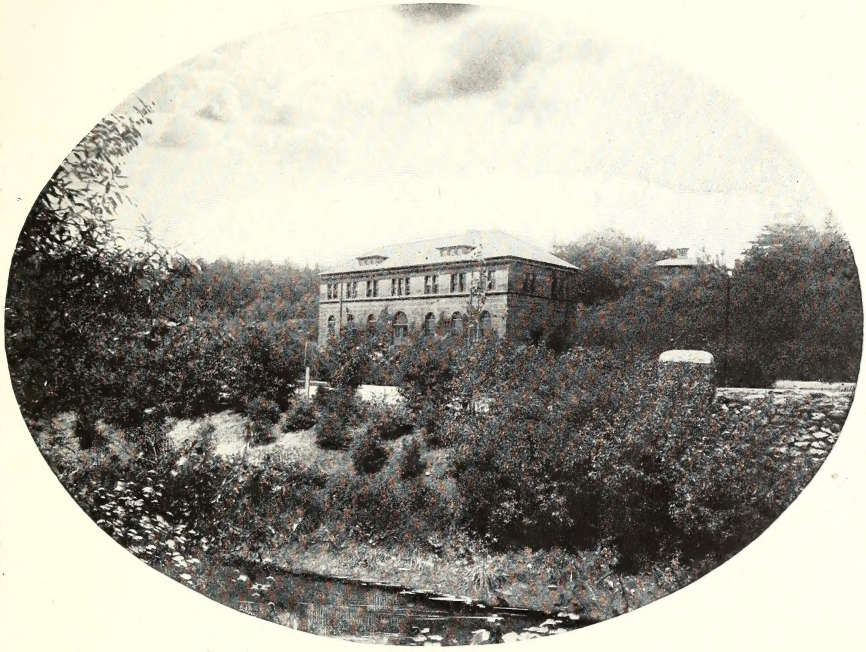


ENTRANCE NEAR FOREST HILLS.

cation with relation to the other parks, a contract was drawn up which provided that the city should construct all the roads and paths through the place and maintain them in good order, and should police the grounds, while the university assumed the entire care and maintenance of the remaining portion. The contract further provides that the Arboretum shall be maintained in this place for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, the city having taken the land by right of eminent domain and having leased it back to the university for that picturesque term. According to the director, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, of the chair of arboriculture at Harvard University, and author of "The Sylva of North America," trees have never been planted with better promise of undisturbed old age. The Arboretum will eventually contain every species and variety of tree and shrub that will flourish in this climate. Much of the planting has been done, and the trees have been given the most favorable conditions possible for their perfect growth and development. Individual specimens and groups are planted in a systematic arrangement. "Furnished at the start with the most liberal supply of the soil that their nature requires," says Sylvester Baxter, in his Boston Park Guide, "their growth is remarkably rapid and healthy. In the order of planting, the regular botanical sequence of groups and species agreed upon by modern authorities and observed by Professor Sargent in his 'Sylva of North America' is pursued as closely as practicable, beginning at the museum, near the main entrance, with the Magnoliacæ, and following the general lines of the drives, terminating at the Walter street entrance with the larches. By a fortunate circumstance the existing oaks and chestnuts, of which strikingly fine large specimens were already in existence on the grounds, fell into their natural place in this sequence. It is intended to cover almost all the area with the plantations, leaving no open lawn or meadow spaces as in other parks. Wherever trees naturally grow with underwood, thickets of shrubs cover the ground, and so far as possible these are planted with the trees to which they are related. Although the arrangement is scientifically formal, and the visitor sees a gradual progress

from species to species, no formality is evident to the casual observer, the impression given being that of the natural sylvan park."

None of the trees in the type groups have been planted in pits less than ten feet square, and all trees intended to grow singly and develop into specimens are planted in pits twenty-five feet square. Rock, gravel and sandy loam have been removed from all pits to a depth of three feet, and replaced by



THE MUSEUM.

loam and peat. The soil has been deepened and enriched all over the plantations. The result of this work will naturally be more apparent in the future than at present Many of the trees are now in their youth, and the aspect of the park to-day affords but a faint idea of what it will be when all the trees are well grown.

An exception to this rule, however, is the impressive hemlock wood which covers the steep northern slope of a hill near the South street entrance. This "hanging-wood," as Olmsted called it in the Boston Park Commissioners' report for 1886, is as primeval as those forests described by Longfellow in "Evangeline," where the murmuring pines and the hemlocks

Stand like Druids of eld, with their voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

The perpetual twilight that reigns under the sombre masses of foliage, the irregularly regular ranks of tall straight stems that rise from the needle-carpeted earth, the green mosses that clothe bark and rock, testifying to the constant shade, penetrated only by vagrant shafts of late afternoon sunlight, and the atmosphere of age, of solemnity, of mystery, that fills the place, combine to make it one of the most picturesque, romantic and majestic of woods. No description and no illustration can give more than the faintest hint of its awe-inspiring and dreamland grandeur. Its fathomless quiet and incalculable antiquity mock the fretful stir unprofitable and the fever of the world. It is Gothic in



LOOKING TOWARDS BOSTON FROM THE TOP OF BUSSEY HILL.



THE HEMLOCK WOODS FROM BUSSEY HILL.

its simple nobility of structure, in its soaring lines of height, in its cloistered retirement and seclusion, and in its irresistible appeal to the sentiment of reverence. What tales of winter nights, of fearful tempests, of love and hate, of tryst and feud, what volumes of forgotten legends, antedating the discovery of the continent, are forever buried in the stern silence of these haunted aisles! This deep and gloomy wood, this wild, secluded scene, fit theatre for tragic events, reaching back to savage prehistoric years, before the hardy Northmen or the valiant Latins had solved the mystery of the unknown western seas, stands to-day, saved by some miracle from fire and axe, within the very boundaries of the city of Boston, and not a stone's throw from the macadamized park road over which roll the pleasure carriage and the glittering four-in-hand.

No such woods exist elsewhere in the park system. Even in the thousands of acres of forest that cover the Blue Hills of Milton, there is no such patriarchal spot. The vast and bosky wilderness of the Middlesex Fells, the labyrinthine dells and ridges of the Lynn Woods, the rude and tangled thickets and coppices of the Stony Brook Reservation have nothing to compare with the hanging-wood of hemlocks in the Arboretum.

There is a pretty brook, to which the maps give no name, running through the Arboretum, and its course brings it close to the foot of the steep slope on which the hemlock wood grows. It passes out of the park near the South street gate. The original name of the hemlock wood was the Bussey wood.

The topography of the Arboretum is so simple as to require little explanation. According to the map in the Boston Park Commissioners' report for 1895, which shows the extension comprising the large area of land on Peters' hill, since taken in, there are entrances from the Arborway, South street, Centre street, Walter street, and



SOUTH FROM BUSSEY HILL.

Mendum street, the grounds being substantially bounded by the above-mentioned roads and streets. The northern entrance, from the parkway, which is likely to be used by nine visitors out of ten, who drive from the city through the park system, opens upon a level road traversing a meadow and running southward till it forks at the foot of the gradual ascent to Bussey hill. The turn to the left will bring the visitor back to the parkway near the Bussey Institution; that to the right will bring him by easy grades in a long circular swing to the summit of Bussey hill. This road passes between masses of lilacs, which, in the spring, are a revelation of the immense numbers of different varieties and colors. They are all labeled; each variety has its distinctive hue and character; the air is positively heavy with sweet odors. The road which enters from Centre street, at the west, joins the winding road up the hill, and also leads down an easy slope south and south-east to the hemlock wood and the South street gate. Shrubberies of great profusion line the way; here the laurel family, there the rhododendrons, in every phase and diversity; and in their season the wild roses deck the roadsides with their delicate colors, wandering over the edges of the paths,—for the bushes and plants in this happy spot are encouraged to stray where they will, breaking in upon the regularity of the borders.

The road which enters at South street diverges to the left and passes westward at the foot of the hemlock wood slope, ascending the gentle valley of the brook to another entrance at the west of the grounds, on Walter street, at which point the West Roxbury Parkway will establish a connecting link between the Arboretum and the Stony Woods Reservation, one of the least known of the large state reservations around Boston, belonging to the metropolitan parks system. The entire southern section of the Arboretum may be roughly included in the Peters' hill portion, which was added to the grounds only a few years ago.

Almost all visitors to the Arbor-

etum climb by the winding carriage road to the summit of Bussey hill, which commands a most interesting view of the surrounding country. The ascent is very gradual, and the road passes between plantations of hardy shrubs which are continual sources of interest and enjoyment throughout the changing seasons. Although the hill is not lofty, the panorama is extremely satisfactory, affording an excellent general impression of the well



YOUNG SHRUBS.

favored and rich landscape characteristic of the Boston Basin. A rolling and well wooded country, accented by comfortable villas half hid under massive shade trees, and presenting an appearance of peaceful life that suggests the neighborhood of a large and thrifty city, but without any hint of its ugliness, congestion or clamor. One relatively squalid part of the view will soon be shut off by a curtain of trees, and after that is done there will not be a single jarring note in the smiling prospect. The look off to the east and south-east takes in the range of the Blue Hills of Milton, a horizon celebrated for its soft and graceful undulations. The focus is favorable for getting the Blue Hills at their very best in point of form and color. They appear, in most conditions of the atmosphere and light, an almost perfectly flat mass against the sky. Morning shows them veiled in a violet haze of wonderful depth and bloom; and the evening light again poetizes their distant tones in a variety of mysterious and fascinating shades of blue. They are superb under the clear, steely skies of midwinter, when snow lies on the ground. From Bussey hill also one gets a good look at the hanging-wood of hemlocks, over across the little intervening valley in the park. Thus seen, the wood looks as black and forbidding as those fearful pine forests in German juvenile picture-books, whence issue ogres, monsters

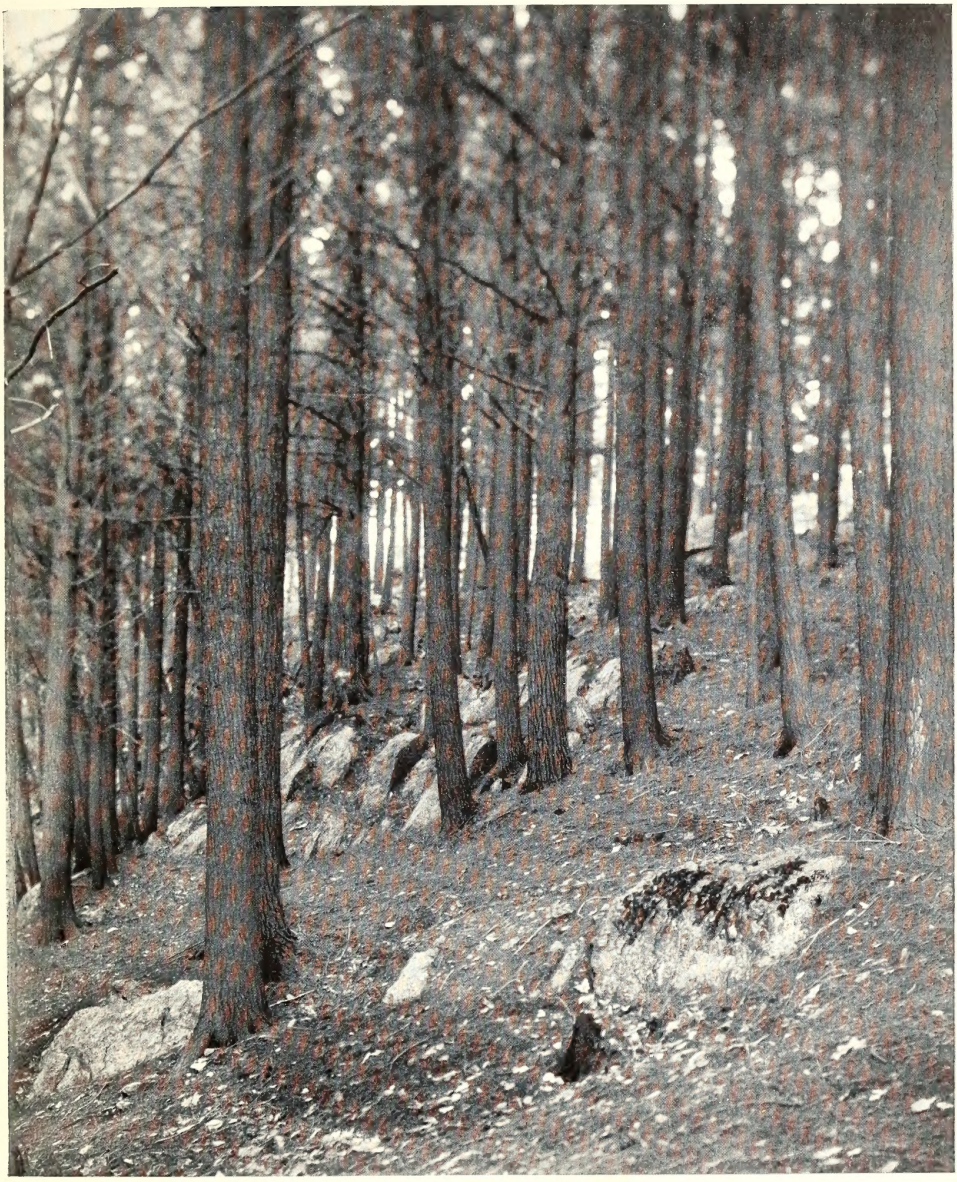


CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT.

and beasts of prey; and it would require Gustave Doré to do them justice. To the southward we see the rounded top of Peters' hill, and the rough, tree-covered ledges and ridges of the Stony Brook reservation, with the water-tower of Bellevue Hill in West Roxbury, a well known landmark and view-point. Most of the distant views to the westward are cut off by the near hills of Jamaica Plain and Brookline and the thick woods under which nestle so many cosy suburban homes. Over beyond the embowered buildings of the Adams Nervine Asylum lies Jamaica Park, and the gay streams of pleasure carriages and bicycles roll to and fro on the long, sinuous parkways which connect the Arboretum with the city proper by way of the Fens. Boston, with its spires and towers, its domes and fluttering plumes of steam, lies stretched all along the smoky northern horizon. Far away one sees for an instant an express train darting towards the Park Square terminus over the long granite viaduct; then it is lost to sight behind a mass of foliage. The graceful silhouette of the white Roxbury standpipe is a conspicuous object to the northward, and it can not be denied that some of the big brick buildings yonder are prosaic breweries, to which distance lends such enchantment as it may. The outlook to the northeast embraces the thickly wooded western slopes of Franklin Park, — the so-called Wilderness — and, further south, the observatory tower and clustering memorials of Forest Hills cemetery and of Mount Hope. It is a view in which tranquillity and rural charm are constantly blended with stir and life; and, with the steady growth of the trees in the foreground, it must improve vastly from year to year.

Bussey Hill was well known to Washington, who made his headquarters at the old Peacock Tavern, not far away, at the corner of Centre street and Allandale road; and it is said that the hill had been chosen as one of the points to fall back upon in case of need during the siege of Boston. The view from Peters' hill, which is still higher ground, is more extensive, and brings within sight a very distant horizon, including a considerable reach of Massachusetts Bay. The first plans contemplated a winding carriage road to the top; but this scheme has been modified, so that for the present the summit will be accessible only by a foot-path.

The public knows little of the important scientific work that is being carried on by Professor Sargent and his assistants in the Arboretum. The museum, located near the main entrance, at the northern extremity of the grounds, is a brick building, one hundred by forty feet in dimensions, the lower story being a dendrological museum, open to the public, and the upper story containing the library, the herbarium and the offices of administration. This building, "devoted to the study of trees," as the plate on the front declares, was erected by Horatio Hollis Hunnewell, in the year 1892. Here the practical scientific work of the dendrological station is



IN THE HEMLOCK WOODS.

done. Every tree and shrub planted is catalogued in a card catalogue, with notes showing where the plant or seed came from; and every important tree is systematically charted and numbered, so that its location can be fixed, and its date, age, etc., recorded. The abbreviated history of the work accomplished from year to year is to be found in Professor Sargent's annual reports to the President and Fellows of Harvard University. From these succinct statements may be learned the condition and progress of the Arboretum at regular annual periods; how many trees have been planted,

and of what kinds; how many shrubs planted, where and how; what has been done in the propagating-houses, the frame-yard and the nursery; the condition of the nurseries, plantations and natural woods; the results that have been obtained by pruning and caring for the older self-sown trees; the number of seeds and plants distributed among other botanical and horticultural establishments, at home and abroad; the number of seeds and plants received from donors; the number of shrubs collected from the woods



A ROAD IN THE ARBORETUM.

of New England and planted in the borders and the nurseries; the number of sheets of dried plants added to the herbarium, and the number of duplicates distributed, etc. Possibly few people are sufficiently interested to read these reports, which are neither thrilling nor romantic; but the series tells a significant story of patient, thorough and valuable work, the real fruition of which must be looked for generations hence, long after the laborers shall have passed away.

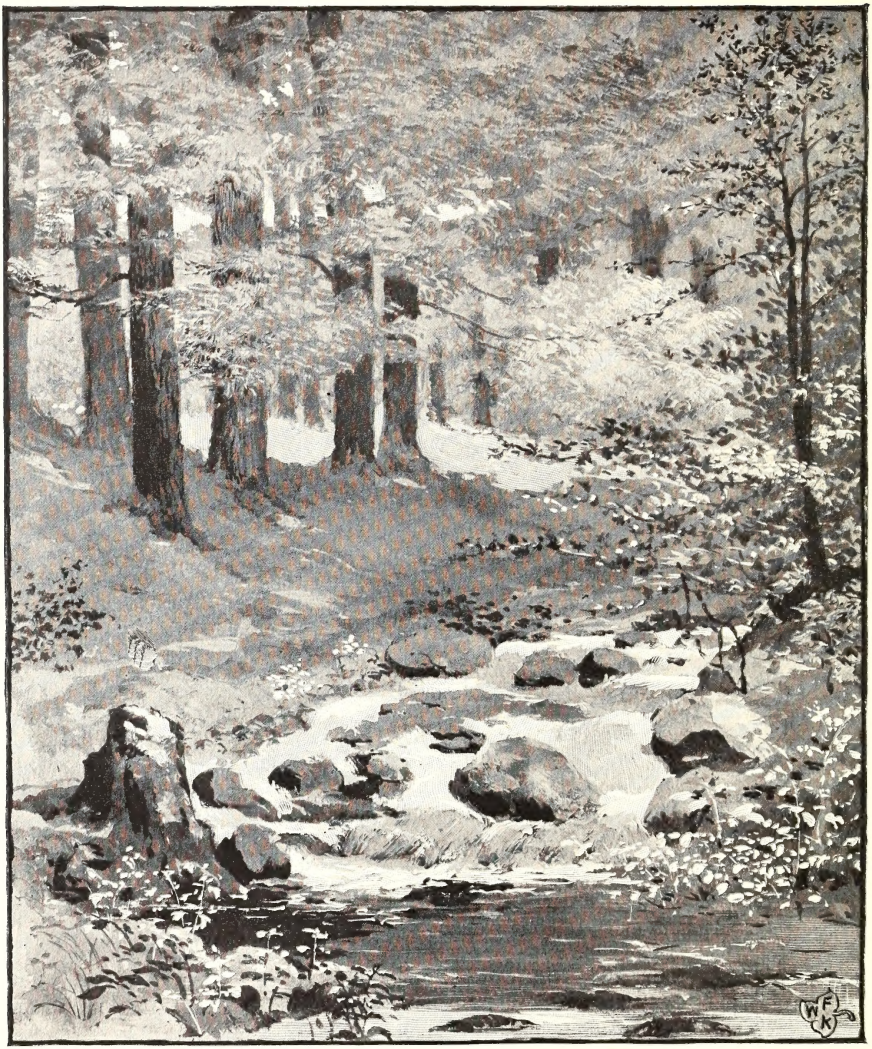
Seldom has anything of consequence been done in Boston without somebody writing a solemn protest to the *Transcript;* and the construction of a massive stone wall all around the Arboretum in 1897 and 1898 was no exception to this rule. When gates are added, as they soon will be, at the seven entrances, another indignant remonstrance from "Constant Reader" and "Lover of Nature" may be expected. The fact of the matter is that the Arboretum is open to the public at all reasonable times, subject only to such restrictions as are usually adopted in well kept public grounds and such limitations as are found necessary for the due protection of the trees and plants. The grounds are open, therefore, only between sunrise and sunset; for it obviously would be unwise to admit visitors in the night, when, under cover of darkness, one small hoodlum might do irreparable injury to some plant which could not be replaced. Moreover, from an æsthetic point of view, a well built stone wall is, to say the least, inoffensive to the sight, and it further suggests that degree of seclusion desirable in a park or an arboretum.



THE MEADOW BY THE MUSEUM.

Wherever the outside surroundings of the grounds are of an unsightly character, quick-growing trees have been planted in masses to shut out the view. Thus, on the northeast side, near the parkway, willows are shooting skyward from the moist soil at the edge of the meadows.

An illustration of the enormous economic importance of the kind of special knowledge to which the Arboretum is dedicated occurred in 1896 and 1897, when Professor Sargent was appointed chairman of the committee formed by the National Academy of Sciences, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, to investigate and report upon the inauguration of a rational forest policy for the forested public lands of the United States. The report of this eminent committee (consisting of Professor Sargent, General Henry L. Abbot of the United States Engineer Corps, Professor William H. Brewer of Yale, Mr. Arnold Hague of the United States Geological Survey, Mr. Alexander Agassiz, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, and Professor Wolcott Gibbs, ex-officio, president of the National Academy of Sciences) was sent to the Secretary of the Interior on May 1, 1897; but three months earlier, Professor Sargent, as chairman of the committee, had signed a preliminary report containing recommendations of the utmost importance, which were promptly acted upon by the President, with the result that, on February 22, 1897, thirteen new forest reserves, with an estimated total area of over twenty-one millions of acres, were added to the parts of the public domain already withdrawn from sale and entry. These thirteen additional forest reserves are the Black Hills Reserve, with an area of 967,680 acres, in South Dakota; the Big Horn Reserve, with an area of 1,198,080 acres, in the mountains of Wyoming; the Teton Forest Reserve, containing 829,440 acres, just south of the Yellowstone National Park; the Flat Head Forest Reserve, of 1,382,400 acres, embracing both slopes of the Rocky Mountain range in northern Montana; the Lewis and Clark Reserve, comprising both slopes of the continental divide in Montana, extending from near the line of the Great Northern Railroad southward nearly to the forty-seventh degree of north latitude, with an area of about 2,926,080 acres; the Priest River Forest Reserve, with 645,120 acres, in the northern part of Idaho and the northeastern part of Washington; the Bitter Root Forest Reserve, of 4,147,200 acres (the largest unsettled region in the United States, it is thought), lying on both sides of the boundary between Montana and Idaho, and accessible only by rough and difficult



THE BROOK IN THE HEMLOCK WOODS.

trails; the Washington Forest Reserve, of 3,594,240 acres, in the Cascade Mountain region of Washington; the Olympic Forest Reserve, of 2,188,800 acres, in the high Olympic Mountain region in northwestern Washington; the Mount Rainier Forest Reserve, of 1,267,200 acres, also in Washington; the Stanislaus Forest Reserve, of 691,200 acres, embracing six townships along the summits of the Sierra Nevada in California; the San Jacinto Forest Reserve, of 737,280 acres, containing the San Jacinto Mountains in Southern California; and the Utah Forest Reserve, taking in both slopes of the eastern part of the Uintah Mountain range in northern Utah.

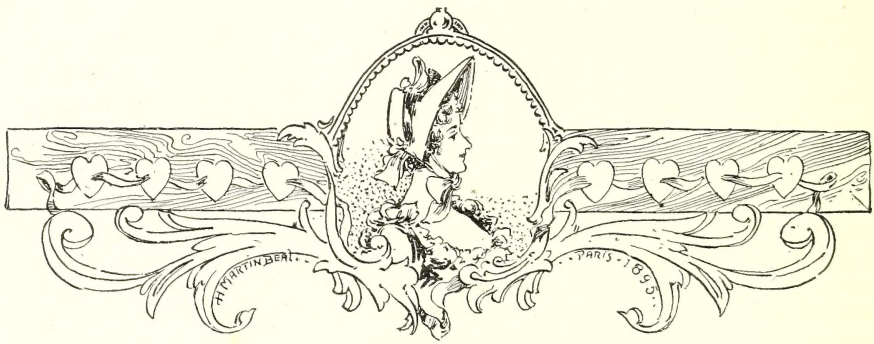
Speaking of the Olympic Forest Reserve, Professor Sargent says: "This is a region of steep and jagged mountains, their highest peaks clothed with glaciers and with perpetual snow. The forests here, watered by more copious rains than fall

on any other part of the United States, are composed of enormous spruces, firs and cedars, and in productiveness are surpassed in the world only by the redwood forests of the California coast region. Few explorers have penetrated far into this region, which from the denseness of its forest covering offers exceptional difficulties to travel; and there is no record that it has been crossed in a north and south direction. This reserve no doubt contains for its area the largest and most valuable body of timber belonging to the nation; and here is probably the only part of the United States where the forest unmarked by fire or the ax still exists over a great area in its primeval splendor. . . . The character of its forests, which can be made to yield permanently vast quantities of timber, its wildness, the picturesqueness of its surface and its remoteness make the Olympic Reserve one of the most valuable of all the forest reserves which have been made or proposed."

The commission fully recognized the fact that the forest reserves established could not be maintained unless a plan were formed under which their boundaries might be modified so as to take from them all lands better suited for agriculture than for the production of forests, and under which their timber might be made available for domestic and commercial purposes, and valuable minerals might be freely sought and mined within their boundaries. The commission therefore perfected a scheme of forest management which is calculated to make the administration of the reserves possible, and which was formulated in the proposed acts of Congress accompanying the report. The gist of the recommendations was, first, that the Secretary of War, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, shall be authorized and directed to make details of troops to protect the forests, timber and undergrowth on the public reservations, and in the national parks not otherwise protected under existing laws, until a permanent forest bureau in the Department of the Interior has been authorized and organized; second, that the Secretary of the Interior shall be authorized and directed to issue the necessary rules and regulations for the protection, growth and improvement of the forests on the forest reserves of the United States; for the sale from them of timber, firewood and fencing to actual settlers on and adjacent to such reserves and to the owners of mines legally located in them for use in such mines; for allowing actual settlers who have no timber on their own claims to take from the reserves firewood, posts, poles and fencing material necessary for their immediate personal use; for allowing the public to enter and cross the reserves; for granting to county commissioners rights of way for wagon roads in and across the reserves; for granting rights of way for irrigating ditches, flumes, pipes and reservoir sites; for permitting prospectors to enter the reserves in search of valuable minerals; for opening the reserves to the location of mining claims under the general mining laws; and for allowing the owners of unperfected claims or patents, and the land-grant railroads with lands located in the reserves, to exchange them under equitable conditions for unreserved lands; third, that a bureau of public forests shall be established in the Department of the Interior, composed of officers specially selected with reference to their character and attainments, holding office during efficiency and good behavior, and liberally paid and pensioned; fourth, that a board of forest lands shall be appointed by the President to determine from actual topographical surveys to be made by the Director of the Geological Survey, what portions of the public domain should be reserved permanently as forest lands, and what portions, being more valuable for mining or agriculture, should be open to sale and settlement; fifth, that all public lands of the United States, more valuable for the production of timber than for ag-

riculture or mining, shall be withdrawn from sale, settlement and other disposition, and held for the growth and sale of timber; sixth, that certain portions of the Rainier Forest Reserve in Washington and of the Grand Cañon Forest Reserve in Arizona shall be set aside and governed as national parks.

The sound special knowledge on which this report is based, having such a direct and practical bearing upon the welfare of so many people, can not be regarded as a subject to which any of us should remain indifferent; and it is because the far-reaching interests affected by the legislation alluded to testify so convincingly to the usefulness and worth of such special knowledge, that I have tried to show, by the above brief *résumé* of the work of the forestry commission, the intimate connection between the purposes of the Arnold Arboretum and vital, present, pressing national issues and needs.



WILL.

By Margaret W. Fuller.

I THOUGHT I could not tame my will to plow
The drudging level of plain every-day,
Now up, now down, a toilsome, turning way
Back past the furrows of my life's dull "Now."
Yet, though I cannot mount To-morrow's brow
To gaze across Time's distant slope, I pray
Let me not fix my eyes on furrows gray,
Nor harness too my soul, and spirit bow.

As Jason sowed, divinely sure that he
Strength could not lack to do what fate should ask,
And reined brute force with a laborious zest;
So be plain paths heroic fields. Let me,
With eyes and soul uplift, pursue my task
And drive my will at Duty's high behest.

A SCION OF THE COVENANT.

By A. Edwin Crockett.

DONALD McKENZIE had a sore heart, not from his own failings, but because other people were departing from the old straight paths of the Covenant. Rev. Mr. McCrae, after thirty years in Streamville pulpit, had gone to his fathers, and a young man had been chosen in his stead. The thump of his fist on the cushion as he denounced the "Scarlet Woman," the little reference to Bobbie Burns, and the proud lift of his face as, with a voice that swelled and trembled, he pictured the far off moors of Scotland in the times when their heather was stained with martyrs' blood, had been enough. He had touched as with fire their stern Scotch hearts, and henceforth they were his. But he was young, very young, and despite those references to the sacred past he early gave signs of those modern notions which many of the good people feared. He was zealous, keenly zealous, but—alas for the church!—in the manse on the little hill there was no wife yet to give him the quiet counsel which the wisest needs. So he was left much to the mercies of the leading elder, a scheming and ambitious man, little loved by Donald McKenzie.

Petty little changes began to be made, and the people were asked to support new schemes. This was rank extravagance in the frugal eyes of the old farmers; and the grandfathers, severe and strict as the old Cameronians themselves, shook their gray heads doubtfully. None grumbled openly, for Mr. McNutt was the Lord's anointed; but in the hearts of a few a bitterness waxed deep and strong against this Flint Fraser, his counsellor.

The blackness of night seemed to fall upon the soul of Dan McKenzie when these two, Mr. McNutt and Elder Fraser, began to agitate for a great and costly bell. It seemed to him indeed that his old forefathers would rise up from their graves across the sea to protest and to warn. Fiercely they had fought, some of them, and dauntlessly they had died, that the service of God might be simple and plain; and now their children in a free land were choosing the way of the backslider. Oh, the pity of it! The sad, sad pity of it!—the recklessness, the blindness, the expense!

For days he hugged his grief, speaking no word of what was in his heart. At last he began to feel himself a Lot in a modern Sodom, and his eyes grew solemn and his air marvellously severe. After this, as he sat behind the great stove in the kitchen, he would mutter many things to himself and shake his head darkly, as if he were overwhelmed by the sins of the people. Margaret, his slim wife, crooning psalm tunes on the other side, thought rebelliously on the same things, but being only a woman she gave no hint of the volcanic wrath her broodings excited within her.

It was not human, of course, that they should avoid this topic long. One night after milking, Dan sighed several pious sighs and at intervals of pain let forth a groan—for he wrestled mightily with his trouble. "Hoigh! Hoigh!" he sighed heavily. And Margaret, hunched in her chair, echoed "Dearie me! Dearie me!"

Then he cocked his little eyes at the ceiling and complained: "It's winderful what poor craethers will be fussin' after in these days!"

He seemed to address his remarks

to no one, just as if he were alone, yet Margaret answered quickly: "'Deed it's yourself that's speakin' truth, Dan McKenzie."

His chair was tilted back against the wall, and his slipperless feet rested on its upper rung, so that, bending far forward with arms around his wide-spread knees and his fingers clasped in front, his very shoulders even were almost out of sight. "Aye! Aye," he muttered on, just as if Margaret had said not a word, "an it's one o' them revivals they'd be wantin' next. The grand old doctrines good enough for our fathers 'll be na good at all, at all. The religion the Covenanters died for wint suit them o' these days. Aghh! it's the dirty popery they'll be pittin' on till us soon!"

"Donald, man, it's yourself as has the wise words the night!" Margaret said with a sparkle in her eye.

"The day is not far when the Confession of Faith will be mocked, and the essence of the Scriptures, the Catechism, will be neglected. It's the wudden machine, the contrivance o' men's minds and the work o' men's hands, called the organ, they'll be wanting next to praise the Lord with in the singin' of psalms!" he groaned in disgust.

Two little red spots had been rising into Margaret's sallow cheeks. Two tired gray eyes, a little ago so dreamy and meek, were flashing now.

"Sure isn't Elder Fraser him that'll be speakin' o' that already? 'Deed it's little the poor man gives bit his talk. A blatherin' trawlin' of a busy-body—that's what he is! Elder or no elder, I say it, Dan McKenzie."

Her voice rose marvellously shrill, shriller indeed at every word. Then low in the stinging bitterness of a Pictou woman's tongue she sneered: "Him, the miserable craether, with the debts and debts to pay! It's a pretty elder he is—the fool!"

Dan shook his head. "Wumman, wumman," he said, "judge not, judge not."

But Margaret was like a lioness. She jumped up from her chair; her hands sought her hips, and leaning over the stove towards Dan, she hissed: "Judge him — the dirty trash that he is? 'Deed I widdn't — the fool is his own judge. Who is bit him that'll be wantin' to sing the psalms o' David no more on the Sabbath, the grand old psalms o' the sweet singer o' Israel? Isn't it the wee bits o' trashy himes he's for singin' in their stead? Is it you, Dan McKenzie, husband o' mine, — is it you, the son of your own father, that'll be wantin' to sit under the like o' that?"

With eyes ablaze, cheeks one flare of red, and bitter wrath written in the set of every line of face and form, she stood looking down on Dan. Wise man, he kept silent, sighing crafty sympathy, but never raising his eyes from his knees. For a little they remained so, without a word being spoken. Then Margaret slowly sank back again in her chair. There was no sound in the long, low, dim room save the plaintive whine of the tea kettle still singing on the stove.

By the light from the open damper bright with burning hardwood coals, Dan watched the red spots on her cheeks slowly fade, and when they had died away, he rose up gravely and stretched himself.

"Hoi! Hoi! It's a queer world, a queer world!" he said sagely. "Children will be ever cryin' out for a bauble, and the poor people o' Streamville will be wantin' a poor brass bit of a bell! Hoi! Hoi! The poor craethers! The poor silly craethers!"

He sighed, and looked down at Margaret. He sighed yet again, a long, sad sigh. Then he said slowly: "Margaret, wumman, we'll take the Book now. Perhaps we'd best take the Book now."

Without a word Margaret rose wearily, with a shaving lighted a bit of tallow candle on the table, took down the old Bible from the shelf above, and reverently put it near the flickering light. Then she sat down again, bending far over in her chair,

and with elbows resting on her knees and the thin face of her buried in the palms of thinner hands she dreamed with heavy eyes into the fire.

Solemnly and low Dan began to read the evening psalm, but up the scale he went, louder and louder, till at the end of the first line his voice was grand and rolling ahead, as though a wall could not stop it. Yet the second began at a low whisper, and barely a whisper it was at the close. The third line swung and crashed like the first. The fourth was breathed merely, just like the second. Thus in monotonous sing-song, sing-song, the verses quaintly went throughout the whole psalm. Then repeating the first two lines he ended them with a long, low groan, which when lifted to the proper pitch expanded into singing. From the bowed figure by the stove came Margaret's high, shrill quaver, and thus with hearts nearer Heaven than their wont their untuned and unblended praise went up to Him who listened.

When they had done, Dan turned over and read a chapter from the Book, after which they knelt reverently in prayer. It was the old tongue, the crooning Gaelic, the only language with which a man of pure Scotch blood can lay open his heart's full tenderness and yearnings, that he used; and when he rose there were new and moister depths in his eyes.

Three weeks later, Deacon McTavish, a stout and placid man, ambled up to the McKenzie farm on his old piebald mare, to beg a subscription for the bell. There was a sweet persuasiveness about this ambassador of the church which was hard to resist. Nevertheless he left Donald McKenzie's doorstep empty handed. Margaret made great moan and lamentation, and Dan's face and mein were very solemn and very stern as he refused the barest pittance to the cause. "Keen is his conscience when his pocket cries," whispered the diplomatic elder to himself, and he would have tried to reason with them. But Margaret's sharp eyes and keen face lighted up for battle, and he sighed in his heart, good man, politely prophesied many things regarding the weather and the crop, and went on his way. It was not pleasant even to this mild member of the session to have a gibing spirit within him hint that the fierce light in a little thin woman's blue eyes and the faint twitchings of her nostrils had daunted the doughty champion of the church; but such must have twitted him, for down through the scant thickets by the roadside he was unwontedly impatient with his gentle piebald steed. Only the birds saw it, and the session never believed the tale, for ever with them he was most fatherly and calm.

Still the cause of the bell prospered. The young folk, with the recklessness of their age, were eager and determined, while those among their seniors who wished to stand in well with the minister became enthusiastic. And little did they think, young and old, that Elder Flint Fraser behind the scenes was guiding them all and their events to his own triumph. How adroitly he played the game! Ah me! the like of him Streamville will never see again.

And so it came to pass that when the crops were in the ground the men of the congregation left their farm work and became carpenters for the time, until the little low church grew quite stately to their eyes, with a tower in front and a coat of white paint shining in the sun. High up at last hung the pride of the village, the great, untried brazen bell, ready to sing out a sweet welcome to the worshipers in the valley and on the bonny hills beyond.

The whole countryside, of course, was in a ferment from the day that all was done till the Sabbath came. Around the village counters and about the village post office men forgot the old themes and the old stories in this one new topic. Even the young fellows, who of evenings sat on the edge of the platforms like sparrows on a

rail and talked of love and many things, boasted little as they smoked or spat their "Montreal," and listened soberly for once to the brags of young Jim Kerr, who had been in the "States" and there had heard the hundred bells of Boston clang loudly together and in the quiet evenings had listened to marvellous chimes that rang out soft and solemn tunes into a trembling air.

Yes, they were keen for the sound, these people were. But back on his little farm Dan McKenzie, troubled in spirit, felt his sky grow blacker, and more black as the time grew near. Groaning and lamenting, he and Margaret scolded and complained, and over all his soul there subtly stole a dread of coming trouble. Reason had little Dan for his fears—aye, reason had he.

Yet surely the Garden of Eden in its one-time loveliness lay less beautiful than on that sweet Sabbath in the summer rested the little hamlet of Streamville. The grass in the fields by the roadside waved gently in changing green. The softer hued pastures on the barer hillsides shone with the kisses of a bright sun. The maples and beeches, clustered on high on the hilltops, shook their leaves lightly with limbs almost motionless in the little breeze whispering softly from the west. On high through a blue heaven tiny gray clouds like trails of mist slowly slipped towards the east. Above the hush of the old Sabbath there was only the sound of birds chirping, the complaint of lonely crickets, a sheep's occasional bleat, the surprised bawl of a grazing cow whose companions were hidden over a knoll, while from the winding road came the faint undertone of old-fashioned wagons as they lumbered slowly to church. And then the solemn music of the bell rose and fell with a sweetness that lingered long and tremulously in the pure country air,—and struck again—and then again.

In the manse Mr. McNutt, fumbling with his white cravat, turned his eyes a moment to heaven. Standing in his own doorway Elder Fraser leaned a little forward and put a hand behind his ear, and he smiled and whispered: "A bonny sound it has! Aye, a bonny, bonny sound!" And nearly every woman throughout the length and breadth of the countryside looked up quickly into her man's face and said: "Aye! man, is it not sweet?" And their lords answered at once: "Aye! Aye! it's grand,"—and then reflectively, "bit it cost—aye it cost a penny."

Dan McKenzie and Margaret had risen that morning low in heart and unwontedly silent with one another. The glories of the morning with eastern sky and the eastern hills brightened with the sun had not cheered them. Margaret quietly lit her fire and stirred her porridge, while Dan with his lean black dog went to the pasture and brought home the cows. When they had milked, the two sat down to their frugal meal, the solemnity of the Sabbath and the cloud of trouble heavy on their faces. The groaning of Dan in his long Gaelic grace was mournful. Mournful too was the "Returning of Thanks" and the "Taking of Books."

"Hoigh! Hoigh!" sighed he after he had slowly risen from his knees and had glanced long at the tall clock standing against the wall. "It's time we wis gettin' ready, Margaret. I suppose we should not be late this day." Then in his old bitter scorn of the bell he added, slowly: "It's sich a momentous occashion. Aye! yie! sich a momentous occashion." And they began to make ready.

Dan McKenzie was but a man, and Margaret, his wife, but a woman. So almost from the moment that Dan rose slowly and paused with a droll awe at his folded Sunday clothes, and Margaret had skipped away to her own toilet, a mild clamor arose in the farm house and kept things on the fret till they moved churchward. Dan had the start of Margaret, and was already in a gentle sweat when his excited

spouse bustling about upstairs with as much hurry as speed began to admonish him.

"We'll be late, Dan!" she cried from the bed room, where he could hear her slipping off rustling garments and rushing around. Her lord was already uncomfortable in his stiff white shirt and his Sunday trousers; one shining long-legged boot was on, and the tight-fitting trouser leg pulled down over it as far as the ankle; a white-socked foot was just in the entrance of the other, and his fingers were in the straps ready for a pull. "Hough! be quaet, wumman!" he grunted, no wise disturbed.

A couple of minutes passed. Then the sound of the first ringing from the church, a mile away, came trembling into the house. "The bell's ringin'! The bell's ringin'! Hear till it! Hear till it!" screamed Margaret in an excited and half-smothered cry from the folds of a mutinous garment with which she was feverishly struggling.

"The deil with the dang bell!" savagely muttered this son of the Covenanters with a black frown. His clumsy fingers were tugging frantically with a bone collar button and a stiff white collar, and they slipped badly; his face was flushed a brick red with his exertions, and his eyes rolled desperately. He stopped a moment and drew breath. Then he asked in mocking rage:

"Oh, it's the bell that's tellin' you the time o' day, Mrs. McKenzie? Is the clock stopped when you forget it clean and partic'lar?"

Margaret gave no answer, and Dan fiercely turned his attention and wrath upon the collar button, and made it do his will. He soon finished his dressing paying great attention to the brushing of his hair, and then, staff in hand and shiny beaver on his head, he called up the stairway, "Are you ready, Margaret, girl?"

"In a minute," came the hurried and almost breathless reassurance.

He stood for a while in the low doorway watching the slow wagons pass on to church and the people on foot trudge along by the roadside. But at last he grew impatient. "Wumman, will ye be ready the day?"

"Ay! ay! Donald, man, in a wee bittee, jist a wee bittee!"

Every Sabbath it was so. Every Sabbath Dan's patience oozed out as he waited at the doorway. So he stood there still, with the sun shining on his stern little face, quaintly whiskered, and his eyes dwelt on the glory of God's blue sky, then traveled up and down the tender hillsides, noting lights and shades, then followed the sweep of the gentle little glen lying like a maiden in the sun, and he forgot Margaret. "It's a braw day," he muttered, "bit it'll be rainin' the morra—the birds are o'er fond o' hoppin' on the ground. See that robin there, the red rogue—a sure sign! a sure sign!

"Ah! and is it Sandy McTavish that's comin' round the turn with the gray horse he got in trade, — and a dear trade it wis, I'm thinkin'! It's no hard to see that Sandy is mighty keen to sell. Jist look how he's pretendin' to hold back on the reins, as if the old sheep wis crazy to bolt! Ay! and the whip's in the other hand I'll be seein', Sandy man; bit you hold it very gentle like—very gentle like, Mister McTavish.

"And my! doesn't Mrs. McTavish sit big and proud with her red nose in the air an' the green parasol held foreninst the sun. 'Deed Sandy might sit back and let the mare jog—she's too old and lazy, I'll be thinkin', to run away.

"Agh! they're keen on the bell, I hear, Mister and Mistress McTavish are; bit it's myself that warrants it wis few groats they give—proud as the missus looks the day.

"Is that plague of a wumman never comin'! Wumman, will you be ready?" he called up the stairway in exasperation.

"I'm jist comin', Donald," she called back, with a note in her voice that every husband knows, no matter how homely his wife may be. It told him

that at last she was dressed to her full satisfaction and was just a little pleased with her glass. So there remained nothing for her impatient lord to do but grumble crustily: "I'll wait not a haight longer. 'Deed it's late we are already, when Sandy McTavish and the big wife, that's always last, has gone round the corner afore us." He blew his nose loudly with his red bandanna, replaced it inside his ancient beaver, stamped his staff shortly on the platform, and started.

With the dignified humility and with the solemn face befitting a Presbyterian of the old school on the Sabbath, Dan walked on towards the little white church, and never turned to look at Margaret trudging along sedately a few yards behind. And as he walked and as with an air of pious abstraction he "passed the time o' day" with people on the way, he was bitter at heart against the bell, and he raged at the thought of how the good old customs sacred to his fathers' hearts were being dropped by a frivolous generation one by one. Thus as they entered the churchyard with that thing of brass ringing again its loud and bitter refrain in his old heart, ringing as if in triumph it mocked him, everything to his solemn eyes seemed different, — and yet what was changed he could not tell. The same old line of horses still harnessed and in their wagon shafts stood hitched all along the unpainted fence; careless groups of men chatted in low tones of crops, horses and weather, listened at times with critical ears to the ringing above them, and, I fear, at ungodly moments dropped little bits of gossip that at some firesides furnished interest for a week; and as ever, about the church door the young bloods of the hamlet, bright eyed, rosy cheeked and bashful, stood awkwardly as they watched the lasses trip haughtily into their seats, dressed like little queens in their finery.

It had been Dan's wont to stop and chat. But on this Sabbath he had not the heart. He slackened up his step till Margaret passed him and went in; then with a sigh he followed her through the doorway, through the rustling hall where women removing their veils and neckerchiefs exchanged greetings and gossip in whispers and nods, and then down the aisle into the hush of the Lord's presence. Up to the very front they went, a queer pair, and turned into their old side pew by the pulpit.

Margaret sat down quietly and without ceremony. But Dan, being a man, though of little presence, abrupt in his movements, and fidgety, must needs lean his short staff in the corner, put his hat on the seat, and then, gathering his spreading coat tails about him with convulsive tightness, sink down beside her solemnly. Putting out his right hand he drew the red bandanna from the depths of his beaver, mopped his bare crown and brow thoughtfully, and completed the ceremony with sundry trumpet blasts from his nose. Then hat and handkerchief were put beneath the seat, and with his hands folded in his lap like a saint and his thumbs twirling around each other at a gentle pace he bowed his old bald head and gave himself up to his thoughts.

But Margaret with keen eyes swept the church, from the pulpit, where on high the minister in his gown sat throned in calm-eyed dignity, to the precentor's seat in the gallery over the hall, where in front of an adoring choir and above an admiring congregation, Elder Flint Fraser, the champion of the bell, could not disguise his triumph. Bitterness came black and biting into her heart as she watched the elder, for he sat up straight and puffed his spare frame to a kingliness it had never shown before. His glance was like an eagle's after battle, and his shaven lips curved into a half smile, while combed and stroked with unusual care that day his long wispy side whiskers stuck out from his cheeks as if threatening to spike through the eyes any one that smiled behind him. Margaret thought him vain; and in-

deed he may have been — and no doubt he would have been, were he not so bald. She turned her head away from the sight of him, bitterer than ever.

The rattling of pulleys ceased, and with a dying clang the bell stopped. Even while the last vibrations were singing tremulously in the air the Rev. Mr. McNutt was on his feet, reading in low tones the morning psalm. When he had done, the choir in the gallery rose and drew a long breath, and the people below stood up reverently in their pews. Precentor Flint Fraser, with his head well back, his left hand holding the book far out from his eyes, while his right grasped a tuning fork, cleared his throat carefully, and then with majestic air struck the little instrument on the gallery railing. With canted head and lips pursed he judged the vibrations, and then broke forth; an ambitious but childless woman in the choir came next; the others followed; and at last with a grand mingling of voices preacher and congregation took up the strain.

But the old precentor in his lofty perch was as one possessed. Now he pealed out with his mouth turned to the ceiling; now he listened for moments with sundry puckerings and smackings of his lips; and then with a new swing and a leader's clarion note he would sweep onward the lagging stream of song. Bass, soprano, tenor, in turn he took, always singing out clear and strong above the rest, his head and chest thrown back, his body jerking nervously, his hand waving, and the sharp stamp of his foot beating time loud enough to be heard throughout the church at intervals. Surely indeed in this day of his triumph the elder surpassed himself. Ah me! did he guess how his arch enemy, Dan McKenzie, would be smitten with shame and humbled before him?

The end of the singing came too soon. The long morning prayer followed, the people standing with unshut eyes just as their fathers for generations had stood. The solemn reading of the Scriptures came next; and then another psalm was sung. When the hush had stolen over them again, Mr. McNutt gave out his text, waited motionless and silent till the people found it and clattered their Bibles into the book troughs before them. Then he began his sermon.

Alas! it is time to confess that Donald McKenzie was a man much given to sleep, particularly on the Sabbath day. And even on this morning of which I tell, he had, notwithstanding his pious wrath against the bell and the importance of his office of "Beggar," half dozed through the reading of the Scripture; and now, satisfied with the "Heads" of the discourse and lulled by the familiar voice of Mr. McNutt, he glided gently with his chin on his breast into the sweet land of dreams. At times, indeed, he seemed to fight against the spell, jerking his head up fitfully and blinking a bit; but not even an occasional nudge from Margaret's elbow nor the ticklings of a sacreligious fly coursing gayly across his shining pate could bring him nearer than spasmodic consciousness.

Still the people in the pews had long ceased to think anything of his weakness. In fact, it had grown customary, when any of the godless laughed, to cant the head a little to one side and answer quaintly in mingled Scotch reproof and Scotch apology: "'Deed, if Dan kept awake, it's me that 'ud be lookin' at him all the day, and it's not a mite o' good I'd be gettin' o' the sarmon, at all, at all. There's nothin' astray in the doctrine either, while Donald McKenzie's at the sleepin' — I'll tell ye *that*."

But they did marvel forever afterwards how any one of flesh and blood and possessing the symptoms of a soul could sit that day and doze under Mr. McNutt's burning words. For this sermon had been prepared with great care for this great occasion, and the minister was delivering it with a fervor that held the people before him spellbound. The men with heads bowed

humbly and hands clasped tightly between their knees listened hard. The women sat bolt upright with flashing eyes and ears that dared not miss one word. The aged fathers leaning forward, with wrinkled faces buried in their shaking hands, whispered silently through dry lips: "Aye, aye! bit it's mighty, mighty! He's deep! 'Deed! bit it's grand words he's breakin' till us this day!"

Mr. McNutt reached his *thirdly*, and Dan still slept, sounder perhaps than ever. The preacher was mortal and young, and the sound of his eloquence racked his own heart into tingling ecstasies of emotion that swept him on and on with vague yearnings past the border land of passion. The time of pleading was at hand. In a moment those clarion tones would soften to croonings like a mother's over her babes; and the strong men would fidget about in the seats, the old fathers would sit wrapt, their faces shining, while the women would sniff audibly here and there, and wipe red eyes with their handkerchiefs. But when the last pealing masterpiece had been thundered forth, there was a choking catch in Mr. McNutt's throat, his hands which had been pounding the cushion rested motionless before him, while in a hush like the judgment he looked over the heads of the worshipers and above the silent choir with misty eyes which could not see. Arrows of conviction were striking right and left into hearts whose defenses were down, — when, disturbed by the silence, Dan McKenzie awoke with a start.

He was late, he thought at once, for the collection; and grasping the ladle in front of him before Margaret's hand could touch him, with eyes a-blink he hurried down the aisle and at the end of the church began to solicit coppers as usual. The snickering of godless Jamie Munro, who shook in his seat catching his breath convulsively and biting into his handkerchief, and the horrified face of Elder McTavish, whose eyes stared from Dan to the ceiling as if it would fall and from the ceiling to Dan, gave him warning. Dazed he glanced around the wide-eyed congregation, saw Margaret writhing in shame in her pew and the minister towering white-faced and stern in the high pulpit. He was too bewildered to slink into an empty pew by the door, but bent his head and in a dream walked back to his place by his wife — and his dry old Scotch face was a blank that told no tales.

It was well that the Rev. Mr. McNutt had not forgotten his notes, but had them before him, else he would have broken down, as he did that first Sabbath of his catechising days in the little bare schoolhouse on the South Shore. Even as it was, he labored hard and lamely, and the people listened with the flush on their cheeks faded and the fire that had burned so in their hearts black and cold. Still, *fourthly, lastly, in conclusion* and even the old "*one word more*" were given as duty demanded, and then with a sigh of relief and a cold sweat on his brow he sat down.

Now the light-hearted and the giddy, forgetting even the proper show of reverence due the sanctuary, looked about exchanging knowing looks and smiles. Even Mrs. McTavish, after a short struggle with her pride, unbent her commanding front to whisper feverishly to her lord: "I winder what Donald'll do now?" But Sandy, with a man's awe for the church and a sense of the scandalous nature of a whisper, looked sternly before him and answered nothing. The choir sat silent in their places, for the days of singing light hymns to drown the clinking of coins on the wooden ladles had not come. But the childless woman behind the precentor held her nose high and was already sniffing on the verge of pious tears, while the sharp-featured old elder, his lips pursed out and his head cocked, with eyes askance, caressed a side whisker thoughtfully with one hand, while with the other he softly turned over the leaves of the Psalm Book.

What Dan did not see he felt. And

though it hurt cruelly, he rose stiffly with the other beggars, grasped the long handle of his ladle for the second time, and staidly walked down the aisle with John Munro. The eyes of the whole congregation were on him, and he knew it. But all his feelings were fairly benumbed; and it was just as if it were in a dream that he saw the girls smirk and giggle as he paused a moment before them, and saw the young fellows leer and laugh as they rang their coppers with a jingle into his box. But he was of martyr stuff, as Pictou people are, and would have died before one feature of his hard little face would show how his heart was stung with shame. The pride of his fathers and a pride born of a free land and life stood up stiff and stern within him.

So, very quietly and with calm eyes, he moved from seat to seat, till at last he stood before the platform by the pulpit stair, with Margaret at his left, and Mr. McNutt, chin in hand, towering above him on the lofty pulpit chair at his right. The ordeal was practically over, and Dan began to get nervous and to long to be away from the hundreds of staring eyes that in his momentary weakness seemed to bore right through him.

According to "beggar's" custom, he slipped the ladle handle back through his left hand till it balanced nicely, and then with his right thumb and forefinger began to fumble in his vest pocket for his own penny offering. But the mischievous copper was hiding somewhere in the lining, and, silly man, he began to wonder if Margaret could really have put it there. Desperate at last he thrust his hand down into his trousers pocket, felt a coin, and with the dexterity of guilt slipped it out and let it jingle among the others in the box. With a quick push he put the ladle into its place and hurriedly sought his pew and Margaret.

Had he but cast one glance back at John Munro, he would have seen his solemn face all twisted with one great spasm of astonishment. And had he but watched that stately man as he walked away from the ladles, he would have seen him shake his head in quaint perplexity, and no doubt even at that one moment he would have marvelled at the sight of little waves of wonder beating and beating on his countenance against that severe assumption of calm and dignity which so well befitted the face and figure of that functionary of Streamville church.

Flesh won, as flesh often does, and, wrong as it was, John Munro soon leaned a little towards Mrs. Munro and whispered: "Wumman, Donald McKenzie's fair crazy the day."

"Haugh, be quaet! is he now?" she asked eagerly with her white handkerchief at her mouth.

"'Deed that's jist what he is! It's a feefty cent piece he's pit intil the box the day — a feefty cent piece!"

"Aw! the poor craether! the poor craether! What will Margaret say? It's her that'll be sore!" — and in polite solicitude fat little Mrs. Munro sighed and nodded and shook her head many, many times.

Dan had seen nothing. His heart was over-burdened already, and he sat still in the soothing presence of Margaret, blind and deaf to all that went on around him. The concluding paraphrase was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the people, hurrying out, jammed the aisles quickly from doorway to pulpit stairs. Behind the crush, glad that at last the weight of staring eyes was off them, but with the shadows of their misery dark now upon their faces, Margaret McKenzie and Dan slowly followed. People passing them as they trudged homeward nodded kindly, and mechanically they returned their courtesies. But there was no relief to their shame till they left the highway and turned up their own little farm road. The black dog rushed down the hill to meet them, and he leaped around Dan with glad barks; but with sorrow in every action his master waved him away and with

chin almost touching his breast walked listlessly forward. Dark enough had he been when in the gladness of the morning he had gone forth! Darker now was he under the deluge of shame which had fallen over him since!

Never a word said Dan as he entered the house, never a word as he carefully took off his "meeting clothes" and donned plainer raiment. Then he went back to his chair behind the stove and, given up to his humiliation, brooded, bent and sighing, over his troubles. He hoped without hope that Margaret might have mercy and be a comfort to him. But her wrath was great, and her tongue, sharpened by waiting, cut him with bitter words. Wise man, he said nothing in reply, suffering in silence with a heart bitterer than ever against the vain bell, the cause of it all.

With a last scornful glance at him, Margaret flounced out of the kitchen to put away his fine clothes. In the middle of her folding and brushing she suddenly thought of the half dollar piece she had forgotten to take from the trousers after the last market day.

"Well! I wis near as big a gawk as that Dan himself," she whispered, with a queer little drawing of her thin lips. "Highh!" she added, not uncomplacently, "it's little winder a buddy gits through-other with all these carryings on down yonder at Streamville."

Her hand had already slipped into the right pocket of her lord's garment and was seeking the touch of metal. But on a sudden her eyes leaped and a tremor of fear quivered through her, for her fingers running along the seam at the bottom met nothing but the scratchy feel of coarse cotton. She pulled it out to the light of day, — but the coin was not there. Then feverishly and with a queer dread over her she turned every pocket of his clothes inside out, and at last as she flipped the lining of one in his vest the mean copper showed its dark brown face for a moment and rang guiltily down on the floor. She gasped; she fairly reeled; and snatching the hateful copper coin from the floor with one wild swoop, she rushed into the presence of her spouse, who still cowered in his chair.

Dan's first feeling was one of relief that the stove was between him and Margaret. But she stood just across, with her head leaned far forward, her eyes staring wide with wild alarm, and between her thumb and forefinger she held right beneath his nose the damning coin.

"Man, what have ye done with the silver bit? What have ye done with the silver bit as was in your trousers? Did ye pit it intil the ladle?"

Dan leaped to his feet as if a bullet had ripped through his heart. He was dizzy, — for it all came back to him; and he sank back with feelings akin to woe.

It would not be possible to tell in words that are only words how Margaret lamented, and how at times the very gall of bitterness seemed to drip from her tongue as she stepped about the kitchen, or with her hands on her hips stood regarding him in scorn. Neither could one describe the horror in Dan's own accusing soul as it reflected upon this thing he had done. Surely it is enough that towards evening, dressed again in his Sabbath clothes, he walked down to the church in the hope of finding Elder Fraser before the usual prayer meeting began. Luckily enough he found that good man in the little bare vestry off the hall; and with even better luck, as he thought, the stout canvas bag containing the day's collection lay on the table.

The leading elder listened quietly; but all the while the long bony fingers of his left hand played lovingly with a tawny whisker, and his eyes hid themselves behind half shut lids, and he pouted his lips and smacked, and he pursed them as if he would whistle, and smacked them again. He shook his old bald head very sagely when

Dan was done, but seemed still to wonder over something which had puzzled him, and of which he had just received but a half revelation. After a half minute's silence, however, he screwed his face to the dignity befitting his high office, and said in a very calm and solemn voice:

"This noon, Meester McKenzie, the session thanked the gude Lord for the bountiful hand Heaven opened in our midst. 'Deed ye should a h'ard the thanksgivin' of Meester McNutt. Rale deep! Rale deep and grand it wis!"

"Deep in discourse is Meester McNutt," Don answered, as dignitary to dignitary, "an' his peteetions are very grand, bit it's me as is sorry, mighty sorry, Elder Fraser, that him and the session wis thankful for that feefty cent piece of Don McKenzie's. For it's him as didn't mean it, at all, at all. It's my change I'll be wantin' from ye the day — forty-nine cents change." Then with a fine touch of scorn: "Did ye think I'd be pittin' in half a dollar when a black cent ud do? Haugh! be quaet, Elder Fraser! Be quaet, man!"

Flint Fraser did not seem to hear a word, but went on again, as if the thoughts which came while Dan talked awed him. "Winderful! winderful," he mused, "are the ways of the Almighty! He wis afraid, I'll be seein', that maybe it's no with the proper cheer that you'll be givin' o' your substance till Him."

This angered Dan, as perhaps the elder intended, but though his little eyes shot fire, he cried in amazement and bitterness: "Haugh, man, ye're not wise the day! Me that's ever ready with the steepends and the bit for the missions? Is it my white bit you'll be takin' to give to that old rogue of a sexton? Ay! ay! an old sour rogue—and then call that Providence?"

Still unmoved and in the same dreamy way the elder went on softly: "It wis Elder McTavish as wid be wantin' it to go till the missions, bit Elder McLeod wis sore hot for the grand scheme of French evangelization. Elder Dunbar wid be thinkin', he said, as the superannuation fund must no be forgot, an' indeed Meester McNutt wis like to favor that himself for a whilie. But they couldn't agree, nor they widdn't. Till all at once the minister clapped his hands soft like an' smiled like a slip of a boy: 'It's for the bell, brethren,' he said. 'It's been sent for the bell!' An' we agreed an' were glad together. Aye! aye! It was a happy time we had then, an' it's the grand prayer of Meester McNutt ye should a h'ard, Meester McKenzie. Aye, man! bit it wis mighty!"

Dan choked. His eyes rolled terribly. It seemed as if his very breath had fled. But at last he managed to gasp, and then he spluttered: "Till the bell? Till the bell? My money till that dang bell?" — and he menaced the elder with his fist. "Ay, Dan McKenzie," the old man answered grimly, as he rose to his full height, "ye've contributed till a good cause in spite o' yourself. Ye've contributed till the bell."

Through the window Elder Flint Fraser watched the wretched Dan make his slow way towards home. The solemnity had faded from the old man's face, and one might have sworn that a sly twinkle was playing in his eyes. No smile, however, broke the line of his stern lips. But his eyes were still amused a minute later when, as he stroked his starboard whisker and pulled its point out far, he murmured slowly for his own ear: "A clear dispensation! Aye, aye, a clear dispensation!" Then he chuckled, "Laik some dispensations — hard to bear!"

Whether the worthy elder was right I do not know. Whether he would have seen so clear a dispensation had Margaret come to him at Dan's right hand I fear to guess. Even as it was, it is something about which opinions must ever differ. That they do differ I know well; for when I last heard that bland old bell ring in the clear, calm air of Streamville, only a sum-

mer ago, I heard two farmers talk, and one said impatiently, as if settling the thing from dispute forever:

"Haugh, man! the silver bit went till the bell, and Dan McKenzie's name was pit on the list."

"Ye're not wise," the other answered as scornfully, "for there wis forty-nine Sabbaths afterwards, as ye'll remember, that Donald McKenzie gave not a haight till the collection. A queer man, Dan is! 'Deed, a queer man!"

Thus I must leave this. And as for the man Dan McKenzie, upon whom the burden of this tale lies, I can only say that he ponders still over what one of his forefathers of the Covenant might have done had he in such an evil hour fallen into similar troubles and made a like mistake. It is in the twilights, when all is dark in the dingy kitchen, save the red coals glowing at the damper, and while he can still see Margaret before him, a shadowy figure bent over in her chair swinging her body a little as she croons an old Jacobite song of Prince Charlie or a bit of a psalm tune, that he looks across the stove at her and wonders with many wonderings whether any of his stern old ancestors could have suffered as much as he and borne it in other way than he did.

THE HOME OF SOPHIA AND OLIVER SMITH.

By Giles B. Stebbins.

"Sing on! bring down, O beautiful river,
The joy of the hills to the waiting sea;
The wealth of the vales, the pomp of the mountains,
The breath of the woodlands bear with thee."

THUS has some unknown poet given a glimpse of what the beautiful Connecticut bears "to the waiting sea." On either side, towards its source near the Canadian border, are narrow glens, and rocks and mountains; further south, fair meadows, broad and rich, and pleasant woodlands, with billowy mountain ranges in the distance.

Hatfield, Massachusetts, is one of the most beautiful of the rural villages along the banks of the beautiful river. Northampton and Springfield farther south, have felt the thrill and rush of modern life, yet are still attractive towns, beautiful for situation. A native of Springfield myself, moving up to old Hatfield with my parents when a child, and living there most of the time for twenty years, the history of the place is familiar to me, the old attachments strong, and the scenery still fresh in my mind's eye.

Quaint collections of old household goods — tables with many feet, chairs, desks, side-boards, porringers and pots, warming pans and foot stoves, — were stowed away in the garrets of old farmhouses in Hatfield; now and then a curious book, tucked under a dusty rafter, or laid away in some drawer. In reach of my hand lies a volume of sermons by Richard Steele, doubtless a famous preacher in his time, printed in London in 1695, which I found in the garret of the old Meekins house. On its opening page several genera-

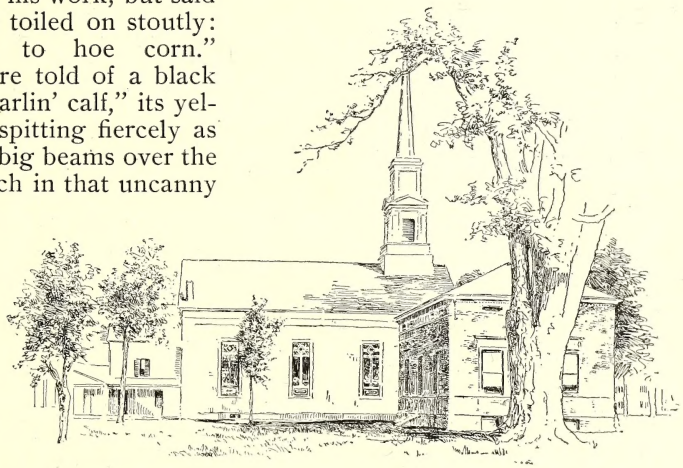
tions of the family had written their names. Evidently it was a precious volume to them, with some real spiritual nourishment in its strange sentences; but few of any creed would read it to-day. Can it be that our best homilies shall become so poor and useless, two centuries hence?

One of the Meekins race was one of the odd and striking characters to be found in every old New England village. My mother used to tell how, during the great eclipse of 1816, when the fowls went to roost and the people were looking at a little fragment of the sun through smoked glass, he never stopped from his work, but said to the idlers, as he toiled on stoutly: "Somebody's got to hoe corn." Strange stories were told of a black cat, "as big as a yearlin' calf," its yellow eyes flashing, spitting fiercely as it ran along on the big beams over the barn floor, — a witch in that uncanny shape, as the man who saw it believed; and of poor old women riding through the air at night, on broomsticks, to witch meetings. Old men who told these stories, early in this century, would not say they believed them; but they never quite dared to deny their truth, — and the most warm blooded children had strange chills as they listened to such weird tales.

Perils beset the early settlers. I have seen an embankment, almost smoothed away, which ran a mile north and south just west of the main street, and had been the foundation of a stockaded defence against the Indians. One dark September day in 1677, an Indian foray was made near the north end of the settlement. Houses were burned, men shot, and captive women, a child five years old, and a man or two, carried off, through two hundred miles of trackless forest, to Canada, to be brought back again the next year by the skill and heroic daring of Benjamin Wait and his steadfast helper, Samuel Jennings.

A friend of mine, who had searched the town records of over a century, found frequent mention of the aborigines, — called Indians, only once, —"heathen," or "heathen-dogs" in every other mention.

For over a hundred and fifty years the steadfast town had but one parish — one church, "one faith, one baptism," and that one church has hardly a rival to-day. Such influences shaped the lives of the people, as I knew them. The turbid tide of immigration had not then begun to set in, social life was simple, but it was on a high level; the Puritan air was full of thought,— for it was lofty ideals that brought the best blood of England across the ocean. The faults of our ancestors may be outgrown but their virtues are to be kept in mind. They laid solid foundations for human freedom.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, HATFIELD.

In my childhood there was but one foreigner among the thousand dwellers in Hatfield,—Mr. Wilkie, a good man, a Hessian soldier, one of King George's hired fighters, who deserted at the close of the Revolutionary War, as all did who could.

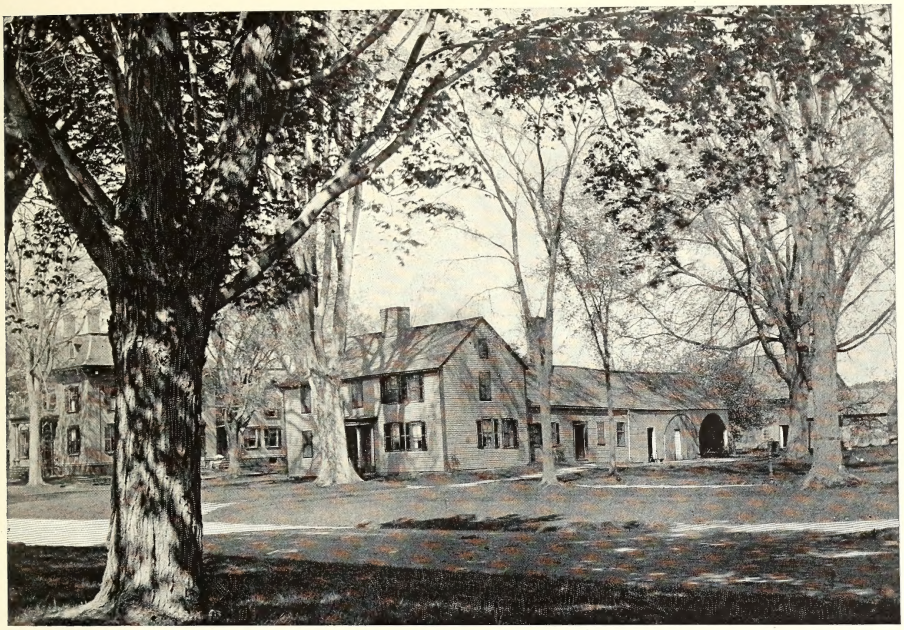
For generations the Smith family had lived in this community, a strong race of leading men and women. The story I am to tell of Oliver and Sophia Smith is a story of large giving for the good of the people. Some may ask: "How did these Smiths, living in stingy times, and belonging to a close-fisted race, happen to give so much?" Those were not stingy times; and the Yankees were not, and are not a meanly selfish race. With the salt sea on one side, and a howling wilderness on the other, they had a struggle for life, such as we can but faintly imagine. Economy became a second nature, plain living a habit, running sometimes indeed to sordidness and meanness. But I have seen plain men, careful and saving in their personal ways, with hands "open as day to melting charity," but whose hearts never ran away with their heads, and who must first know that their charity was wise. Let the appeal to-day be for the stricken victims of fever in our southern cities, or for the sufferers by western forest-fires, or for some wise plan of education or reform, and help comes as generously from New England as from any other quarter,—I believe more generously — and comes largely from those trained in simple and self-helping ways and inspired by the Puritan sense of duty.

A grassy street a hundred feet wide extends a mile north and south not far from the west bank of the Connecticut, its solid old houses made to stand, with massive chimneys and steep roofs; and many of them do stand, as they have for a century, with some changing touches of modern style and comfort. Side streets — "Upper Lane," and "Middle Lane," their old names — reach westward; and the Northampton road turns west and south, across Mill river. Around each house is the "home lot" of days gone by, with room for barns and orchards, — the farm back in the great meadows, often in fragments a mile or two apart. Noble elms stand along the streets, their branches swinging far over the chimneys. Some begin to show decay, but many are still perfect. Nearly opposite the old homestead of my grandfather, on the Northampton road, and in front of the house of Mr. Lovell, are two magnificent elms, as fresh in their growth as when I first knew them, almost seventy years ago. They stand some fifteen feet apart, their trunks five or six feet through, and dividing a few feet up into a score of branches, each large enough for a tree, these subdividing, wide-spread and interlacing, rising over ninety feet in height and reaching out as far in width — a marvel of massive limbs and delicate tracery of twig and leaf, a fairy world of foliage and bird-song far up where no venturesome boy ever climbed. A hundred years Nature had wrought to perfect this master-piece, — all a free gift to me and others of the group of children who loved to stand in the shade, or lie on the grass, and look up, open-eyed and happy, not knowing how they were drawn and held there.

For a hundred years the old meeting-house stood in the middle of the main street, — bare, many-windowed and with a tall spire. It is now pushed away behind a barn and used as a tobacco shed. "To such base uses do we come at last!"

On the west side of the street, just above the meeting-house, stood the home of Benjamin Smith, "Squire Ben," a brother of Oliver, who, never marrying, lived pleasantly with that brother to the close of his earthly life. It was a noble old mansion, with gambrel-roof and dormer windows. The family were above putting on airs. They had a decent sense of good blood and good breeding, but their daily life was unpretending and neighborly.

Once or twice a year the north parlor was opened on some great occasion, its close shutters thrown back, and the sunshine actually let into its stately space. To try to sit in the high-backed, hair-seated chairs, in which none but the watchfully up-



THE BIRTHPLACE OF OLIVER AND SOPHIA SMITH.

right could stay, and to look at the rich velvet wall-paper, with its rows of shepherdesses and poppies, was not a daily privilege.

Just south of the house, by the front fence, stood "the great elm," known as such by the first settlers, and with Indian marks of high floods cut in its trunk. Four feet from the ground, just above the spread of its roots, it measured thirty-two feet in circumference—the largest girth, I think, of any New England tree. Its three enormous branches were not lofty nor graceful. The whole tree was a gnarled and knotted mass of enduring strength; and it lived over two centuries.

Not far north, on the same side of the street, is the Academy, built and endowed by Sophia Smith for the benefit of her townsfolk. On the opposite side of the street, just south of the meeting-house, was the ample and comfortable house of Joseph Smith, father of Sophia, where most of her life was spent.

Oliver was in the fourth generation from Samuel Smith and his wife Elizabeth, who crossed the Atlantic in 1634, in the ship *Elizabeth*, from Ipswich to New York, with their three young children, found their way to Hadley and Hatfield, lived to be over eighty and left six children, who reared large families,—ancestors of a true-hearted race. Samuel was a trustworthy and capable man, holding offices in Church and State. His son John was killed by the Indians in Hatfield meadows in 1676.

"Uncle Oliver" was a frequent and welcome visitor in our Hatfield home. He was social, cheerful and of simple habits. It was my delight to hear him talk, for he knew much of men and things, and his genial and sagacious humor instructed us. When sixty years of age, he was the youngest of six brothers, residents in or near the town,—a family of steadfast men, who aimed to do true work and helped hold the commonwealth together. He was the rich man of that region. "We boys" used to talk over his wealth, and try to figure up how big a pile, in silver or gold, his money would make. A million was then incredible,



ELM STREET, HATFIELD.

quite beyond the scope of our small brains. He was a banker and a money lender, not given to robbing the poor, but exact and thorough, and expecting others to be so. He made good investments, loaned money at six per cent, spent little—and the surplus grew large. I have known of his rendering men great service in money matters, in troublous times, on terms not burthensome to them, but safe to himself, when a hard and selfish man would have ground them. His personal reputation was fair and high. People did not fear or hate him, as they do many money-lenders. Not only his justice, but his genial and kindly ways, saved him from that calamity. He was sometimes called penurious; but I know of his quiet charities,—one hand hardly knowing what the other gave. In his later years those charities were more appreciated. In matters of conduct or opinion, praise or blame had small weight with him. Without controversy he quietly did his duty as he saw it, and held firm to his own convictions. Seventy years ago, in the early days of Unitarianism, he was for years the only subscriber in the village to the *Christian Register*, when such a subscription was held as a proclamation of a dangerous heresy, subjecting whoever made it to prejudices such as few realize to-day. Through all these he kept on the even tenor of his way, without retaliation or any ruffling of his peace of mind. With charity for all, his convictions were as strong as those of any Puritan.

Once a week, on Monday, he rode to Northampton bank, four miles, his old gray horse and green wagon known to all. This regular trip, occasional visits to distant cities, the care of his affairs at home and a genial social life filled his time. Certain village oracles, after figuring up the matter, announced that "it did not cost Uncle Oliver more than five or six hundred dollars a year to live,"—an opinion probably nearer correct than many in such cases. His fortune was known to be large,—immense for those times. Who would have it? His kindred did not need it. His plans were secrets in his own heart. People wondered at his buoyant cheer. Cares he had, but they did not depress him. The fears that haunt miserly souls never seemed to trouble him. Some hidden fountain, some high aim unrevealed, there must be, to account for such a life. Years must pass, and bodily death must come, to reveal his hidden well-spring of happiness, by making known the wise and kindly plans which he had secretly matured through many years.

Born in Hatfield in 1776, he passed away peacefully in his native place in 1845. His will was duly opened, and it was found that, save a few small legacies, his estate was left to found "The Smith Charities." The estate was valued in 1847 at $391,562, which was less than its real value. The trustees' report for 1896 shows the total properties, mostly bonds, stocks, and mortgages, to be $1,283,850; the year's receipts, interest, etc., $64,070; expenses and payments, $46,860, the funds in the year gaining $17,210. This gain is in accord with the design of the founder, to make his charities hold their own, gain gradually, and be perpetual, as they will be, if as well managed in future as up to the present date.

The will, dated 1844, (making a pamphlet of 25 pages) is clear and strong, and provides for the choice of officers and their duties; for gifts to boys and girls apprenticed to useful trades or services, to indigent widows, to the sick or disabled, to young women on their marriage, etc., in sums of about $50; also for loans of $500 to young men to help their start in life, they paying yearly interest for a fixed term, and then their note to be given to them, if all is satisfactory; for the education of boys and girls in Hatfield and other towns named; and for the future building of schools of agriculture and industry. No distinction or preference for any creed or



MAIN STREET, HATFIELD.

party is to be shown, and "the practice of economy, frugality, temperance, industry and every moral virtue" is enjoined upon every beneficiary.

A substantial stone building stands in Northampton, built for the offices of the Smith Charities. Hundreds of persons have been helped and trained in self-help by its funds. So long as that building stands, or any building devoted to the same purpose, it will be a monument needing no chiselled inscription heavy with praises; for the daily benefactions starting from within its walls will keep alive and sacred the blessed memory of Oliver Smith.

After their daughter became the wife of Samuel T. Lyman, of Northampton, Benjamin Smith and his wife took into their family a young girl to fill her place. She came and took up her useful daily tasks pleasantly. The beauty of her gracious and noble life lent new charm to the old home. Her education was in the public school, but her genius had wide range. The best books were in reach; she had the companionship of a group of gifted women, such as were and are still to be found in New England villages; she wrote for magazines, carefully hiding her identity; she rarely visited distant cities. She was always the bright particular star of the little town. Tall and delicate, with high forehead, dark eyes deep and tender, finely expressive features, and a singular charm of manner, heightened by goodness and sincerity, her intellect was superior, her spiritual life deep and tranquil. An intimate friend of my only sister, her visits to us were always welcome,—her influence over me, I am grateful to say, a saving grace. Strict in the daily doing of duty, competent and accurate, although fond of the ideal and romantic, she was of great service to Oliver Smith as a private secretary, and their mutual friendship was affectionate and devoted. By a modest allowance in his will and by the care of his trustees, she was well provided for. After a separation of twenty years, I saw her with the silver crown of beautiful old age, her steps feeble, but the old light in her eyes as she called my name. Years had ripened the beauty of her character and enlarged her thought. Soon after-

wards she passed into the higher life, the change to her being like the opening of a golden gate.

Sophia Smith, the founder of Smith College for Women at Northampton, was a niece of Oliver Smith. It is not supposed that either knew anything of the beneficent and far-reaching plans of the other. The woman kept her secret, as the man kept his. Only when bodily death came to them was it revealed; a surprise, a delight, a glad anticipation of rich results then came to many. In 1861 Sophia Smith's first will was made, giving $50,000 for founding a scientific school at Amherst College. In 1862 this was set aside, and a like sum bequeathed for a library in Hatfield. For several years this stood, until Rev. John M. Green, pastor of the Hatfield church, proposed a college for women. This plan was fully discussed and adopted, the college to be in Hatfield, the site changed to Northampton at the suggestion of Mr. Green, who was her trusted helper in the matter for years. For the building and endowment of the Hatfield Academy $75,000 was provided, and for the woman's college at Northampton about $500,000,—her whole estate with small exceptions, as her kindred needed no help of this kind.

During her last years the query of the inquisitive was: "Who will get her money?" but a silence like that of the Sphinx brooded over the mystery. Occasionally a stranger would reach the old tavern near her home, by stage or carriage, go to the house for a few hours, and silently steal away as he came, leaving no name behind. The few who saw them said they looked like preachers or lawyers. Nobody thought of them as suitors. Miss Smith was not an unattractive woman, but all felt that her strong and reticent life would never be shared by another in marriage.



THE "LOWELL ELMS" ON ELM STREET.

Her home was the substantial house, about a century old, left by her father, Joseph Smith, for the joint use of Austin, Sophia and Harriet, his unmarried children. There the larger part of her life was passed, a new house near by being the family home for a few last years. The old house still stands. There I knew the family, as an occasional visitor. Austin was a shrewd man of business, honest, keen, and clear in his dealings. Harriet was kind and intelligent. The sisters were economical in their habits, quiet and reticent, but neighborly. They gave for charity, and for such religious purposes, missionary work, etc., as came within the scope of the Hatfield church, where they were constant attendants. Their givings were about in proportion with those of their neighbors. For the higher education of women they never revealed any especial interest. That was Sophia's secret. Probably her sister knew it, but she kept it well. They were deeply religious, sincere believers in the Puritanism in which they were trained. Sophia nobly illustrated one of its sacred ideas, that we are but stewards of our worldly goods, and should use them for the glory of God, and the good of man. The sisters were quite deaf, and this led them still more to lives of thought. The village library, not large, but of choice books, gave them a wide range of study, and in Sophia's life, with her strength of character and her deep sense of duty, took wise and practical form, and became a blessing to the lives of others. Their school education was small; their education by thoughtful reading, large. Sophia's plans for the college were so wisely shaped that they have been followed with marked success and with little change.



POST OFFICE CORNER.

I remember Sophia Smith as hardly of medium stature, and of slight form, not frail, but healthful. I had a sense of her mental and moral strength, her firm and clear judgment, her careful kindness, and a frugal economy, in which there was no tinge of meanness, but the life-long habit which had become a second nature.

About once a year "the Smith sis-



THE "PARTRIDGE ELM" OPPOSITE THE SMITH HOMESTEAD.

ters" made a party, inviting about fifty of the young and middle-aged. The tall wax candles, the great brass andirons, the bright open fires, the solid mahogany furniture, the silver tea service, the old china, and the fragrant tea, the delicate and perfect homemade biscuit and cake, — all gave the fortunate visitors a glimpse of old-time gentility.

Once a year, for a long time, the three occupants of the house went to Saratoga for a few weeks. While there, they came so near the fashionable world, in equipage and dress, as to say by their acts: "We have a good right to be as brave and fine as you are; we can if we choose." Thus they had views of life in these aspects, and then dropped back in quiet content, to their plain village ways. In course of time, Austin passed away, leaving to Sophia $450,000. The gentle Harriet followed, her fair fortune laid in her sister's lap. In 1870, Sophia, at the age of seventy-four, closed her earthly career. Her estate was appraised at $500,000,— less than its real value. This went to found the Northampton and Hatfield schools, — largely to the former. In 1875 the Smith College for Women opened with two buildings and fourteen students. To-day it has a score of buildings and a thousand students. This growth is doubtless beyond her most sanguine expectations, and shows the excellence of her plans and the prophetic wisdom of these words in her will: "It is my opinion that by the higher and more Christian education of women . . . their weight of influence in repairing the evils of society will be greatly increased; as teachers, writers, mothers, members of society, their power for good will be incalculably enlarged."

In 1677, among the captives taken by Indians from Hatfield to Canada, and brought safely home again the next year by the heroic Benjamin Wait, were his wife and a child but six months old, — born in the Indians' forest home — fitly named Canada Wait. Grown to womanhood in 1696 she married Joseph Smith, great-grandfather of Sophia, lived to the ripe age of seventy-two years, and left ten children. In Hatfield, at a public meeting in 1894, Daniel W. Wells said: "Canada Wait never dreamed, in her wigwam in far-off Sorel, that she would be the mother of the frugal Smiths, who, in later time, would scatter charity and learning with lavish hands."

TO THE CONCORD RIVER.

By Charles-Edward Amory Winslow.

DEAR stream, I know thy every mood as well
As Love the changes in his mistress' eyes,—
From early morn, when still the shadows dwell,
And wreathing mists from off thy bosom rise,
While glens and dales are wrapped in virgin sleep,
On moss and fern the night's cool dews lie deep,
And morning's kiss caresses crag and steep.



For noon's still hour a cool retreat I know,
And oft thro' shading boughs my course have steered,
To lie beyond the current's rippling flow,
Where vines hang down and sedges tall are reared,
While only here and there a single gleam
Of light breaks through, to dance upon the stream,
A shadowing of Nature's happy dream.

At sunset I have sought a spot where slow
The flood rolls northward with a broad expanse,
And over meadows wide the sun hangs low,
To cast soft shadows where the midges dance;
And seen the bittern wing his clumsy way
Toward one tall pine that holds unbroken sway
Above the wood of maples autumn-gay.



And I have loved, where drooping willows bend
  And hemlocks tall are mirrored in the stream,
To float between two worlds, which have no end—
  And no beginning: both enchanted seem;
While 'neath the arched stone bridge which lies
    below,
The evening star, with steady silver glow,
Swims on the surface of the current slow.



To-day, fair river, I am far away
  From thy cool reaches, in a barren land;
Yet still I see thy slender birches sway,
  Hear still thy placid murmur close at hand,—
And in my soul thy peace and calm abide,
As when I wandered by thy tranquil tide,
Or idly drifted where thy lilies ride.



THE GREAT SHELL MOUNDS OF DAMARISCOTTA.

By George Stillman Berry.

ON numerous river banks and other water shores all over the globe are found large deposits of shells, both of the oyster and other bivalves. These collections usually take the form of banks or mounds, and in many instances are covered with soil and vegetation to so great an extent that their discovery has been made only by accident. Often, however, by the encroachment of water upon land the shell banks have been eroded so that large sections are exposed to view. There are thousands of these small heaps on every continent, ranging in quantity from a few bushels to a mass whose huge dimensions form a feature of the landscape. Some of the greatest of these mounds are widely known, having for years received the investigations of scientists and the pilgrimages of the curious. Among them may be mentioned the ones on the peninsula of Denmark, in Japan, in Florida and in British Columbia. These and similar deposits of shell were formerly thought to be natural beds of bivalves, raised by elevation of the land from their former position underneath the waters of bays and inlets. But investigation has established the fact that these are not natural beds, but are heaps of the cast off valves of those animals whose succulent parts were consumed by a human population. New England is by no means destitute of these relics, as numerous shell banks on the coast of Maine and Massachusetts testify. It is the purpose of this article to confine attention to the immense oyster shell deposits on the Damariscotta river in Maine, not only because they are nearly, if not quite, the largest oyster shell mounds in the world, but also because a description of them would apply very closely to all other artificial clam and oyster heaps.

The Damariscotta is a short but broad tide-water river, lying midway between the Kennebec and the Penobscot. Fifteen miles from its mouth, at the bridge connecting the towns of Damariscotta and Newcastle, the river narrows perceptibly and runs between hilly banks in a channel not more than a hundred yards wide. A little over a mile above the bridge the river bends at right angles towards the west, and a hundred rods further enlarges into a bay nearly two miles long and half a mile wide. This bay receives the waters of a lake, which rests upon the higher land terminating at this point the upper course of the river. The deposit of oyster shells, in continuous or solitary heaps, lie on both sides of the river for a few hundred yards below and above the bend. There are five mounds of large size, besides numerous other deposits containing from a few bushels to many tons.

The existence of these mounds has been known to white men from the time when George Popham, cruising off the coast of Maine in the early part of the seventeenth century, was informed by the Indians of immense deposits of oyster shells in the interior. The conspicuous position of the mounds, particularly the one lying on the western shore just below the bend in the river, could not fail to attract marked attention. This great mound on the peninsula extends in the form of a bluff four hundred feet along the shore and is exposed on the side towards the river throughout its whole extent. The northern portion has a thickness of only a few feet, its position on higher ground making it rise to nearly the same level as the part below, where the shells have an altitude of thirty-one feet, exceeding the height of any other recorded mass of shells in the world. The dense growth of



WHALEBACK MOUND, DAMARISCOTTA.

pine and spruce trees, which cover the whole peninsula and encroach upon the shells, makes it difficult to ascertain the exact width of the heap. The widest portion appears to extend about seventy-five feet inland; but there are traces of shells in the rear of this, consisting mostly of small circular mounds, the exploration of which is not easy on account of the tenacious roots that permeate the soil in all directions. The present appearance of the shell-bank gives an indication of the enormous losses which it has suffered by erosion from the river since the shells were deposited. This fact will at once be discovered by the most superficial observer, as he traverses the little shelly beach which lies in front of the bluff. Wherever the altitude of the shells is not too great, he will see a vertical wall of closely packed shells lying above the yellow soil. It is evident by a glance that the shells did not originally terminate in this wall, but that the land once extended many yards out in front, giving room for the natural slope of the shells as they were thrown on the ground in the original piles. In the higher parts of the bluff the shells could not well sustain a vertical position and have fallen upon the beach in steep slopes. It has been a frequent pastime for boys in their sports to wallow with glee in the shells from the top of the steep incline down to the beach.

This heap has sustained other losses than those caused by the depredations of nature. For many years the "Oyster Banks" was a favorite place for the denizens of the surrounding towns to obtain material for walks and other purposes. In consequence of this demand hundreds of tons of shells were taken away by scow and cart. A lime kiln was also erected at the southern end of the great mound and many tons were burned therein. Of late years, however, the owners of the property have shown a laudable desire to preserve the features of the mound, and have allowed no encroachments to be made upon it. All along the edge of the bank trees and shrubs are growing. Trunks of trees have fallen upon the shore, dragging soil and shells after them, and have been floated away by high water and by retreating ice in the spring. It is a pleasant occupation to draw up one's boat on the shelly beach and explore along the base of the mound. In one place successive hands have picked away the shells underneath the roots of a tree and have hollowed out a little cave large enough for one to sit in. Its side and roof are of compact shell, white as alabaster, and we may have the pleasure of plucking away a few shells to make the concavity larger.

Up to a few decades ago it was generally assumed that the banks were natural beds of oysters. But just be-



WHALEBACK MOUND.

fore the war of the rebellion Professor Chadbourne of Bowdoin College made a brief examination of the mounds and showed conclusively that they had been left there as remains of savage feasts at a period in the past whose limits he did not attempt to describe. Besides the larger heaps, he found frequent occurrence of shells in piles ten or fifteen feet in diameter, two or three feet deep. The soil beneath was made up of the diluvial deposit of sand, gravel and boulders, like all the land in the vicinity beyond the shells. He also noticed scattered among the shells numerous bones of animals broken into fragments, as if by some instrument, — bones of birds and beavers, and some sturgeon's plates. A dark line was seen near the bottom of the large mound, probably vegetable mould formed during temporary abandonment of the heap, and in places along that line the shells for a few inches underneath were decomposed, or turned to lime, as if acted upon by fire. The shells of clams, quahaugs and other bivalves, moreover, were found scattered through the heap.

A hundred yards down stream, on the same side of the river as the deposit just described, is another bank of shells, extending about eight hundred feet along the shore, and broken at the lower end into several small heaps. In some places it is seventy-five feet wide, and its greatest depth is eleven feet. This heap is at the lower edge of what is now a large field, in which, during the progress of cultivation for many years, countless numbers of arrowheads and various other aboriginal tools and weapons have been disclosed. Evidences of the local manufacture of Indian implements have here been found, and it is beyond doubt that this field and its immediate vicinity formed the site of a long-continued aboriginal encampment. The shell deposit hereto annexed is covered with grass and a few scattered trees of large size. Upon digging into the bank from the beach are found the roots of great trees whose upper parts, having been exposed to the air, long since became dust and vanished from the landscape. Like the mound on the peninsula, this mound also has been subjected to great erosion along the shore, and like the other has lost large quantities of its shells. There is no exaggeration in the statement that both these shelly banks have lost fully one-half their original contents. This mound is now exposed along its whole front. On account of the lesser height,

however, it is by no means so conspicuous to the view as its neighbor above, and is therefore the object of less attention. Many who have idly explored these deposits will receive with incredulity the statement that the lower heap contains fully as many shells as the peninsula mound; but a careful examination will convince one of the correctness of this conclusion.

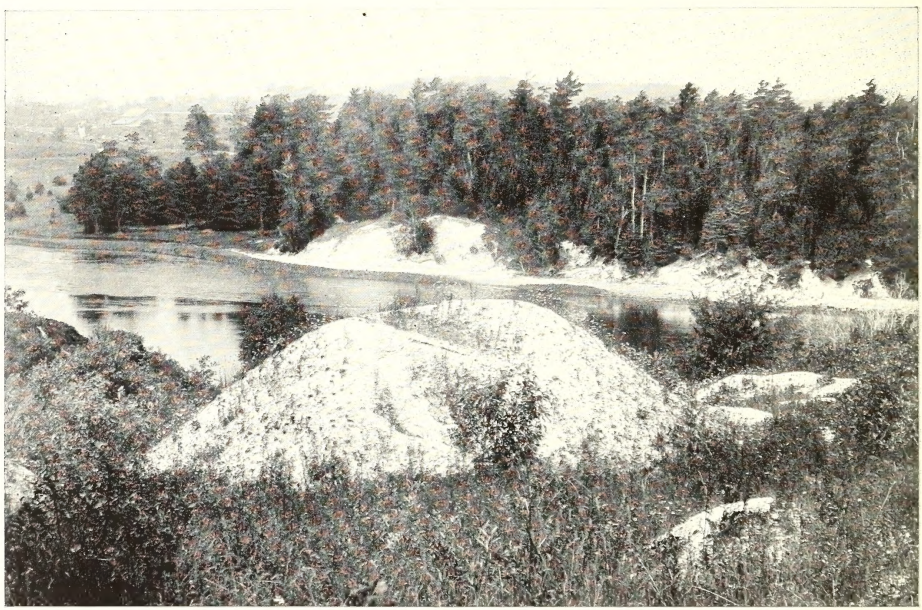
About twelve years ago a business man from abroad attempted to buy the deposits on the western shore of the river, for the purpose of grinding the shells, to be used as food for hens and fertilizing material for the soil. He was unable to secure these deposits, however, and turned his attention to the eastern bank, where traces of shells were seen outcropping upon the shore three hundred feet across the river, and directly opposite the peninsula mound. By few, if any, had the extent of this new deposit hitherto been suspected. Scientific and idle investigation had on the western shore found so many shells to manipulate, where the water had made easy access to them, that the possibilities of the neighboring heaps had received only casual thought. As the process of removing the incumbent soil was continued and tentative excavations were made on the heap, it became apparent that an immense deposit of shells had been discovered. The prospective dealer in hen food lost no time in securing the property and erecting at the river bank a large drying and grinding mill. From early spring until late in the autumn a large crew of men was at work upon the heap, and when the snows of winter began to fall and financial coolness settled upon the enterprise, only a small portion of the mound was left.



A SECTION OF WHALEBACK MOUND.

Many years ago, Professor F. W. Putnam, of the Peabody Museum at Cambridge, in company with the distinguished scientists, Jeffries Wyman and Edward S. Morse, had made explorations of the shell deposits in this vicinity, and had collected a good deal of material, especially from the peninsula mound. Since that time other contributions have been made to the Peabody Museum, so that now this famous institution contains a large and well classified assortment of pottery, implements and bones from the shell banks in the region of the Damariscotta river. Professor Putnam learned of the intended depredations upon the newly found heap, and, realizing the importance of securing complete data in regard to the structure

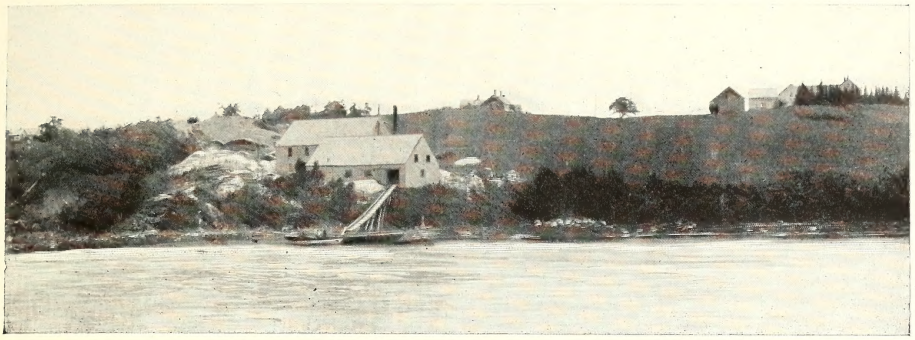
and contents of this mound, purchased for the Museum the right of all relics found in the deposit. A competent local antiquarian was engaged to be constantly on the ground, for the purpose of obtaining relics, measurements and pertinent facts about this great deposit. As a result of this labor a large amount of material was forwarded to the Peabody Museum, together with photographs and other important data concerning the mound. This material, on account of shells were less than a foot deep. The mound was a solid and compact mass of shells with a comparatively great depth throughout. It had the appearance of an immense whaleback, and converted what was once a slight depression of the land into a hill. The greatest height of the shells was sixteen and one half feet, and it was estimated that the average height was nearly ten feet. Yielding in some degree to sentiment, the workmen left for a long time a great turret-like



PENINSULA MOUND — REMAINS OF WHALEBACK MOUND IN THE FOREGROUND.

lack of room in that large but already crowded edifice, is still unclassified and not yet on exhibition. We are able, nevertheless, to present here most of the important facts concerning this mound and to give reproductions of the best photographs taken during its destruction.

This newly discovered collection of shells began on the river bank and extended up hill for three hundred feet at right angles with the stream. Its width was one hundred and twenty-five feet, no measurements being taken from those points where the body of shells standing in the centre. During the process of excavating, the fame of this great monument went far and wide, and it was visited during a few weeks of summer by many sightseers from Squirrel Island, Christmas Cove, Pemaquid and other popular summer resorts near the mouth of the Damariscotta river. It is unfortunate for posterity that the financial troubles which ultimately caused the hen-food firm to pass out of existence could not have happened before this interesting part of the mound was at last removed, thereby preserving a relic that of itself



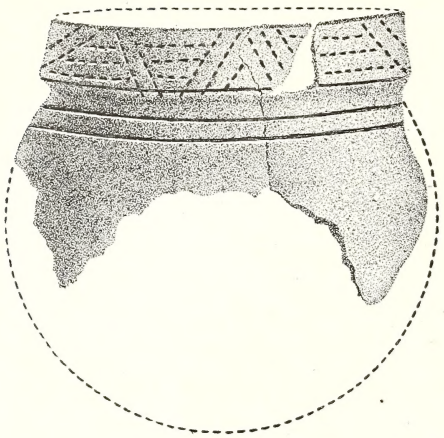
MOUND AND MILL ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF THE DAMARISCOTTA.

would be worthy of a pilgrimage from afar. When, in the autumn, the work of demolition ceased, there was left of the great heap only a few rods of its lower extremity and several large piles of sifted shells. Not long after, by a happy accident, the mill burned down, and, the landscape being no longer obscured, nature holds sway once more. Despite the loss of the bulk of the mound, that which remains, being of considerable thickness and exposed on the upper end, is still a great object of interest to visitors, — not to make mention of the large heaps that remain practically intact on the opposite side of the stream.

As a result of the investigations made by the local expert, it was ascertained that there were three distinct periods of construction in this mound, separated by intervals of abandonment, during which an accumulation of several inches of vegetable mould gathered over the deposit. The lowest stratum of shells extended over about one-eighth of the surface finally occupied by the mound, and was three feet in thickness. At the base were found the stumps of eight or ten large trees, the wood of which had decayed to powder, leaving conical hollows, around which the shells were packed. Above this stratum was a layer of vegetable mould, which measured, allowing for that which had filtered down through the neighboring shells, about four inches in thickness. The second stratum of shells extended the area of the heap and added about six more feet to its height. Over this was another layer of mould three inches deep, and upon this layer were found the stumps of five or six large trees of unrecognizable species, which to a diameter of two or more feet had grown up entirely within and upon the shells. The wood of these trees had been somewhat preserved by the shells which had been afterwards thrown around them, so that the stumps held their form while being dug around, although the wood was easily crumbled in the fingers. The third stratum finished the heap, and at the time of destruction had over it a layer of about two inches of soil.

The evidences of aboriginal occupation scattered throughout the mound are many and various, and, were they needed, furnish conclusive proof as to the character of the people who deposited the shells. From what had been discovered in the many explorations of the other heaps, we should naturally expect to find in the whaleback mound tools and implements of Indian use. These, in truth, we do find, although in no great numbers; for it is probable that the aboriginal village, where most of these things would naturally be found, was removed at a slight distance from the immediate vicinity of the mound.

At innumerable places among the shells were small beds of ashes and charcoal, ranging in quantity from a few quarts to several bushels. These



REMAINS OF AN EARTHEN VESSEL TAKEN FROM THE SHELL HEAPS.

countless beds of coal denoted places where the savages had cooked their oysters and other food. Two or three fireplaces built of stone in the form of a half circle were disclosed, each containing several hundred pounds of stone. Upon and near these were found the remains of the banquets of savages.

In different parts of this mound appeared the bones of nearly every important animal living in this region when the first white men arrived. There were identified bones of the bear, lynx, wild-cat, raccoon, otter, mink, seal, skunk, rabbit, caribou and deer. Skeletons of a wolf and panther were also found. Parts of a turtle and numerous bones of the smelt and other fish appeared at intervals, together with the shells of the clam, quahaug, scallop and other mollusks. Many of these animal bones were in little piles of a peck or less, and in such a condition as betokened their previous servitude in a primeval soup or other similar dish. The bones were broken rather short and cracked open so as to obtain the marrow, which portion of the animal anatomy, as is known by the most unlearned, is esteemed as a charming delicacy by uncivilized peoples.

The more or less complete skeletons of six human beings were found on the heap; and of these only two showed signs of ceremonious burial, being near the top of the mound, no doubt placed there long after it was completed. Buried with them were a few beads of beaten copper and some broken pottery. The other four skeletons were lower down in the shells, and had no relics to accompany them. They appeared to lie at full length, as if fallen where they lay, and the shells had accumulated over them. The skulls were very broad, much broader than those of the ordinary Indian. To account for the presence of these skeletons in the mound is a matter of some difficulty; for it seems unnatural that the savages would bury the bodies of their dead among the refuse from their feasts. Nor on the other hand can we in these cases suspect cannibalism; for in such an event the bones would undoubtedly have been scattered far and wide. It is quite reasonable to suppose that at least the two lying near the top were placed there in formal burial at a time long subsequent to the abandonment of the heap, which period of abandonment we shall find to be a period of much uncertainty.

It is to be regretted that we cannot acquit the shell-heap makers of all complicity in masticating their fellowmen. In strict regard for truth, however, it must be disclosed that fragments of human bones were found mixed with those of other animals in such a manner as to preclude any other theory than cannibalism to account for them. Broken short and split lengthwise, they show undoubted successful attempts to procure the marrow, and, moreover, when found, they were in such location and surroundings as to prove that they once occupied a prominent position in the soup of which mention has been made.

Large quantities of pottery were taken out, mostly broken beyond repair. It is of a rude description, made of clay mixed with sand or powdered shells, and is similar in design and execution to most of the other pottery

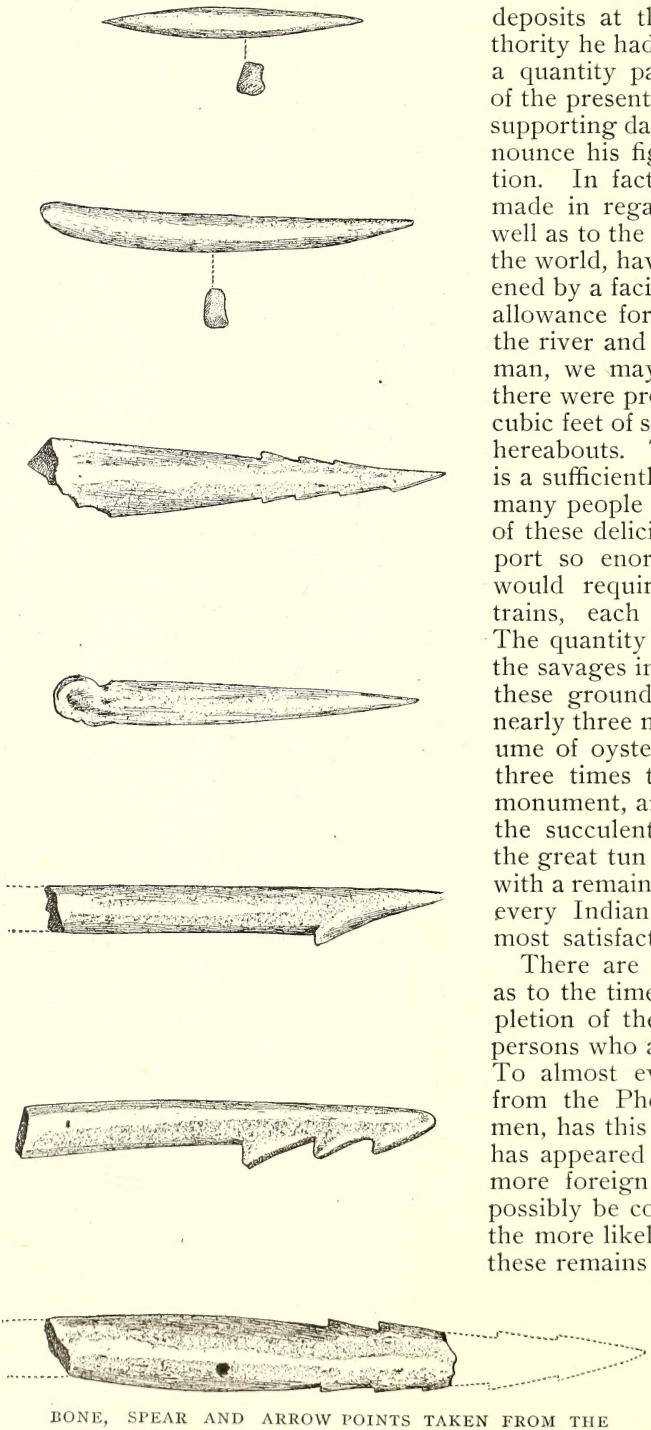
found in the East, which is never of the most expert make. The articles were commonly in the form of round-bottomed vessels from six inches to a foot in diameter. The bottom was frequently an inch or more in thickness, while the sides and top were comparatively thin. Some pieces had holes near the top, where bails or handles were inserted. Very little of the pottery was found in the lower stratum, and that was of decidedly inferior grade, plain or with scarcely any ornamentation, and having straight edges or rims. The pottery in the middle and upper strata showed a decided advance both in quality and in execution. The vessels had flaring rims and were comparatively well ornamented, — although at best the Indian ceramic art was never quite equal to that of Sèvres.

Considering the size of the mound, it was very barren of tools and implements. Two or three rude chisels of stone and a few stone flakes, together with a not very large number of bone points and deer horns with ends used as punches or spear heads, comprised about all the implements in this immense deposit. It will be remembered, however, that these heaps are merely kitchen-middens, or places of food refuse, and we should naturally expect in them little else than those relics that are directly connected with the preparation of food, such as fireplaces and pottery, together with the bones of animals and the cast off shells of the bivalves. For our spear-heads, bone-points, chisels, hammers, sinkers and numerous other tools and implements, we have only to search the fields in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, the whole region for miles around, particularly the shores and islands of the river and the neighborhood of the several beautiful lakes near by, are peculiarly rich in traces of Indian life.

The two principal heaps remaining to be described are considerably smaller than the whaleback mound, and are situated on the same side of the river. One, a few rods above, is on high land and covered with soil, no part of it being visible from the river. One or two small gullies have cut into it, exposing the shells on the landward side. Many traces of shells are found in the fields near by, and doubtless if the soil were removed and extensive explorations made a large additional quantity of shells would be disclosed. The other mound is on low land near the outer angle of the river bend, and occupies a rather large area; but the depth is nowhere more than three feet, except in the case of a small barrier for a few rods along the shore. The waters of the incoming tide strike headlong against this bank, and without a doubt many feet of shells have been worn away.

It is generally noticeable that the shells in all the heaps are of great size, some of them being of immense dimensions as compared with the ordinary oyster of to-day. Those of a foot in length are repeatedly found, while a few of fourteen or fifteen inches have been secured. In the upper part of the whaleback mound a rather imperfect shell was taken out, whose cavity nevertheless was intact, measuring one foot long and eight inches wide. Its original length exceeded sixteen inches, and the animal whose habitation it had been would have filled a pint measure. The shells are found to be almost invariably single, and a long search would be necessary to find the two valves of an oyster together. They are long, narrow and somewhat curved or scimiter shaped, and are bleached white, having lost their original color. Those near the bottom of a large heap can often be crumbled in the fingers.

The total quantity of shells contained in all the mounds and smaller heaps at the headwaters of the Damariscotta river has been variously estimated. Doctor Jackson, once state geologist of Maine, by a computation the details of which are lost to history, once asserted that there were forty-five million cubic feet of shells in the



BONE, SPEAR AND ARROW POINTS TAKEN FROM THE SHELL HEAPS.

deposits at this place; but what authority he had for naming so immense a quantity passes the understanding of the present writer, — and in lack of supporting data we are obliged to pronounce his figures a great exaggeration. In fact, most of the estimates made in regard to these deposits, as well as to the other famous mounds of the world, have been greatly strengthened by a facile imagination. Making allowance for shells washed away by the river and removed by the hand of man, we may confidently assert that there were probably about five million cubic feet of shells originally deposited hereabouts. This, it will be admitted, is a sufficiently large number to make many people familiar with the virtues of these delicious bivalves. To transport so enormous a mass of shells would require one hundred freight trains, each containing forty cars. The quantity of oysters consumed by the savages in their long feeding upon these grounds would have measured nearly three million gallons. This volume of oysters would fill a structure three times the size of Bunker Hill monument, and there would be left of the succulent animals enough to fill the great tun of Heidelberg six times, with a remainder still sufficient to give every Indian in the United States a most satisfactory meal.

There are more theories than one as to the time of the origin and completion of the mounds and as to the persons who are responsible for them. To almost every imaginable people, from the Phœnicians to the Northmen, has this work been ascribed. It has appeared to some minds that the more foreign the people who could possibly be connected with this coast, the more likely were they to have left these remains at the headwaters of the Damariscotta. Because some of the bone implements here found resemble those of the Eskimos, that people forsooth held high carnival on these

grounds in primeval feasts; and because the Northmen are supposed to have once visited this coast, and there are similar kitchen-middens in Denmark, they likewise are adjudged to have fed upon the oysters of this bay and to have completed these heaps. It would seem, however, more natural, although perhaps not so ingenious, to impute these doings to the aboriginal inhabitants of the region. For every tool, implement and vessel bears unmistakable evidence of Indian occupation, no instrument having been discovered to suggest any other people. Moreover, it is highly unreasonable to suppose that these heaps had an origin entirely different from that of the hundreds of smaller mounds scattered over the continent, which were evidently laid by the Indians or other peoples who inhabited this country for uncounted centuries. To a savage the one great object of existence was to supply material for his appetite. He turned no small attention to the finny tribes. That he was not ignorant of the merits of oysters is beyond peradventure.

There are grounds for believing that the region contiguous to the Damariscotta was a favorite resort or dwelling place for the savages, being especially favored by nature in land, river and lakes. What were the characteristics of the river in the early days are shown by its name, which in the designation Damasek or Damariscotta, — the place of a multitude of little fishes, — perpetuates the Indian appreciation of its merits. The Damariscotta is in no degree unworthy of its name at the present day. In the spring millions of alewives are dipped out by nets at the falls leading from the lake, and in the winter the frozen surface of the bay is dotted with scores of small houses in which tons of smelts are caught through holes in the ice. The oysters whose shells form the great mounds were probably taken from the immediate vicinity, particularly the bay and the portion of the river leading from it down as far as the remotest heaps extend. Solid beds of oyster shells may now be found here by one digging in the flats through several feet of accumulated mud and saw-dust; and in the clear waters of "Oyster Creek," flowing into the upper part of the bay, white oyster shells may be seen lying upon the bed of the stream. The methods used by Indians generally in securing oysters were of the rudest sort. They procured the shell fish by wading out and picking them up at low tide, and by diving. The shells were usually opened by being thrown upon beds of coal, or by being cracked on rocks.

There is no proof of the time when the mounds were abandoned, but it is generally assumed to be about three hundred years ago, or when the first white men arrived. It could in no wise have been much later, for there is on record no statement of any one who ever saw or knew of an oyster shell being thrown upon the heaps, nor has any article of European manufacture been discovered within them. But it may be a question whether the Indians in their intercourse with Popham would have reported the existence of the shell-heaps as a curiosity, were they familiar with the circumstances of construction and engaged in making periodical additions to the mounds. There is, on the other hand, good reason for believing that oysters in limited quantities have been growing in Damariscotta Bay as late as the first part of the present century; and herein lies the plausibility of ascribing a comparatively recent date to the Indian abandonment of the grounds, although it is certain that at least one hundred years ago large trees were growing upon some of the shell deposits. Oysters were once indigenous not only to the coast of Maine but also to the more northern waters of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Cape Breton; and artificial shell-heaps have been found in all these regions. By the gradual cooling of the water, or from some other cause, they have succes-

sively disappeared from Canadian inlets and from those of Maine and Massachusetts, until now they are found in appreciable quantities no further north than Cape Cod. One cause of the extinction of the oyster at Damariscotta may have been the large amounts of saw-dust thrown into the bay from the mills above.

In Denmark and in Japan the origin of the shell-mounds is lost in the dawn of history, while on the other hand the construction of similar mounds is known to have been going on in other places up to a recent date. The only evidence we can rely on is the condition of the mounds themselves, covered with large trees and washed away to a large degree. That so great an erosion as must have occurred on the western shore could have taken place in three hundred years is open to great doubt; but how much further back we can place the desertion of these grounds is purely a matter of speculation.

Through how long a period the savages made use of the oyster beds of this river is even beyond conjecture. In view of the small area from which the oysters were taken and the limited number of savages who could have fed here, centuries must have been required to complete these enormous heaps. If there were taken from the waters every hour enough of the bivalves to make ten gallons of the oysters ready for eating, there would be need of seventy years, using every hour of daylight in the whole time, to make an accumulation of so vast a quantity of shells. Evidences also of long interruptions exist in the structure of the mounds themselves. It was noted previously, for example, that in the great mound on the eastern shore there were two strata of vegetable mould having a total thickness of seven inches. It is generally thought to take a hundred years for one inch of mould to accumulate, and on this reckoning there was a period of seven centuries, during which, through causes not known, few if any oysters were obtained. In further assurance of a long period of abandonment, witness the great trees that were found to have grown up within the shells upon the second layer of mould.

From lack of historical record and the meagre internal evidence of the mounds themselves, the investigator will be pardoned if he is not dogmatic as to the beginning of this great work. Most interesting would it be if we knew what contemporary events were taking place on that day when the first few oysters were gathered by savage hands from under the waters of the river and their useless shells thrown upon ground that had hitherto known them not. But we are unable to say whether it was the time when the Athenians were marking on their own oyster shells the exile of Aristides, or whether it was at a remote period compared to which the ostracism of the famous Grecian was but as yesterday.

However wild the scenes once witnessed in this little valley, now all is calm. The countless dusky forms that we can see in panoramic vision are now only part of the dust we tread at every step. We can sit upon the shelly bank, underneath the shade of the pine trees, and muse on many things; but what we have before us is only the river with its flowing to and fro, and the pretty coves and shaded shores that are near by. We may pluck beside the shells the jewel weed, the bluebell and the primrose; and gaze at yonder rower as he glides down the stream near the setting of the sun and watches alternately the blue heron standing on the shore and the floating rafts of seaweed on which a flock of sand-pipers have settled to pick their evening meal.

A FORGOTTEN FRIEND OF AMERICA: HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

By Edward Mortimer Chapman.

I.

"I REMEMBER, sir, with a melancholy pleasure, the situation of the honorable gentleman who made the motion for the repeal. In that crisis when the whole interest of the Empire, crammed into your lobbies with a trembling and anxious expectation, waited almost to a winter's return of light their fate from your resolutions. When at length you had determined in their favor and your doors, thrown open, showed them the figure of their deliverer in the well-earned triumph of his important victory, from the whole of that grave multitude there arose an involuntary burst of gratitude and transport. They jumped upon him like children upon a long absent father. They clung about him as captives about their redeemer. Nor did he seem insensible to the best of all earthly rewards, the love and admiration of his fellow citizens. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest. I stood near him; and his face, to use the expression of the Scripture of the first martyr, — his face was as if it had been the face of an angel. I do not know how others feel; but if I had stood in that situation, I never would have exchanged it for all that kings in their profusion could bestow."

These sonorous periods form the climax of the historical section of Burke's great speech on American Taxation. They refer to that day in February, 1766, on which the repeal of the Stamp Act was assured; and the man whom they glorify was Henry Seymour Conway. He is a dim and shadowy name in the annals of late colonial history to-day. But in the latter half of last century there were few Englishmen who had better claim upon the affectionate regard of Americans.

He was not a great man; but he was a man of great distinction. Scarce any figure of his day could have borne the effulgent setting of Burke's rhetoric and suffered less by contrast. There was little of Chatham's genius in him; yet he had all Chatham's instinctive sympathy for the large and generous side of a public question; he was free from Chatham's tyrannous ambition; and he possessed a grace of temper to which his great contemporary was a stranger. In an age of eminently clever men, his wits did not shine preëminent when compared with those of Walpole, Wilkes and Selwyn; but he was as virile as Walpole was effeminate, as comely as Wilkes was ugly, and as full of sturdy common sense as Selwyn was of cynical nonsense. At a time when the emoluments of public office were generally recognized as a legitimate crutch for infirm private fortune, and when Rigby was extracting enormous profits out of his paymastership of the forces, Conway, though a poor man, suffered the loss of his place in the Household, and even of his regiment, for the sake of an independent vote in Parliament.

No public man of his day had displayed more signal courage on the field of battle or missed death there by a narrower margin. Yet none was quicker to own that there were some things he dare not do, and that to connive at measures which would incite Englishmen to just rebellion was one of them. His estimate of friendship in a world of official self-seekers was of such sort as to cause him to refuse to replace Granby in high office, and his notions of public service were so un-

common as to lead him for a considerable time to perform the duties of a Secretary of State with the pay of a Lieutenant General of the Ordnance. "You are a phenomenon," blurted out King George, who never quite knew how to deal with an honest man; "I can satisfy nobody else, and you will not take even what is offered to you." Nor ought it to be forgotten that in a day of notoriously loose life, when a Prime Minister could flaunt his mistresses in the world's face at Newmarket, and participants in the Medmenham Mysteries escape impeachment at the bar of public opinion, Walpole rallied Conway's wife, Lady Ailesbury, upon never having claimed the Whichnovre flitch of bacon, this being the guerdon of those who after a year and a day of married life would take oath that they still preferred each other to all the world.

It may readily be admitted that Walpole's picture of his cousin is somewhat idealized, for Walpole's treatment of friend and foe alike was generally partial and colored by prejudice. But there was genuine feeling behind the burst of tears with which he greeted Conway's safe return from the wars in 1763, and there was more than a mere sentiment in the regard which caused him to offer to divide his fortune with his friend when the latter was deprived of his employments by the King in the following year. Indeed it is significant of Conway's hold upon the men of his day, that at this time three offers of a very considerable income should have been made to him from three independent quarters, and that he should have declined them all. This high integrity and courage unmarred by any taint of priggishness was so generally recognized, that Conway's worth to a ministry was always greater than his somewhat ordinary gifts as an orator and statesman seemed to justify. Amid the crew of Graftons, Sandwiches, Dashwoods and Rigbys who adorned both Houses of Parliament, Conway's character shone preëminent; and it was peculiarly fitting that the two motions which repealed the Stamp Act and brought the War of Independence to a close should have been made by him.

II.

Henry Seymour Conway, the second son of Francis Seymour, first Lord Conway, was born in 1721. His elder brother inherited the title, and was in due time created Earl, and then Marquis, of Hertford. His mother was sister to the first wife of Sir Robert Walpole, and the two cousins, Henry Conway and Horace Walpole, were lifelong friends. The boy, who had a singularly gracious presence, sweet voice and winning manner, was early destined for the army, though his friends were glad to supplement his chance of advancement there by introducing him to Parliament as soon as opportunity offered. This became possible when Conway's elder brother married one of the beautiful Fitzroys, daughter to the second Duke of Grafton, and sister to that third Duke, who has come down to posterity spitted upon the pen of Junius. The first negotiations for the return of the twenty-year-old boy for Thetford fell through; but he was elected for an Irish constituency in October, 1741. Before he could take his seat, however, his return to the British Parliament from Higham Ferrers was effected; and for the next forty-two years, with the exception of a few months just previous to the American War, he never lacked a place there.

The twenty years that followed his entrance into Parliament were largely given to the practice of his profession, which he dearly loved, and in which he speedily acquired distinction. Before he was one-and-twenty he had attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Footguards; and in the spring of 1742 he crossed to Flanders in hope of seeing genuine service. His journey was by way of Bruges, which he found to be a "clean, old-fashioned town, that has nothing to be said

either for or against it, but the neatness of the streets, and puts me in mind of a cleanly old woman, smug and insipid."

His headquarters were at Ghent, where, instead of that participation in martial glory of which he had dreamed, he found himself reduced to "sitting at home in his dimity night-gown, reading, both morning and evening." Even such a man of peace as Walpole was struck with the exceeding calm that brooded over Flanders in this summer of 1742, and wrote to Sir Horace Mann:

"Our troops are as peaceable as on Hounslow Heath, except some bickerings and blows about beef with butchers and about sacraments with friars. You know the English can eat no meat, and be civil to no god but their own."

The next year he was present at Dettingen, but that was all, inasmuch as the cautious Hanoverian who commanded his brigade kept it carefully out of the fight, to Conway's great mortification. Indeed it was not until 1745, when the Duke of Cumberland took command of the army and appointed Conway one of his aids-de-camp, that the activities in which his soul delighted opened to him. In May he won distinction by great personal bravery at Fontenoy; the following year he made the campaign of Culloden, and in 1747 covered himself with glory before Maestricht.

"Harry Conway," wrote Walpole to Montague, "whom nature designed for a hero of romance, but who is *deplace* in ordinary life, did wonders; but was overpowered and flung down, when one French hussar held him by the hair, while another was going to stab him; at that instant an English serjeant with a soldier came up, and killed the latter, but was instantly killed himself; the soldier attacked the other, and Mr. Conway escaped, but was afterward taken prisoner; is since released on parole, and is come home to console his fair widow, whose brother, Harry Campbell, is certainly killed, to the great concern of all widows who want consolation."

The fair widow in question was Caroline, Countess of Ailesbury, whom Conway married in December of this year, and with whom he lived happily ever after. There had been a time when he would gladly have followed his brother's example and taken to himself one of the Fitzroys; but he forbore to press his suit on the advice of Cousin Horace, who thought him then quite too poor and undistinguished to aspire so high. It doubtless was as well, for ten years after the marriage a correspondent of Lord Lyttleton speaks of their life together as "the most reasonable system of happiness, and the most perfect in every shape that ever existed," — something more than could be said of most of the matches in which the Fitzroys and their contemporaries bore a part.

The years that followed Conway's marriage were spent in varied service in Minorca, in Ireland, and on the Continent. He acted as Secretary to Lord Hartington when the latter was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1754, and did much in a critical juncture to win Irish hearts. He seems to have returned poorer than he went, and in 1757 was appointed, in conjunction with Sir John Mordaunt, to the command of the ill-starred Rochefort expedition. This adventure was undertaken with high hopes, and enlisted the service of men like Hawke, Rodney, Cornwallis and Wolfe. But it was subject to the almost desperate disadvantages of a divided command and an impracticable object. Mordaunt was an invalid. Conway was young and, though eager to act, hesitated to assume sole responsibility for the conduct of the expedition in face of the enemy, when his senior refused to lend his countenance to an attack. The result was that the attempt failed, to the bitter disappointment of the English ministry and people. Conway's personal conduct was beyond reproach, but it afforded some premonition of that indecision and inability to mark out a bold and consistent line of policy that always kept him out of the first rank of generals and statesmen.

Comparatively few of Conway's letters have been published; but the two

meagre collections that have seen the light belong to this earlier period of his public life. They lack the sustained, albeit often artificial cleverness of Horace Walpole's epistolary style, but there is a modest grace about them that bespeaks the real character of the writer. One does not wonder that Walpole, who unquestionably had a heart, although Macaulay will not allow the world to believe it, loved the nineteen-year-old soldier who wrote to him in 1740:

"You cannot imagine how happy you make me with that charming old stock of friendship that you say you have kept in lavender for me. It is a treasure that I value more than I can express, and without any unreasonable doubts of your gratitude and constancy I would have given the world to have insured it when we parted; affection would be no longer affection, if it was not attended with some anxiety—if it ceased to be that *res solliciti plena timoris.* How did I know but that in these cursed piratical times I might have been robbed of it? To think of making new ones instead of it, would be like that old Roman loggerhead, whom Velleius makes honorable mention of, who threatened the people, if they lost the old Corinthian statues, that they should find new ones in their stead. Indeed I must have recourse to better times than these, if I would find another friendship worthy to succeed it. I won't make you any compliments; it is none, God knows, to tell you that I love you, if possible, more than ever, and can forgive you anything but doubting of it."

Again he expressed his modest interest in the artistic trifles that were ever coming over sea to Walpole for the adornment of his gingerbread villa at Strawberry Hill;

"For, to say the truth, I long to see you; indeed, I heartily wish I had been at the unpacking of your *virtu*, for I love to see pretty things, though I don't understand them; and for your Tiberius, Vespasian and Octavia, I honor them, and most obsequiously kiss their hands, if they have any. What closet have you fitted up?"

Or, he retails a *bon mot* of Lady Thanet's:

"Lord Bateman told her at the Bath that he had Sir Robert's (i. e., Walpole's) head in his pocket. 'Are you sure of it?' says she. 'Nothing surer.' 'Why, then,' says she, 'you cannot possibly do so well as to put it on your shoulders.' "

The letters abound in examples of the sterling good sense that kept Conway unspoiled to the end of the chapter. Here is his estimate of himself at twenty-two, in rebuttal of what he deems Walpole's too flattering opinion:

"I am vastly inclined to think well of myself already, but that I meet with so many rubs every day, so many mementoes of my own *pauvrete*, and if you don't abate a little of your goodness for me you will really make me as vain as I am foolish. To say I am too good for a soldier! I remember a man, Horry, who was born a footman, and to whom nature had given extraordinary talents for that station. He might have made a tolerable *valet-de-chambre* but that his friends persuaded him he had parts suited to the stage. He applied to Mr. Rich, obtained a diadem for his first appearance, had the misfortune not to please, fell down all the ranks of the theatre from a king to a snuff-candle, and—starved."

Conway always had a pretty gift, too, at turning an epigrammatic phrase, as when he dubbed Frederick the Great, "that anointed highwayman," and congratulated Dundas and Rigby, his opponents in Parliament, upon their possession of "the gift of tongues — double tongues."

III.

Had it not been for the failure of the Rochefort expedition, Conway would probably have seen service in America. But as it was, both Pitt and the King were out of conceit with him, and Quebec fell to Wolfe instead. Conway was promoted lieutenant-general, however, in 1759, saw active service again in 1761, and from the close of that year until the Peace of Paris in 1763 was in command of the British forces on the Continent. Upon the signing of the treaty he returned to England to enter upon what may be termed his Parliamentary career, — although, as has been indicated, he had already been a member of the House of Commons for more than twenty years.

The state of parties during the period which separates the death of George II. from the rise of the younger Pitt into a position of power backed by a well recognized following and pledged to a definite policy may be described as little less than chaotic. The old designations of Whig and Tory lost much of their significance with the accession of the English-born and English-speaking George III. It soon became evident that he proposed to be his own minister, and that his pet policy of "men, not measures" meant the practical exclusion from high office of all who were not pliant enough to adapt themselves readily to the royal will. In 1763, it might properly be said that there were no parties, though cliques, factions and personal followings were numerous enough. The most influential of these were the so-called "King's Friends," sometimes in office and sometimes out, but his henchmen ever. None stood in Parliament or in the country for any great political policy, although Rockingham and his friends were animated by high political principle and may be reckoned the forerunners of the nineteenth century Liberals. This group embodied what was best in the character and ideals of the old Whig families. Burke was the exponent of its political philosophy; the Marquis of Rockingham and the Duke of Richmond were its protagonists in the House of Lords; while men like Lord John Cavendish, Sir George Savile and Conway represented it in the Commons. One of the distinctive features of this group was that its members could not be bought, and that they were able to dissociate the public service from private advantage and convenience in their contemplation of political themes.

Another little company of earnest men reckoned Chatham their leader. Lord Shelburne stood prominent among them in the Lords, while the rugged eloquence of Barré voiced their influence in the Commons. They were less worthy to be called a party than the followers of Lord Rockingham, in so far as their bond of union was more distinctly a personal one; and their influence was always hampered by what may be termed their political impracticability. They were a divisive element in every administration of which as a group they formed a part.

The Bedfords were neither a party nor a clique, but a gang. Principles they abhorred, though they could muster a fearsome array of prejudices. They were true to none but one another, and to one another only so far as they realized the advantage which a crew enjoys over the isolated individual when fishing in troubled waters. Indeed they were commonly known as the "Bloomsbury Crew," and Richard Rigby was their boatswain.

When Conway returned to England early in 1763, he evidently purposed to settle down to a considerable residence at home for he refurnished his house at Park Place on the Thames. Walpole was duly consulted about the style of chairs to be purchased, and brought the weight of his high authority and large experience to bear upon the problem. Then both cousins turned their thoughts to politics.

Bute had lately fallen under the weight of almost unexampled popular execration. His Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Francis Dashwood, one of the most unprincipled libertines who ever disgraced high office, and so incompetent to deal with fiscal questions that any sum of five figures was said to be an impenetrable secret to him, had been succeeded by George Grenville. Indeed the new ministry was practically Grenville's, although he had associated the Duke of Bedford with himself as Lord President of the Council, and looked to the Bloomsbury Crew for his support. Grenville was a shade more respectable than the company he kept, which is saying very little for him. His greed for the details of official business was consuming, and he did not lack certain qualifications for the administration of

finance. "He had powers not universally possessed; could he have enforced payment of the Manilla ransom, *he could have counted it*," said Johnson eight years later, at once damning Grenville with faint praise and indirectly contrasting him with his predecessor. But he was a stubborn, arbitrary and rather truculent minister. His great experience of public life, however, genuine constitutional learning, natural independence of character, unfailing flow of speech and perfect mastery of a certain hammer-and-tongs style of oratory made him a power in debate.

One of the first acts of his ministry was the arrest, under a general warrant, of the notoriously unprincipled but very brilliant radical, John Wilkes. Wilkes had cleverly expressed the popular hatred of the Bute ministry in his paper, *The North Briton*. In the celebrated Number 45, which appeared April 23, 1763, he attacked the Royal speech which had brought the session of the preceding winter to a close. Though the language of the attack would now be thought extremely guarded, and there was no approach to direct censure of the King himself, the ministry determined to crush Wilkes; and the attempt which they inaugurated dragged its slow length over the next decade, its defeat finally resulting in the firm establishment of at least three great constitutional principles.

Conway's return to Parliament coincided with the beginning of this persecution, and although he had no desire to go into opposition, he at once took his place beside the liberal Whigs in protesting against all arbitrary procedure. He was not naturally a partisan; he held civil and military appointments that were within the gift of the King; and the King's feelings in the present juncture were no secret. He was, moreover, very largely dependent upon these employments for the means of livelihood. When therefore it became known that the King was angry with him and Grenville did his best to bespeak his uncompromising support for the government, the temptation may well have proved no light one.

But Conway, who had already asserted his convictions in the matter by voice and vote, refused to surrender his freedom, and finally sealed his fate by again speaking and voting against Grenville upon the subject of General Warrants, in February, 1764. George III. was incapable of overlooking such contumacy as this, and Conway speedily found himself deprived not only of his place in the Household, but even of his regiment. In a letter to his cousin dated April 21, 1764, Walpole tells him in characteristic fashion how the news got abroad:

> "I write to you with a very bad headache; I have passed a night for which George Grenville and the Duke of Bedford shall pass many an uneasy one. Notwithstanding I heard from everybody I met that your Regiment as well as Bedchamber were taken away, I would not believe it, till last night the Duchess of Grafton told me that the night before the Duchess of Bedford said to her, 'Are you not very sorry for poor Mr. Conway? He has lost everything.' When the Witch of Endor pities, one knows she has raised the devil."

To be disgraced by George III. for loyalty to constitutional principles when so many of the ablest men in the kingdom were ready to identify the constitution with royal prejudice was no mean honor, and Conway's position was henceforth a well recognized and highly influential one. His constancy aroused the drooping spirits of his friends, and for a time it seemed as if Pitt and his following might join the Rockingham Whigs in putting the Bedford henchmen to confusion. But Pitt was either so cautious or so sulky that nothing came of the negotiation. It soon became evident however that the ministry must go down before the combined pressure of the people's hatred, the King's restiveness under Grenville's arrogant self-assertion, and the danger of an explosion in the Colonies. The end came in the summer

of 1765. Rockingham took office in July, and Conway, as a minister of the Crown, kissed the hand which less than eighteen months before had deprived him of employment and income. As Secretary of State he took the place lately held by one of Wilkes' persecutors, who, as that worthy said, had "paid the debt to nature and gone to join the dull of ancient days"; and to his office of Secretary was added the leadership in the House of Commons. Thus it befell that in the important colonial business of the ensuing session he bore a prominent part.

IV.

The Stamp Act agitation was now at its height. It is beside the purpose of this essay to enter into any detailed account of the inception or prosecution of this attempt to interfere with the internal taxation of the Colonies. The notion still common in America, that it was part of a deliberate scheme to rob the Colonists of their liberty, is untenable. Yet Grenville's political principles were of a sort to make him an admirable representative of the King in such a juncture, and the King's views of royal prerogative were so exalted as almost to convince even unprejudiced and well informed observers that the lessons of the old Stuart days had been forgotten, and that the Stamp Act might prove as great a menace to liberty as Ship Money had ever been. In point of sober fact, however, the Grenville ministry found itself face to face with the problem of a great debt incurred by Pitt and his colleagues in the Seven Years' War, military glory then as now being a costly commodity. In the attempt to provide increased revenue, import duties at colonial ports were raised and new effort made to enforce the Navigation Laws. Irksome as these things proved to the Colonists, they were so plainly within the mother country's right that there seemed to be little thought of organized resistance. But George III. had no thought of stopping here in his drafts upon the colonial purse. The internal taxation of America represented itself to him as a great pecuniary resource, and he urged his views upon his minister even to the point of suggesting that if he could not bring himself to act in the matter, more pliable instruments of the royal will were to be found. Under these circumstances, Grenville, although he must have had Sir Robert Walpole's warning of the dangerous consequences of an excise ringing in his ears, seemed to have no choice. In 1764, Parliament passed a resolution which warned the Colonies of what they might expect, and served to unite Massachusetts with Virginia in a vigorous remonstrance. But though the legislatures protested and Franklin hurried over sea to make sure that Parliament understood the gravity of the situation, there was no turning Grenville from his purpose; and in March, 1765, the Stamp Act was passed, to go into effect in the following November.

Then the storm broke. But it was not until late in the autumn that its severity or its significance began to be realized by the ministry or the general public. In November, the representative of the County of York, plain spoken Sir George Savile, than whom America had no truer friend, bluntly paraphrased the feeling of the great merchant class in a letter to Rockingham:

> "Our trade is hurt; what the devil have you been a-doing? For our part, we don't pretend to understand your politics and American matters, but our trade is hurt; pray remedy it, and a plague of you if you won't."

When Parliament met in December, plain speech of this sort was not wanting. The ministry had resolved upon repeal, although unquestionably embarrassed by the reports of American disorder on the one hand and the secret opposition of the King upon the other. Nor was their resolution entirely unanimous. For though the great majority of

their leaders were true liberals and utterly opposed on principle to Grenville's arbitrary measures, there were still some, like Lord Hardwicke, who hesitated at so radical a change of policy as must be involved in repeal. From December 17 until late in February debate recurred at brief intervals to American affairs. It was the last great Parliamentary contest in which Pitt participated as a member of the Commons. It was the first in which Edmund Burke took part. Grenville was truculent and Conway pacific. The counsel of the Tories was divided. Stanley contended that a pepper-corn in acknowledgment of sovereignty was better than millions paid into the treasury without it, while Blackstone, who was then just publishing his famous Commentaries, held that Parliament had no right whatever to impose internal taxes upon the Colonies. Wedderburne had his fling at Pitt, and Bickford at Grenville. Dowdeswell was businesslike, as became a Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Fletcher Norton as bitter in opposition as he had been reckless in power.

Out of the storm of pros and cons, however, it became evident that repeal must finally issue, and on February 21, 1766, Conway made his famous motion for leave to bring in a bill to that end. In his speech, Burke's reference to which has been quoted, he told the Commons that commerce with America was at a standstill; that eight merchants found their American orders to the extent of £400,000 countermanded, and the payment of £950,000 due to them imperilled; that the great commercial and manufacturing centres were in dire distress; and that "petitions would have been sent from every trading town in England, but that they apprehended that the very hearing of their petitions would delay the repeal." Then, leaving the argument of mere policy, he dealt with the higher question of right, claiming that the act was essentially oppressive and unjust, practically bereaving the King's subjects of their right of trial by jury, and enabling Admiralty courts to hale a man three hundred miles from his home. Grenville answered and Pitt rejoined. But the conclusion was foregone, and at half past one on the morning of Washington's thirty-fourth birthday, the House divided, giving Conway a majority of 275 to 167. As he left the House he found himself beset by a throng of merchants, who, as Walpole says, "huzzaed him thrice, stopped him to thank and compliment him, and made a lane for his passage." Pitt's appearance was greeted with like acclaim, while Grenville narrowly escaped a serious mobbing.

The repeal was now assured, and went up to the Lords on March 4, receiving the royal assent a fortnight later. But though the King yielded to force of circumstances, he had long since determined to get rid of his ministers. Indeed it had been said for some time that "they were dead, and lying in state; and that Charles Townshend (who never spoke for them) was one of their mutes." The expected happened in July, almost exactly a year from the date of Lord Rockingham's accession to office. On the 7th the King informed his ministers that he had sent for Pitt; and on the 13th Conway could tell Walpole that Pitt had offered him the same place in the new ministry which he had held in the old, with the continued leadership in the Commons, since he himself was to enter the Lords as Earl of Chatham.

It is impossible here to follow in any detail the official life of Conway during the interval which separates the Repeal of the Stamp Act from the beginning of the War of American Independence. He remained an influential member of Lord Chatham's administration even after Chatham had retired from active leadership under the cloud of his strange nervous malady. It had been with some hesitation that Conway accepted office in 1766, when Chatham's ministry was first

formed; but he consented to do so in the hope that his leadership in the House might serve to keep the Grenville interest in abeyance, and the Rockingham principles if not the Rockingham leaders to the fore. His position therefore was at best a very delicate one. It became painful and embarrassing in the extreme a few months later, when five of the seven members of the Rockingham administration who had enlisted together under the leadership of Chatham resigned. It would have been well had Conway gone with them. His continuance in office does credit to his heart rather than his head. He was not happy there. His conduct laid him open to that charge of inconsistency which is so easy to make and so difficult to disprove. His situation grew steadily worse as the ministry drifted into the maw of the Bedfords. If Chatham were not mad, he might as well have been, for he was utterly impracticable, and all correspondence between him and Conway soon ceased. Charles Townshend was Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man of wonderful brilliance, but of little political principle and no genuine statesmanship. Walpole's gibe, that in addition to knowing neither of his own two minds he had his brother's minds to know too, had just truth enough in its bitterness to deserve to live. Northington, who after dishonoring the Chancellorship under Rockingham, condescended to disgrace the Lord Presidentship under Chatham, was another colleague; while as time went on, the Duke of Grafton, who had hitherto been counted a respectable statesman, as respectability went in those days, but was now preparing to furnish Junius with material for his immortal satire, forged into first place and assumed the leadership which Chatham surrendered.

In later years Fox charged Conway's weakness in consenting to serve in such a ministry with being a principal cause of the misfortunes of the next decade. But Fox was ever a lover of sweeping statements. It must be remembered in Conway's behalf that the character of his colleagues — this is notably true in the case of Grafton — was not fully declared when he consented to serve with them, and that during his term of service he was consistent in his opposition to all arbitrary procedure. Nor did he lack opportunity. There were some in the cabinet who favored a new show of authority over the Colonies to counterbalance the concessions involved in the repeal of the Stamp Act. Townshend himself was as injudicious and vacillating as Grenville had been truculent and imperious. It seemed at times as if he were paying deliberate court to his predecessor, and as the event proved no man did more to foster the revolutionary spirit in America. In March Conway stood alone in the cabinet against a project for suspending the New York Assembly, and he did what one man could to restrain Townshend in his insane venture to reimpose vexatious colonial imposts. He was so scrupulous indeed to uphold the best traditions of the Rockingham ministry in colonial matters that even Lord Camden, the most liberal and conscientious of Chancellors, complained to Walpole of his "niceties, difficulties, and impracticability."

The end came when, after Townshend's death, Grafton and the Bloomsbury gang began to draw together. Rigby, who had a certain sense of the fitness of things, would not take office until Conway was got rid of, and in January, 1768, the latter resigned, to hold no ministerial place again until the close of the War of Independence. While his position during the months immediately preceding his resignation had been in some respects a false one, it should be remembered that his conduct was disinterested in a degree well nigh incomprehensible to those who succeded him in office; for since September, 1767, when he was appointed Lieutenant General of Ordnance, he had refused his salary as

Secretary of State, lest his retention of power should seem to be influenced by its emoluments.

In 1770, he was urged by the King to reënter the ministry as Master of the Ordnance, but refused, although he cheerfully undertook the drudgery of this department in his subordinate capacity of Lieutenant General and found himself able to effect considerable reforms in it. In 1772, he was made Governor of Jersey; two years later he was promoted General; and in the summer of 1774 he made a tour of the Continent to inspect the Austrian and Prussian military manœuvres. Here he was treated with marked distinction by Frederick, and found occasion to renew many of the old friendships begun during his long term of continental service. During this absence, however, he was deprived of his seat in Parliament for Thetford by the Duke of Grafton, and several months elapsed before he came in again as member for Bury St. Edmunds.

V.

When Conway returned, in the early spring of 1775, it was to find Parliament in the midst of new American complications. Charles Townshend's wild oats were coming to maturity, and the King and Lord North were making ready for the harvest. Boston had held her Tea Party, and the first Congress had assembled. At the general election of the previous year a large ministerial majority had been returned to do Lord North's bidding. But it must be remembered that this was the hey-day of the rotten borough system, and that the Parliament was in no true sense representative of the people; while the average Englishman's ignorance of American affairs was little short of abysmal.

The most casual glance at the opposing parties in either House of Parliament is sufficient to assure the student that the War of Independence was as truly a struggle for British as for American liberty. In the Lords, men like Sandwich* had to face as best they might the eloquence of Chatham and Camden, who had never been so great as when standing for the rights of their fellow subjects in America; and with them are to be counted the honored names of Rockingham, Richmond, Shelburne and Fitzwilliam, together with that of Frederick Keppel, Bishop of Exeter, who upon his death-bed in 1777 thanked God that he had not given one vote for shedding American blood.

In the Commons the friends of America were an even more distinguished company. Cavendish represented the unfailing liberality of one of the noblest families in England. The extraordinary abilities which Fox displayed during the American discussions won him a place among the greatest of debaters. Conway's consistent friendliness of the Colonists and his patient recurrence to an unpopular theme whenever there was the remotest chance to mitigate the horrors of the conflict or to hasten its conclusion made him before the War was over "completely master of the deliberations of the House on America." Burke enriched the literature of political philosophy for all time by his addresses upon American Taxation and Conciliation. Sir George Savile, whose liberal principles belonged to a century later than his own, and who represented one of the most powerful constituencies in England, threw all the influence of high character, perfect disinterestedness and the possession of vast estates into opposition to what he considered to be the criminal

*Sandwich was First Lord of the Admiralty—a man of abandoned private character, but so industrious as a minister that Walpole says he deceived men into fancying that he possessed abilities. Cook named the Hawaiian Islands after him, and his habit of ordering thin slices of bread and meat brought to him at the gaming-table made him the god-father of the dreadful viand now so largely consumed in railway stations and on picnics. The poet Churchill has celebrated his character in six lines which the world will not willingly let die, so illustrative are they of that worthy's genius for vituperation.

"Too infamous to have a friend,
Too bad for bad men to commend
Or good to name; beneath whose weight
Earth groans; who hath been spared by fate
Only to show on Mercy's plan
How far and long God bears with man."

—Quoted by Sir G. O. Trevelyan in "Early Life of Charles James Fox" (p. 69), a work to which every student of this period must acknowledge his deep indebtedness.

folly of the King and Lord North. With these men in their opposition to the general course of the ministry stood Barré, Dunning and Wilkes, while Pitt and Sheridan before the War closed began to win the place and influence which they were destined to enjoy so long. "Probably," wrote Sir Nathaniel Wraxall thirty-five years afterward, "at no period of George the Third's reign have the walls of the House of Commons enclosed so great an assemblage of first-rate talents on the Opposition Benches as were there concentrated at the beginning of the year 1781." It is needless to add that Lord North, able and sweet tempered as he was, had a sufficiently sorry time of it in face of such an array of character and ability. "Charles," said he one day to Fox, who had been making a tremendous onslaught upon Lord George Germaine, "Charles, I am glad you did not fall upon me to-night, for you was in fine feather."

During a considerable portion of the War, Conway was occupied in the affairs of the Island of Jersey, which was threatened with invasion by the French. When present in Parliament, however, his attitude with reference to American matters was at once so consistent and so pacific that as the contest drew to its close the Opposition instinctively looked to him as its leader. In March, 1776, we find him reproaching Lord North with treachery to the Americans, in view of the promises made to them by one of the Secretaries of State, while Fox and Barré followed him with eulogies upon Montgomery, who had fallen during the assault upon Quebec in the previous December. In May he spoke again in the same strain, while during the next winter he urged upon the House his conviction that America could never be reduced to unconditional submission by force of arms, that England ought not to insist upon such submission, and that persistence in their present course must mean eventual war with France. The logic of events was meanwhile lending an added cogency to his arguments; and when, late in 1777, he once more took up his parable against the War, even Gibbon, stubborn ministerialist that he was, confessed that but for shame there were not twenty men in the House who would not vote for peace. It is well nigh impossible for an Englishman or an American of to-day to realize the extent to which the prosecution of so disastrous and unpopular a conflict depended upon the influence of a fatuous king backed by ministers who were either too good-natured or too selfish to oppose the royal will.

Affairs in America continued to drift from bad to worse, and with their changing aspect Conway found the House increasingly willing to listen to his pleas for peace. In May, 1780, he introduced a bill for the pacification of the Colonies, and in his speech upbraided the Bishops in particular for their bellicose attitude. Throughout the following year also the struggle against the ministry was kept up, even General Burgoyne, in the capacity of one who had learned wisdom by experience, enrolling himself among their most consistent and determined opponents. In October, 1781, Cornwallis surrendered, and in December it was evident that the Ministry tottered to its fall. On the 14th of that month Fox and Conway inaugurated a brilliant attack upon the administration, which was not without success, for Lord North began to show unmistakable signs of a willingness to sacrifice his colonial secretary, if not to go out himself. Even Rigby, unsated after thirteen consecutive years at the pay office, joined forces with the critics of the Ministry in a vain hope that Lord North's official life and his own opportunities for plunder might yet be prolonged if Lord George Germaine could be got rid of.

Lord George fortunately seemed not unwilling to be sacrificed, and practically went out of office, although his place was not filled. Rid of this burden, and with the King behind

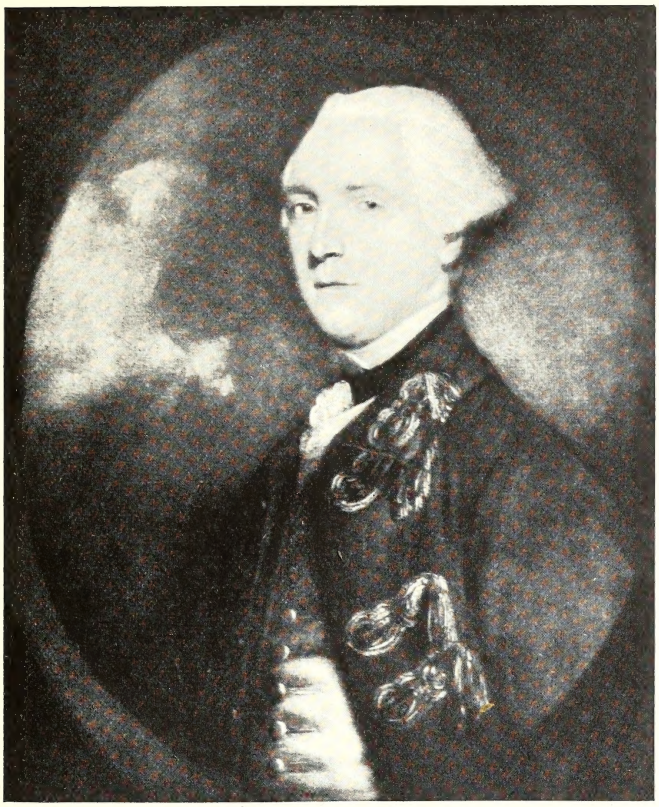
them, the ministry lived on at a poor dying rate until the next spring. But the conclusion of the War was foregone. On February 22, which was almost as marked a day in his life as the third of September had been in that of Cromwell, Conway moved an address to the King, praying him "to renounce any further attempts to reduce America by force"; and the motion was seconded by Lord John Cavendish. Wraxall calls the debate which followed the most interesting of any at which he was ever present. Conway bore a principal part in it, and although he may have spoken as eloquently on other occasions, it is doubtful if he was ever so effective. For the tide against which he had struggled so long was at length turning in his favor. Members were willing to be convinced. The unnatural strife against kinsmen who represented the best traditions of English liberty was grown insufferable. Men of generous principles had long been in opposition. The time had come when the self-seekers found their interest in joining them. As Walpole put it, "the fall of Lord George Germaine had made the (ministerial) fabric totter, and the rats ran away."

Conway's motion was nominally defeated by a majority of one. Rightly deeming this to be a practical victory, he renewed his attack five days later, and was rewarded by a vote of 234 to 215. The American War was ended so far as Parliament was concerned; and Wraxall, who was present on that memorable night, says that "no sooner was the result known, and the triumph over Lord North ascertained from the Chair, than the acclamations pierced the roof and might have been heard in Westminster Hall."

On March 20th Lord North resigned, and on the 27th Rockingham returned to power, Conway taking office as Commander-in-Chief with a seat in the Cabinet. Rockingham, however, died in July, and Shelburne took his place as prime minister. Under these circumstances, Conway, who was never a very good party man, consented to retain his office, despite the ridicule of Burke, who assured him that, like Little Red Riding Hood, "he didn't know a wolf from his grandmother." In the ensuing February, however, he resigned in company with his colleagues and passed out of any further immediate connection with American affairs. Two years later his Parliamentary career ended and he retired to Park Place. Here the eleven years of life that remained to him were largely spent, though he retained his governorship of the Island of Jersey, where he was exceedingly popular, and made occasional excursions thither.

In the quiet of these last years Conway found opportunity to gratify his scientific and literary tastes. He bridged the Thames at Henley, and patronized Crabbe the poet, cultivated Lombardy poplars, invented and patented a furnace for the use of distillers, collaborated with Burgoyne in the adaptation of a French play to the purposes of private theatricals, and doubtless gave a portion of his time to the river and the boat upon which Walpole one day found him at work. His promotion to the rank of Field Marshal came in October, 1793, and his death just two years later. His only child was a daughter, who, as Mrs. Damer, won a considerable reputation as a sculptor, and fell heiress to Horace Walpole's Strawberry Hill.

Conway represents a type of statesmen whose presense and influence have been of inestimable worth to the English-speaking world. He was not a man of great intellectual brilliance, of extraordinary political foresight, or of consuming personal ambition. Although a good speaker, he was never a great orator. In view of his preëminent physical courage, it has been said that he was a better soldier than general, and a better general than statesman. It is but a half truth, however; for Conway possessed one characteristic of statesmanship that enabled him to play a distinguished



FIELD MARSHAL HENRY SEYMOUR CONWAY.

part in a great juncture. In a high degree he developed the passion of justice, and conformed his convictions to it with a disinterestedness that compelled respect. He illustrated anew the worth of character in politics. It fell to him to render to the England of 1782 the same service that Lord Althorp did to the England of 1832. They were very different men; but they were able to succeed where many a more brilliant man must have failed, because they were recognized and honored as men of character. In both junctures the selfishness of narrow, stubborn and short-sighted politicians bade fair to involve the state in irretrievable disaster. Unless the great mass of sober and right-minded Englishmen could make their collective voice heard and their authority felt, none could answer for the result. But is was needful that the interpreter of this voice and the agent of this authority should be a man free from all taint or savor of the demagogue. In each crisis an honest man appeared and won his way to leadership by a consistent stand for the thing that he believed to be right. Both sacrificed much for the sake of conviction. Althorp was not a natural Parliamentary leader, and the necessary work of the House was the veriest drudgery to him. But it would be difficult to exaggerate the worth of his service to the cause of Reform. Conway will never be numbered among the great statesmen who have adorned British history; but as the time approaches when England and America consent to read the story of their mutual relations in the light of reason rather than of prejudice, they will be forced to admit their common debt to him; and it will prove to be no light one.

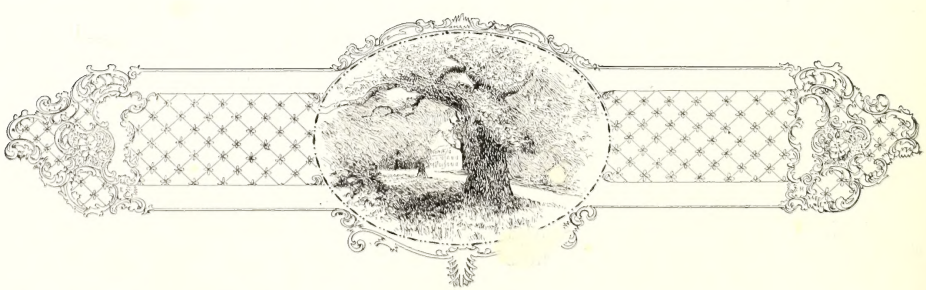


The Wayside Inn.

(Sudbury, Massachusetts.)

Set by the meadows, with great oaks to guard,
Huge as their kin for Sherwood's outlaw grew,
Oaks that the Indian's bow and wigwam knew
And by whose branches yet the sky is barred,
Lightning, nor flame, nor whirlwind evil-starred
Disturbed its calm; but, lapsing centuries through,
Peace kept its doors though war's wild trumpets blew;
And still it stands beside its oaks, unscarred.
Ah, happy hostelry, that Washington
And Lafayette among its guests can number,
With many a squire and dame of old renown!—
Happiest that from the D[illegible]l has won
Tales that will ever keep [illegible] me from slumber,
Songs that will echo sweet the ages down!

Edna Dean Proctor



FOREST PRESERVATION IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

By Cuyler Reynolds.

TO Governor Black and Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff the people of the state of New York are indebted for the definite inauguration and carrying out of the policy of forest preservation, which will prove itself so important to future generations. Many governors of New York had appreciated the importance of preserving the forests for the protection of the water supply; but it was left to Governor Black to formulate a practical scheme which would accomplish the desired end. Many people did not take kindly to it, some of them failing to understand the question, while others considered that it was too small a matter for so vigorous a position as the Governor took to accomplish his object. After he had succeeded in getting a bill passed to create a state forest preserve board, he put Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff at its head. No better man could have been found to carry out the [illegible] which the Governor had formulated. The two men are woodsmen of established reputation. Both of them have spent months of each year in the Adirondacks with their families, and each has had experience which will show for the good of the forest interests of the state in time to come.

Curiously, the two men were introduced to one another through an Adirondack guide. Mr. Woodruff and his family, in the late spring of 1896, had gone to the woods for a few weeks' camp life. Starting from Saranac Lake, attended by four guides, Mr. Woodruff struck off for Little Square Lake. The chief guide was Hank Swinyea. The party had been in camp at Little Square for a day, and at nightfall Mr. Woodruff and the chief guide sat in front of their tent talking over Adirondack experiences. Mr. Woodruff had never met Frank S. Black, but he had heard his name mentioned as a candidate for Governor. The guide and his employer had talked on various subjects, when Hank called Mr. Woodruff's attention to a "lean-to" near by and observed that it was a pretty good lean-to, and that a pretty good man helped him to make it. "Who?" asked Mr. Woodruff. "Frank S. Black, of Troy," replied Hank, and he added that he had received a letter from Mr. Black a few days before, which Mr. Woodruff would better read if he did not believe that Black was a good fellow. Woodruff read the letter. It told Hank that Black would be up at Little Square in a few weeks to stay a month, and closed with the statement that, if Hank would fit up the camp in good shape, the writer, although not a rich man, would bring up enough money to help Hank pay up the balance he owed on his little farm.

"I don't believe, Hank," said Woodruff, after he had read the letter, "that Mr. Black will stay a month when he comes."

"Why?" asked the guide.

"Because that will keep him here until after the State Convention, and he is a candidate for Governor."

Hank nearly fainted at the news, and only managed to gasp: "Good heavens, — Frank Black a candidate for Governor!"

A few weeks afterwards, Woodruff left the woods for home. State convention time drew near, and he re-

ceived a letter from Troy. It was from Frank S. Black, and stated that Mr. Black had learned that Mr. Woodruff was a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and that he wished to express his good will. It closed with this word: "We ought to be good friends, for we have a strong mutual friend in Hank Swinyea, the Adirondack guide."

The two men met for the first time at Saratoga, and both were nominated. They made a triumphant entry into Troy, accompanied in the carriage by John Woodruff, the Lieutenant-Governor's son. On the march to Governor Black's house, young John looked up to the Governor-to-be and said, "Mr. Black, do you think Hank Swinyea has heard the news?"

The idea of preserving the forests of the state so that practical good should result to the people, may be said to have taken definite form in 1872, when a committee of which ex-Governor Horatio Seymour was chairman, was appointed by the legislature. It recommended that action be taken at once to preserve the woods and form an Adirondack park, to be owned by the state and under strict laws for its care. At that time the people began to apprehend that it was essential to act at once in a way which should put a stop to the loss from the uneven flow of water, to prevent the frightful droughts, and at other periods the devastating floods. Scientists knew that this could be remedied if the state would only act in the matter; but large bodies are slow to act, and all this time the cutting of the trees was progressing with more and more rapacity year by year, as commercial interests increased. In 1882 the state appeared to awaken from this lethargy and by an act of the legislature forbade further sale of public lands in the



IN THE MIDST OF THE FOREST.

forest counties, and they were withdrawn from sale. The state still holds these tracts, and they formed the nucleus of the present forest preserve.

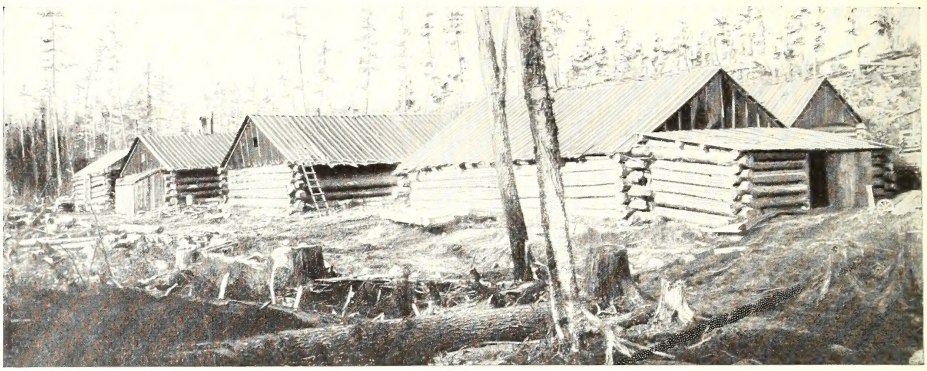


FELLING THE TREES.

The same year saw the organization of the American Forestry Association, in Cincinnati, through the efforts of the Hon. Warren Higley (now a resident of New York city), who is still a member and its honored vice-president. As a result, association meetings were held in every state, and their work in New York resulted in the appointment of a temporary commission by the comptroller, pursuant to an act of the legislature, for the purpose of examining into the Adirondack question and reporting a plan for the organization of a forestry department. Prof. Charles S. Sargent, instructor in arboriculture at Harvard, was chairman of the commission. Acting on its recommendations, the state organized a state board, and it has been a state department ever since. This board was consolidated with the fish and game commission in 1895 as the outcome of an endeavor to reduce the number of the state commissions. Owing to the influence of the American Forestry Association, commissions have not only been established in other states, but the general government has evinced a disposition to preserve the forests of the United States, a principal result of which has been the withdrawal of 18,000,000 acres from sale and the establishment of a United States forest preserve.

Until the appropriation of one million dollars a year ago, the forest preserve of New York was composed principally of those lands which had been acquired through tax sales, they having reverted to the state upon the owners refusing to pay the taxes. The Webb purchase of 1896 carried an appropriation of $600,000, and this with an allowance in 1890 of $25,000 were helps. Thus up to 1897 the state was enabled to acquire about 800,000 acres. It should be borne in mind that there is also a state tract in the Catskills, which is of no mean proportions; few are aware of the fact that the forest area there equals three-fifths of that in the Adirondack region. These amounts subscribed previous to 1897, though small, were intended as a forerunner of larger endeavors. It was through the influence of Governor Black, with his great interest in the matter, together with the indefatigable coöperation of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff, that $1,000,000 was secured last year, all of which has been judiciously expended. The amount thus added was 250,117 acres, at a cost of $3.68 1-2 per acre, making the state's total holdings 1,120,000 acres; and the commission feels that its work will soon bear fruitage and receive endorsement at the hands of a thinking public.

Because some people are not in-



A LUMBER CAMP.

formed regarding the need of the present active movement to acquire lands in the Adirondack region and in the Catskills, it seems apropos to state briefly why this agitation is being so seriously considered by the state's highest officers, and why it is a subject being agitated not only in the Empire State, but becoming a topic more and more of the entire country and of all countries.

Should lumbermen continue to cut timber in the northern forests with no restriction whatsoever, the time would most assuredly come, and that at no distant day, when the industry would cease altogether; the forests would not for a generation be again serviceable for merchantable cutting, and what was left would be practically worthless land and thus the state would suffer the loss in the value of a large tract; whereas by a system of preservation, judicious cutting could be done year after year with profit. The way the cutting has been done in the past leaves nothing but an unmerchantable forest.

The presence of a forest covering an immense area guarantees that the snow of winter shall not melt so suddenly as to cause freshets, and on the other hand that evaporation shall not occur with such rapidity as to produce droughts. The forest bed absorbs the rainfall, by a natural system delivering the water slowly and steadily to the streams, and they to the rivers of commerce. On these natural reservoirs are dependent the navigation on the state's canals and the upper Hudson. The lower Hudson, from Poughkeepsie down, is practically an arm of the sea and would always be navigable; but that part of the river from Catskill to Troy depends on fresh water, and navigation would suffer most seriously if this matter were not given attention. All the water of the Champlain canal, and of the Erie between Syracuse and Albany, depends entirely on the Adirondack watershed. On the Black River are Watertown, Herkimer and Little Falls, all using the waters of that stream. On the upper Hudson are industries of importance at Glens Falls, Sandy Hill, Fort Edward and Hadley; while at Palmers Falls is the largest pulp factory in the world (Hudson River Pulp and Paper Company), manufacturing paper stock for the large newspapers, and at Mechanicville another large factory where much of the paper used in making magazines and books is made.

Not alone does the feature of navigation enter into the question, but a growing use of the rivers of the state is springing from the recent applications of discoveries in electricity. An electric station has been established at Mechanicville, where power is transmitted to Schenectady; and Dolgeville has within the year utilized the streams of the Adirondacks to generate a current by which street

cars are run at Utica and which turns the spindles of the mills in Little Falls. The radiating streams throughout the watershed can serviceably do the same on a large scale for a great circle of towns in the state, for there are growing cities such as Plattsburg, Potsdam, Glens Falls and Amsterdam, favorably situated.

It will not do to overlook the climatic influences which the forests exercise, breaking the force of the wind, making the climate more equable and less subject to violent changes; and there is the purifying effect on the atmosphere. The Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under



A LOGGING STREAM.

Cleveland, once said pointedly that if every tree died and disappeared, all human life would also disappear. Human life is dependent on vegetable life and the function this exercises on the atmosphere. Great sanitariums are located in the northern woods, and the balsamic odors have great healing powers in pulmonary diseases. Doctor Loomis made valuable utterances, which are to be found in the printed state report of 1890, on the subject of terebinthine exhalation.

Governor Black, realizing the needs of a forest preserve, has given the subject deep consideration, and in his planning has been in entire accord with the head of the forestry board. His vigorous action of last year is being assiduously followed up; but it seems to be a question whether his advice will be carried out before the lumbermen have wrought havoc of so serious a nature that the lost ground will be hard to recover. The Governor rightly asserts that to allow the present state of affairs to continue will be most injurious to the people. He wisely suggests that, as no person should allow mature trees to fall only to rot, when money could be obtained by their sale, so should the state allow the purchase of the trees as they mature. He points out how "the science of forestry has demonstrated that trees of a certain age and maturity can be cut, not to the detriment, but to the advantage of those remaining. The life of a tree is measured and, whether it is removed by man or falls by its own weight, its destruction is certain. If removed and sold, the price goes to the owner, the process supplies work to the laborer, and the lumber supplies a need which is harder every succeeding year to fill. On the other hand, if the tree falls by reason of its age,



INDIAN WORKERS.

mankind receives no benefit, but the small trees around it are crushed and bent, are destroyed, when they might be saved if immediately relieved from the weight."

He suggests that, as every product springing from the earth can be gathered, Nature will continue to renew the supply, and that trees are no exception to this rule. He believes that forests of spruce and pine may be cut at proper intervals under varying conditions, and that this will allow the smaller trees to grow the faster. As a matter of fact this has been proved by growing thirty to forty thousand feet to the acre in places where before this thinning out had been accomplished only twenty-five hundred feet had resulted, a clear increase of twelve to sixteen fold. While a single crop is now considered the end by lumbermen in the Adirondacks, at places where a scientific system is adopted a yield occurs at intervals of a few years.

Governor Black also looks ahead with a commendable foresight when he considers that the supply the pulp mills will require in the future must be cared for now or never, and he urges the argument that, as many millions of dollars are invested in the ninety mills of the state, those who have their money so invested should not ignore a policy which will redound to their practical benefit in the end. He therefore considers the system which he recommends as protecting the pulp industry and the lumber trade, which are as far-reaching as any industry now carried on, for the pulp goes into paper, the lumber into houses, and all the population feel in some way the contribution of these two trades. He says: "The process of state acquisition should go on, not only because the needs of all the people are greater than the needs of any, but because a wise pursuit of this policy will be followed by pronounced



SKID READY FOR A FRESHET.

benefits to the state, to the two important industries and to those feeding upon them. In Germany and France, and I understand to some extent in New Hampshire, scientific forestry has long been followed. The results have been productive beyond the comprehension of those persons who in this state have stood by and without effort or protest seen their magnificent forests gradually swept away." He praises those wealthy persons who have endeavored to add to the knowledge on this subject by efforts made at their own expense; but he thinks that the state should with propriety undertake to do what individuals are doing, that the knowledge may be practically applied not after many years of waiting, but at once, and that these discoveries be made to do further good by the accurate statistics kept, and such knowledge given to the whole country. In the rapid advancement in this work he would like to see New York state take the lead, and to this end makes the suggestion that an experiment station be established this year. In regard to this he says: "I believe the means can best be secured through the purchase by the state of a tract of ground covered with those trees which are to be the subject of experiment. The management of this experiment should not be subject to the vicissitudes of politics. It should be placed in charge of the Regents or of the trustees of Cornell University or of some similar body not subject to political change. The state should pay such reasonable sum as may be needed to administer the plan. Reports of progress and results should be made to the Governor and the Legislature annually. The income from the tract should be paid to the state, and the land itself should become the absolute property of the state and a part of the forest preserve at the expiration of a period named. The time will come when the state will sell timber to the lumbermen, spruce to the pulp mills, reap a large revenue for itself, and still retain the woods, open to the public, protecting the sources of water, growing and yielding under intelligent cultivation."



HAULING THE LOGS.

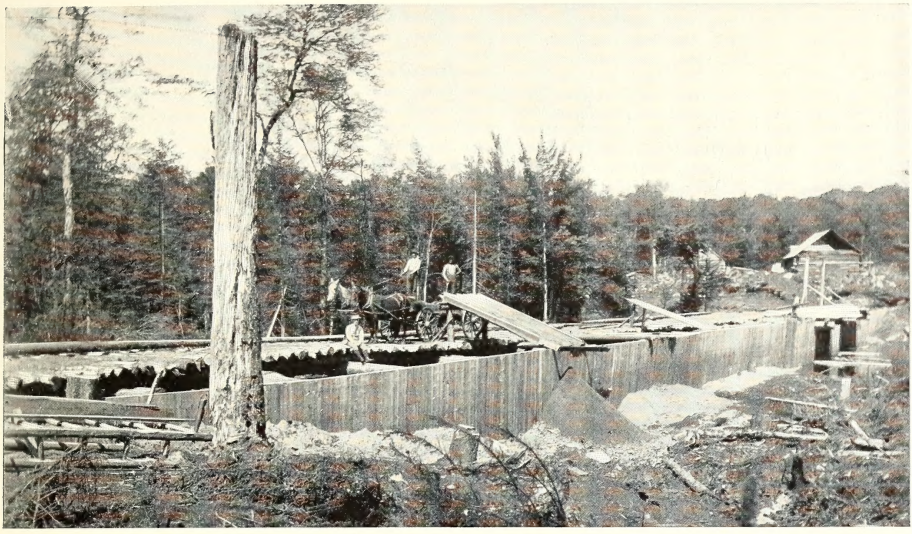
Many will wish to know something about the composition of the state forests and what they have been yielding of late to commerce. The great northern preserve is also styled the Adirondack plateau, and its elevation is from sixteen hundred to eighteen hundred feet, while some of the peaks, as notably Mount Marcy, raise their heads to a height of over five thousand feet. The tract which figures on many older maps as the Great Northern Wilderness is not adapted to agriculture, nor is it much better fitted for grazing. The soil is too poor to conduct the former, and the high altitude militates

against the raising of stock. Eighty per cent of the forest in the Adirondacks is composed of broad-leaved trees or hard-woods, as commonly called. The composition is principally birch, maple and beech, intermixed with a small proportion of ash, cherry, scattering elms and basswoods. No oak or nut-bearing tree grows on the plateau. A few chestnuts are seen near Caldwell, Lake George, but these disappear as a higher elevation is attained. The remaining twenty per cent is made up of conifers, or evergreens, a greater part of which is composed of spruce and hemlock, with here and there an admixture of balsam, white cedar and tamarack. There is some white pine left in the forest, but this once abundant species among the evergreens has now nearly disappeared because of the onslaught of rapacious lumbermen years ago. The spruce is the principal merchantable species left. The hemlock is valued mostly for its bark, and when there is no tannery near it is seldom cut, because the revenue gained is not sufficient to cover cost. Whereas there is a market for hard woods, such as birch, maple and beech, none are cut in the Adirondacks except on the outskirts, because on account of the weight they cannot be floated down the streams. The average yield of spruce timber in the Adirondacks is about twenty-five hundred feet to the acre.

Inquiries have been sent each year to all the pulp-mill concerns and lumbermen in the state, in order that the returns might be systematically computed; and these show that the amount of wood cut annually in the state is equal to two-thirds of what is received from Canada. These figures are startling when one considers how rapidly the forest trees must have been decimated to produce this. The last report, not yet printed, is for the year 1896, and it will show the following: That the amount of spruce cut that year was 184,384,128 feet; of hemlock, 58,907,595 feet; of pine, 17,945,564 feet; and of hard wood, 8,978,085 feet, making a total of 270,215,372 feet cut for lumber purposes. For use in the pulp mills, 291,246 cords were cut, equivalent to (B. M.) 159,894,054 feet. This makes a grand total of 430,109,426 feet. Besides this there were produced 16,256,500 pieces of shingle and 21,050,000 pieces of lath. Going back a little farther, the wood cut for lumber



DAM AT UPPER STILLWATER.



BUILDING A DAM.

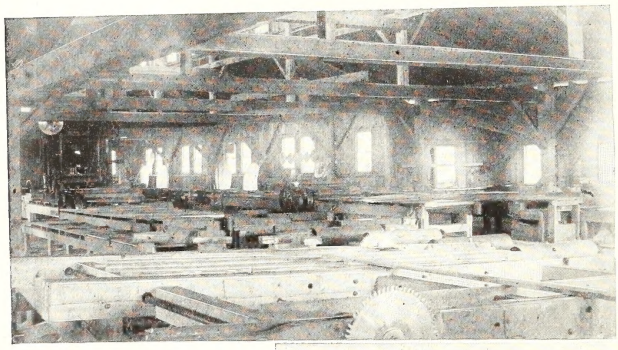
and pulp in the previous year, 1895, amounted to (B. M.) 449,501,442 feet, and (B. M.) 400,796,187 feet in 1894. The amount cut in the Adirondacks therefore, during the last three years, of which any statistics can be had at this date, was the enormous sum of 1,280,407,055 feet.

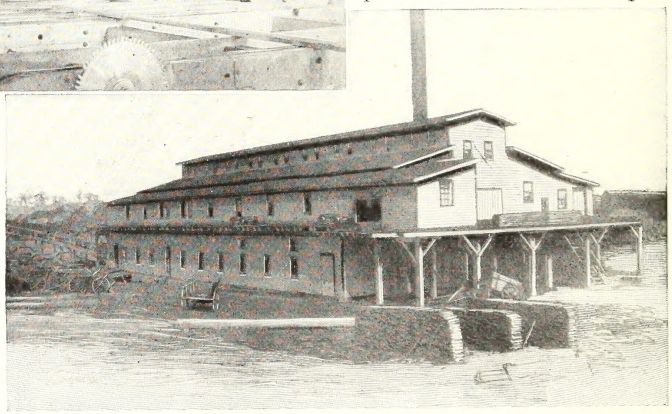
Strangers to the field of lumbering imagine sometimes that it is the best occupation for a weakling who wishes to gain strength. But no person with a weak frame and sickly constitution can be more than a looker-on; for it is a labor which requires enormous muscular power in every branch, and the ability to stand the rigors of out-door winter life, with not one of the comforts when the day's work is ended and the campers' shanty is sought, there to recuperate for another round of labor, to begin long before the rising of the sun. Camp life is fitted only for the most robust. Wet clothing, coarse food and the poor atmosphere of the pent-up shanty — sealed almost like a large dry-goods box to keep in the heat — make it far from pleasant; and one who goes into the woods for a term to study life there, as did the writer in his enthusiasm, will probably not stay long enough to reach that stage when he will enjoy it, for upon the start it is a shock to those from the city.

Few camps in the woods are situated near a railway. To reach one it is usually necessary to ride, seated on a load of barrels and provisions, stoves, hardware, etc., for a distance of from twenty to forty miles. This is the first experience; and the road, which seems uncommonly rough, is only a forerunner of what will come later on. It is well at this point to lay aside city manners and, with the assumed air of one who has been in touch with foresters before, begin interrogating the driver; for in this way many points can be picked up, and, as one can never tell how long the visit is to be, this conversation may be the only knowledge of the woods picked up before a hasty retreat — in disgust — is made. Twice a week for many months teams convey provisions from the nearest town or railway station, where there is usually a storage house, into the woods, in order to stock up while the roads are good. Travel is considered yet good so long as axles of the wheels can be seen above the mire; and when the forward teamster cannot pull the hind wagon out by

loaning his team, then travel is poor. In the New York forests provisions are generally carried in while there is snow on the ground, because it is easier hauling; but in Canada the trucking is generally done during the late summer and early fall months.

Resolved to go bravely out to the camp and join the ranks for the experience, the writer started out to the camp when the teamster was ready, which was at four o'clock in the morning. An early start has to be made, for the teams can go only three miles an hour when heavily loaded, and a long rest must be made at noon to divide the thirty-mile haul. It was a question whether to "go in" with a deaf mute on that day, or wait three days for another load; but being anxious, I agreed to depart with "No Talkee Charlie," — and all went well for a time. The early rising induced sleep towards ten o'clock, and though I could have managed to sleep upon the hard bed made of a robe thrown over boxes, still I feared that as we jolted along, — and the jolts were continuous on the corduroy or log road, — my legs might protrude through the spokes of the wheels and I could not call to the deaf driver to stop.

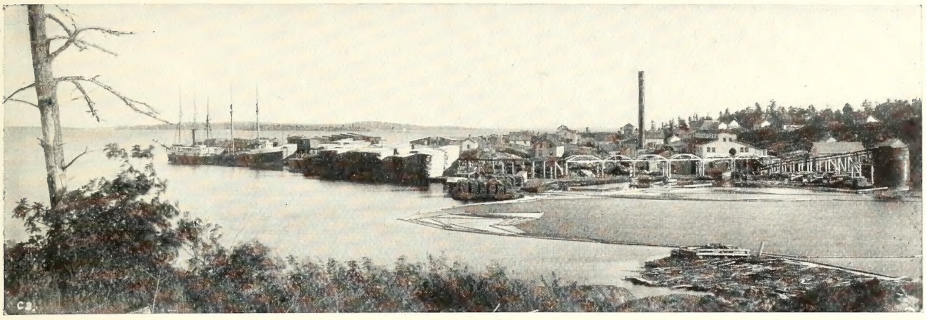




A LUMBER MILL.

At six o'clock he drew up at a deserted camp, where weasels, squirrels and other small animals had made a happy home for themselves, and, by making the motion of the sun traversing the heavens, intimated that he wished me to stay with him there over night. He was engaged in fastening the horses in the only room I saw, and when I managed to make him understand that I wanted to know where I was to sleep, and he pointed to the rotting wooden shelves above the horses' heads, I decided quite promptly to trudge on the "eight finger" miles which he indicated was the distance to the camp.

It was thus that I gained my first experience of the woods. Experiences crowded upon me rapidly, and I found there was much to learn. As soon as I left "No Talkee Charlie," I had more trials, common to novices who are bound on adventure. It grew rapidly dark, and a thunderstorm coming up took from me the little guidance I had in my walk to camp — a streak of clouds above, which showed better than the ground under my feet which way the true road turned, for there were devious roads running here and there. They were the byways to the skids, I afterwards

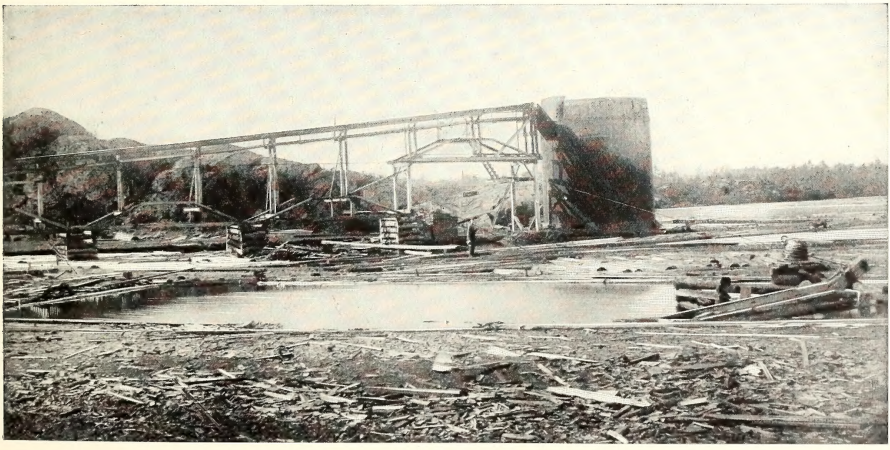


A LUMBER TOWN.

learned. It was difficult to tell which way to turn, and darkness lent dismal forebodings. Bewildered, I recalled how a woodchopper who had been lost in the forests had told me he became so distracted that, when he saw a chip floating in the stream by which he stood, he had no reason left to tell him whether it floated up or down the watercourse. Then, too, I knew there were catamounts in the woods, and of them I had as much to fear as of the suffering by hunger if I pushed on in the wrong direction, — for one can walk for weeks without finding a house in these wilds. I followed one road on and on, slowly toiling up and down rugged pathways hour after hour. Finally as my strength was leaving I gave the repeated *to-whoo, to-whooah* of the owl, so familiar to my youth; and happily it was soon answered, much to my surprise, by blasts from a horn, which horn I afterwards learned was seven feet long, made of tin, and was used to call to the men when lost in the woods, a roll call showing that there were some missing ones at night.

I was ushered into the mess-hall to get refreshment before going to my bunk. In the darkness of a solitary lantern, I eagerly took up what I supposed was apple-sauce. It proved to be pork-fat, a chief article of diet in the camp. To drown the taste, I grasped a cup of coffee; but I learned still more about camp life — that milk and sugar, and often molasses as sweetening substitute, are unknown to the woodsman.

A dance was in progress in the



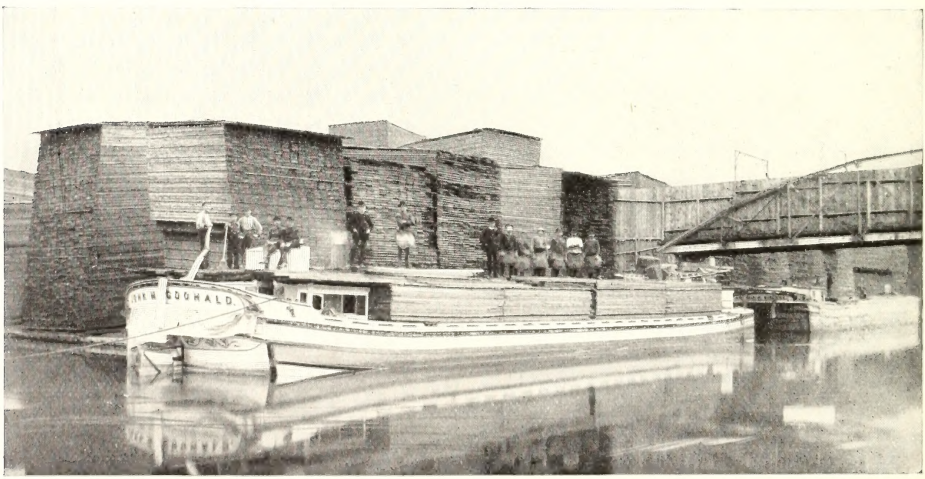
"LITTLE HELL"—THE REFUSE.



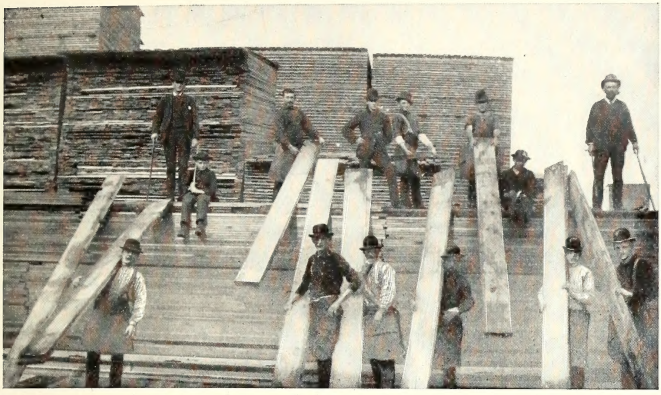
HUDSON RIVER LUMBER BARGES.

"Town Hall," —for this was the title of the office shanty; and it was interesting to watch, on that Saturday night, the antics of the men and a very few maidens who had flocked from other parts for the great occasion. The fiddler was seated in a chair upon the deal table, and the master of ceremonies was an expert at "calling off." Often he would be called upon to "Shake it up in better shape;" and it was not until twenty or more dances had taken place that the true sport began. Then it was that the youths and those who were considered the true belles and had vivacity remaining were loud in crying "Be awake," or "Don't forget us." When ready for bed, the "jobber," who was supreme at the camp, offered to take me to his quarters; and there I slept well after my first day's experience, with a skin from a sheep for my pillow. I resolved not to be discouraged, and my sleep was restful.

In the morning I was not up when the men left for the chopping grounds, which were from two to four miles from the shanties, and it was slow walking through the deep snow. I



LUMBER BOATS ON THE ERIE CANAL.



UNLOADING THE BOAT.

found the nearest gang, however, by the click of the axe, and noticed how the men selected all spruce trees which had a diameter of at least nine inches. This was the smallest size cut for lumber; but they did not stop there; trees with even a diameter of from only four to five inches were cut for the pulp mills and were piled with the larger branches. Thus was forced upon me the explanation of the denudation of the forest which I had heard so much about.

As soon as a tree was cut and it had been divided into lengths of thirteen feet, it was withdrawn to the "skid" or pile of logs, where it was to remain until the spring. Two men conveyed it thither, one driving the horse, which dragged the log by a chain, and the other running ahead to clear a passage with an axe. A skid holds a good load, and it was interesting to watch with what speed the men rolled the logs high up the pile, perhaps to a height of eighteen feet. It is at this point of the operation that the inspector records the measurement of the log in a book, if the lumber only and not the entire tract, soil included, is purchased. This way is called buying by stumpage. The owner then holds the land until at the end of twenty years there is another growth which he can sell, or else he tires of paying the taxes, and then it is acquired by the state.

When the ice in the stream is solid, the sleds are loaded, and it is marvelous what huge loads they can carry. Each layer is bound in place by chains. At the frozen stream the logs are deposited upon the surface, there to await the opening and to pass down to the mills with the freshet. If the acreage yield has been four to five thousand feet, the men are satisfied, but it seldom exceeds this. Every log bears the imprint of the die belonging to the particular firm owning the log. In this way, by the many fantastic mark-



LIEUT. GOV. TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF.
Head of the New York Forest Preserve Board.

ings on the end of the log, each owner knows his own lumber, and the logs belonging at the first mill are culled out, while the rest are allowed to pass further down the stream. Dams are frequently built where streams run nearly dry in summer, and by a succession of these reservoirs straggling logs can be washed down, and the reserved water keeps many mills running during the dry season. To watch the young men at the log boom, springing rapidly about like squirrels from log to log, an act no novice should try at the peril of drowning, is interesting. After these daring fellows have once steered a log to the place where a chain passing through the water spikes the log and hauls it into the mill, it is only a short time before what was once a monarch of the forest is reduced to merchantable lumber, shingles, laths and slabs.

Such, in brief, is the life of the woodsman. What has been said will give one an idea why it is that the cry goes up to spare the forests and why Governor Black and the Forest Preserve Board are so earnestly advocating the preservation of the Adirondack forest to the people of the Empire State, for their own great good and as an example to other progressive states of the Union.

"THE DEEP THAT LIETH UNDER."

By John White Chadwick.

OFT have we heard that in those regions where
The coast-wise mountains plunge so far below
The sea as, from its level, up they go
Towards heaven's height, the placid waters there
Are so translucent that, for those who fare
Across them, all the things that strow
The deep sea's floor, appalling, gloom and glow,
Frighting the eyes that on that vision stare.

Alas, we need not go abroad to see
Such awful things! Each heart its soundless deep
Knoweth full well, and moments when are shown
In startling light its utmost mystery;
Yea, all the secrets which its caverns keep,
And wrecks which Love moans with perpetual moan.



BEAST OR BROTHER?

A STORY OF THE RESERVATION.

By Charlotte M. Vaile.

I.

IT would be hard to imagine a prettier path, even in the windings of Paradise, than that which led from the foot of Ben Bolt up to that notch of the massive pile in which the Eureka Mining and Milling Company had planted its flourishing young stamp mill. Above that point it writhed its way as best it could among the rocks and crags; but below it followed the course of a mountain stream, winding in and out among the groves of lithe young aspens, its well marked line not to be effaced by the encroaching asters or the beds of wild sweet mignonette.

Dorothy Norvel, whose errand was taking her from the village at the foot of the mountain to the mill, of which her cousin was manager, knew the path she had to climb, and — which was even more to the purpose — her pony knew it too. The rein lay loose on his neck as she turned now and then to look back at the widening landscape, or let her eyes search on either side for flowers which might have taken their place in the summer procession since last she was here. She was herself as well worth looking at as the fairest of them, — a slight, graceful figure, and a bright young face whose exquisite pink and white coloring betrayed with swift distinctness that she had not lived all her life under Western skies. Indeed, to the knowing eye it might have revealed that she had not long been absent from her native New England.

There was a sudden deepening of the tell-tale color as, turning at the sound of hoofs, she caught sight of a horseman pushing up the rocky path behind her. For an instant she hesitated, then, facing half about in the narrow path, waited frankly for the newcomer. A stranger might have hesitated whether to call him cowboy or cavalier; but he could not have hesitated to pronounce that, in the semi-Mexican costume, with his broad sombrero and the long laced boots reaching almost to the thighs, he was distinctly picturesque. That he was handsome, too, in a manly, sunburned fashion, went without saying, — and the fashion was set off just now by the glow of pleasure in the warm dark eyes.

"Why, this is delightful!" he exclaimed, pulling up his horse as he reached the side of the girl. "I wonder how long I've been creeping up hill behind you. A body'd like to

annihilate these rocks that keep him from knowing it when there's a chance of this sort ahead."

The girl had already greeted him with a bright "Good morning." Her pleasure in this sudden meeting was almost as evident as his. "I think I must have had quite the start of you," she said lightly. "I like to take this climb slowly, — it's all so beautiful. Besides, it's rather hard on one's horse to come in a hurry," she added, glancing with a little smile at the horse of her companion, which was flecked with foam.

The young man laughed. "Poor Rosabel!" he said, stroking the creature's damp, glossy neck. "I'll own she's had to hurry since I caught sight of you round the edge of Red Bend. But one can't be expected to be kinder to his horse than he is to himself. She may take it as slowly as she pleases for the rest of the way."

The girl waited for a minute longer, then she drew up her rein. "It's a glorious morning for riding," she said, as they started on. "I was thinking, as you came up, that I'd never been out in my life when the air was so delicious."

"How we do give ourselves away here in Colorado," said the young man gayly. "We talk of having nothing but sunshine; but we congratulate ourselves, when we meet, on having a fine day, just like the rest of the world."

"Well, I hope I shall never become so accustomed to good weather that I shall stop being grateful for it," said the girl; and then she added insistently, "But really, don't you think the air is clearer than usual? If it wasn't for Old Ethan in the way, I believe that from this point we could see the whole Indian reservation, and the Indians themselves stalking about in their blankets."

The young man made a grimace. "I hope you don't mean to intimate that that would add to the beauty of the prospect. If we could have an atmosphere for a while that would blot out the Indians altogether, and even the remembrance of them, it would suit me. We've a good country here, but it won't be good enough till we get rid of the Utes."

He had spoken lightly, but the girl's face grew instantly grave. It was a face which with all its brightness had an underlying expression of intense earnestness. She had stepped, without intending it, to the border of a dangerous subject, but she would enter now seriously.

"If it's a good country for us, I suppose it is for them, too," she said. "Besides it's their home, and we have no right to drive them out of it."

"Yes, it's their home," retorted the young man, "and so was it the home of wildcats till white men came; but we made it a point to get rid of them as fast as we could."

The quiet protest which had been in the girl's eyes a moment before changed to a glow of indignation. "The Indians are not *beasts!*" she cried. "They are people like ourselves, with the rights and feelings of human beings."

The young man's face darkened a little. He had not the slightest tolerance himself for red men, and he could scarcely conceive the point of view of one who had. Still he was willing to make allowance in the case of Dorothy Norvel, a sweet young girl whose heart was full of kindness for all the world, and — he sincerely hoped — for himself in particular. His face cleared again, and his voice was coaxingly good-natured as he said, "Now, Miss Norvel, you don't expect me to admit that those lazy, dirty, good-for-nothing savages are people *like us!* Even if I were willing to stand in with 'em myself, I should think it nothing less than sacrilege to name them in the same class with you."

He paused, warned by her look that it was not the accepted time for compliments, then went on more gravely, "But, really, doesn't it strike you as unfair that they should be allowed to stay here, keeping good lands out of

the hands of settlers who would make them worth something if they had a chance, separating civilized communities, and interfering with every scheme for developing the resources of the country?"

She did not answer the question, but like a true Yankee parried it with another. "Are you really anxious, Mr. Brancamp, to see this country filled up with settlers? Wouldn't it hurt your business if there should be farms all over the country where your cattle range now?"

It was a home thrust, but he did not wince. "I don't pretend to deny that we cattle-men like a free range," he said lightly; "and up to date I see no reason why we shouldn't have it. It'll come to an end of course after a while; but you'll admit that the cattle business is worth something to the country. What is it worth to anybody that these Utes should go roaming about with their hunting and fishing? They're no more a part of us than if they belonged to another world."

"Oh, but whose fault is it that they belong to another world?" cried the girl. "Have we ever really tried to take them into ours? Haven't we kept them off at arm's length and insisted that they had nothing in common with us?"

"We've recognized the fact," said the young man grimly. It was a point on which he could have argued until his eyelids could no longer wag, with an opponent of his own sex; but somehow he had no heart to dispute with this girl, whose face was turned so pleadingly to his. He made a last half-laughing protest. "As for keeping them at arm's length, I really think, Miss Norvel, it's the kindest thing we could do. Distance certainly lends enchantment to 'poor Lo.' I don't believe that even your philanthropy could stand being at very close quarters with him."

"I don't know," sighed the girl. "It seems to me I would do anything if I could only help them."

She paused for a moment, then said impetuously: "I suppose you'll think it all sentiment, but something happened once that really did make me feel as if we had things in common. It was soon after we came here, and Father and I had gone out to the reservation to attend one of their festivals. Most of the ceremonies were foolish enough; but at the end they had a glorious dance round a campfire in the moonlight. I could never tell just how it had happened. I had thrown off my big hat because the wind flapped the rim, and perhaps it was my standing there bare-headed, with a red shawl over my shoulders, that made them notice me. Anyway, the ring parted as they swept by the place where I stood, and before I knew it two of the women had taken my hands and drawn me right into the circle. I was frightened for a moment, and then — will you believe me? — *I liked it.* The motion, and the music, and the abandon of it all somehow took hold of me. I felt as if I might have been an Indian myself sometime back in the ages, and hadn't lost the feeling yet. Three times I whirled around that fire with them, and then they unclasped their hands and let me go. But ever since that night somehow I've had a different feeling about Indians."

She dropped her eyes as she finished the story. Perhaps she felt a little ashamed of having disclosed it to this avowed scorner of the race. It was evident that he had not wholly enjoyed it. He frowned, as he muttered, "Impudent beggars!" and then the frown gave place to a softer expression as he thought how fair she must have looked, with the flash of scarlet about her shoulders and the firelight falling on her bright young face.

They rode for a little while in silence. It was broken suddenly by an exclamation from Brancamp. "Upon my word," he cried, "it isn't safe to talk about Indians in this country! It's liable to call them up at any corner."

He pointed up the mountain as he

spoke. They were nearing the stamp mill; but nearer still, approaching by a steeper trail, which had till now been out of sight, was a little company of mounted Utes. They were equipped for hunting, but the fixity with which their attention was directed toward the mill seemed to indicate that as their present destination.

"I wonder what they want?" said the girl uneasily.

"They want no good," said the young man with emphasis. "There's old Wish-ee-up," — indicating the leader with his riding-whip, — "and he's a bad one from away back. They have no business here anyway. They ought to stay where they belong, on the reservation."

Probably his own inclination would have been to push on immediately to the mill; but Dorothy checked her pony when they were within a few rods of it, and he paused at her side. The mill manager had already come out and was engaged in conversation with the Indians. They had approached peaceably enough, but their manner was sullen, and the gestures of Wish-ee-up, who acted as spokesman, grew angry and excited as the talk went on. The manager, however, kept his temper. Indeed, it occurred to Dorothy that the cool indifference of his bearing in a discussion which evidently involved so much feeling on the part of the others had something to do with their increasing heat. Suddenly he broke off the conference with a scornful laugh, waved his hand, as if in dismissal alike of his visitors and their errand, and turned towards the mill. As he did so, the leader, whose face had become a picture of concentrated bitterness, leaned forward in his saddle. There was the flash of a revolver, and a bullet, whizzing over the head of the retiring white man, so close that it grazed the top of his soft slouched hat, buried itself in the door post of the mill. It was the work of an instant; the next, with a frightful whoop, the Indian turned, and, followed by his entire company, dashed down the trail.

Lynn Brancamp's revolver had leapt to his hand, and his horse made a plunge forward; but Dorothy Norvel kept her place at his side. "Don't shoot! Don't shoot!" she cried imploringly. "No one is hurt, and they're going away. Oh, please don't make it any worse!"

The young man's face was white with excitement, but his revolver dropped from its level aim. The manager had already turned, and, standing with the defiant coolness still in his face, emptied his Winchester in the direction of his departing callers. They did not turn, and if any bullet took effect it was not manifest. They pursued their headlong pace down the trail, and a moment later had disappeared from sight.

II.

It was a sober and solitary ride which Dorothy Norvel took towards the close of the day back to the village. Her cavalier of the morning had preceded her by some hours, and she had a sense of relief that there was no opportunity for renewing their former discussion. He must have had the best of it now, and would have pointed out easily enough that his own views as to the worthless character of their red-skinned neighbors and the impossibility of tolerating them in their present proximity had been justified by the episode which had passed before their very eyes. As to the episode itself, she felt with an utter sickness of heart that there was probably not an inhabitant of the region, save only herself, who could find for it even the slightest excuse or palliation. The report of the manager of the mill as to the cause of the disturbance had been explicit. These Indians had come with a fancied grievance. The "tailings" of the ore from the stamp mill had poisoned the waters of the creek which flowed through their reservation, and their fish were dying.

The manager had calmly intimated that they would have to make the best of it; it was not the business of white men to look after their fish. Upon which, after much violent invective, old Wish-ee-up had threatened the destruction of the mill and the wiping out of the mining business in the region generally. It was at this point that the manager thought it possible he had laughed. He was magnanimous enough to doubt whether the irate savage had really meant to hurt him. The bullet which had lodged itself in the door post, burning a path on the top of his hat as it went, had probably been aimed at the mill, and was only a part of the reckless audacity of Wish-ee-up, a parting token of the undying hatred with which he regarded white men and their enterprises in general. As for his own shots, they were merely a return compliment, an intimation that if it came to *that*, white men were ready for it.

The affair was bad enough, certainly, but Dorothy knew perfectly that its color would grow blacker and more malignant with every mile of distance from the scene. An assault upon the mill, a deliberate attempt upon the life of the manager, from which he had escaped by only a hair's breadth, and an open declaration of war upon the settlers of the region, — how the rumor would spread, and how plausible it would all sound in the ears of those who wished to believe it!

Her heart was very heavy as she entered the village, and the groups of men whom she noted here and there in excited conversation convinced her that the affair was already under hot discussion. She did not believe that Brancamp would exaggerate it; but he was too outspoken a hater of Indians to conceal any part of the story, and indeed, had he done so, it would have made no difference. A miner who had just come down from the mill had set out the affair in glowing colors. But this was not all. It seemed, as she afterwards learned, that a ranchman just in from the country — whether or not he had heard of the affair at the mill first is perhaps not essential — had reported the theft of two horses from a neighbor's "bunch," and the scaring "almost to death" of a woman at an outlying ranch, who had been surprised in the midst of her work by a band of savages, and compelled at the point of the tomahawk to cook for them till provisions and strength were alike exhausted. The offenders in both these instances were presumably connected with the band of Wish-ee-up.

"Well, if we swallow this sort of thing, and let those red devils go ranging over the country at their own option, we ought to be wiped out, — and the sooner the better," said a fiery-looking individual, one of a little group who sat on the porch of Norvel's store as the girl rode up. She had intended to fasten her horse and go at once to the residence proper, at the rear of the building, but an exclamation from her father, who occupied the centre of the group, prevented.

"Come right up here, my dear. Come right up," he said, with a paternal wave of the hand, "and tell us all about that affair at the mill. You must have got there pretty soon after the thing happened."

The girl inwardly resented the summons. To act as news reporter for an excited masculine audience was not to her taste; but Dorothy's taste and her father's had few points in common. She gathered up the skirt of her riding habit and, standing in front of the little group, stated the facts as briefly as possible. Perhaps the recital seemed a trifle tame, especially as she introduced the doubt of the manager as to whether Wish-ee-up had meant to kill him.

"Well, if he didn't, it's because he's laying to do it when he has a better chance," said the fiery individual whom she recognized as one of the prominent stockmen of the region. "I say this business of letting the Indians rampage over the country,

threatening settlers and destroying property is about played out. The reservation line ought to be a dead line, and any redskin caught on this side ought to be shot at sight, and no questions asked."

"I suppose you'd make it a dead line for white men, too, about the time the Indians draw their annuities," said Dorothy. She had not meant to say a word beyond the merest statement of the affair at the mill; but an angry flame had leaped into her eyes and the words seemed to come of themselves.

There was a laugh at this, and Dorothy's father remarked, with an apologetic cough, "You see my daughter hasn't quite got over the New England sentiment in regard to our Indian brothers. For my part, I confess I have largely lost it. The Cooperesque view of the red man, you know, is hardly borne out by observations on the ground."

"The New England sentiment!" retorted the stock-raiser. "The New England sentiment was just like ours as long as they had redskins in their own country. If there's anything that makes me tired, it's to have the East blame us for serving the Indians just as they did themselves till they got rid of 'em all."

He paused, then, with a gleam of humor in his eyes, added: "If the Yankees want to do penance for their sins against the Indians, Uncle Sam had better buy up some of those abandoned farms and locate a reservation in the neighborhood of the Hub. I don't know where there's any more room for 'em than there is back there, or folks that are as handy at figuring out theories. We're too busy for it here, and we can't spare the ground either. What we can't farm we can mine, and we need it all."

There was a roar at this, and even Dorothy smiled faintly.

"And pending that solution of the Indian problem, which really strikes me as capital," said the proprietor of the store, "we'll try to protect ourselves from damage as far as possible. Still, I don't think I'd insist on the dead line business. It's really worth something, you know, to have them come into town when they draw their annuities. Puts money into circulation and helps business generally."

"Oh, it's well enough for you merchants to talk," said the stock-raiser bitterly. "You get something out of them, of course; but what do *we* get except to have our ranges eaten down every time they take a notion to go trailing through with their stock and ponies? I say the Utes have got to get out of this country, and I'm for giving 'em a lesson now that'll make 'em *want* to go, and make the authorities at Washington want to have 'em. No sending for United States soldiers to help us either. I say, let's keep this little business in our own hands." There was a gleam of fierce satisfaction in his face as he added, "There'll be no fooling when Brooker goes out with his posse to-morrow."

Dorothy had started to move away, but she stopped again and listened.

"I understand Brooker's going to arrest Wish-ee-up as a disturber of the peace," said one of the company with a short laugh. "Guess he'll serve the warrant on him as he did on Ludgo."

The allusion was perfectly understood. Even Dorothy did not miss it. It was part of the record of the county sheriff that he had shot a horse-thief once in the attempt to take him, endorsing his paper with the very succinct statement: "Served the within warrant by killing the within named party."

"That's business," said the stock-raiser with a nod. "The only way to civilize an Indian is to shoot him. He won't lift scalps nor steal horses after that.'"

Dorothy had heard all she could bear. She turned from the group with compressed lips and passed at once to the rooms at the rear of the store. But when she had gained the retreat of her own sitting room, and the door was closed behind her, she stood sud-

denly still and, letting her dress fall, clasped her hands in front of her with the air of one who was thinking intently. The suggestion of the sheriff's posse, augmented as that posse was sure to be by all the cowboys of the region and such of the ranchmen as were not kept at home by the anxieties of their families, had taken instant hold upon her thought. She was not sentimentalist enough, whatever others might think of her, to feel that the taking off of Wish-ee-up, even in the summary manner suggested, would be an unmixed evil. He was, as Brancamp had said, a "bad Indian," and should have been treated as one by the proper authorities long ago. But it was more than possible that there were other Indians off the reservation besides the little band which had followed him to the mill. It was the time of hunting, and there were berries still to be gathered on the mountains. If the avenging white men, in their present mood, should come upon these innocent parties, they were not likely to make discriminations.

The girl's eyes grew dark with trouble. Her uprightness, her humanity, and that swift pity for the unfortunate which had already drawn her sympathy so strongly to her Indian neighbors, all rose in strenuous protest against the wrong which might be done. One thing was clear to her: the Indians who were away from their proper quarters ought to be brought back as speedily as possible. She was sure that if the agent knew of the impending danger, he would send for them, and she was equally sure that with the present inclination of the citizens to keep matters in their own hands they were not likely to take the trouble to inform him.

Suddenly the knot in her forehead smoothed itself out, and her eyes became clear. She was herself the one to take the message. She stepped to the window and looked out. The west was already reddening with the sunset. That would not have hindered; but the sight of her pony standing at the hitching post with drooping head decided the question. He had traveled enough for one day. She must wait till morning.

III.

It was fifteen miles by the valley road to the Ute reservation; but "as the bird flies" it was only eight, — and it was literally as the bird flies that Dorothy Norvel took it the next morning. She had slipped out of the house before its other inmates were astir, only leaving a note for her father telling him she would not be at home to breakfast. He was used to her morning rides, and would, she knew, feel no uneasiness. As to her errand she said nothing.

An hour's ride, in the crisp morning air, brought her to the edge of the reservation, and from there to the Agency buildings her pony had no need of the guiding rein. It was a tract of country with which she was well acquainted. She had crossed it often, but it seemed to her this morning, filled as her thoughts were with the errand which had brought her, that she had never realized before how forlorn and desolate-looking it all was. In its natural physical features there was nothing to distinguish it from the adjoining country; but the fields of corn, the incipient orchards, the thrifty looking gardens which dotted the world outside, were wanting here. The only crop the land had to show was its poor, thin covering of buffalo grass, sprinkled at intervals with the sage brush and cactus. At all the ranches she had passed on the way, white men were astir, moving briskly about the business of the day. Here groups of Indians sat at the doors of their squalid teepees, sunning themselves and smoking, as oblivious of all the work of the world as if none existed. It seemed indeed as if a different atmosphere pervaded the region from the very moment of entrance.

It was when she was within a half mile of the agent's quarters, and just as she was passing one of the few frame houses outside the official buildings, a small, unpainted cottage, that a young man issuing suddenly from the door called her name with a quick, delighted greeting. He wore a carpenter's apron and carried a kit of tools at his side. At first glance he might have seemed a white man, but the face which he lifted towards the girl was unmistakably Indian. It was Indian, however, only in feature. In the intelligence and energy of its expression it might well have been a pale-face. She checked her pony instantly at the sound of his voice, and returned his greeting with hearty cordiality.

"Are you going to the agent's?" she asked in the next breath. "If you are, why not walk along by me? My pony is tired, and I shall be glad of company."

The glow in his eyes showed his delight in the proposition. "Yes, I have a bit of repairing to do about one of the buildings," he said. "I'm a sort of Jack-at-all-trades since my little school closed." Then, in a tone which expressed wonder rather than curiosity, he added, "You are making us an early visit, Miss Norvel. Have you come all the way from town this morning?"

"Yes," said the girl, "I had an errand which would not wait. Have you had any news out here of the trouble?"

The pleasure which had lighted the young man's face was gone in an instant. "Trouble?" he repeated, with a quick note of anxiety in his voice. "No. Has there been trouble with any of our people?"

The girl's face had grown as grave as his. She nodded, then, looking into his eyes, which did not turn for an instant from her own, reported the affair at the mill and spoke briefly of the excitement among the people in the town. The young man listened, as is the fashion of his race, in perfect silence. Even when she had finished, he offered no word of comment, but his head dropped, and he walked for some paces, with his eyes on the ground, and a look of inexpressible melancholy.

It was she who broke the silence. "Do you know whether there are many of your people away now?"

"Yes, a good many," he replied. "Several parties have gone into the mountains lately. But they are not the ones with Wish-ee-up. As a matter of fact he doesn't belong to us, and there are very few of our people who care to follow his lead."

"Oh, why don't they all stay on the reservation?" cried the girl. "There is sure to be trouble when they go away. Besides, they have no right under the treaty to roam about as they do."

"Do you suppose they signed that treaty without white men telling them that it gave them the right to hunt in unoccupied lands?" asked the young man quickly.

Dorothy sighed. "Very likely not," she said sorrowfully.

"It's outrageous, of course, for Wish-ee-up to be threatening the mill," pursued the young man; "but I'm not much surprised. There has been great bitterness over the poisoning of the fish in our best stream." He paused, then with growing intensity in his tone went on: "It's only another proof of that which is plain enough without any, that civilized men and savages can't live side by side, cooped up in the same country together. You want the gold, — but what is it worth to us? It is something my people cannot understand, that white men should be willing to burrow under ground in the dark, and spoil the mountains, and pollute the air, and poison the streams, for the sake of gold — nothing but gold."

There was a fine scorn in his voice as he said the last words, but it died away, and there was only the note of a deep sadness as he added, "I know, I know, I can see it partly from your

point of view. I have lived long enough among white men for that; but don't blame my poor people too much, who know only what they have learned from nature, that *they* do not understand."

The tears had risen in the girl's eyes. "Nor mine," she said humbly, "that they cannot bear it when you come in the way of what they value so much."

The young man was silent for a minute, then he raised his eyes to hers again steadily. "I don't blame your people," he said, "for despising such neighbors as we are. It makes it the harder for you to tolerate us because the mines are here, and we have the very gate to your country in this strip of land which we are supposed to own. But at bottom it is the same old story it has always been. You are a pushing, energetic people. You need the land and you would turn it to account if you had it. You hate us that, idle and thriftless as we are, we stand in your way."

He paused for a moment, then added passionately, "But whose fault is it that we are idle and thriftless? Look at this land" — he made a gesture over its long squalor and barrenness. "For years it has been a reservation, in the full control of the government; and in all that time not a crop has been raised, not a bale of hay cut, even on the agency farm. The men who have been sent here to teach us how to farm have not known the first rudiments of the thing they came to teach. They have been political agents paid for political service. There has not even been a supply of the tools we needed. The talk of our farming has been a farce, and white men are responsible for it."

"But, Duncan, Duncan," cried the girl, stirred now to some defense of her own people, "the Indians have not been willing to work. Surely you know yourself how hard it is to persuade them."

"Persuade them!" he cried scornfully. "Is it easy to persuade white men to work when there is no necessity upon them? Does any man work who can get, without working, the things he cares for most? Suppose you should put all the white tramps in the country on a strip of land and supply them with food and clothing, to say nothing of whiskey and gun powder, wouldn't they stay tramps to the end of the chapter? That is the way your people have dealt with mine. Who says we cannot be brought to work, with the necessity fairly upon us, and the conditions even half-way tolerable? I challenge the record to show that the experiment has ever been fairly tried and failed." The passion in his voice had been growing deeper with every sentence. It was almost terrible as he added, lifting his disengaged hand with a quivering gesture, "Oh, there are moments when I could hate your people as no Indian on the war-path has ever hated them; and not because you have killed us — God knows it would have been better if you had killed us all! — but because you have made drunkards and paupers of us."

The tears which had risen in Dorothy's eyes brimmed over now and rolled down her cheeks. The errand which had brought her melted in the immensity of the problem of which it was only one small and immaterial item. "Duncan," she said imploringly, "tell me what can be done! It isn't all because we have been hard-hearted and selfish that we have wronged your people. It is partly because it has been such a puzzle, such a strange, insoluble puzzle, that we have done as we have."

He lifted his face to hers again. The passion was in it still, and his words came fast. "Nothing can be done," he said, "nothing — till you start from the ground idea that we are beings like yourselves, and because we are that we have the same destiny — *to work and to live by it.* If you could only believe hard enough for one hour in our brotherhood with you, you would know it. But you

have never believed in that. You have never been willing to *think* of us as part of yourselves. You have not even looked upon it as one of the things that *might* be. Even your missionaries who have tried to make saints of us have not taught that we could be citizens. A citizen must work. A saint may sit in filth if he will, and look to others to bring him bread. Oh, I know the show of kindness there has been! You have talked of keeping up our tribal relations. You have pretended to respect our laws instead of trying to impose your own. You should have named yourselves at the start 'The United States and some Indian Tribes.' I arraign your policy from the beginning. There has been no sense of brotherhood in it. It is *that* which would have made all different, — for love is not a weak thing. It is the only thing that is strong. It can protect in earnest. It can punish. It can compel."

He was silent for a while, then looking up with a melancholy smile, said, "There is a saying among your people, that there are no good Indians but dead ones. Is it easy, do you think, for mine to believe that there are any good white men?" He turned his face for a moment toward the East, with a look as reverent as a Moslem might have sent towards Mecca, and added gently, "*I* can believe it, for I have worked with them and been taught by them. Forgive me if I have seemed too hard upon your people. It is because they have shown me what *might* be, that my heart grows bitter over the things that are."

They did not speak again during the short distance that remained of the ride. The girl's heart was too full for words, and perhaps the young man felt that he had already said too much. He helped her down from the saddle, when they reached the agent's house, and fastening her horse turned away with a courteous good-morning; and five minutes later, as she sat at the breakfast table with her friends, taking the refreshment for which her ride had given her an excellent appetite, the sounds of his hammer came briskly through the open window.

The agent had been sufficiently surprised at her unexpected coming and, after commenting with admiration on the amount of energy required for taking such a ride before breakfast, had listened gravely to the statement of her mission. He was a gentlemanly person, who, when not in conversation, impressed one as having a rather weary expression of countenance. He had found his life on the reservation, as he often assured his friends, "a complete expatriation," and if he had found any compensations they certainly had not come through making a vigorous use of his authority to bring about reforms among the Indians. Still his attitude towards them was amiable, and the news which Dorothy had brought disturbed him.

"It's too bad, too bad!" he ejaculated, as he sipped the third cup of coffee, which he had taken to keep his guest company. "You're right about it, of course. There's nothing to do but get them back as soon as we can; but some of them are a good ways out and they won't like it. They really do no more harm than so many bands of strolling gypsies, but this fracas with Wish-ee-up will spoil everything."

"It seems to me," said Dorothy with energy, "that Wish-ee-up ought to have been punished long ago. He's a perfect renegade, and every one knows it."

"That's true enough," said the agent; "but to punish him is easier said than done. Of course, when he's actually been guilty of mischief, he gets back on his reservation as quickly as possible, and then he isn't amenable to the ordinary process of law. It has to be a special dispensation from the United States government, — and it usually falls through."

It was on Dorothy's lips to ask whose fault it was that it fell through; but she was prevented by the agent's remarking, "Well, there's no time to

be lost. We must send out messengers at once to bring them back."

He paused as if deliberating whom to send on this important mission, and Dorothy exclaimed with a sudden inspiration, "How would George Duncan do for one? He came up here with me just now."

The agent nodded. "That's a good suggestion. To be sure, his people dislike him because he knows more than they do and wears white men's clothes; but he's an energetic fellow and will put his whole heart into the business. Besides, when his blood is up, Duncan can make a good speech, —and that always counts with red men. Poor fellow," he added with warmth, "I'm sorry for him. They say he was the best scholar in his class at Carlisle. Heaven knows, I don't, why he ever came back to this God-forsaken place. There might have been some chance for him if he'd stayed in the East, but there's none here."

He dispatched a servant with a message to Duncan, and in a few moments the young man appeared. He seemed surprised at the part suggested for him, but made no comment, and after a moment replied with decision, "I'll go, of course, if you think it best,"— and then added, flushing a little, "But I think I shall have to put on my Indian dress, at least in part."

Dorothy made a quick expostulating gesture. "Oh, do you think it is necessary?" she said. Somehow she could not bear even this semblance of a lapse back to barbarism for him.

The young man smiled. "Are you afraid of the effect upon me?" he said. "I'll do my best to keep the style from striking in." And then he added gravely, "I might have more influence with my people at a time like this if I wore their dress. They tell me sometimes I am all a white man, inside as well as out. But they must not think so now. They must know I am one of them, acting for their interest. And really, Miss Norvel, I have good precedent. Our Chief Ouray, whom even your white men honored, and who adopted your ways of life to set an example for the rest, always put on the old dress when he had matters of importance to urge upon his people."

"Conachar's right about it," said the agent, involuntarily dropping into the Indian name which the young man bore among his own people. "He'll have less trouble if he goes that way."

Dorothy made no further protest. Indeed she felt ashamed of having objected at all. She listened, while the two men discussed the situation and decided on the persons who should accompany the young Indian. The latter rose at once when the conference was ended. "We will lose no time in starting," he said, "and you shall hear from us as soon as possible."

He turned towards Dorothy, and would have withdrawn with a simple good-by, but she made a quick movement towards him and put out her hand. "Good-by, and good luck to you," she said earnestly.

"Good-by," he repeated; then, with the tears leaping suddenly into his eyes, and an inexpressible pathos in his voice, he added, "God bless you for your kindness to my poor people."

Two hours later they were riding in different directions. Dorothy, at a slower pace than that of the early morning, was taking her way back to town; and Duncan, in his Indian dress, on the swiftest of Indian ponies, was hurrying into the mountains.

IV.

There is no need to record in detail the episode that followed. It monopolized for more than a week all the available space in the newspapers of the region, and even found its way, under such startling head-lines as "Indian Outbreak," "Lo on the War-path," to the great journals of the East. Obviously there could be no plea for repetition, and only as it con-

cerned the actors in our little story, whose parts were never entered in those larger annals, could excuse be found for recording one scene more.

Five days had passed since Dorothy's ride to the reservation. They had been days of intense excitement in the town. In the buzz of conflicting rumors concerning supposed encounters between red men and white, one might almost have been excused for believing anything; but now, at the close of the fifth day, it seemed fairly certain that something dubbed a battle had actually taken place. It was Seth Gershom, an old prospector of the region, and whilom hunter and trapper, who brought the news; and, as it happened, it was in Norvel's store that he retailed it first. Gershom, as was well known, was disposed to a friendly view of the Indians. His mode of life, as some asserted, had made him half an Indian himself. He had made his report at first briefly, but as newcomers dropped in, plying him with questions, he grew discursive and disposed to air his views on the situation in general.

"I tell you, there warn't a bit of need of our having this fuss on our hands," he was saying in answer to some one who was excitedly urging an immediate call for the State militia. "What if old Wish-ee-up did talk big at the mill? He'd have taken it out in talk, and that would have been the end of it. The fact is, we wanted to make as much of a rumpus out of it as we could, — and we've done it. I know how the thing's been going from the start. Brooker's been harrying every little bunch of Indians he could find ever since he went out. First thing he did was to pounce down on a little camp at White Forks, — bucks all out, — nobody there but squaws and children, — scare 'em all off, and burn the outfit. I tell you he'd have had a fight on his hands for that business that would have made the fur fly, if it hadn't been for a couple of scouts that came out from the reservation just as the bucks heard of it. Somehow Granger had got wind of that affair at the mill, and sent out word to the Indians to round things up and get home as quick as they could. They've been doing it too. Of course they waited to get in the stragglers, but they headed straight for the reservation, and when they camped last night they thought they'd got there."

He was interrupted at this point by a derisive snort from one of his hearers. "Thought they'd got onto the reservation, did they? That's good. Trust Gershom for taking the Indian side of it every time."

The old man's eyes gleamed for a moment angrily under his frosty brows. "Yes, trust me for wanting the poor devils to have a fair show every time," he replied steadily. "I don't forget that some of us would have starved to death in this country, when we came out with Baker's party in sixty, if it hadn't been for these Utes. I don't forget that they used us kind, and that one of 'em gave me his pony to ride on when I was too sick to go afoot."

The white moustache actually quivered a little, and the faces of his audience grew a trifle softer. The proprietor of the store even murmured apologetically, "It's very natural, very natural, I'm sure, that you should have a feeling of kindness for them, but one can't let a sentiment of that kind stand in the way of — in the way of — dealing firmly with them, — especially after so many years."

"No," said the prospector bitterly, "we're too civilized for that." He paused for a moment, then went on, taking up the thread of his story where it had been broken off. "I say they thought they were on reservation ground when they camped last night; and I defy any man in this room to prove that they warn't. If there's anything on God's earth that's more uncertain than prospecting, it's that reservation line. How, in the name of reason, are you going to make it certain, when there's so much of it,

and not a natural barrier anywhere along the line? I tell you they thought they were on safe ground, and had no more idea of having a fight on their hands than we have in this room this minute. Wish-ee-up and a dozen bucks had joined them during the day. When it came to that, the old wretch didn't want to fight any more'n the rest did. They were cooking breakfast this morning, sun about an hour high, squaws and children all scattered round, when Brooker's men opened fire on them from the bluffs. Lightning out of a clear sky would have been nothing to it. One Indian —that fellow they call Duncan — ran up the bluff in the face of the firing, and begged them to stop till they could get the women and children under cover; but they didn't quit shooting long enough to hear what he had to say. After that it was fight and no help for it." He swallowed hard for an instant, then, bringing his fist down on the counter with a blow that made the piles of dry goods tremble, added, "I swear I'd have fought *with* 'em if I'd got there in time."

What comment this report might have called out from the civilized and Christian audience that heard it is uncertain, for attention was divetred at that moment by an exclamation from one of the group who sat near the door.

"Why, there's Lynn Brancamp! He went out with our folks. He must know the latest."

The young man in question, who rode up at that moment, did not look like the courier from a battle. His horse was fresh. His own face was cheerful, and he wore a sprig of the wild mignonette in his button-hole. The men in the room rose and crowded round the door to greet him.

"Just in from the seat of war, Brancamp?" shouted one.

"Well, I left there about noon," said the young man, flinging himself from the saddle, "but I stopped at the ranch long enough to remove some of the gore." His voice was pleasant and even jocose. "It's all quiet along the Potomac now, and it's likely to stay so for a while."

"Anybody killed?" inquired one of the group.

"None of our folks, — only a couple wounded," said the young man. "The fact is, we were too quick for them. Had to be, you know, if there was any question of their being on the reservation," he smiled easily. "Besides, we had the advantage. The rocks were on our side, and no women or children."

"Know how many you laid out?" inquired the man who had raised the question of mortality before.

"No, we didn't stop to count 'em," said Brancamp; "but we made more good Indians than have been made in one day for some time. I can testify to putting a bullet through one of them myself. It was that fellow from Carlisle, the one that claimed to be so tremendously civilized. He was there just the same, in his Indian rig, fighting for all he was worth. If there's anything that makes me sick," he added, his face darkening for the first time, "it's this talk about civilized Indians. The more education they have, the worse they are." His face cleared again and he added cheerfully, "Well, I said when I came out to this country that I'd shoot a buffalo and an Indian, — and now I've done it."

It was precisely at this point, though no one noticed it, that a door at the end of the room, which had been standing ajar, was suddenly closed. It was a door communicating with the apartments in which Dorothy Norvel and her father carried on their light housekeeping. On the further side of the door hung a curtain, and at the edge of it for the last few minutes had been visible a woman's hand. It was the hand of Dorothy. She had just come in from a walk, and as she crossed the threshold the sound of voices in excited conversation made her aware that the door into the store

was open. She stepped to close it, but the report Seth Gershom was giving arrested her in the act; and upon the heels of it came the voice of her lover. That he was back, back in safety, was her first thought. Even in the rush of indignation which came with the prospector's story, she was conscious of that. She had listened on. She had caught every syllable he uttered; and the bullet he had sent to the heart of Duncan had not sped with swifter or surer effect than his words to hers. She did not know when she closed the door. She did not know how long she stood there with her eyes fixed in a horrified stare before her. The knowledge that Duncan had fallen, fallen in the mission to which she herself had sent him, was not more overwhelming than the sudden revulsion of feeling of which she was conscious toward the man she had fancied she had loved.

It was the man himself who roused her. He had knocked at the half open door by which she had entered; but she did not hear. Then with a sudden cry he had stepped across the threshold.

"Dorothy," he exclaimed, — he had never called her by that name before, — "what has happened? You look terribly ill."

She heard him now. The color which had left her face leaped back to it, and her eyes met his in a sudden blaze. "If I am," she said, "it is because I heard what you said."

He looked bewildered, and she went on swiftly, almost incoherently: "I was standing by the curtain. I meant to close the door and shut out all the dreadful talk; but you came, and I listened. I heard you say you had killed him. Oh, how dare you come to me now? How dare you think you have a right even to speak to me?"

The bewilderment in his face had grown into an amazement which seemed fairly to overwhelm him. "I don't understand," he gasped. "There is some mistake. I have killed no one except" — he caught himself with a sudden remembrance — "except an Indian or two in the battle."

"In the battle!" she repeated. "It was no battle. It was a massacre, a wicked, cold-blooded massacre, and nothing else. You fired upon them when they were unprepared and unsuspecting. You did not give them even time to protect their women and children. You treated them as if they were not human beings." She clasped her hands for an instant with a gesture of despair. "Oh, I know, I know. It is because you do not even think of them as human beings. 'A buffalo and an Indian' — *that* is what you said!" The remembrance of Duncan rushed upon her, and her voice was a moan of anguish as she ended. "And now you have killed him, the one who went as a peace-maker, — and it is *I*, it is *I*, who am responsible!"

He stared as if he almost doubted his own sanity or hers, and she went on, steadying her voice with the effort to make her meaning clear to him, "What I am telling you is the truth. I went out to the reservation that first morning, because I wanted to prevent trouble if I could. I told Mr. Granger about the excitement over that affair at the mill; and he saw, as I did, that the Indians who were off the reservation must be brought back at once, — and he sent Duncan to tell them. But it was I who proposed his name. I proposed it because I knew how true he was and how clearly he saw what was best for his people. He hated his Indian dress, but he wore it because he thought it might give him more influence with them at a time like this. And you shot him partly because he had it on! You killed him in cold blood, the best and bravest of them all, — my messenger, my friend!"

It was Lynn Brancamp who was pale now. Incapable as he was of understanding her feelings for Indians, he understood, with a sudden and terrible distinctness, that in shooting Duncan he had done a deed that had hurt her to the very soul. *Her* mes-

senger! Oh, why had she meddled in this cursed business? For a moment he struggled with an inexpressible sickness of heart, then gathered himself in an appeal as for his life.

"And if I had known *that*," he cried, "if I could have imagined such a thing as *that*, do you think I would have raised a hand to hurt him? Do you suppose I would do anything — the very smallest — that I thought would give you pain? How could I know that he was anything to you? O Dorothy, don't be too hard on me! Don't be cruel to a man that loves you!"

She started, but he went on desperately, like one who knew that he must win now or lose his cause forever. "I've tried to tell you before. I *must* tell you now. It's the only ground on which I can ask you to forgive me. I love you. I've thought of nothing, cared for nothing, but you, for weeks and months, and — for God's sake, don't tell me I'm all mistaken! — I thought you cared for me."

He had taken a step towards her, his face all broken with tenderness, the entreaty, the passion of his appeal; but she drew back. What was this man to her but a murderer, with the blood of his victim red on his hands? She was whiter, if possible, now than when he saw her first, and the look in her eyes almost made his heart stop beating.

"You thought I cared for you?" she repeated slowly. The words seemed almost to choke her. She stopped for an instant, then, putting her hands before her eyes, yet seemingly not so much to shut out the sight of him as some vision of herself which rose suddenly before her, she added solemnly, "I never knew you."

The four short words dropped into the stillness like the toll of a passing bell. For a moment longer the young man stood in his place, then turned and, like one groping his way, left the room. His horse was standing where he left it, and he threw himself into the saddle without hearing the voices that called him from the door. He rode in the gathering twilight, not knowing nor caring whither, and for an hour wished that he too lay, like the Indian, with his heart still and his face to the sky.

As for Dorothy, she had crept to her room, and, alone in the silence, sat dumb with grief and despair. Would there never be justice, could there never be even mercy, in the world for which Christ died?

TO THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

[SUGGESTED BY COMMENCEMENT AT CARLISLE.]

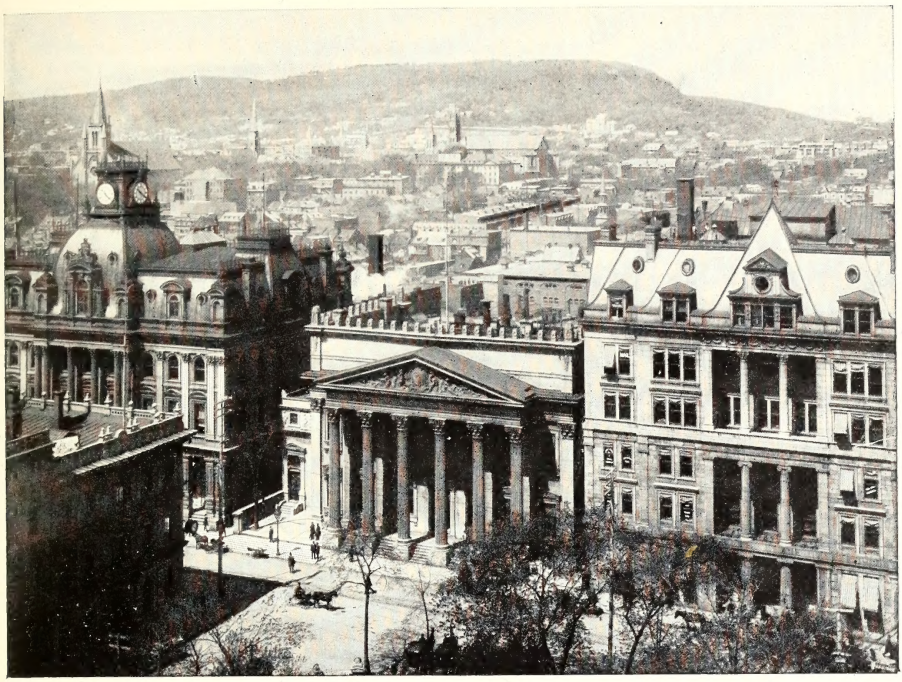
By Elaine Goodale Eastman.

MY brother, with the piercing eyes,
The swarthy cheek, the distant mien,
In whose impassive port is seen
The habit of free centuries,
The dignity that scorns surprise—
Brave without hope, and proud, I ween,
Only of something that has been,
And in the dead past buried lies,—
Look up — with happier courage face
This modern strife; accept the plan
Of a strange world no longer young.
The future beckons to your race;
You, the self-centred, silent man,
Shall yet gain friends and find a tongue!

LAST SANDS.

By C. G. Alexander.

HERE by this hoary-headed rock of time,
Sheltered from keenest winds, I pause to gaze
Out, out for leagues across the slate gray waste
Of restless water, to the far sky-line.
Surging in ceaseless motion, ebb and flow,
Those waves have paced the weary centuries through,
Wearing their deep, deep footprints on the shore,
So many years have paced, nor yet are still.
I used to fancy — that was long ago —
That when I ceased to be a wistful child,
I should, some happy day, sail out across
Those dancing waters to strange foreign lands.
There was no corner of the curious earth
But I would seek it out, with mine own eyes
Would stare upon its fragrant merchandise,
Its grinning idols and its slender spires;
Ivory and spices, silks, and furs and gems
I'd buy, as gifts to the dear far-away's;
But for myself, I needed only youth
And eyes to see all wonders —long ago.
Was it to-day, then, or a fortnight since
They told me — oh so kindly — I must die?
Then I remembered I had lived so long,
My sands were run, and yet — across the sea,
The weary, pacing sea — my Isle of Dreams,
Haze-girdled, sleeps for aye — unvisited.



THE CITY AND MOUNT ROYAL FROM NOTRE DAME.

MONTREAL.

By W. D. Lighthall.

MANY bonds of friendship and interest bind the metropolis of the North to New England. By history, by railroads, by ocean traffic, by manufactures, by geographical vicinage, by possibilities of trade which ought to be made realities, and even by many ties of blood and kindred, the two are knit together. Montreal is the key of Canada, of which New England is the natural Atlantic coast line; and if artificial legislative barriers were removed, the cities and towns of New England would doubtless reap many advantages from that vast "hinterland." Some equitable basis of free intercourse not only in trade, but in thought and taste, in building, in living and interchange of common methods of social progress would be good for both.

Like all important centres of population Montreal has been selected by Nature. It is the head of ocean navigation on the most important river in the world: for, clearly, the Great Lakes are but part of the St. Lawrence, and the map of the world will be searched in vain for a fresh water system at all their like in position. By means of the St. Lawrence, Montreal has at all times since its history began been a place of interest and power.

That history, indeed, is one of the fascinations of the place, leading back to glimpses of primeval Indian towns; to Columbus-like mariner captains; to a fragment of the religious spirit of the crusades; to a real knight-errantry of discoverers; to the growth of a foreign and feudal civilization and of curious institutions some of which



*JACQUES CARTIER.

still flourish scarcely changed; to discoveries and wars which have decided the fate of great regions and the destinies of great peoples. Nor is the end yet. The future as well as the past is here. For he is surely not wise who thinks of the west and the north as to remain forever undeveloped and is blind to the strides that are being made in a few years in all directions around him on this pushing continent; or who fails to comprehend the stupendous interests and populations which must centre at certain necessary points.



LA SALLE.

Previous to 1534, nothing is certainly known of the Valley of the St. Lawrence or the Island of Montreal, except the few facts yielded by geology and by some scanty aboriginal remains. Wandering Algonquin bands had hunted, fished and built rude wigwams and winter shelters in the surrounding regions for many hundreds —and similar tribes for perhaps thousands—of years. Then came a population of Huron-Iroquois from the Upper Lakes, building round palisaded towns, clearing meadows, sowing corn, beans, squash and sunflowers, and making pottery jars. The earliest Jesuit missionaries relate that they saw many deserted clearings along the shores of the river; and the city itself was afterwards begun upon one of these. The story of the visit of the commissioned explorer, Captain Jacques Cartier, in 1535, to the town of Hochelaga, the precursor of Ville Marie or Montreal, has often been related. Near the eminence, which he named Mont Royal, it stood, in the midst of "lands tilled, and fair large fields full of corn." He found the town quite round and palisaded in three rows, with one gate, a great square, and about fifty of the immense communal bark houses of this people, who appear to have numbered perhaps two thousand. Subject to the Hochelagans (otherwise called the Onontihaaras or tribe of Iroquet) were the people of "Canada" (Quebec), and "eight or nine other peoples who are on the said River." Here then was a capital with a rich territory of two hundred and fifty miles at least down the St. Lawrence, and, as subsequent historical facts show, as far west as Kingston, as far north as Ottawa, and as far south as the outlet of Lake Champlain. Since the Huron-Iroquois were traders and spoke the same tongue as the chief nations above them, Hochelaga was doubtless a business centre.



GENERAL AMHERST.

* The portraits on this and the following page are reproduced from "The Narrative and Critical History of America" edited by Justin Winsor, and published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.



BIENVILLE.



IBERVILLE.

In 1611 Champlain visited the site of the future city, selected it, and named it "La Place Royale," but found no traces of Hochelaga, which tradition indicated had since been destroyed in warfare. The French fur-traders now discovered its commercial convenience and thenceforward made it their annual camp for summer traffic with the savages from the Great Lakes.

In 1640 the zeal of certain enthusiasts in France for the worship of Mary and the salvation of the heathen had produced the foundation of "The Company of Montreal," a religious body who acquired the Island on the 18th of May, 1642, dedicated it to the Virgin, and established there, under its first Governor, de Maisonneuve, a small wooden fort on the site chosen by Champlain. Some years afterwards the settlement was extended along the shore, and a hospital or Hotel Dieu was built for a sisterhood of nuns, the foundress of which, Mademoiselle Mance, had bravely ventured out with the first party of settlers. The Island was acquired in 1663 from the Company of Montreal by the Seminary of St. Sulpice of Paris, who established a Manor-house and became the Lords of the community. Pictures of the old French period have been given at length in the works of Parkman, Kingsford and others, as well as in such French histories as the great work of Abbé Faillon. The austerity of the ecclesiastical government, the busy, disorderly scenes of the annual Indian fair, the standing disputes of the Sulpitians of Montreal with the Jesuits of Quebec, those of some of the Governors, such as Frontenac, with the Bishop, the terrible incursions of the Iroquois League from New York, the brunt of which fell on the Montreal district, the presence of men notable to all



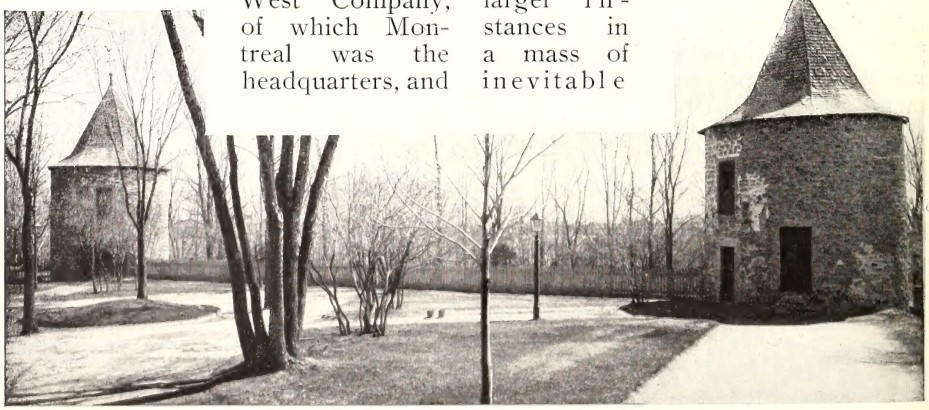
CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY.



SEMINAIRE ST. SULPICE.

time, like La Salle, Du Luth and Lamothe Cadillac, and at last of figures like Montcalm, Vaudreuil and Levis, are some of the elements. When the French period ended, by the capitulation of the city and colony to Sir Jeffrey Amherst in 1760, the real period of progress commenced, as peace permitted the development of the regions tributary to the place.

The fur-trade, having from the beginning been the *raison d'être* of New France, and particularly of Montreal, that trade, in a reorganized form, was the great feature of the town during the succeeding half-century. It fell at that time largely into the hands of shrewd and energetic Scotchmen, who made large fortunes and ultimately banded themselves into the powerful partnership known as the North-West Company, of which Montreal was the headquarters, and which, pushing out into new fields of adventure and exploration, produced the discoverers Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, Alexander Henry and others, and ultimately fought, and then combined with, the Hudson's Bay Company. The headquarters of the combination in America still continue to be Montreal. With the development of the West, however, the shipping interest gradually eclipsed the fur-trade. The second steamboat in America—being the first on the St. Lawrence and Lakes — was built and run here in 1809, under the name of "The Accommodation"; and here were afterwards built the engines for the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic. To-day the harbor serves some twenty regular lines of ocean steamships and a heavy yearly tonnage of river-craft. Lined with great vessels, its quays present the spectacle of an ocean port six hundred miles inland. The building of the Grand Trunk Railway, with the once marvellous and still notable Victoria Bridge, and later on the building of the Canadian Pacific, — both of which great railroads have their headquarters in Montreal, — are perhaps the most notable events in the more recent history of the place; but they are only the larger instances in a mass of inevitable



OLD TOWERS, GRAND SEMINARY.

incidents of its development. The growth of population is illustrated by the following table:

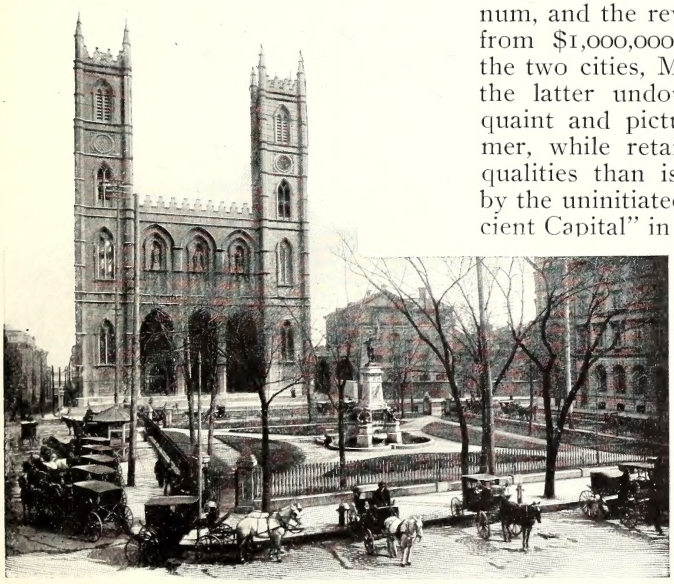
In 1611	. .	wholly "floating."
" 1642	. .	58 permanent.
" 1760	. .	about 3,000
" 1809	. .	" 12,000
" 1851	. .	" 37,715
" 1861	. .	" 90,323
" 1891	. .	" 260,000 with immediate suburbs.
" 1898	. .	" 350,000 " " "

Since the causes which make the port are still largely in the future, many Montrealers look forward to a population of at least a million within a few years. Judge Girouard, a very able man, who has written on the subject, predicts confidently that the entire island will become one city, and in fact this project is about to be brought before the Legislature by the present Mayor, Raymond Préfontaine. Montreal is a favorite visiting-place for tourists, some of whom, attracted by the frosty but gay scenes of its winter, come even at that season, while its bracing northern atmosphere makes it the health resort of a considerable number, though it is not generally advertised as such. The St. Lawrence route, beginning at Niagara, leading through the Thousand Islands, down



THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT.

the Rapids, through Montreal and Quebec, and down to the Saguenay, is one of the chief tours of the world and has considerable claims to be the finest. The number of tourists here has been estimated at 60,000 per annum, and the revenue of the trade at from $1,000,000 to $2,000,000. Of the two cities, Montreal and Quebec, the latter undoubtedly is the more quaint and picturesque, but the former, while retaining more of these qualities than is generally supposed by the uninitiated, surpasses the "Ancient Capital" in pure beauty. As the traveler approaches by steamboat about sunset from the exciting runs swiftly and Lachine Rapids, he passes between the monumental piers of the Victoria Bridge and runs swiftly and quietly down opposite the city, whose tall stone



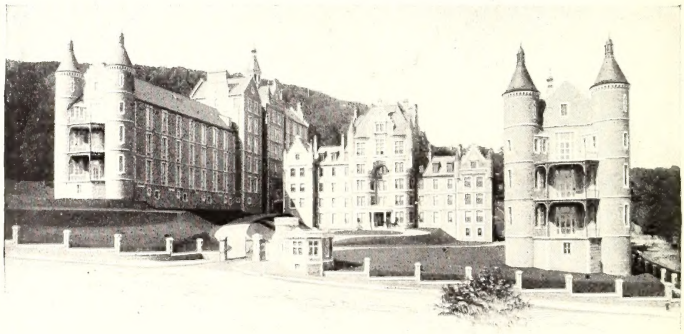
NOTRE DAME AND THE PLACE D'ARMES.



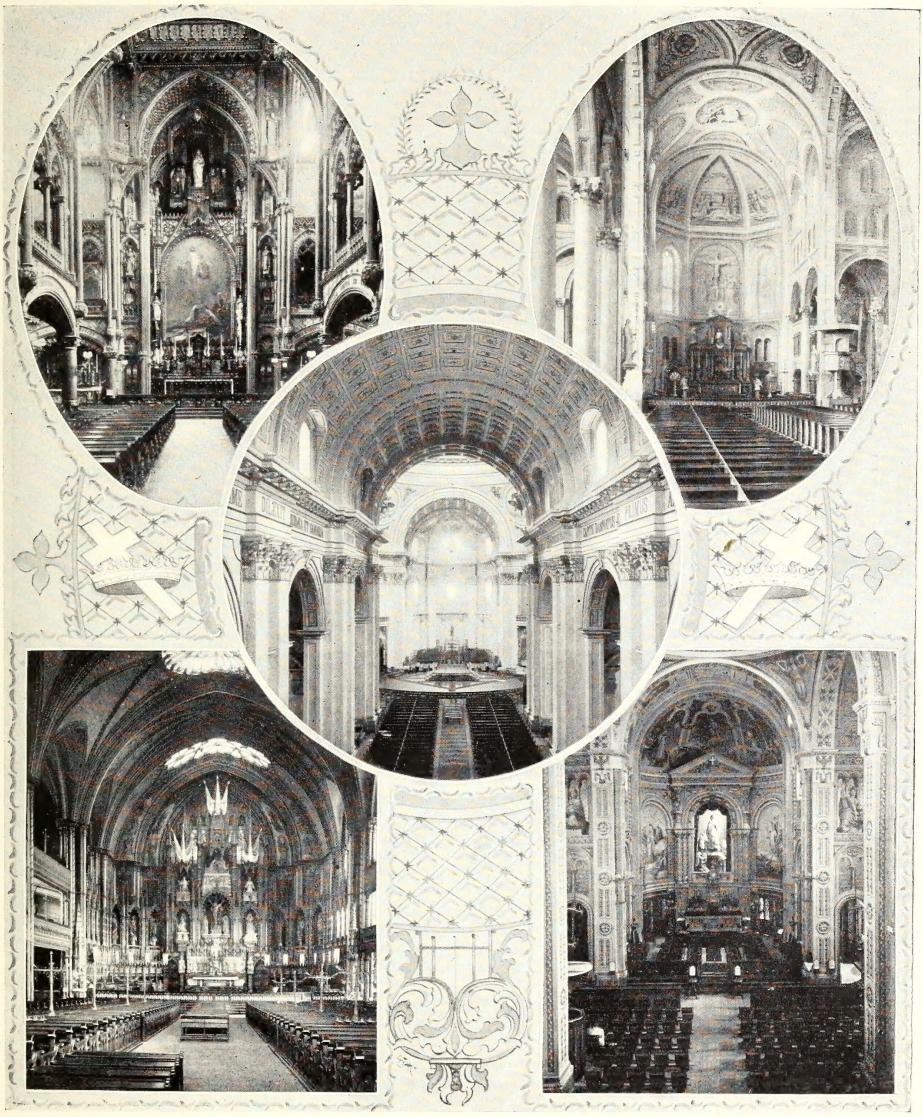
GRAY NUNNERY CHAPEL.

fronts and solid spires in the sunset light strangely combine the opposite sentiments of tranquillity and busy prosperity. The miles of masts and iron hulls, the beautifully wooded Island of St. Helen in midstream, the St. Lawrence with its two miles of breadth and its extraordinary power, are part of the first impression. On landing, the use of the French language at once makes it evident that another life and other institutions surround the Anglo-Saxon, and if he has the usual romanticism of travelers this sense of a foreign atmosphere is part of the charm. He lands in what was once the old town, but its narrow streets are now covered with solid warehouses. A modern city of the British type extends behind, up the slopes around Mount Royal, of whose green crest in the distance glimpses are caught here and there through the streets and squares. Nothing is built of wood — all is stone or brick. The principal residences are grouped westward and on the upper slopes. The long wooded ridge of the mountain-crest is reserved as a park.

The most beautiful object which the city has to show him indeed is this Mount Royal Park, a natural treasure of which it has certainly true reason to be proud. Other cities generally take credit for their parks, and very many of them, such as the Island at Detroit, the Central and Van Cortland at New York, Boston Common, and those of Philadelphia and Chicago, are delightful and noble, but without wishing to draw comparisons, Montreal will be excused for believing that its splendid triplet of wooded hills overlooking the mightiest of rivers, the city below, and the vast plain, is the one peerless city park on this continent. It is best seen by those who take the elevator on its eastern or boldest side, about sunset, and in the rapid rise catch the full perspective of plain and river, afterwards taking in the numberless other views of hill, grove, meadow, lake and city, when tinctured with the color of that charming hour. A carriage drive through the park and adjoining cemeteries is greatly to be recommended. Those who can spend some days do well to make their way to the top of the western hill, or Westmount, where a series of views



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.



INTERIORS OF MONTREAL CHURCHES.

in some respects even more beautiful are obtained.

"Changing its hue with the changing skies,
The River flows in its beauty rare;
While across the plain eternal rise
Boucherville, Rougemont and St. Hilaire.
Far to the westward lies Lachine,
Gate of the Orient long ago,
When the virgin forest swept between
The Royal Mount and the River below."

A drive "around the Mountain," or a ride in the electric cars there, gives some idea of the pleasant surroundings of the city, and lines of electric cars lead in several directions across a verdant farming country, in which the life is chiefly French, to Bout de l'isle, at the foot of the Island, Cartierville and Sault-au Recollet at the back, Lake St. Louis at the head, and various other resorts on the shores of the Island, which is twenty-one miles long by about five or six broad. The prin-

cipal summer resorts lie in a line along Lake St. Louis, extending from Lachine several miles westward to Ste. Anne de Bellevue, the head of the Island, overlooking the Lake of Two Mountains and Ottawa River; but the presence of large bodies of water in every direction within easy reach give many other places advantages of the sort. Many business men are making these resorts their principal places of residence, only taking houses in the city for the winter, and a number of delightful and occasionally magnificent country houses are the result.

The people's park, however, *par excellence*, is the refreshing-looking island of St. Helen's, rising opposite the city in the middle of the river, among whose groves and along whose shores the tired mothers, the gasping children, the begrimed laborers and hardy mechanics take refuge in the hot days of midsummer, when their souls sigh for ice-palaces and when, in the lower streets, dust drifts replace those of snow. Another breathing ground, Logan Park, a place of large extent but new, is the popular resort for the East end.

The finest residential streets are Pine Avenue, high upon the "Mountain," Sherbrooke Street along its base and Dorchester Street West, parallel with it a few streets away, where, as well as in neighboring avenues, many fine houses are built. Of small parks there are too few, and none of the avenues are strikingly wide, and not a single one is boulevarded. Nor, owing to former difficulties in winter, is the city spread out into regions of those pretty wooden villas which express so much comfort and taste among American people of moderate means in the neighborhood of the northern cities of the United States. Montreal has still much to learn from them of the cheaper elegancies of life, and is not unready to do so. Still, the solidity of even the poorer streets and the splendor of many of the man-



ST. JAMES STREET.

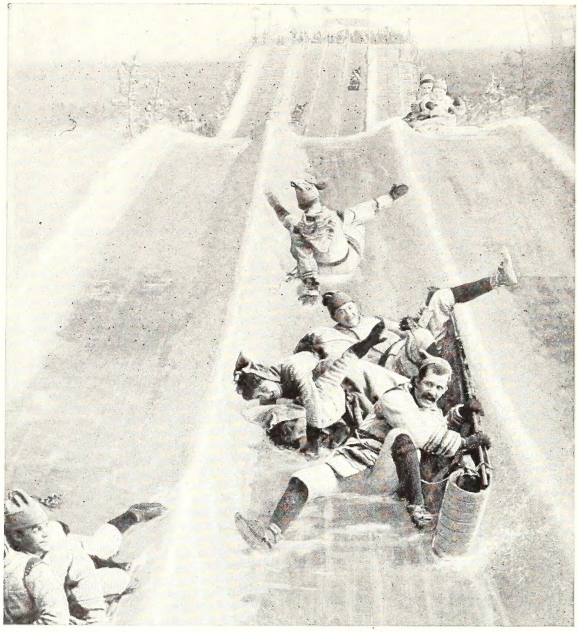


THE TANDEM CLUB DRIVE.

sions are some compensation to the eye.

The city is colloquially divided into "East end" and "West end," the line being about Bleury Street. The former is looked on as of French character, the latter as of English-speaking, though these attributes are not at all exact, considerable colonies of "English" preferring the East end on account of its cheapness, and large bodies of French citizens occupying portions of the "West end" and the adjacent towns of St. Henri and Ste. Cunegonde. The "English," which term includes those of Scotch and American descent, in general absorb the chief commercial and manufacturing positions, while the French contribute the light labor, the politicians, and the retail trades, and professional classes for their own people. The heavy labor is in the hands of the strong Irish section. All these elements live in great harmony; notwithstanding that thorny questions of religion and municipal politics occasionally present themselves, the training of generations in liberality and moderation producing results at once valuable and satisfactory for mutual progress.

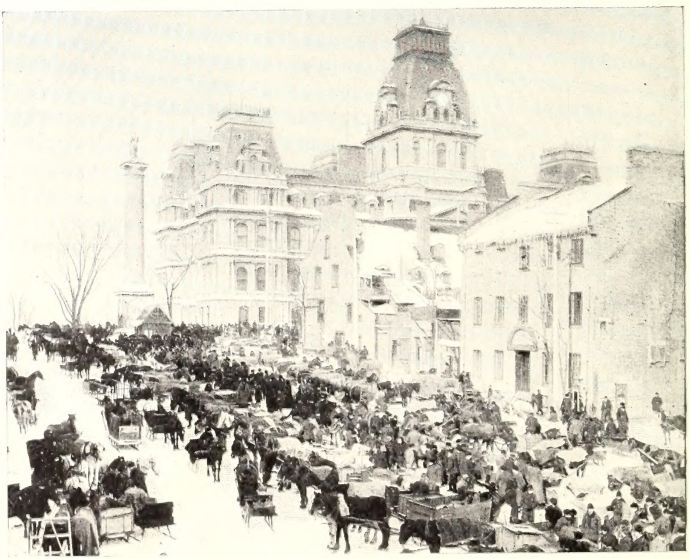
The qualities of the French population, — peaceable, industrious, sober and reasonable, — tend greatly to strengthen the place as a centre of manufactures. They lack some qualities necessary to their success in large business enterprises, and few of the great establishments are controlled by them. Their "society," though small in numbers, includes many gentlemen and ladies delightful to know, who exemplify the best traditions of their race as to manners and dispositions. The survival of a few families who specially represent the romantic history of French days and their connection with the old *seigneuries* makes this society also of special interest. The French language, of course, is spoken by this population as their usual tongue, but there are few even among the most backward, to whom English is not more or less known, and by a large proportion it is very fairly spoken and is much used. Some prefer to use it for all purposes, and those who travel tend in many cases to drop their native tongue altogether, while a few have the bad taste even to change or translate their names. As the spirit of migration is gradually penetrating the remotest country districts, the conclu-



TOBOGGANNING.

sion to be drawn (naturally distasteful to individuals who would try to petrify the present) is that, like other local tongues, French will ultimately disappear. Its northern position, close association with the Roman Church, and the fact that it is the speech of a great race with a great literature prevent rapid assimilation, but the railway, the telegraph, the press, commerce and practical needs and the impulses of the day have shown their influence unmistakably within the past few years in the face of all adverse influences. Even should fusion take place much less slowly than it seems bound to do, however, New France will have produced a profound impress upon this continent. It will live in romance, in literature, in its legacy of Roman law, in the history of the discovery of the West, the history of wars and political movements which have profoundly shaped this continent, and in a contribution of brilliant men to come in oratory, jurisprudence, and the arts of the brush, the chisel, the pen and the lyre. With nothing like a chance in the way of education — for modern education even of the present generation is scarcely existent, and was non-existent a few years ago — they have already done enough to prove their future. A sculptor like Philippe Hébert, a speaker like Sir Wilfred Laurier, a jurist like Sir Antoine Dorion, a poet like Fréchette, are types and promises of the native ability.

The common school system of



MARKET DAY, JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

Montreal is divided into Protestant and Catholic. The latter is partly under commissioners, partly carried on by religious bodies such as Jesuits and Friars, the former possessing perhaps the chief establishment, St. Mary's College. The classical education is excellent, the commercial not good, in the religious establishments; but in the Catholic Commissioners' school it is very good. Girls are entirely brought up in convents. The Protestant system is about equivalent to that in American cities.



MONTREAL HARBOR.

The great university for Protestants is McGill, which has a national reputation. Laval, the Catholic university, founded in the 17th century, has a fine law school and a flourishing medical college; but in other departments its headquarters are at Quebec, and the curriculum is hopelessly behind the age. It has a roll of distinguished graduates in law and politics. The Law School building here is large and handsome, though it suffers from the absence of grounds.

McGill College, on the contrary, is a type of the modern university. Its grounds are reasonably large for present purposes, and are handsome and stocked with noble buildings. The main avenue leads from the lodge. To the right and left, partly concealed by the trees, are the other buildings of the university. The large and handsome Greek building to the left is the Redpath Museum; on its left is the affiliated Presbyterian College; below it the beautiful library; further, across McTavish Street, the Congregational College; above the Museum, the small, round tower is the Observatory. In front of the main building, with its Doric portico, is the grave of James McGill; on the right, the Medical College, towards the rear; Ferrier Hall (the Methodist affiliated college), hidden by the other buildings; then the great McDonald Technical School; nearer still, the handsome Workman Laboratory of Physics; between the two the Chemistry building, and on the extreme left, forming the corner of University Street, the Donalda Ladies' Department. This is about to be replaced by the great Ladies' College, a little fur-



DOMINION SQUARE.

ther eastward along Sherbrooke Street, the gift of the beloved Lord Strathcona (Sir Donald A. Smith). The Diocesan College, one of the most beautiful buildings of the group, is situated on University Street. The foreground is occupied by college campus and walks. Behind the whole, Mount Royal rises prominently as a refreshing green background.

The institution is entirely the result of the private munificence of a succession of large-hearted merchants. The first and most honored was the founder, James McGill, one of the old Scotch fur traders, who, in 1813, bequeathed £10,000 and his lands of sixty-four acres here, known as the Manor of Burnside, to the Royal Institution for the Advance of Learning. His town residence and warehouse were in a building opposite the City Hall, which bears a tablet of the Antiquarian Society. His portrait in the college represents him as a stout, pleasant tempered man, of superior intelligence, wearing a powdered queue.

Besides McGill and Laval universities, mention should not be omitted of the other institutions, Bishop's University and Montreal College, the latter founded towards the end of the last century by the Seminary of St. Sulpice, and now very large.

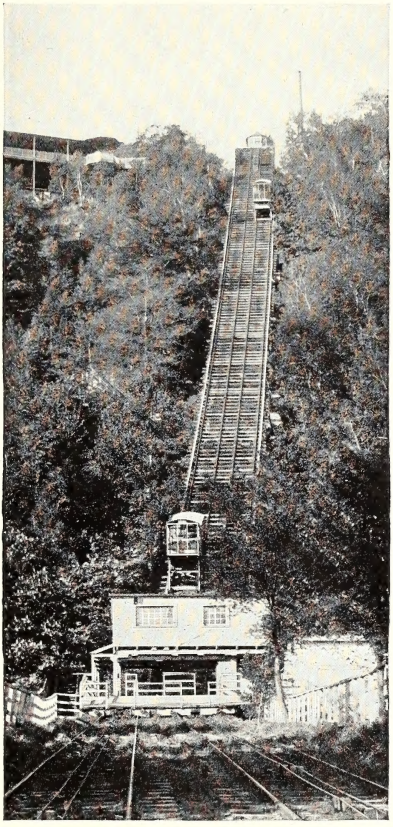
The intellectual life of the city does not, however, entirely centre about the universities, for such bodies are not apt to be pioneers in fresh fields. A number of societies and individuals carry on special lines of thought and study on their own initiative. Music is the subject of several fine and flourishing schools and of a number of large choral societies. Singers from all over the continent take delight in performing before Montreal audiences, since in few cities is there such a body of educated music lovers, a fact due largely to the influence direct and indirect of



CANADIAN PACIFIC STATION.

the Roman services. The choirs of the Gesu, of Notre Dame, St. Jacques and St. Patrick's render magnificent music at the festivals of the Church, and are the resort at such times of many persons of the other faith.

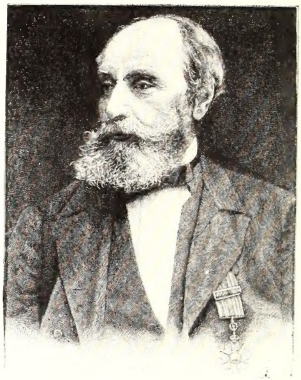
In science, the Natural History Society, which has its headquarters at the Museum on University Street, is an active centre for botany, geology, microscopy and other subjects. A branch of the American Folklore Society exists, and several historical societies,— among them the Société Historique (French), founded in 1859, and, though now not very active, still influential; but in particular the large and flourishing Numismatic and Antiquarian Society (about half French and half English), which, with its Ladies' Branch, includes some five or six hundred members, and has done much for the city. This society has for some years occupied the old Chateau de Ramezay, as an historical museum and rendered it the headquarters of the Dominion for history-hunters. The Society was founded on the 15th of December, 1862, under the title of "The Numismatic Society of Montreal," with a membership of French and English gentlemen—a dual racial character which has happily characterized it ever since, and makes it one of the not least effective influences of harmony and goodwill in the community. In 1866 the name was changed to its present title, and in 1869 an act of incorporation was obtained. In the Natural History Museum the society preserves and adds to its considerable collection of coins, medals, maps, books and manuscripts. In the Caxton celebration year it held a memorable exhibition of rare books; in 1887, a unique exhibition of historical portraits, the catalogue of which remains a list of value to historians. The Maisonneuve monument is its proposal; and a series of about fifty marble historical tablets, suggested by one of its members, have been erected at different points. It publishes the *Antiquarian Journal*.



MOUNT ROYAL ELEVATOR.

The Chateau de Ramezay, which the Society has acquired from the city by a long lease as a public historical museum, is a long, low, cottage-built building situated behind an old-fashioned stone fence. Two tablets within it set forth a portion of its history. The one relates to its erection, about 1705, by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, father of the de Ramezay who is somewhat maligned for surrendering Quebec, notwithstanding the impossibility of continuing its defence. The building later fell into the hands of the French West India Company, and after the British conquest was used for a considerable period as a residence for the English governors when here. The other tab-

let relates to 1775, when the Americans held Montreal for a winter, and sent as commissioners to win over the Canadians Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll. The former inscription is as follows: "Chateau de Ramezay. Built about 1705 by Claude de Ramezay, Governor of Montreal, 1703. Headquarters of La Compagnie de Indes, 1745. Official residence of the British governors after the Conquest. Headquarters of the American Army, 1775; of the Special Council, 1837." The latter tablet reads: "In 1775 this Chateau was the headquarters of the American Brigadier-General Wooster, and here in 1776, under General Benedict Arnold, the Commissioners of Congress, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase, and Charles Carroll of Carrolton, held council." The vaults beneath are strong and substantial. The council-room is in the front, near the east-end entrance. It is oval at one end. There Franklin and his friends, and Benedict Arnold, on his retreat from Quebec, as well as Montgomery and Wooster, held their consultations; and Franklin's weapon, the printing press, which was set up in the Chateau, must have been one of the chief subjects of discussion. The first printer of Montreal, Fleury Mesplet, was brought by Franklin from Philadelphia, and was, in 1778, to found the earliest newspaper, the *Gazette*, a small sheet printed partly in French for some years, now, as the leading English morning paper, the third oldest surviving journal in America.



SIR J. WILLIAM DAWSON.

From the council-room, Lord Elgin, having, after the rebellion of 1837, signed the unpopular Rebellion Losses Bill, went out to his carriage to be received by an angry populace with showers of rotten eggs and stones.

In literature, Montreal presents a unique opportunity. There, as might be expected of the metropolis, beats the pulse of Canada. The thought and feelings of English life there meet those of the French in their full manifestation. To the English of Montreal, therefore, the task naturally falls of interpreting in literature this distinctive element, so different and so instructive and romantic in its differences. A school of writers has consequently risen here who interpret French life, including Dr. W. H. Drummond with his inimitable

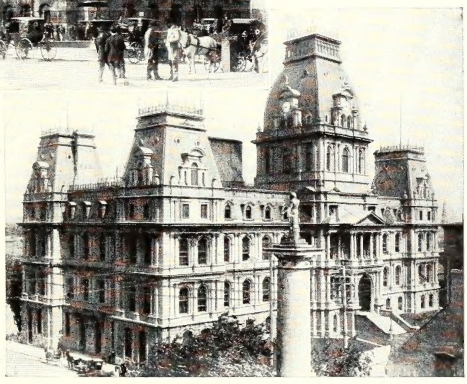


MC GILL UNIVERSITY.

French-Canadian humorous dialect verse, as given in his volume "The Habitant;" William McLennan, who has also written some notable dialect stories for *Harper's* and who is the author of "Spanish John" and other romances; Arthur Weir, the author of much graceful verse drawn from the legends and history of New France; George Murray, B. A. Oxon, whose personal influence and pure style have had much to do with the culture of the place; John Reade, scholar and



COURT HOUSE.



CITY HALL.

poet; J. Macdonald Oxley; Frederick George Scott, George Martin and others. The poet Heavysege wrote his chief work, "Saul" in Montreal and ended his life there. Sir William Dawson has been a leading figure in the circle on account of his scientific works and his position for many years as president of McGill University, his management of which in its earlier years is a monument to his masterly ability. Of the French *littérateurs*, who are legion, Louis Honoré Fréchette, C. M. G., author of "*La Légende d' un Peuple*," is the principal and best known figure. He is commonly called the poet-laureate of French Canada, one of his volumes having been "crowned" by the French Academy.

Art is principally centred about the Art Association, which has a fair-sized Gallery and holds very meritorious exhibitions. The private pictures owned in the city are of the first rank, the collections of Lord Strathcona, Hon. George Drummond, R. B. Angus and Sir William Van Horne, being the most notable.

The athletic life of the city is one in which it takes peculiar pride and which is facilitated by the crisp winter climate. The winter carnivals of some years ago, which will doubtless be repeated from time to time, illustrated the numerous forms of winter pleasure in a concentrated form, with the introduction of ice palaces, torchlight processions and fireworks; but the ordinary life of the people includes constant healthy indulgence in snow-shoeing, skating, tobogganning, hockey and so forth, as well as in summer yachting, boating, foot ball, tennis, base-ball, golf and fox hunting. The principal athletic body is the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association, the largest organization of the sporting interest. It has over 1,000 members, two well equipped club-houses and a large stretch of superb and valuable grounds in Westmount on the west edge of the city. The Association had its beginning in 1840, in the shape of the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, now familiarly known as "The Old Tuque Bleue," from the blue woolen habitant's liberty cap, worn as part of the costume. The club, in consequence of its long standing, preserves a rich display of trophies in its



THE ST. JAMES CLUB.

rooms. It has always thrown its influence on the side of temperance, public progress and national spirit. It has at times organized vigorous movements against attempts to establish saloons within its district; has given large numbers of its members to the militia, especially in times of danger; and was the originator and mainstay of the winter carnivals and of the snow-shoe concerts. In winter its snow-shoers tramp over the Mountain or to Lachine, and sometimes farther, ending up by a jolly dance and supper; in summer, the games of lacrosse on its suburban grounds absorb the same interest. The clubs now included in the Association are the Montreal Snow-shoe Club, the Montreal Lacrosse Club, the Montreal Bicycle Club, the Montreal Football Club, the Montreal Gymnasium, the Montreal Cricket Club, the Montreal Toboggan and Skating Club, the Montreal Baseball Club, and the Montreal Lawn Tennis Club. The club-house is on the corner of Mansfield and Berthelet Streets. It contains, besides the gymnasium, reading, bowling, shooting and billiard rooms, offices and a number of other apartments.

The newspapers of Montreal, like the inhabitants, are subdivided into English and French. The English papers are the more important, and are widely read by the French population. There are two morning and evening English papers. The *Gazette*, of whose establishment some particulars have been given already, is the oldest newspaper in Canada. It was founded in 1778 by Fleury de Mesplet, and in 1828 it was published each Monday and Thursday, in twenty-four columns. In 1833 it was published thrice each week. In 1845 it became a daily. It subsequently, in 1870, became the property of the Whites, the editor, Thomas White, afterwards becoming cabinet minister, and being succeeded as editor by his son Robert, also a member of Parliament, and now by his uncle, who still conducts the veteran Tory organ. The *Gazette* has an established reputation among political and commercial journals. The *Herald* is the only morning Liberal English paper of Montreal, and was established in 1803. It has made the fortunes of several proprietors, notably, Mr. Penny, and has been the property of an ex-cabinet minister of great mental acumen, Hon. Peter Mitchell, one of the fathers of Confederation. The *Herald* recently passed into new hands, and is now the



WINDSOR HOTEL.

organ of the Dominion Government and, under the live management of Mr. Brierly, one of the keenest newspaper men in Canada, is a more enterprising journal than ever before.

The leading newspaper of Montreal, and in some respects of the whole Dominion, is the *Star*, established in 1869 and closely modelled upon the practice of the New York *World*. It is independent in politics, although inclined to support the Conservative party on broad principles, and its foreign news is most abundant. Its local news is also very complete.

The *Witness*, founded by John Dougall over fifty years ago, is a paper of fearless utterance, Liberal in politics and Protestant in religion, the enemy of the saloon, the advocate of popular rights. Its views are considered narrow by many, and restrict its circulation to a certain class. Its readers, however, have a love and reverence for it which no other paper inspires, and it is as nearly as possible a newspaper carried on "on principle."

There are two important French newspapers in Montreal, *La Patrie* and *La Presse*. *La Presse* is the largest and *La Patrie* the most vigorous of the French papers of the city. The latter is the French government organ.

Of commercial journals there are many. The *Journal of Commerce* perhaps leads them all. Others are the *Shareholder*, *Le Prix Courant*, *Moniteur du Commerce*, *Finance and Insurance Chronicle* and *Trade Review*. The *Metropolitan* is a weekly society journal.

The commercial life of Montreal is, of course, a strong point. The volume of its business centres about the Board of Trade, the history of which has been narrated by Arthur Weir, as follows: "The first Exchanges of Montreal and Quebec were permitted in 1717, under French rule. In 1822 the Committee of Trade, of Montreal, was established, and John Forsyth elected first president. It had fifty-four members. The council consisted of thirteen gentlemen, and its influence was soon felt. It moved to secure the St. Peter's channel, and was considering the establishment of an ocean line in 1839, when it quietly passed out of existence, the Board of Trade, its legitimate successor, being mooted, and its organizing meeting being held April 6, 1840. In 1842 the Board of Trade received its charter, and Mr. Austen Cuvillier was elected first president. The Board began its labors by agitating for the reduction of the canal tolls, an agitation which met with a measure of success and which is still continued and likely to be maintained until the canals are made free. The question of the Custom House between Ontario and Quebec was also successfully taken up, and the Post Office system was next attacked (1844), the Board desiring that letters be taxed by weight and not by the number of enclosures. The compulsory inspection of lumber at Montreal was also objected to. In 1846 the Board advocated the admission free to Canada of all goods admitted free to Great Britain, and the removal of the duties on bread-stuffs and raw material. In 1852, at a very important meeting, the following policy was adopted: Internal navigation was to be improved by every possible way, ocean navigation to be fostered, and home manufacture protected. In 1853, delegates of the Boards of Trade of Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, and Quebec decided that the agitation for reciprocity should be abandoned and a national policy adopted. In 1858 the Board secured the repeal of the Usury law, and in 1859 persuaded the government to adopt the 'ad valorem' principle in imposing duties. The Corn Exchange was organized in 1862, and affiliated with the Board of Trade in 1886. In 1868 and again in 1886 the Board found it necessary to cry out against railroad discrimination. In 1889 the Board of Trade had outgrown its accommoda-

tion and fixed upon the site of a large new building in the heart of the town. The first mortgage bonds, amounting to $300,000, at 4 1-2 per cent, were purchased by the New York Life Insurance Company, and the second mortgage bonds, $250,000, were ultimately subscribed by other corporations. The building is most impressive, of moat red sand-stone, in the renaissance style, slightly modified, and on foundations of Thousand Island granite."

The membership of the Board is about 1,800. The officers of the association for the present year are: James Crathern, president; Chas. F. Smith, 1st vice president; Robert Mackay, 2nd vice president; Henry Miles, treasurer; council: E. L. Bond, A. J. Brice, F. W. Evans, Thos. Harling, H. Laporte, Thos. McDougall, John Macfarlane, Wm. McMaster, Robt. Peddie, Jas. W. Pyke, A. W. Stevenson, David Watson, Geo. Hadrill, secretary, J. Stanley Cook, assistant-secretary. The interests principally concerned are shown by the associations which form part, viz: the Corn Exchange, the Wholesale Grocers, Wholesale Drygoods, Marine Underwriters, Butter and Cheese, Metal and Hardware, Shoe and Leather, and Bankers. The latter represent the working of the celebrated Canadian banking system, which is of great benefit to the business of the Dominion. The banks are nearly all of large capital, having many branches, and conservatively operated. Their circulation is guaranteed by the government, and sworn monthly returns of their affairs are made to and published by the government.

Some of the subjects of last year's report of the Board show the wideness and variety of the interests of the city, — for example: Lengthening of Quebec Graving Dock; Harbor of Refuge at Little Métis, (400 miles down the Gulf); Fog Signal at Cape Pine, Newfoundland; Imperial Government Regulation respecting North Atlantic winter free board; dates of opening Welland and St. Lawrence canals; cliam that Montreal should be the terminal port for the fast Atlantic service; maritime court at Montreal; Government exportation of dairy products; Imperial legislation *in re* marking of imported cheese; desired opening of the Port of Belfast as a cattle import point; preferential trade between Great Britain and the Colonies; trade with Cape Colony; possibilities of trade with Egypt, trade relations with Italy; Subsidy to line of steamers between Canada and France; All-Canadian route to the Yukon recommended; establishment of a Canadian Mint; proposed revision of a city charter; additional civic borrowing opposed. We detail these things, which to some may not be interesting, because they will show to men of affairs the great present activity of the Montreal commercial mind.

The Harbor Report for 1897 shows 796 sea-going vessels of a total tonnage of 1,307,900; value of merchandise exported, $55,157,000; value of merchandise imported, $47,036,000. In 1880 the tonnage was only $628,-000. The total wharfage at the end of 1896 was about six miles. Of inland vessels, over and above the sea-going above referred to, there was a tonnage of 1,134,346. Immense improvements are being made in the harbor by the construction of a long guard pier and extensive constructions of new piers along the whole river front, and the dredging of Lake St. Peter's channel has given access to the port to vessels drawing 27 1-2 feet.

Seven banks have their headquarters in Montreal, with a paid up capital of $28,046,280, or almost half the banking capital of the entire Dominion. These banks have in the neighborhood of one hundred and ninety branches, scattered over the country from Halifax to Vancouver and even among the mining camps of the Klondike. Their note circulation last July was $13,036,347, their public deposits, $75,000,000, and their discounts $82,-

600,000. In addition to these banks there are branches of ten other Canadian banks, and two more are expected to have been established by the time this sketch goes to press. The oldest bank in Canada, having the largest capital of any bank in America, is the Bank of Montreal, established in 1818. It has a capital of $12,000,000 and $6,952,210 of what in the United States would be termed undivided profits. Montreal is also the headquarters of the Canadian Bankers' Association.

The Montreal Clearing-house report for 1897 shows $601,185,000, the average daily clearings being $1,920,000. The ten largest clearings in America were as follows:

New York, $33,417,714,000; Boston, $5,099,878,000; Chicago, $4,658,150,000; Philadelphia, $3,225,237,000; St. Louis, $1,363,132,000; Pittsburgh, $819,926,000; Baltimore, $796,639,000; San Francisco, $748,523,000; Cincinnati, $625,987,000; Montreal, $601,185,000; but Montreal has this year crept up to a still higher place upon the list —above San Francisco.

The capitalists and merchants of Montreal have their travelers and agencies in every part of Canada, from Labrador and Halifax to Winnipeg, British Columbia, and the Yukon Territory, and handle heavy investments of British and American capital as well as their own, in manufactures, banks, mines of all kinds and other enterprises. Of the products of the forest, particularly sawn lumber, there were exported during the years ending Dec. 1st, 1897 and 1896, $5,731,583; animals and their produce, $27,000,000, including 162,322,000 lbs. of cheese, 10,595,000 lbs. of butter, 4,806,000 doz. eggs; and 16,378,000 lbs. of meat; agricultural products, $18,142,000, including 9,400,000 bushels of wheat, 6,000,000 of oats, 990,000 of barley, and 9,172,000 of Indian corn. The manufactures exported are set at $2,838,000.

Among the most extraordinary commercial advantages of Montreal, particularly for the future, are the immense water powers provided by the great rivers in its immediate vicinity. These have begun to be developed by companies formed in this very latest time for the transmission of electric power to the city, to which they offer the advantage of unlimited cheap and divisible power. One such company, the Lachine Rapids Land and Hydraulic, organized through the pluck and persistence of a comparatively young civil engineer, William McLea Walbank, has taken in hand the great Lachine Rapids on the St. Lawrence above the city and, notwithstanding the greatest difficulties on account of the winter frosts, has succeeded in accomplishing his end and supplying the city with 8,000 horse-power as a beginning. A still larger enterprise, the Royal Electric Company, has more recently harnessed the rapids of the Richelieu River at Chambly some twelve miles distant, where the works develop 20,000 horse-power and transmit it not only across the country, but across two miles breadth of the St. Lawrence River, by aid of the Victoria Bridge. This will, doubtless, at the same time, cause great changes on the shore of the St. Lawrence opposite Montreal, which has never yet developed proportionately. The widening of the Victoria Bridge, by its proprietors, the Grand Trunk Railway, being now about completed, furnishing transit accommodation of a nature analogous in a lesser degree to the Brooklyn Bridge, is showing signs of greatly assisting the same region and building up there a Montreal South. Other water-powers of great extent exist not far from the city, including the Cedar and Cascade Rapids, the Sault-au-Recollet and various falls of the rivers behind the Island.

The great railways are, of course, a factor of importance, especially the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk, both of which are among the largest systems in the world. The Grand Trunk system comprises the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, the

Chicago and Grand Trunk, the Grand Haven and Milwaukee, the Saginaw and Muskegan, the Cincinnati, Saginaw and Mackinaw, the Michigan Air Line, the Chicago, Detroit and Canada and Grand Trunk Junction Railway, and the Grand Trunk Junction Railway. The mileage of the Grand Trunk Railway is 3,512, and the total mileage of the system 4,186. The president is Sir Charles Rivers Wilson; the general manager, Charles M. Hays; and the assistant manager, William Wainwright. Under the shrewd management of Mr. Hays, the road has within the last two years been reorganized and made a thoroughly modern railway, competing in dangerous rivalry with the Canadian Pacific, of which the management has always been remarkably good. The mileage of the Canadian Pacific is 7,251 miles. The main line is the longest road in the world, and on the whole probably the most interesting. The story of its construction is a chapter in the romance of commerce. Its president is Sir William C. Van Horne; its vice-president, T. G. Shaughnessy, its secretary Charles Drinkwater. Its Windsor station is a monument worthy of so great an institution.

With such institutions and such a position, Montreal feels sure of its future. There is so much to develop in the trade of the west and north, so many projects which must build it up are on foot, that the extent of its career is bewildering.

EARLY AND LATE WITH THE BIRDS.

FROM A NOTEBOOK.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Thou art clothed on with plumes, as with leaves,
Frond-like, and lighter than air;
Thy pinions are arrows in sheaves,
That carry thee none knoweth where.

Thou fliest, and none gives pursuit,
Thy realm both the earth and the sky;
Thou hast in thy bosom a flute,
The glance of a soul in thine eye.

Thou obeyest a sovran power
That sets thee on Summer's track;
Thou knowest the tide and the hour
When to advance, or turn back.

Into the world thou art flung,
Thou herald of rapture and light.
Thou weavest a home for thy young—
And none but thyself hath the sleight.

Out of the world thou art gone,
And who shall say where is thy rest?
A rapture and light are withdrawn
Into some Heaven-side nest.

For who of my kind hath beheld
Where, stricken, were any of thine?
Hast thou not been, from of old,—
A spirit unscathed and divine?

A CHILD once said: "I don't think birds ever die, but God reaches down His hand and takes them up into Heaven." All that I retain of child like clings to this idea of the immortality of the bird, and is only quickened by the earliest returning pilgrim of spring. That recurring pipe of the robin, that far-off, wilderness-haunting cry of the killdeer, the first chimes rung by the song-sparrow — they seem but prolongations of the last bird-note sounded in the waning year. No man, woman, or child, — not the rudest clod of our humanity, but is cheered by this annunciation of a new season dawning, — this airy minstrelsy, —this seraphic hovering!

"See me! 'tis this silver bill
Ever cures the good man's ill,"

runs the elfin song. As in the days of Noah it was a winged messenger that brought tidings of a firm shore be-

yond the welter of dark waters, so it is still a bird that brings us assurance we shall pass the wintry waste and come into an inheritance of joy. How truly our blessed harbingers keep their appointments from year to year, almost to the day and hour, any carefully kept notebook will bear witness. I have long since come to regard the robin as my Valentine, for seldom does he fail me twenty-four hours later than the fourteenth of February. The song-sparrow is his close follower, if not his *compagnon de voyage;* and ere March is done there are such azure flittings hither and yon that involuntarily the expression slips out, "Good heavens! the bluebirds!" Jays, blackbirds and meadow larks will be among the early comers, but in the present chronicle I shall hasten on to the hey-day of bird life and enjoyment, and so select as my first entry:

MAY 1.

To-day, punctual to his appointment of years past, arrived the summer yellowbird. Dear fleck of green-golden sunshine! he was at his ancient and honorable calling of catching flies. The oriole also has been seen, shuttling through the topmost branches of the apple trees, where he is doing good service in freeing the yet folded flower buds from their most besetting foes. The oriole's greeting note reminds me at first of the bluebird's, only that the oriole's is louder and less delicately allusive and mysterious. His whistled roundelay, though fine and clear in tone quality, lacks cadence and completeness. Among the newcomers I must add the wren. He has already been closely inspecting the small boxes that are nailed up in the piazza for him. "Humph," says the nice little body, "do they think I am going to occupy a house that the English sparrow tribe have lived in during the winter?" Hint to the landlady; and indeed I must see that my tenement houses are put in order, so that they may catch the most eligible renters while it is still the season.

MAY 3.

As I returned home a little after sunset, lo! above the old chimney were the swallows, wheeling around and around just as I saw them the eve of their departure in last October. "So many swallows," I said exultingly, "must make a summer!" But their number was puzzlingly smaller than when they bade us good-bye in the autumn, and I long to know what has become of those who do not report themselves here at the old homestead chimney. Have they gone to colonize elsewhere, knowing that their former home could not accommodate all, with the descendants of all? They circled repeatedly about the chimney in their manœuvre to enter its throat, and seemed nonplused and awkward, as though they had forgotten just how their nightly in-gathering had been accomplished. Each of those whirling winged creatures might be compared to a grain of wheat swimming about in the vortex of a hopper, at last, after many revolutions, being sucked down through the opening. As I took the census of Swallowville last evening, counting them as they disappeared one by one, there were about three hundred all told. Are the old birds, they of last summer, no more?

Now near, now farther away, haunting and echo-like, comes the oriole. "Keep it! keep it!" — keep what, forsooth? The orchard oriole as well as the Baltimore oriole is here, and the former's voice is just as sweet as his relative's, although the orchard oriole's uniform of black and burnt sienna does not so much excite our admiration; but the budding apple trees are equally obliged to him as to his handsome brother.

MAY 5.

Quick steps of May! No lagging with the season now. Wonderful

things have been done to-day by those enterprising partners, the warm sun of the morning and the mild rain since noon. What tenderness, what wistfulness is in the season just at this point! Little leaves, why such haste to all unfold yourselves? There is time by and by for this. Be little a while longer; be amber-veined, weak, and voiceless in the wind. In midsummer when leaves are broad and dry I shall wish for the magician's spell that could fold up the green tent into the dimensions of a fan, and turn summer back into spring.

The wrens are aware of the flight of time. They are building in the little box, which they finally decided was eligible for a summer home. In, with a stick or straw, which often gives trouble in arranging, then out and sing about it. The wren's rule seems to be: "Do your work in the morning," since both nest-making and singing (especially the nest-making) are chiefly carried on in the forepart of the day.

May 9.

What suggestion there is in the varied forms of the birds. There is that winged sailing arrowhead, the chimney-swift. It is, indeed, in color and shape like a broad Indian flint-stone, vitalized and buoyant, shot out on a circular or a parabolic flight. Then the common blackbird — a graceful flask with wings. The goldfinch's flight, with its yellow color, seems intended to illustrate the "undulatory" theory of light; for the bird's motion in air is by successive waves, alternate sinking and rising on the wing. The meadow-lark, on the contrary, flies heavily as though swimming through a somewhat dense and obstructive element.

To-day a humming bird was at work among the blossoms of the black currant. Elfin creature! the deep ruby at his throat looked uncommonly large and was gorgeously offset by the yellow flowers that surrounded him. On my going near and gathering some of the blossoms, away he flew; but soon I heard, almost at my very ear, as it were, a sharp but minute note of protest. I looked up and saw the king of elves upon the branch of a little tree close by most intently watching me — the intruder, — the aggressive Glumdalclitch of his small fairy world! Nothing stranger than that keen glance of the bird's eye in general, and the glance but seemed the keener for being shot from an eye so small.

May 13.

Found the nest of some ground bird to-day. It was slightly sunken, so that the edge of the nest came on a level with the ground. It almost looked as though the bird had dug a cellar; and doubtless the little builder carefully selected this hollow spot, with a view to its advantages. The nest consisted chiefly of horsehair, with a few stems of straw ingeniously disposed about it, on the surface of the ground. Alas, how many chances which do not point to special providence, attend the fate of those four mottled eggs, confided to the care of Mother Earth and the heaven above, while the feathered housekeeper is away on her brief respites from caretaking! At night, too, what lurking dangers to both nest and sitter!

Day—Wide Day!

Day to the washing seas, and to the patient land,
And to the little nautilus upon the sand.

Day to the toiler gone afield, and to the child,
And to the peetweet's brood amid the marshes wild.

While these awake to toil and those awake to play,
How glad are all that breathe that night has winged away!

For light and life are friends, and night their ancient foe.
Awake, ye birds, to song, ye buds, begin to blow!

MAY 17.

At night, for three or four consecutive evenings, not varying five minutes from the same time, I have heard a chipping bird sing a brief lively snatch of song, — once, and no more. It is as though the day had been so full of song for the bird that its little fountain of melody must needs bubble up and run over into the night itself. On referring to May 20 in my notebook of last year, I find a memorandum to the effect that for several evenings previous I had heard a night-singing bird: "One brisk emphatic shake of notes, and then silence." Can this nocturnal practicer of daytime music be the same as that which sung in other years? Does this little watchman, this feathered muezzin, high in his pine tree tower, call upon the birds, his neighbors, to wake and mind their orisons? I think of the beautiful lines in "Endymion" descriptive of the moon's gentle visiting:

"Thy benediction passeth not
One obscure dwelling-place, one little spot
Where pleasure may be sent; the nested wren
Hath thy fair face within her tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf
Takes glimpses of thee."

Does my little night-bird, I wonder, look out as he sings, and rejoice in the moon's fair light, or does he sing in his sleep, — even with wing-muffled bill?

MAY 21.

This morning I saw a yellowbird perch on the stem of the Crown Imperial lily and thrust its bill far up into the downward-opening flower, searching for insects, doubtless. The action suggested that of the humming bird, but lacked the hovering motion.

In the midst of conversation this evening, the doors being open, I distinctly heard the rippling note of my little night-watch in the tall evergreen. Sweet peace be unto thee and thine, and to the nestlings which shall soon gather under brooding wings.

MAY 27.

The first young red-breast of the season. He appeared to be nearly fledged, however; and his anxious parent was trailing him through the grass, with cheer and chiding, as usual. The meek-eyed one followed, or coquettishly dallied, a stranger yet to all fear, trusting with infantine innocence in the goodness of a world that pleased him so much on this his *début*.

Later in the day the thrifty mother-bird had with her a second charge — by the leading-strings, so to speak. She conducted the two speckled-breasts over the garden, now and then facing about and piping admonition or encouragement, as was required. Side by side they followed her, their bills pointing upward in stupid fashion; for as yet they had no thought that their subsistence was to come from the earth, and their patient mother still purveyed for their insatiate crops.

JUNE 1.

Notwithstanding the very general belief in the instinctive faculty of the lower animals, the birds, for instance, I observe, frequently have a beam in their foresight. A pair of robins under my eyes this spring built their nest in a twist of the grape vine running around the eaves. This would have been a fine airy situation, nestled under broad leaves; but unfortunately this portion of the vine was dead, — a fact which bird intuition had failed to perceive. The nest was built and brooded and finally the young made their appearance, but without roof or shelter for their heads. The old birds seemed troubled at having their domestic privacy thus exposed to the inspection of the public; yet were they not wise enough to detect the condition of the vine and choose a better site for building. So three young birds now thrust their unsheltered heads out in full sight, in fearless demand for "grub," whenever any one passes their place. Or, rather, three there were until this morning, when

one of the number, — older, stronger, and better-fledged than the others — asserted himself and stood for his rights, such as go with primogeniture everywhere. He was permitted to take a hop on the twig which formed the veranda of his vine-built house. He plumed his short feathers with the air of one preparing to make his bow in polite society. When he chose to go back to the nest, he stepped unceremoniously on his brothers; and all three watched with piquant curiosity the movements of some sparrows that were circling about the roof — as though to say: "So little, yet so clever!" In the eyes of these young robins was the characteristic look of innocent inexperience mixed with emulation that one sees in the eyes of young children. In truth all young creatures have this look in greater or less degree.

JUNE 10.

Passing by a thorny thicket on the outskirts of the woods, I heard the Maryland yellow-throat uttering the same old sensation of other summers: "Witches here! witches here!" He was trying to terrorize the intruding stranger; and I occasionally caught sight of his yellow breast and black-barred head. It was thereabout, too, that I saw a scarlet tanager, vividest of all bright-colored forest haunters; nothing else so intense to be seen in our wild woods, or woody borders, — unless the flower of the cardinal lobelia rival it. From the top of some tall tree, the phœbe kept up the regularly intervaled call of "Breezy! breezy!" — for thus the note sounded to my ear. The chewink hopped about, his combination of dull red and black suggesting the "protective coloring" of charred stumps, the burnt sienna of old chestnut logs, and rich wood-mould — all to be found in the places he most affects. There is a moist and springy quality about his few notes, that makes me think of spongy ground as it responds to the foot passing over it.

JUNE 27.

The chipping birds that come to the window sill for crumbs bring their young along with them. The little fellows perch on a twig overlooking their improvised table, and beg to be fed. I observed an old bird, with a green worm in its mouth, pick up also a crumb of cake, and, flying to the little one, actually feed it with the two kinds of food at the same time. Evidently a believer in mixed diet! To the same festal board come likewise a robin and a catbird, — the latter full of saucy assertion and triumph.

The young kingbirds, ranged along the clothesline and waiting to be fed by their diligent parent, opened their mouths so widely that, from where I stood, the deep red of their throats seemed to be a frontal band of crimson set off by the dark gray of their fluffy heads. And now in the wren's house there are young birds. Two days ago I began to hear their minute chirpings, and their voices gain in strength daily. Old Pater Troglodyte still sings, and flutters his wings before the open door of his house; though his snatches of song are briefer and less elaborate than at first, —as whose would not be that has an insatiate family to provide for! Singing with, maybe, a worm or a miller held by the tip of one's beak, prevents execution *ore rotundo*. Yet I have seen him perform this vocal feat many a time in the last few days. The sense of song is a large development in that little body; and first among morning voices and last among vespertine singers I note the wren. Very soon the brood will be fledged. They will be up and out and away, and I shall know nothing about it! There is no more mysterious vanishment than this sudden flight of young wrens. Their careful and secretive mother leads them out early some fine morning when there is no one to observe her, and the graduates of the nest never return thither, nor do I see them about the lawn or the garden.

JULY 8.

Rain for two days past. To-day a brisker shower than usual. How the robins delight in the rain! Evidently, they regard it as a sort of free bath, to enjoy which, they need make no exertion. Sitting on some exposed branch, robin spreads his wings, shaking out his feathers from time to time much as he would do if bathing in a shallow stream. It's the late bird that catches the worm, I notice, for the robins now at dusk, after the shower, are hopping around the garden beds and walk, picking up their supper, not without saying a sweet and acceptable grace therefor. This evening note of the robin — what can be sweeter or more acceptable in Nature's ear? A good name for him would be the vesper thrush, for surely his is a more familiar voice than that of the vesper sparrow, so-named.

JULY 31.

The days of the white and yellow butterflies have come, — a flickering score drawn on the season's progress. Days also of the chirping cicada, — chirping almost like some of the sparrow-kind, only far beyond the sparrow's volume of sound. This note of the harvest-fly seems to add fuel to the fire of the dog day atmosphere: it is a blazing sound, with kindling combustion, with climax and decline, as in any fire. After a certain point is reached in its performance there is such a noise as is heard when buzzing machinery is slackened and about to stop.

AUGUST 8.

How very long ago it seems since the goldfinch shed off the deciduous gray of his winter coat and became a knight of the Cloth-of-gold Order. Now it is the time of year when, in the silence of many other song birds, I note particularly his broken, half-melancholy whistle while on the wing. Sometimes to me the call is like the borrowed note: "Phœbé! phœbé! pheeb!" Again it is an indulgent drawling, "What—ee?" and the flight is as though the bird tossed itself into the air and as though, by a repetition of such tosses, it bounded over invisible waves. I hear the bluebird's note, fine and far away in the heavens —"Cherish! cherish!" It is now to me as the voice of the long-gone spring — its aspirations and its loves: a thin, clear thread of sound, azure-colored. To the eye the equivalent might be a faint twinkling stream threading its way through dry clay, — all that was left of a brook with which the summer sun had dealt sorely. But in the general dearth of bird-music the song-sparrows still keep up some semblance of the tuneful rivalry of the earlier time; and if one sings near at hand, another at some distance gives the answering note, though now with less vivacity.

AUGUST 29.

The robins are already gathered, young and old, in gipsy bands, the summer's domestic life being over. So many in the pasture as I came through! Wherever I looked a rusty head bobbed above the grass; but now what silence! Such a company in May would have filled the place with noise and jollity. On the other hand, I nowadays frequently hear the voice of the blue jay declaring for autumn. The meadow lark makes a mellower flute-music, as sounding the approach of the pensive season; and the haunting though distant sound of the caw-ing of crows seems to come from a region of russet leaves and of ripening mast. Other heralds autumnal are the woodpeckers. That hollow tattoo heard in the woods or by woody borders, — it is like the rapping that announces a visitor who is coming *semi-incognito*, mysteriously, and not altogether a guest to be welcomed.

AUGUST 31.

For fully a week past a new thread has been shuttled into the warp of

sound. I go to sleep to the dreamy iterance of pale-green fans opening and closing, without rest or weariness, through all the night hours. Myriads of tree crickets are as tuneful, according to their views of melody, in the darkness of the lengthening summer night, as were those happier voices of the birds in the lengthening days of early June. Other insects, as the katydid, help to swell the nocturnal orchestra. They are pied pipers all, for they pipe the innocent summer away; wherefore we must soon be left lamenting.

SEPTEMBER 15.

Passing again by the thorny thicket which in June was the favorite resort of the shyer wood-spirits, I encountered no menace of Maryland yellow-throat, followed no fugitive clue of redstart or of indigo-bird; but instead of these the chickadees greeted me with voluble salutation, with, perhaps, a casual note from the silenter snow-bird who chanced to be of their company. These hardy and rollicking midgets of the feathered tribe seemed to say as I passed: "Aren't you glad the Winter is coming? We're having telegrams from him every day now. In fact he has sent us ahead to see that everything is ready for his triumphal progress." The other small birds I noted were the goldfinches who had already resumed their winter suits of hodden-gray. I knew them, rather, by their quavering, broken-hearted flute-notes and their undulatory flight. How many minutes did I spend in that place playing hide-and-seek with the downy woodpecker! So deft was he at the game, that, while never intermitting his busy pecking, he contrived to keep pace with my movements, shifting his ground as I shifted mine to avoid my inquisitive eye.

Round and round the good oak tree—
If you can, you may, find me!

SEPTEMBER 21.

Of late the swallows lodging in the old factory chimney have been legion; and again I am puzzled to account for their increased numbers by the theory that the accession is merely the young of the year added to the parent flock. On the contrary, I imagine that we have now a phalanstery composed of the various flocks about the village, who have deserted their summer dwelling-places to try an experiment in communism for the brief time preceding their departure. There will be a few evenings more — evenings red or evenings gray — in which I shall watch their airy merry-go-round as they prepare to drop into their sooty barracks; but, by and by, all too soon, there will come a twilight empty of winnowing wings and chirping cries. They will all be gone, and with them the whole tide of warm and sprightly life will be withdrawn. What romance in all lands has been joined to the idea of the swallow's flight unto far lands. This evening I find myself recalling the alien music of an old-world refrain on this theme:

Volveran las oscuras golondrinas,
En tus valcones, sus nidos a posar;
Pero los amores, que terminaron,
Eros nunca, nunca mas volveran!

of which the English words might run as follows:

The dark, flitting swallow once more is thy guest,
Once more in thy porch is she building her nest;
But the Loves, quick to fledge,—they build not, nor sing,
Nor ever return to us, spring after spring!

OCTOBER 19.

Have we not certain conventional prejudices, without reason, in favor of some bird-notes, and certain other prejudices condemning other performers as unreasoningly? I know I should be laughed at by my country friends should I tell them that after I left them, under the mild October haze, still busy at their husking in the cornfield, I stopped on the edge of the woods, already dusking towards evening, to listen to the solitary pre-

lude of an owl. Very sweet, wild, and mysterious came the crooning notes of the lonely performer, so full of onomatopœia that the classic syllables *ululu, ululu* readily fitted themselves to the sounds that issued from his twilight citadel. If this were "hooting," I had no ear to discover it.

DECEMBER 12.

The only wild musician now left to us is that wandering minstrel, the wind, who perhaps sang the first, as he may also sing the last, lay of nature. He is just now touching to melody the silken thread stretched between the sashes of my window; and as I look out through the pane with its border of frost filagree I behold the only bird-life left to us in these stinging days of the Winter's onset. I see the chickadees, with here and there a snow-bird and at least one downy woodpecker; and glad enough are they all that human forethought has provided them a bone to pick, nailed securely to the trunk of the old apple tree. They pick the bone, with right good-will and in sweetest amity.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

CHARLES Sumner began his public life by what he himself called a *declaration of war against war*. His great oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" marked, his biographer rightly observes, the most important epoch in Sumner's life. "Had he died before this event, his memory would have been only a tradition with the few early friends who survive him. The Fourth of July, 1845, gave him a national and more than a national fame." Epoch-making in Sumner's own life, we think it may be safely said that no oration which he ever gave has greater intrinsic importance and that no other will be read so long. Of all pleas made by American men for the rule of peace on earth, it is by far the noblest and the most comprehensive. There is almost no argument against war which it does not somehow make use of; and the advocate of peace in all the years returns to it and returns again for support and inspiration.

There was nothing upon which Sumner dwelt with greater emphasis in this famous oration than upon the cost and waste of war and the incalculable advantage that would result from the diversion of these misapplied resources to purposes of education and the real development and progress of society. Passing from the fearful cost of war itself, he discussed the regular, permanent expense of the war footing, the preparations for war in time of peace. His survey of the armies and navies and fortifications of Europe is interesting to-day chiefly as revealing how startlingly the burden has increased in the fifty years between then and now. In the United States, he found that the average annual appropriation for military and naval purposes was eighty per cent of the total annual expenses of the government. "Yes,

eighty cents in every dollar were applied in this unproductive manner. The remaining twenty cents sufficed to maintain the government in all its branches, executive, legislative and judicial,—the administration of justice, our relations with foreign nations, the post-office, and all the lighthouses which, in happy, useful contrast with the forts, shed their cheerful signals over the rough waves, beating upon our long coast." In the years from the formation of our government, in 1789, down to the time when Sumner spoke, almost twelve times as much was sunk under the sanction of the national government in mere peaceful preparations for war as was dedicated by the government during the same period to all other purposes whatever. Of the military expenses of the United States from that time to this, all of us know something.

But "the passage which was most striking at the time," says Sumner's biographer, "according to the testimony of hearers still living, was the one where, treating of the immense waste of war defences, he compared the cost of the 'Ohio,' a ship-of-the-line lying in the harbor and, on account of its decorations, a marked spectacle of the day, with that of Harvard College."

"Within cannon range of this city," he said, "stands an institution of learning which was one of the earliest cares of our forefathers, the conscientious Puritans. Favored child in an age of trial and struggle, carefully nursed through a period of hardship and anxiety, endowed at that time by the oblations of men like Harvard, sustained from its first foundation by the parental arm of the commonwealth, by a constant succession of munificent bequests, and by the prayers of good men, the University at Cambridge now invites our homage, as the most ancient, most interesting and most important seat of learning in the land."

He spoke of its library, the oldest and most valuable in the country, its museums, its schools of law, divinity and medicine, its body of professors and teachers, "many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe where science, learning and taste are cherished, and its distinguished president, Josiah Quincy, who had rendered such high public service in so many fields. "Such," he said, "is Harvard University; and as one of the humblest of her children, happy in the memories of a youth nurtured in her classic retreats, I cannot allude to her without an expression of filial affection and respect. It appears," he added, "from the last report of the treasurer, that the whole available property of the University, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts"— 1845 was still the day of small things at Harvard — "to $703,175."

"Change the scene," said Sumner, "and cast your eyes upon another object. There now swings idly at her moorings in this harbor a ship of the line, the 'Ohio,' carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836 at an expense of $547,888, repaired only two years afterwards for $233,012, with an armament which has cost $53,945, making an aggregate of $834,845,"—1845 was still the day of small things in battle-ships — "as the actual outlay at this moment for that single ship, more than $100,000 beyond all the available wealth of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land!"

He referred to the "Ohio" because that ship happened to be in the harbor, not because it afforded the strongest case. The expense of the "Delaware," in 1842, had reached $1,051,000. He pursued the comparison further. The expenditures of the University during the preceding year had been $47,935. The cost of the "Ohio" for one year of service was $220,000. "For the annual sum lavished on a single ship of the line, four institutions like Harvard University might be supported." The pay of the captain of a ship like the "Ohio" was $4,500; the salary of the president of Harvard University was $2,235.

"If the large endowments of Harvard University," he continued, "are dwarfed by comparison with a single ship of the line, how must it be with other institutions of learning and beneficence, less favored by the bounty of many generations? The av-

erage cost of a sloop of war is $315,000, — more, probably, than all the endowments of those twin stars of learning in the western part of Massachusetts, the colleges at Williamstown and Amherst, and of that single star in the east, the seminary at Andover. The yearly expense of a sloop of war in service is about $50,000, — more than the annual expenditures of these three institutions combined."

"Take all the institutions of learning and beneficence," — so Sumner concluded his arraignment,— "the crown jewels of the Commonwealth, schools, colleges, hospitals, asylums; and the sums by which they have been purchased and preserved are trivial and beggarly compared with the treasures squandered within the borders of Massachusetts in vain preparations for war, — upon the navy yard at Charlestown, with its stores on hand, costing $4,741,000, the fortifications in the harbors of Massachusetts, where untold sums are already sunk, and it is now proposed to sink $3,875,000 more, and the arsenal at Springfield, containing, in 1842, 175,118 muskets, valued at $2,099,998, and maintained by an annual appropriation of $200,000, — whose highest value will ever be, in the judgment of all lovers of truth, that it inspired a poem which in influence will be mightier than a battle, and will endure when arsenals and fortifications have crumbled to earth.

" 'Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts.' "

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At the Alumni dinner at Harvard in Commencement week, last June, the attention of Harvard and of the country was recalled to these old utterances of Sumner's in an emphatic and surprising way. Charles Francis Adams, the president of the Alumni, who spoke chiefly of the Civil War, observed, in introducing President Eliot, after critical words upon the character and tendencies of the war with Spain, that the cost of the war, estimated at $40,000,000 per month, would run three hundred and sixty-five universities of the size of Harvard. Taking up this word in opening his speech, President Eliot said:

"I am not sure I shall be able to follow President Adams in the line he has suggested. The quick capital of Harvard University is not more than the cost of two battle-ships; but can we compute what those battle-ships may win? It was Charles Sumner, who looks down upon us from the other side of this hall, who first made comparisons of that nature; and some years after he had made them, there came upon us the terrific struggle which President Adams has been describing so eloquently. About that time I came to the conclusion that the whole argument of Charles Sumner was a fallacious one."

President Eliot said other things concerning war and patriotism, in his speech, upon which, were this a more general word upon those subjects, we should have something to say. He spoke with manifest approval and with warmth of those students who upon any call to arms "offered their lives and their labor to their country without much thought except for love— just as a lover throws a rose at the feet of his mistress." "The educated youth," he said, "who loves his country, does not stop to consider in what precise cause his country has gone to war." We should have something to say concerning these utterances because, while all who are familiar with President Eliot's position upon public matters must know well how he himself, speaking more leisurely and deliberately, would supplement and qualify them, we consider their primary and natural significance and influence so vicious — to use the word which, instead of fallacious, the newspapers attributed to President Eliot in his characterization of Sumner's argument. Their influence seems to us especially dangerous in a time like that through which we have been passing. They do not describe what seems to us the desirable or right state of mind for "the educated youth." It may become the solemn duty of the educated youth, as of each common citizen, to serve his country, even on the battle-field, in a cause to which he does not believe his country has been wisely or rightly committed, — because far more may depend upon his country's

integrity and welfare than upon anything balanced in a special policy. But if the educated youth in our universities do not "stop to consider," if they do not ask questions, if they are not trained to discriminate between causes, the causes in which their country goes to war, determining soberly and rationally what cause they can support zealously, what reluctantly, and what not at all, — if such be the case with our educated youth, what will be the case with the unlearned and the untrained, and what must be the fate of the republic?

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No one surely knows better than President Eliot himself the difference between causes and between the services which the educated youth may be asked to render his government. Of the Civil War and the war with Spain he declared distinctly, in this same speech: "The two wars, in their origin and motive, can hardly be compared;" and no one would ever suspect him of any general spirit of jingoism or militarism. Two newspapers lying on our table as we write quote trenchant words from him of the sort necessary for these times. The first passage is from the close of a recent address:

"After everything possible has been said in favor of martial virtues and achievements, whenever our people really take up the question how best to win glory, honor and love for free institutions in general and the American Republic in particular, whether in our own eyes or in the eyes of other nations and later times, they will come to the conclusion that more glory, honor and love are to be won by national justice, sincerity, patience in failure and generosity in success than by national impatience, combativeness and successful self-seeking, by as much as the virtues and ideals of civilized man excel those of barbarous man."

The second passage is from his address at the Washington Conference in 1896 in the interest of a permanent arbitration treaty with England. In that address he spoke of the recent jingoism in this country as "a detestable thing," "an offensive foreign importation," "a delusion than which a more complete cannot be imagined."

"What other powerful nation," he asked, "has dispensed with a standing army? What other nation with an immense seaboard has maintained but an insignificant fleet? It has been our glory to be safe, though without fortresses, fleets or armies." "I, too," he exclaimed, "believe that this nation has a mission in the world, a noble mission; but it is not that of armed force. It is not by force of arms that we may best commend to the peoples of the earth the blessings of liberty and self-government; but rather by taking millions from various peoples into our own land, and here giving them experience of the advantages of freedom. . . . There is only one other means by which we should teach these principles to men. It is by example —by giving a persuasive example of happiness and prosperity, arrived at through living in freedom and at peace. Never should we advocate the extension of our institutions by force of arms, either on sea or land."

We believe, says the writer who recalls this Washington address of President Eliot's, that Sumner would have called it a consummate practical statement of his argument, and would have recognized his own voice in the noble passage quoted. "We appeal from President Eliot, the Alumni dinner orator in time of the excitement and delirium of war, to President Eliot in time of peace and sobriety."

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With President Eliot, therefore, we should be slow to believe that we have any long or fundamental controversy. But with his word at Harvard in June, with any reflection upon Sumner's argument in "The True Grandeur of Nations," we do have controversy. We can think of nothing more dangerous or deplorable, especially at this time in America, than encouragement to our educated youth to view that great argument

and vision as vicious or fallacious. We believe that in the line of Sumner's thought lies the hope of the world; and we believe that those who think as Sumner thought, should, without recourse to any generalities, to anything remote in time or place, apply that principle firmly and sweepingly to the situation through which the republic has been passing and the situation which confronts us to-day.

We have spent $300,000,000 in a war with Spain. We are in the outer circles of the maelstrom of a policy which means larger armies, larger navies, costlier forts and more of them, and all the paraphernalia of the old world militarism which we have prided ourselves on being free from,— with the corresponding burdens of taxation, the devotion to waste and destruction of the immense resources which might otherwise go to development and progress. The man who does not see that we are in the outer circles of this maelstrom is a fool; and the man who, seeing it, has no forebodings is not a student of history. Is this way of spending money, which is now proposed to the republic, — to put Sumner's question directly to ourselves, — a wise way? Is it protective, is it constructive, is it good business, is it common sense, does it pave a good road into the future, is it the economical and promising way to secure the results we claim to aim at, will it make us a truer and safer democracy, and will it help the world? Was Sumner right, was Longfellow right, or was he not, in claiming that if half the wealth bestowed on camps, given to maintain armies and navies, were given to redeem the human mind, to educate the human race, there would soon be no need of armies and navies?

We have spent $300,000,000 in a war with Spain. Have we spent it well? Have we done the most that could be done with $300,000,000 to accomplish what we claimed to want to accomplish? Our object in going to war with Spain was to make Cuba free, to make it a better place to live in, to ensure it better government, and make its people comfortable and happy. Have we done it? Have we got our money's worth? Has our way of spending our $300,000,000 been best — or would Sumner's way have been best? If in the midst of last April's perplexities the senator who sits in Sumner's seat had addressed words like the following to the senate and the nation, would they have been vicious or fallacious words?

> We are clearly drifting towards a war with Spain in behalf of Cuba. In a month, unless we show wisdom greater than the past has shown, we shall be in the midst of war. That war will cost us $300,000,000. Is there not a better way of spending $300,000,000? Is there not a better way of achieving what we aim at — the freedom, good government and development of Cuba? I propose that we submit to Cuba and to Spain this offer and request: Let us establish at Havana a university as well equipped as Harvard University, with an endowment of $10,000,000, free to every young man and woman of Cuba, with the best professors who can be secured from America and Spain and England and France and Germany. Let us establish at Santiago and Matanzas and Puerto Principe colleges like Amherst and Williams, with a total endowment of $10,000,000; and in each of the twenty largest towns a high school or academy, at a cost of $10,000,000. Let us devote $20,000,000 — $1,000,000 a year for twenty years — to the thorough planting in Cuba of our American common school system; $10,000,000 to the promotion of a system of free public libraries, making books as accessible and common in each Cuban town and village as in Barnstable or Berkshire; and $6,000,000 for the maintenance in each of the six provinces of a newspaper conducted by the best men who can be enlisted in the service, bringing all Cuban men and women into touch with all the world, giving them those things which will feed them, and not giving them those things which would poison them. Let us build a Cuban Central Railroad through the whole length of the island, from Mantua to Maysi; and let us devote the balance of $100,000,000 to the scientific organization, by proper bureaus, of Cuban agriculture, industry, and commerce. Let there be a truce for ten years, till these things are done and begin to show their fruits; and then let the representatives of the United States and Spain meet at Havana to settle the "Cuban question" as it then exists. This, fellow citizens of America,

seems to me worth trying. If it succeeds, we should at least have saved $200,000,000; and it would be, I think, a kind of success more pregnant with good for Cuba and Spain and America and humanity than the success which we may be celebrating next September. I spent the still hours of last night, leaving all this hurly-burly, reading Charles Sumner's solemn words on "The True Grandeur of Nations;" and his message has commanded me to submit this proposition to you at this hour. There are those of you who will laugh and scoff and say the thought is all chimerical, vicious and fallacious; but I say unto you, in the name of the God of our fathers, that with those of you who do not think so lies the hope of the world. I say that the kingdom of God can come in this world, that peace and justice and fraternity can come among men, that democracy itself has a safe future, only as some elect people, with sublime abandon, in a great opportunity, does this thing, — taking, in this world of undeniable and conflicting risks, the heroic risk, the risk which alone has in it hope for the world and relish of salvation. And our opportunity is now.

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We wish that these considerations might sink deeply into the heart of every member of Harvard University and into the hearts of all the educated youth of America. If our republic is to be true to itself, if we are to help civilization forward and not backward, then the young men of our universities and all of us who look at war and national defence and national grandeur in the old way have got to be born again, — nothing less than that, — baptized with the spirit wherewith Charles Sumner was baptized, and have our eyes opened to see that his way is the only right or sensible or efficient way, and that now we are wasting our substance and defeating ourselves. The revolution in the point of view is as radical as the difference between Ptolemy and Copernicus; but when we go through it, things fall at once into order, we find ourselves in a rational world with right means for right ends, and our old notions of what is wise and prudent and necessary for the defence and upbuilding and influence of the nation instantly dissolve, stamped all as vicious and fallacious. Our thoughts on what it is that makes a nation strong need, almost all of them, to be turned inside out. Our economies and generosities are all Ptolemaic. We boast of public and private munificences in education and philanthropy. We need to understand that we are yet in the kindergarten of munificence as concerns all positive, constructive and real things. It would sometimes seem as if, were the devil privileged to organize the world so as to thwart struggling men most effectually, wasting their accumulations and cutting forever the margin of civilization, he would choose precisely what he now sees, the dominance of false political ideals and of gross unintelligence as to how men and nations should spend their money. If an eleventh commandment were to be added to the decalogue, it should be one addressed to nations, and should be: Thou shalt not waste thy substance. Last spring, as the war with Spain began, — a war whose aim and motive we justified and praised, although we held with the President and the Secretary of State and the Minister to Spain that it was wholly unnecessary for the attainment of its aim, — we wrote in these pages the following words; as the war ends, we repeat them, as another statement for this time of Sumner's argument, the economic argument, which our educated youth and all of us who wish to see the world get on need to ponder upon in a far severer and more serious way than most of us are wont to do:

Every war gives new life to that old notion which died so hard, but which is responsible for so much mischief in the world, that patriotism is somehow bound up with war—the patriotic man, the man who fights or wants to fight for his country. Congress "in a great wave of patriotism," we read, appropriates fifty million dollars for gunboats and torpedoes. No "wave of patriotism" is reported when Massachusetts appropriates a million dollars for good roads, when New York appropriates five millions for new schoolhouses, or Chicago ten millions for an ex-

position, when Boston builds a library, when the Adirondack forests are secured, when the college is endowed, and when good wages are paid in the factory. There may be exigencies when the appropriation of fifty millions dollars or five hundred millions for national defence or for national offence is the duty imposed upon the patriot; but the man who votes for guns and gunboats with a glow and an excitement which he does not feel when he has opportunity to help on the great interests of education, science, art and industry may be very sure that his glow is not the honest glow of patriotism, but is very likely the excitement of the tiger and the savage, which still lives on in good society and dies so hard in half-civilized and even civilized men. It happens every day that a council, a legislature or a congress will buoyantly, without computation, without protest and without debate, vote the people's thousands or millions of money for some great waste, some great destruction, new cruisers and new forts, when some poor pittance is grudgingly doled out, or grudgingly denied, each dollar pinched and challenged, for the measure of philanthropy, of conservation, of construction, of education, of relief, of encouragement or high emprise, whose generous and bold advancement would do so much to hasten the day when forts and cruisers shall be unnecessary and obsolete. Society is zealous and lavish on its displays and its defences, its dams and sewers and police and armament, and blind and niggardly a thousand times as to the things which affect its fountains and its real vitality, the interests of the discipline and the construction which make protection needless.

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The lifelong position of Charles Sumner upon the subject of armies and navies and forts and wars is to be commended to the educated youth of America at this time as a position peculiarly worthy of their adoption, imperatively worthy of their earnest thought. Sumner was not a non-resistant, not a man of "peace at any price." We know how warmly and efficiently, in his place in the Senate, he supported the government in the Civil War; and we know how otherwise he appealed to force when that appeal was necessary and just; we know how he believed in strong government and hated imbecile police—how he spoke of "the sword of the magistrate" in the very record of his services for peace. But the great principles of his "True Grandeur of Nations" were the principles of his whole life, from a time long before that oration to the last hour, when he bequeathed a thousand dollars to Harvard University for an annual prize for the best essay on Universal Peace. We do not remember any autobiographical passage in his writings so impressive as that in which, replying to unfriendly criticism, he gives an account of his devotion to the peace movement. We do not remember any passage anywhere which we would commend so earnestly at this time to the students of Harvard University as one worth striving to be able to parallel in their own autobiographies.

"My name," he wrote, "is connected somewhat with two questions, which may be described succinctly as those of peace and slavery. That which earliest enlisted me, and which has always occupied much of my thoughts, is the peace question. When scarcely nine years old, it was my fortune to listen to President Quincy's address before the Peace Society, delivered in the Old South Church. It made a deep and lasting impression on my mind; and though, as a boy and youth, I surrendered myself to the illusions of battles and wars, still as I came to maturity I felt too keenly their wickedness and woe. A lecture which I heard from William Ladd, in the old court house at Cambridge, shortly after I left college, confirmed these impressions." He tells how he expressed his ripened convictions to his friends, and how, going to Europe, he often dwelt upon them there. In Paris, when M. Victor Foucher submitted for his criticism the manuscript of his treatise upon the law of nations, Sumner, observing that he had adopted, among his fundamental principles, that war was recognized as the necessary arbitrament between nations, ventured to discuss this dogma; and while admitting that it was accepted by every publicist up to that time, suggested to him to be the first to brand it as unchristian and barbarous and to declare that the institution of war, defined and sanctioned by the law of nations as a mode of determining justice between them, was but another form of the ordeal by battle which was once regarded as a proper mode of determining justice between individuals. Returning to Boston after his two

years and a half in Europe, he tells of the little meeting of the American Peace Society to which he found his way in the very month of his arrival. "The Rev. Henry Ware was in the chair. I think there were not more than twelve persons present. We met in a small room under the Marlboro Chapel. On motion of Doctor Gannett, I was placed on the executive committee." He tells of his humble efforts for the cause in the next few years; and then he comes to the oration on the 4th of July, 1845. "The position taken by me on this occasion has drawn upon me not a little criticism — perhaps I might use a stronger expression. Convinced of its intrinsic propriety and importance, I have been drawn, on subsequent occasions, by an inevitable necessity, to sustain and fortify it. I hope that I shall always be willing to maintain it."

Universal peace, the methods by which war may be permanently superseded, — these were ever the burden of his thought and study, of addresses to the public and letters to friends; and ever the economic argument is at the front. "I wish our country would cease to whet its tusks," he writes to Doctor Howe in 1843. "The appropriations of the navy last year were nine million dollars. Imagine half — nay, a tithe — of this sum given annually to objects of humanity, education and literature! I know of nothing in our government that troubles me more than this thought." To his brother George in 1844: "I would not vote a dollar for any engine of war. One war-steamer costs more than all the endowments of Harvard College. Nations keep standing armies and Paixhan guns — sharpen their tusks — that they may be prepared for war. Far better to be always prepared for peace." Again: "What a boon to France, if her half million of soldiery were devoted to the building of railways and other internal improvements, instead of passing the day in carrying superfluous muskets! What a boon to Paris, if the immense sums absorbed in her fortifications were devoted to institutions of benevolence! She has more to fear from the poverty and wretchedness of her people than from any foreign foe." No crime was to him so great as that of the country which "entered into war for the sordid purpose of securing a few more acres of land." No letter that came to him among the many drawn out by "The True Grandeur of Nations" was more welcome than that from Theodore Parker, — his first letter to Sumner, the beginning of their friendship, — defending him from the attacks of "men of low morals, who can only swear by their party and live only in public opinion," and exclaiming: "The Church and State are both ready to engage in war, however unjust, if a little territory can be added to the national domain thereby. The great maxims of Christianity — the very words of Christ — are almost wholly forgotten." Full of faith in the republic, confident in the influence its institutions were destined to exert over the ancient establishments of Europe, he prayed "that a race of men may be reared among us competent to understand the destinies of the country, to abjure war, and to give extension and influence to our institutions by cultivating the arts of peace, by honesty, and by dignity of life and character." In the cause of peace lay to him the hope of the world. "It is destined," he said, "to a triumph much earlier than many imagine. It is so necessary to meet the financial embarrassments of Europe and the humane aspirations of the age, that it must succeed. Let it be presented carefully and clearly, let the incalculable good it has in store be unfolded, and people must feel its practicability. . . I have full faith in a coming era of humanity; but I believe it is to be brought about by removing existing evils, by education, and especially by removing the great evil and expense of war preparations, or the war system. If the friends of progress in Europe would aim at the armies and navies, direct all their energies at these monster evils, all else that can reasonably be desired will soon follow. Why not sound the idea in the ears of Europe?" It was to his brother, then in Europe, that he

wrote, in 1849. His call has been heard, fifty years afterwards, by the Czar of Russia.

In 1849, four years after the oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations," he delivered an address on "The Abolition of the War System in the Commonwealth of Nations," advocating instead of the arbitrament of arms a Congress of Nations, with a high court of judicature or arbitration; and the next year, as chairman of the Peace Congress for this country, he prepared an address to the people of the United States, recommending these methods. In 1870 he was still enforcing the truths which he enforced in 1845. He gave in many places, in the autumn of that year, a lecture on the war between France and Prussia, pointing as its moral that the war system should be discarded and the nations should disarm themselves. In 1873 he was invited to be one of the speakers at the public meeting held at Steinway Hall, New York, to stimulate a war spirit against Spain, at the time of the seizure of the "Virginius"—a meeting at which Mr. Evarts presided and made an inflammatory speech; but he declined, and instead sent a letter of a spirit directly opposite to that of the meeting, in which he insisted on waiting for evidence and on considerate treatment of the Spanish republic, and discountenanced the belligerent preparations then under way in our navy yards, which involved burdensome expenditure and encouraged an unhealthy war fever. In 1873 also, in the last summer of his life, he sent a letter of congratulation to Henry Richards, who had succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons a motion in favor of international arbitration. "It marks an epoch in a great cause. There is no question so supremely practical,—for it concerns not merely one nation, but every nation; and even its discussion promises to diminish the terrible chances of war. Its triumph would be the greatest reform of history." At the same time he wrote to his English friend, Robert Ingham:

"I have been cheered by the vote of the House of Commons on Mr. Richard's motion. . . . It cannot fail to exert a prodigious influence. I know no reform which promises such universal good as the release of any considerable portion of present war expenditures or expenditure on armaments, so that they can be applied to purposes of civilization. It is absurd to call this Utopian. . . . Here is an open and incessant waste. Why not stop it? Here is something which keeps human thoughts on bloodshed, and rears men to slay each other. Why not turn their thoughts to things which contribute to human happiness? Mr. Richard has done a great work, and so has the House of Commons. . . . Such a presentation of the case must have an effect on the continent as well as in England, teaching reason. I shall not live to see the great cause triumph. I often wish I had been born a few years later, and one reason is because I long to witness the harmony of nations, which I am sure is near. When an evil so great is recognized and discussed, the remedy must be at hand."

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But it was to Harvard University that Charles Sumner addressed his first striking message and his last, in behalf of the rule of peace. The first message was through Henry Ware. Mr. Ware, a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1843, writes:

"I went with Professor Felton one day, just after our Commencement parts had been assigned, into Sumner's office; and he, kindly asking what I had got, and being told that I had to *do* a Latin oration, asked me what subject I had chosen. I replied that I had not yet found a text to my mind. 'Then,' said he, 'I will give you one, — *De imperio pacis;* talk about *that.*' And," says Mr. Ware, "I did."

His last message was through his Will, the most memorable provision of which was as follows:

"I bequeath to the President and Fellows of Harvard College one thousand dollars in trust, for an annual prize for the best dissertation by any student of the College, or any of its schools, undergraduate or graduate, on Universal Peace and the methods by which war may be permanent-

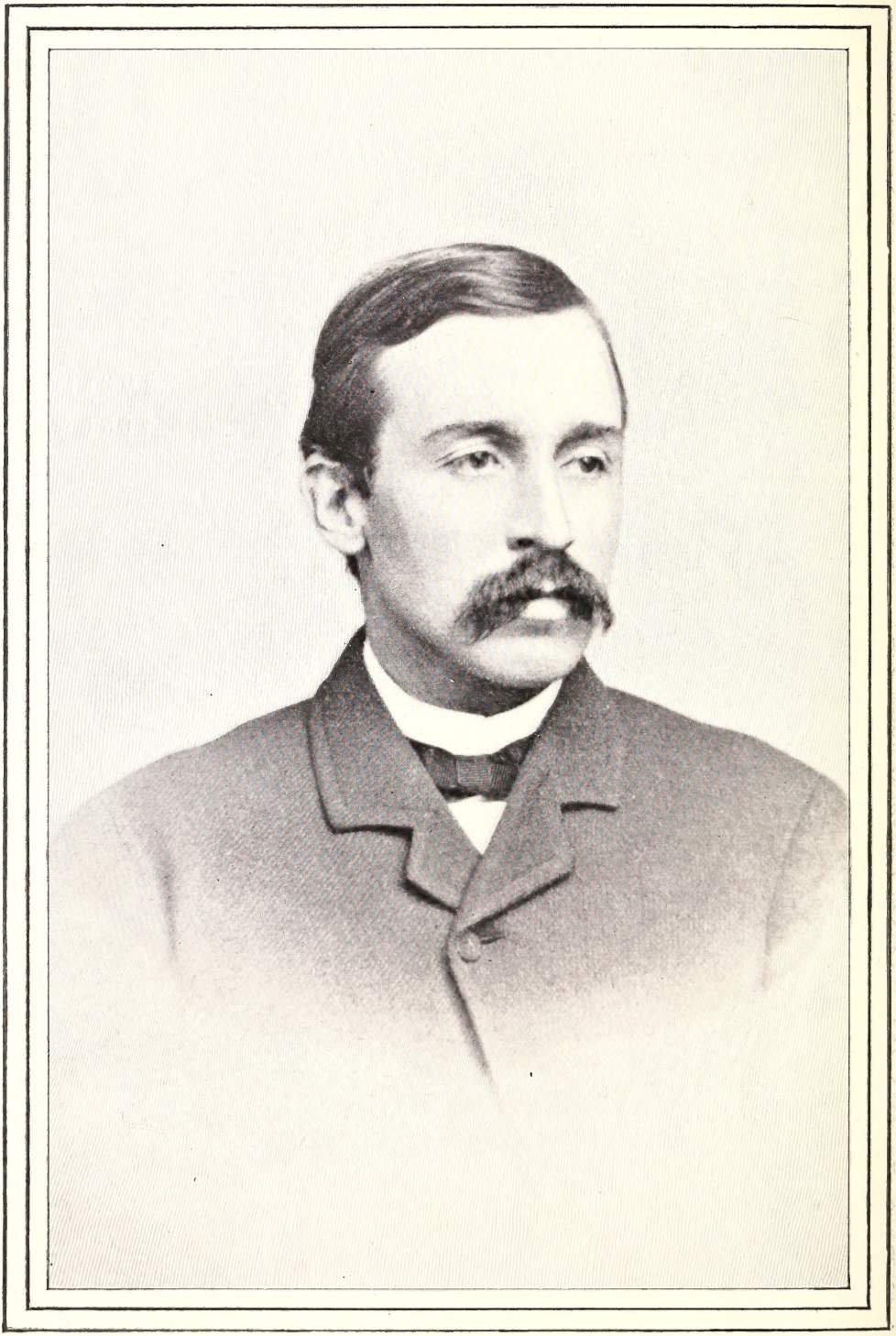
ly superseded. I do this in the hope of drawing the attention of students to the practicability of organizing peace among nations, which I sincerely believe may be done. I cannot doubt that the same modes of decision which now prevail between individuals, between towns, and between smaller communities, may be extended to nations."

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We cannot doubt that more and more, as days go on, the attention of the students of Harvard University will be drawn to Sumner's last solemn call and charge; that this "most ancient, most interesting and most important seat of learning in the land," to which, in the sweep of his great oration, he could not allude without pausing to pay his tribute of filial affection, will more and more become a centre where educated and aspiring youth, with their hearts kindled by Sumner's gospel and with great visions of a better future, will provoke each other to high argument, and in times of war prepare for peace. Upon each student's desk shall lie, as a book of each student's Bible, the great oration of the greatest son of Harvard who in the memory of men now living has gone forth from Harvard's halls into the councils of the nation; and no page of it will be pondered more than that which sets forth how, if we would transfer to the offices of education and development the millions now appropriated so lavishly for destruction and defence, the need of destruction and defence would quickly cease.

With two causes the name of the great Harvard senator is identified — the cause of freedom and the cause of peace. From the wall of the memorial hall which Harvard built to commemorate the services of her sons in the cause of freedom, Sumner's face looks down upon the hundreds of students gathering daily in that most holy place, and upon the hundreds of alumni who, "in the memories of a youth nurtured in her classic retreats," come up to the ancient university as each Commencement week comes round. As that face looks down on them in the years to come, may it not speak chiefly to them of the past, of the victory of the cause of freedom whose fruits we enjoy to-day, but of the future, the triumph, which he so longed to live to see and which the educated youth of America can do so much to hasten, of the cause of universal peace. Ever and ever may Harvard consider wherein the true grandeur of nations lies, and ever and ever hear the first and last message of her great statesman, giving a new burden and new power to her great singer's gospel:

"Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."



GEORGE DEWEY.

From a photograph by Davis of Montpelier, taken in 1867.

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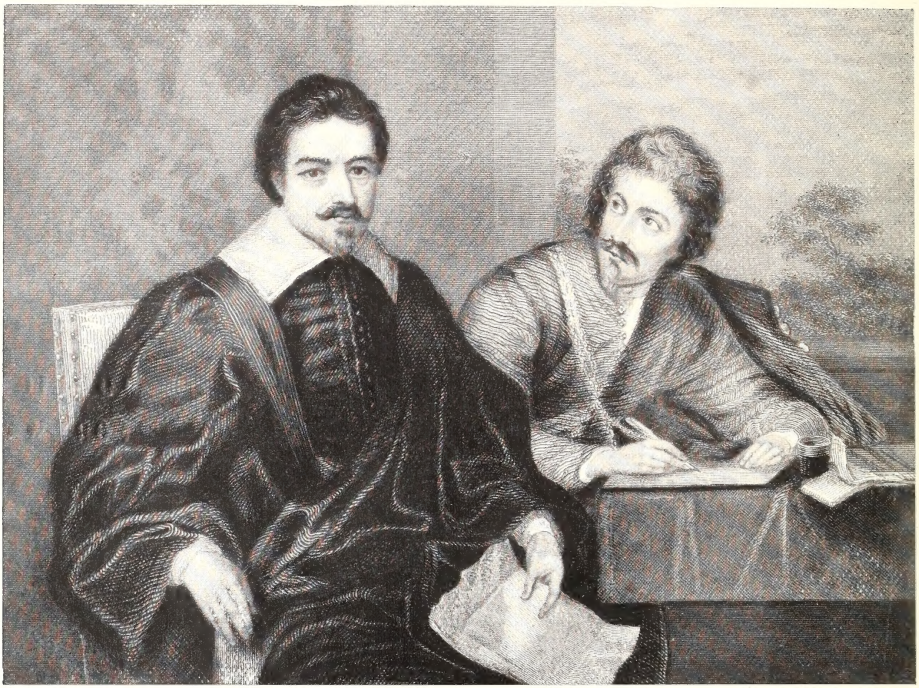
OLD WENTWORTH HOUSE AND ITS MASTERS.

By Alice D'Alcho.

AMONG all the fair ancestral homes of England, there are none more worthy of the name than Wentworth-Woodhouse,—none fairer, none more truly a home. So thought its unfortunate master, Sir Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford; for, writing from Dublin, in 1634, to his friend, Sir Edward Stanhope, he says: "Next you mention my garden at Woodhouse, and I thank you for the visit; and, prosperous as His Majesty's affairs go here, yet could I possess myself with more satisfaction and repose under that roof, than with all the preferment and power a crown can communicate, of grace and favour." How well he loved it is evidenced by many of his letters. Again and again he mentions it, and always with affection. Through all his sorrows and the cares of state, his thoughts seem to have turned to that peaceful Yorkshire home, as those of a storm-tossed mariner turn to the wished for haven. Although, throughout its long history, Wentworth has never been the actual scene of great events, yet in it have lived and died men who have shared in some of the most momentous struggles the world has seen. Even if it possessed no intrinsic interest of its own, the name of Wentworth has been so prominent in American history that a brief sketch of the old house from which it came might yet commend itself to American readers.

Midway between Barnsley and Sheffield lies Wentworth, one of the prettiest of English villages—its quiet rural beauty making it difficult to realize the nearness of colliery-shafts and roaring furnaces. South of the village, environed by a glorious domain of park and wood, stands Wentworth-Woodhouse, the home of the Fitzwilliams, into whose possession it passed by marriage with the Wentworths. The house, as it stood in Strafford's time, dates from the 16th century, and like most of the Elizabethan mansions was built of brick and stone. But from a much earlier period than this, an old manor-house existed here; for among the records of Wentworth is a writ dated 1303, from "Edwardus, Dei Gratia Rex Angliæ Dominus Hiberniæ, et Dux Aquitan"*, granting permission to "Willielmo Wynteworde de Wodehus" to divert the highway in front of his "Manoure de Wynteworde"—the alternative road to be maintained by him and his successors, which obligation is still fulfilled by the owners of the estate. The name is generally conceded to be of Saxon origin. Certainly the family was settled here in Saxon times. In 1066, it was represented by Reginald or Rynold de

* Edward I.



THOMAS WENTWORTH, FIRST EARL OF STRAFFORD, AND HIS SECRETARY.

Wyntewade—that being one of the many forms in which the name is given in old manuscripts; others are Winterworth, Wynterworde, Wyntewirthe, etc. For more than two hundred years after the conquest, the Wentworths continued lords of the Manor, by a long line of only sons, steadily increasing in wealth and influence by their marriages with noble and wealthy families. The second name of the mansion dates from the 13th century, when Robert de Wentworth married Emma, daughter of William de Woodhouse, thus uniting the two estates. Their son was the William of Wentworth-Woodhouse of the before-mentioned writ; and from his great-grandson, John, who inherited the estate of North Elmshall, the American Wentworths trace their descent. About this time the long single stem began to branch out in various directions; but it is the main line, as masters of Wentworth-Woodhouse, that we must follow. To notice each one individually would be impossible within the limits of this sketch; enough to say that they distinguished themselves in council, court and camp, and in nearly every reign.

One was particularly fortunate in the favor of his sovereign. This was Sir Thomas Wentworth, the great-great-grandfather of Strafford. For his distinguished military talents and bravery at the "Battle of Spurs," he received knighthood, and was offered the Order of the Bath. The latter he paid a fine to be excused from. He also received a "remarkable license" to remain covered in the royal presence. The license is a curious document, and runs as follows:

Henry Rex.

Henry the Eighth, by the Grace of God King of England and of France, Defensour of the Faith, and Lord of Yrlande—to all manoure our Subjects, as well of Spiritual Pre-eminence and Dignity as of Temporal Authority, these our Letters, hering or seeing, and to every of them, Greeting.

Forasmuch as We be credibly informed that our wel beloved Subject, Thomas

Wentworth, of Wentworth, Esquyer, for certain Diseases and Infirmitys which he daily sustaineth in his Hede, cannot conveniently without his great Daunger and Jeobardy be discovered of the same: Whereupon We of our Grace especial, in tendre Consideration have by these Presents lycenced the said Thomas Wentworth to use and wear his Bonet upon his said Hede as well in Our Prese. as elswhere at his Lyberty and Pleasyr; wherefore We will and command you, and every of you to permit and suffer the said Thomas Wentworth, so to do, without yr. challenge, Let, or Interruption to the contrary, as you and every of you tender Our Pleasyr. Given under Our Signet at Our Manoure of Hamton Court, the 26th of July, 1528.

Sir Thomas died in 1548, and was buried in the old church at Wentworth. On his tomb are the recumbent effigies of himself and wife, finely carved in alabaster.

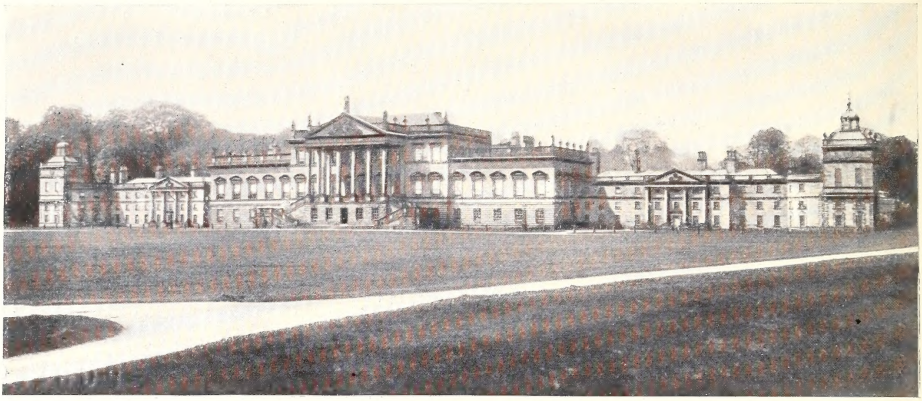
Michael Wentworth, the second son of Sir Thomas, was one of the masters of the King's household in the reign of Henry VIII., and from him are descended the Wentworths of Woolley. The grandparents of Strafford were Sir Thomas Wentworth, and his wife Margaret Gascoign. She was a descendant of Chief Justice Sir William Gascoign, the "upright judge," who, for contempt of court, committed to prison the young Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V.

It was left to the 17th century to make the name of Wentworth a part of history; and no family was more affected by its great events than this. In England, the trial and death of Strafford stands out darkly conspicuous, one of the saddest incidents in all that troubled time. Later on, at Marston Moor, Sir William Wentworth, a younger brother of Strafford, fought and fell in the King's cause. Not all were so unfortunate; but all had more or less a share in that fierce struggle.

The history of the American Wentworths is so well known, that only so much as is necessary to connect it with the subject of this sketch, is here inserted. The name first appears in 1639, when among the signers of the Combination of Exeter, we find a William Wentworth, a young English settler, who had either accompanied



THE VILLAGE OF WENTWORTH FROM THE CLAYFIELDS.



WENTWORTH HOUSE.

or followed to this country his friend and pastor, the Rev. John Wheelwright. Though coming from Lincolnshire, this William Wentworth is shown undoubtedly to be a direct descendant of William of Wentworth-Woodhouse, by his great-grandson, John of North Elmshall.* In 1642 William Wentworth, still faithfully adhering to Mr. Wheelwright, removed with him to Wells, Me., where he remained till 1650. He then returned to New Hampshire and settled in Dover. Here he acquired land, filled several offices, and became the progenitor of a numerous posterity. He died in 1696, a few months before the birth of his great-grandson, Benning, the future governor of the state. Among the descendants of William Wentworth are many worthy names—best known of all, the three governors of New Hampshire.

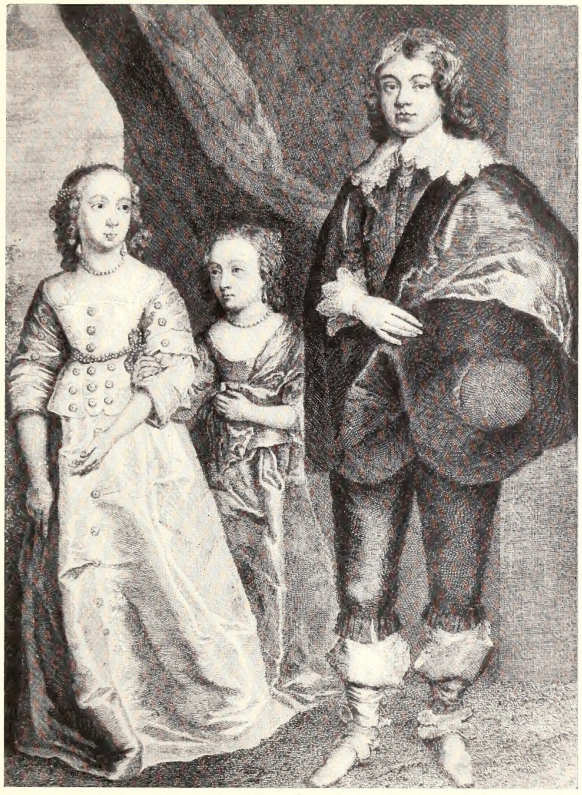
Let us look at Wentworth house itself. It is much changed since Strafford's time. Rich as the place was then in natural beauty and wealth of art treasure, it is still more worthy of praise now. Wealth and taste have gone hand in hand, and the additions and improvements of the last two hundred years have made it a place of surpassing loveliness. Though presenting a very different appearance from that which it once presented, it is a

* Wentworth Genealogy.



WENTWORTH HOUSE FROM THE GARDENS.

mistake to suppose the whole building to be modern. The old Tudor Mansion is still there, encased within its more modern facings. The present garden-front of red brick, with stone quoins, built in conformity with the old structure, dates from the beginning of the 18th century. Some years later the old park front was pulled down, and a more stately one erected, while large additions to the original buildings were made. A noble terrace stretches across the grand entrance. Here we pause a moment and look down across the lawns to the deep woods beyond. Great oaks stretch out their arms invitingly, oaks that were old centuries ago, yet green still with perpetual youth. The deer browse contentedly in the warm sunshine, the playful fawns enjoying a terrestrial paradise. A fair scene, truly, this garden at Woodhouse, and we wonder not at the love which looked back to it so longingly.

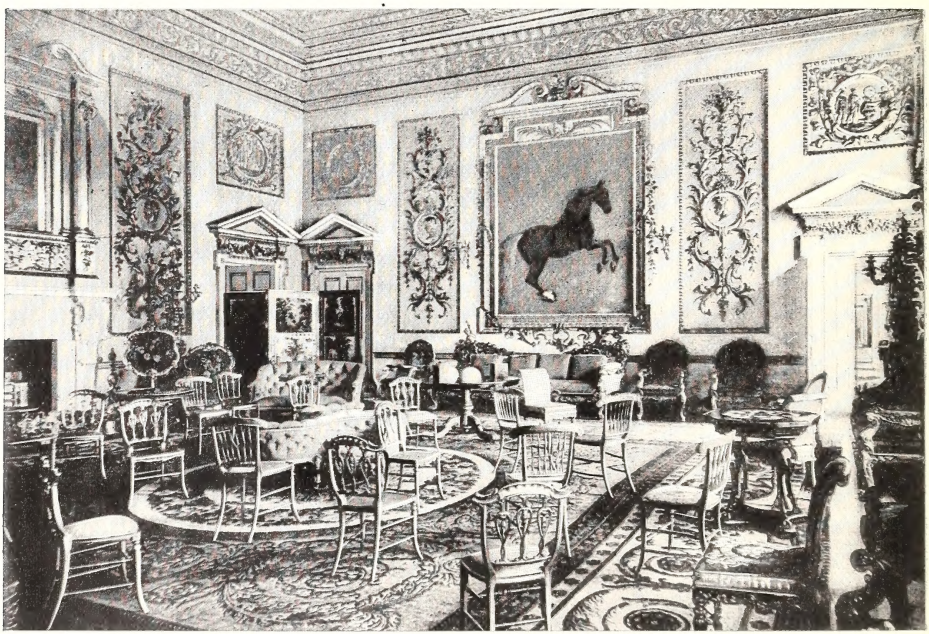


STRAFFORD'S CHILDREN.
From the portrait by Vandyke.

In the older part of the house are several small courts; and it is in the various chambers surrounding these that the greatest interest centres. They are rich in carving and bear many evidences of Tudor times, still more of Strafford's. The very names by which they are still known are quaintly suggestive of old-time ways. We come to a suite of large and handsome rooms, "Clifford's Lodgings;" herein were housed the relatives of Strafford's first wife, when on a visit to their kinswoman. As we are told that they brought with them a retinue of forty servants, the Lodgings, large as they are, must have been well filled. Possibly some of these servants may have come into collision with those of the household, and thus have given a reason for the title of "Bedlam," by which the men-servants' dormitory is known. Another room, called "Dummy's Hut," is said to have been occupied by a deaf-mute servant of the Earl. We are next introduced to "Harper's Bedroom" and the "Doctor's Shop;" the latter name explains itself. A room near the bakehouse bears the ambiguous title of "Glory Hole"—which savours of mystery. Did the 17th century cooks have secrets of their own?

It would be vain to attempt a description of the treasures contained in this house; but to the lover of art, as to the student of history, Wentworth

yields unqualified delight. Here are rare paintings, priceless sculptures and bronzes, things rich and rare from every clime, collected at various periods with judicious and generous taste. The picture gallery contains fine examples of old and modern masters. From the walls many generations of Wentworths look down upon us: steel-clad warriors who fought with the Plantagenets in old crusading days, courtiers of Tudor times in velvet and ruff, ladies of every period



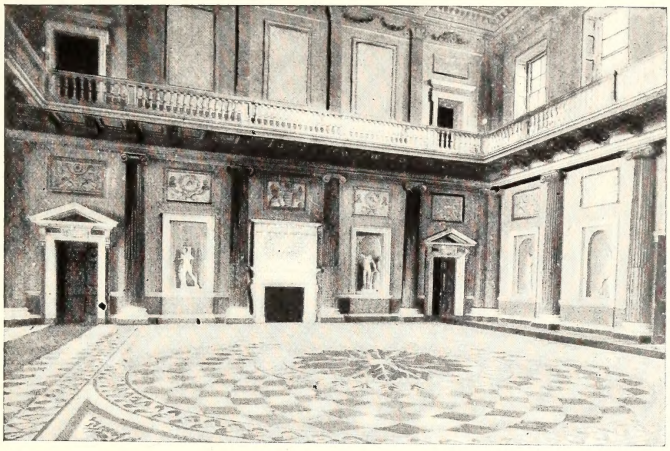
THE WHISTLE JACKET ROOM IN THE WENTWORTH HOUSE.

and in every variety of costume. But most interesting of all are Vandyke's portraits of Strafford and his children. The latter is a touching picture, painted only a little while before the father's death. The bright boy of fifteen, in cavalier costume, his long locks curling round his rosy face, the two quaint little maidens, demure and prim, who stand beside him,—how strongly the three innocent faces appeal to us, though they, and the hand that limned them, have so long crumbled into dust!

That wonderful portrait of the Earl himself has been often described as expressing the character of the man far more truthfully than any pen-picture yet given to us. Looking at it, we are reminded of Queen Henrietta's remark, that he had "the finest hands of any man in the world." It might have been better for her, if she could have recognized the higher qualities of his mind and heart. Besides the portraits, there are many mementoes of the Earl—his school-books, still in a good state of preservation, and with marginal notes of his own writing; the desk, at which, in later years, he read aloud from his well-worn Bible; a carved oak billiard table, pictures, and other gifts from Charles I. These with many more have a deep interest for those who know Strafford's sorrowful story.

For some years after Strafford's death, his son, William, resided abroad, under the title of Lord Raby. In 1650 he returned, and soon after married the daughter of James Stanley, Earl of Derby, who was beheaded at Bolton after the battle of Worces-

ter. William, Earl of Strafford — for the title was restored to him in 1660—kept entirely aloof from all political affairs. Over that bright young life had been thrown an abiding shadow, which developed in him a deeply religious spirit, which expressed itself, as far as his reduced means would allow, in works of charity and benevolence. To his wife he was deeply devoted. The past, with its sorrowful memories, was a strong bond of sympathy, and their mutual tastes inclined them to a life of quietness and retirement. He suffered much from pecuniary embarrassments; as a Royalist, he was heavily fined by the Parliamentary party, and the badness of the times caused his tenants to be greatly in arrear with their rents. A letter of his, preserved at Wentworth, gives us a sad picture of rural England at that time. Referring to his lack of funds, he says: "Thereat can no man wondere very much, for the war hath caused such a stayte of affairs, both heare and elsewheare, that there is neither encouragement to risk the expence of tilling the soil, nor securitye that ever the harvestte will be gathered."



THE MARBLE HALL.

Though twice married, the second Earl of Strafford died childless; and with him ended the direct male line, which had continued in unbroken succession from before the Conquest. His titles became extinct, except that of Raby, which passed to a cousin. His eldest sister, Lady Anne Wentworth (the "Little Nan" of Strafford's letters), had married Edward Watson, Baron Rockingham; and her son, the Hon. Thomas Watson, succeeded his uncle as master of Wentworth. Adding that name to his own, he was henceforth known as "His honour Wentworth," and in every way proved worthy of his position. Caring little for politics, he contented himself with the quiet life of a country gentleman; but his wisdom, courtesy and be-



THE VANDYKE ROOM.



THE STATUARY ROOM.

nevolence shone conspicuously in all his dealings. Many improvements were carried out, religious and educational advantages provided for the tenants, and the depreciation in value of the estate, the result of the war, by his good management removed. In his time the new garden-front of the house was built, some of the embellishments bearing his initials, carved in stone and mingled with finely wrought designs of war-trophies.

"His honour" died in 1723, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas Watson Wentworth, who has been described as receiving "a perfect avalanche of honours." From a simple esquire he became Baron of Malton, Baron of Wath and Harrowden, Viscount Higham and Earl of Malton, Knight of the Bath, and Lord Lieutenant of the County of York—all this within twelve years; and he was also one of the wealthiest of the owners of Wentworth; for in addition to his own fortunes, his wife, the Lady Mary Finch, had brought a considerable dowry. The new park-front was built at this time, and the name altered to "Wentworth House," but the old title has since been restored to it.

Just here a new character comes on the scene, but in somewhat unorthodox fashion. It is the year 1745 and all England is in a ferment; war and rumors of war make the talk of the day. Round fair Wentworth there is unusual stir and bustle; groups of stalwart, broad-shouldered Yorkshire men, fully armed, stand here and there in earnest talk; while mounted servants pass hurriedly to and fro, evidently bearing messages of importance. Even in the stables, they are busier than usual. The chief stud-groom passes anxiously among the sleek, glossy occupants of the stalls, carefully examining each horse, and issuing orders to a host of subordinates. Very few of the famous Wentworth hunters are abroad to-day; for my lord has weightier matters to attend to. In the great library the Earl is holding grave council with several gentlemen, neighboring landowners, and the matter seems to be one of deep interest and serious import.

Down in the village, the same unusual state of things prevails. The



THE TERRACE.

old inn is full of guests, some on hunting intent, others on more serious business, while mine host has all he can do to attend to the wants of his many customers, and discuss the latest news. Very exciting news it is. Prince Charles Edward, or the Young Pretender if you will, successfully eluding the two forces that hemmed him in, has accomplished one of the most astonishing retreats on record. In vain have beacon-fires blazed on the Yorkshire wolds and on the hills of Cumberland; in vain have bridges been broken down and roads upheaved in order to intercept his march. In spite of all impediments, hunger, cold, fatigue, he has reached Carlisle and, reinforcing the small garrison he had placed there on his southward march, has crossed the Solway into Scotland. And now, from right and left, come tidings of the royal forces joining in hot pursuit, with Duke William of Cumberland in command. No wonder that quiet Wentworth is stirred, and that tongues are wagging. But the all-absorbing topic is forgotten for a moment, and all eyes turn to the two youthful horsemen, just clattering through the stony street, — one a bright-looking, handsome lad, attired in hunting costume, the other a groom in livery, and both well mounted. As they pass, the villagers greet them respectfully and exchange remarks on his young lordship's love of sport. "A true Wentworth he be, sure," says the gossiping landlord.

* * * *

The short winter day is closing in, and we are miles away on the northern road, when the two youths again come into sight, riding as rapidly as their tired steeds allow. An anxious backward glance from time to time, seems to indicate the fear of pursuit and that hunting was scarcely the object of their journey. Indeed the meet is long since over — men, horses, and hounds all safely home; all save the young heir of Wentworth.



CHARLES WATSON WENTWORTH.

* * * *

The anxiety and consternation of that night in Wentworth-Woodhouse is best left to the reader's imagination. Next day brought news, that the young Lord Higham and his groom, had been seen riding in a northerly direction; and by the anxious parents the destination of the runaways was easily guessed. Full of youthful ardor, the boy had previously begged his father's permission to join the army in the north; but, he being only fifteen, it was refused. The Earl, himself ardently devoted to the Hanoverian

cause, had already raised a fine regiment among his tenants and retainers; other loyal gentlemen had done the same; and held the troops armed and in readiness for need. Under these circumstances the Earl probably found it easy to grant the forgiveness soon solicited in a letter from his truant son. Another to the Countess of Malton, written from Carlisle, is preserved at Wentworth:

"Dear Madam:

"When I think of the concern I have given you by my wild expedition, and how my whole life, quite from my infancy, has afforded you only a continued series of afflictions, it grieves me excessively that I did not think of the concern I was going to give you and my father, before such an undertaking; but the desire I had of serving my King and country, as much as lay in my power, did not give me time to think of the undutifulness of the action. As my father has been so kind as entirely to forgive my breach of duty, I hope I may and shall have your forgiveness, which will render me quite happy.

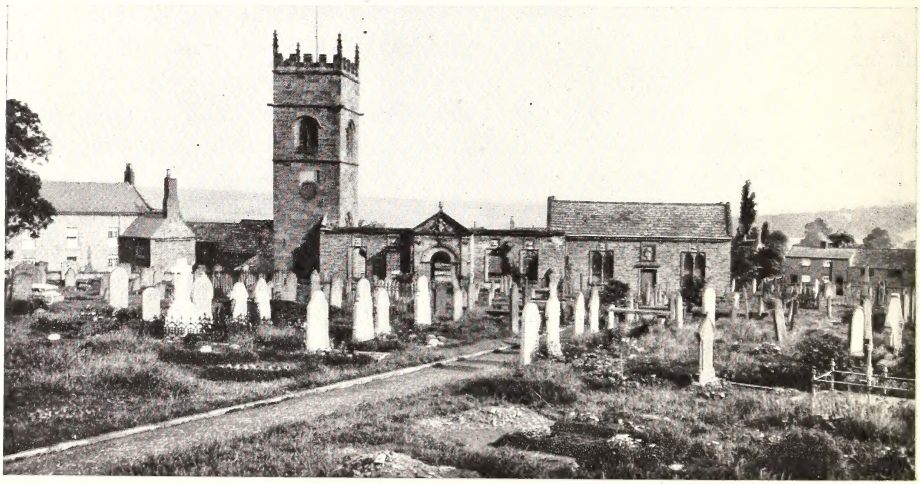
"I am, madam,

"Your very dutiful son,

"HIGHAM."

Lord Albemarle, in his "Memoirs of the Marquis of Rockingham," says: "His family were, or professed to be, much displeased with him for the anxiety his escapade had occasioned them. One only stood up for the youthful volunteer. This was his aunt, Lady Bel. Finch, who being of a kindred mind, rejoiced that "the Monkey Charles had shown such a spirit." Judge him at least as kindly, my American friend, for you will see and hear him again presently, pleading not his own cause, but yours.

Two more honors were yet to descend on the Earl of Malton. He succeeded in 1746 to the barony of Rockingham; and in the same year, as a reward for his services during the late rebellion, was created Marquis. He died in 1750; and our young Charles, who had not yet attained his majority, succeeded as second Marquis of Rockingham.



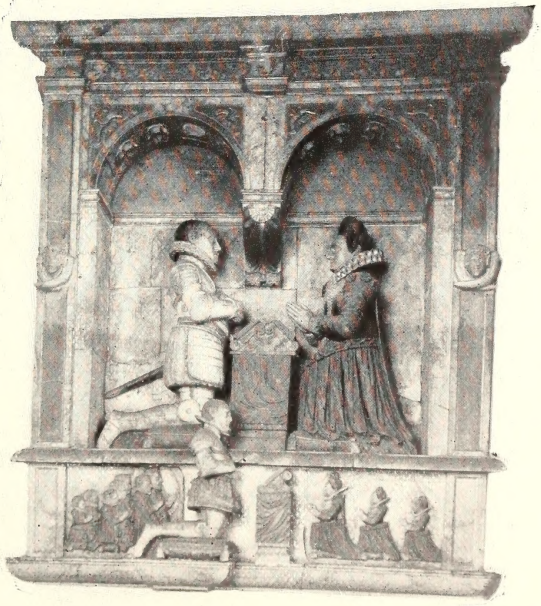
WENTWORTH OLD CHURCH.

Charles Watson Wentworth was destined to play an important part on the world's stage. Wealth and influence were his by inheritance; but these were the least factors. It was the innate virtue of his character that endeared him to the hearts of men, and won respect even from those whose opinions differed most widely from his own. On his accession to the title, he at once took his seat in the House of Lords; and though little is known of his earlier Parliamentary ef-



INTERIOR OF WENTWORTH OLD CHURCH, SHOWING TOMBS OF STRAFFORD AND OLD MONUMENTS OF THE WENTWORTHS.

forts, he evidently took an animated share in debate, for we presently find Horace Walpole alluding sarcastically to "the glib-tongued young Lord of Wentworth." But the steady-going young Marquis was not to be turned aside by sarcasm; he had marked out his path, and followed it consistently to the end. In 1765, he was made premier; and perhaps at no time in Parliamentary history was this office less desirable. Party strife was raging, and dissensions, within and without, threatened to overturn the whole social fabric. But with admirable tact and prudence the Marquis took up the onerous duties of the office, and his ministry, short as it was, and beset with the greatest difficulty and dis-



The carving of Sir Thomas Wentworth and his wife, and the children of Wentworth-Woodhouse.



THE STABLES.

couragement, brought credit to himself and followers. Several wise and salutary measures had been passed — most notable, to Americans, the repeal of the Stamp Act.

It is to be feared that very few who celebrate year after year, their "Glorious Fourth" have ever given a thought to those who sympathized so earnestly with the American Colonists in their struggle for liberty. Yet it would not be amiss to remember that, besides many friends in the nation at large, there was a group of Englishmen who, from first to last, condemned the war and the measures which led to it. In this group, of which Lord Rockingham is the central figure, we see some famous names: Burke and Fox, Sir George Saville, Keppel, Cavendish and Lee. All these, with many others of less celebrity, warmly espoused the American cause; not in words only, but in every way and at every opportunity they identified themselves with the Colonists, and the American colors, buff and blue, became the badge of the Whig party. When, at the outbreak of hostilities, the address from Parliament pledged both Houses to stand by the King, "at the hazard of their lives and properties," Lord Rockingham declared in the Lords that he "would hazard neither life nor fortune in *such* a cause;" while Edmund Burke not only maintained a friendly correspondence with Franklin, but openly quoted his letters in the Commons. When, in the same year, 1766, the gallant Admiral Keppel was offered a command, he promptly declined, saying "that although professional employment was his dearest object in life," he would not accept it "in the line of America." The eccentric but true-hearted, Earl of Effingham, hearing that his regiment was ordered across the Atlantic, at once resigned his commission. In his letter to the Secretary of War he says: "I



THE OLD WELL GATE.

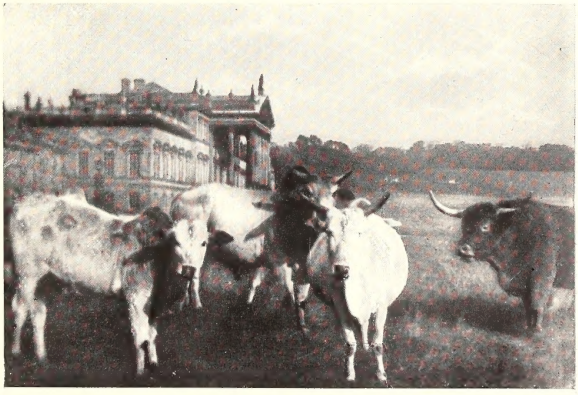


WENTWORTH PARK.

cannot, without reproach from my own conscience consent to bear arms against my fellow subjects in America in what to my discernment is not a clear cause." His sympathy also took a rather whimsical turn, in naming his newly erected banqueting-hall, "The Boston Castle" — because "no tea was drunk there."

Through the long struggle that followed, the Marquis and his friends maintained the same friendly attitude towards the Colonists, and strenuously opposed the harsh and arbitrary measures of the Tory government. But the people of England were growing tired; discontent was fast increasing, and times were hard; little more was needed to bring about a crisis. An effort to impose new taxes on the already overburdened people completed the general discontent; Lord North's ministry was overthrown, and in March, 1782, the Marquis of Rockingham again became premier — for all too short a time; on the 1st of July, in the same year, the beloved leader of the Whigs was no more. He died after a brief illness at Wimbledon in Surrey, and was buried in York Minster. In a "History of York," published in 1829, there is a detailed account of his funeral. It reads almost like a royal burial, and serves to show the estimation in which his native county held him.

It is worthy of note, that a warm personal friendship existed between the Marquis and Governor John Wentworth. To this is due the name given to the Governor's son, Charles-Mary, for whom the Marquis and Marchioness of Rockingham stood sponsors by proxy. In Wentworth Park, about a mile from the house, stands



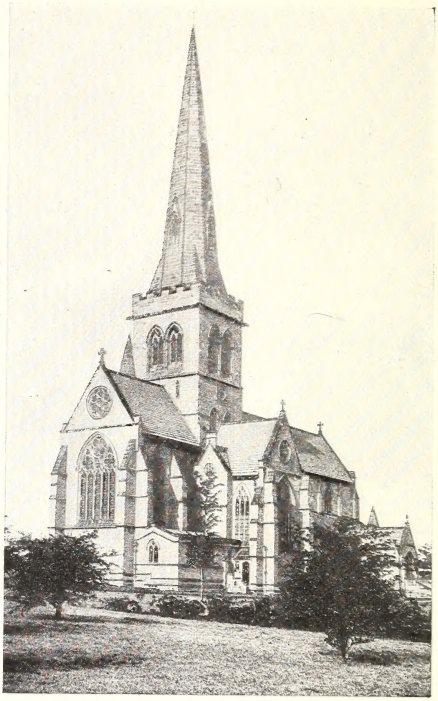
SACRED OXEN OF INDIA.

the beautiful mausoleum erected to the memory of the Marquis by his nephew and successor, Earl Fitzwilliam. The lower story contains a fine life-size statue of the Marquis in his robes. Between the surrounding columns are busts of the eight men most intimately associated with him in his labors:

Burke, Fox, Keppel, the Duke of Portland, Montague, Cavendish, Saville and Lee. The inscription is by Edmund Burke, too long to give in its entirety, but too eloquent and true to be altogether omitted:

"A man worthy to be remembered because he did not live for himself. . . . He far exceeded all other statesmen in drawing together, without the seduction of self-interest, the concurrence and co-operation of various dispositions and abilities of men, whom he assimilated to his character and associated in his labours. . . .The virtues of his private life, and those which he exerted in the service of the State were not in him separate principles. His private virtues, without any change in their character, expanded with the occasion into enlarged public affections."

Beautiful is this tribute to his memory, yet farther on we find a living memorial, which to many would have even greater interest, for it was placed there by his own hand, — a little fir tree growing in one of the niches of the old Well-Gate, from a seed planted by the Marquis when a boy. The old gate itself is worthy of notice. It formed the entrance to one of the courts of the original house, and still shows traces of fine carving. Through the gate, a path led to the well, or spring of water, which still flows in the park.



THE NEW CHURCH.

The Marquis dying without issue, Wentworth passed to his sister's son, Earl Fitzwilliam. So we come to the present *régime;* and well has it maintained the traditions of this historic house.

The Fitzwilliams are of Norman blood, tracing their descent from William Fitzgodric, whose son, Sir William Fitzwilliam, came over with the Duke of Normandy, as Marshal of his army, and for his conspicuous bravery at the battle of Hastings, received a scarf from



THE MAUSOLEUM.

Erected by Wentworth Earl Fitzwilliam in 1788 to the memory of Charles, Marquis of Rockingham.

the Conqueror's arm. As this sketch deals only with the Masters of Wentworth, we must pass over the centuries which follow, pausing midway for a moment, to note a certain old Alderman Fitzwilliam, who flourished in the reign of Henry VIII., and who is thus described: "A city merchant and a man of bluff good nature, yet withal keen business instinct. He bought his land with honestly earned money, and was not afraid or ashamed to acknowledge and shelter a friend who had incurred the displeasure of the King. When, after Wolsey's disgrace he entertained the fallen Cardinal at his seat in Northamptonshire, and the King enquired of him how he dared to receive such an enemy to the State, the stout old alderman replied that Wolsey in former days had been his benefactor, and he was bound to remember his kindness, and befriend him in turn." The worthy alderman must have possessed a large share of courage to brave the terrible Bluebeard; and, along with his great wealth, he seems to have transmitted his characteristics to his descendants, for it is not the only instance, by many, of a Fitzwilliam defying the powers that be, in the cause of the fallen or oppressed. On succeeding to the Wentworth estate, Earl Fitzwilliam prefixed the name of Wentworth to his own, the family being henceforth known as Wentworth-Fitzwilliam.

In public and private life alike, Earl Fitzwilliam proved himself a worthy successor to his uncle, following the same line of politics, and ever laboring in the cause of freedom and progress. In 1795 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, where he became exceedingly popular. Though a staunch member of the Church of England, he endeavored to remove, or ameliorate, the harsh restrictions on the Roman Catholics, and to make the whole system of government more impartial and just. But the wise and liberal spirit thus displayed gave offence to the government at home and he was recalled. "The day of Lord Fitzwilliam's departure from Dublin, was hailed as one of national misfortune, and the inhabitants took every means of manifesting their gratitude, their sorrow and their disappointment. The shops were all closed; the people dragged the carriage to the place of embarkation; the name of every friend of Fitzwilliam was received with loud approving cheers, and that of every opponent with groans and execrations.* Among other good works during his administration he had enlarged and greatly added to the endowment of Trinity College, Dublin. At Wentworth also he made great additions and improvements, being unceasing in his care for his tenants, and altogether a model landlord. He died in 1833, at the advanced age of 85. Of his son, the father of the present Earl, the record is a very similar one. Refusing all offices under government, he devoted himself to the interests of the people. He warmly espoused the cause of religious liberty, and was the first powerful nobleman to give public support to the Anti-Corn Law League. His great wealth and influence were freely given in that and in every cause that could benefit the people at large. He died in 1857, and once more the mantle fell from father to son. We need only say of the present venerable Earl, now in his 82d year, that he has shown himself well worthy to be, for more than forty years, the Master of Wentworth-Woodhouse.

Among the more modern pictures at Wentworth is one to which an odd little story is attached. It is a life-size portrait of the famous "Whistle-Jacket," a beautiful horse, owned by the second Marquis of Rockingham, and hangs in the great drawing-room. The picture has neither shadow nor background. It was intended that a portrait of King George III. astride the horse should be added, and that a landscape painter should fill in the background. But when the picture was nearly finished, the horse, suddenly catching sight of its own portrait,

* Lord Albemarle's "Memoirs."

attacked it furiously, and the picture narrowly escaped destruction. As a memento of the occurrence, the Marquis decided to leave it in its unfinished state.

Indoors and out, Wentworth is full of charm. The gardens are of great extent and beauty—nature and art blended with skill and taste; while the park covers nearly 1500 acres, lawn, wood and water combining to make it one of the fairest spots in England. Besides being well stocked with red and fallow deer, the park contains a herd of gray Indian buffaloes, which have been bred on the estate for generations. There are also several specimens of the sacred oxen of India and a herd of very curious sheep known as "Jacob's flock." These are speckled, black and white, many having four horns and in some cases even more.

One would fain linger round this old home with all its varied associations,—a rare place in which to see visions and dream dreams; rest under those old oaks, and conjure up the tall, sable-clad figure of the great Earl, see in fancy that sad, stern face light up as he greets the wife and children, so tenderly loved and guarded. No character has suffered more at the hands of the historians, than that of Strafford. The pen that shall do him justice is yet to come. If we would see the man himself, we must leave history alone and turn to that more reliable source of information, his letters and documents, a very mine to the student of those times. To many of the charges brought against him, they offer a direct refutation. Take, for instance, the charge of acting in concert with Weston, the Lord Treasurer, to oppress the people of Ireland, and place against it the following letter to the Lord Treasurer himself:

"DUBLIN, 1634.

"Surely this kingdom is in an excellent way, and England to hope for a considerable supply from hence—if you on that side will be content to let them a while longer taste the sweet themselves, and not too hastily expect to gather from them. Nothing in the world can so distemper them as to see the debts and bounties of the Crown answered hence, before the debts and burdens, which lye on this side, be first discharged with their own, as in good faith stands with all the Reason and Justice in the world they should be. Therefore I beseech Your Lordship consider, we are but now entring here upon our Spring, and let us not be nipped in the Head, so soon as we peep forth. Be pleased to keep fair Quarter with us awhile, and let not the Importunity of any cause you to give order for transferring of any Debts hither till our own be satisfied, and then take what you please. Nay, I am most confident you may hereafter lastingly expect a considerable Revenue from hence; but withal I must plainly express myself beforehand, that if you look for, and exact it too early, you disorder all the affairs on this side, disquiet their proceedings, and utterly take away my credit and power to serve the King in this place—which, if preserved, I am most confident I shall be able to do with great success and advantage to the crown.

"WENTWORTH."

The above remonstrance shows very plainly the difficulties he had to contend with, not only from openly avowed enemies, but from his so-called friends of the Court.

While delighting in the snowy products of Irish looms, how few are aware that it is to Strafford's untiring energy and enterprise that Ireland owes her linen trade. Yet such is the case. His experiments with flax-seed proving satisfactory, he purchased large quantities, and at his own expense set up several looms to encourage the people in industry. In one year alone, £1000 worth of flax-seed was sown; and it soon became a flourishing and lasting trade. The following letter to Sir William Boswell, shows how much Strafford had this matter at heart:

"DUBLIN, 1635.

"The bearer I send to buy some flaxseed, which I find by last year's trial to take extreamely well in this country; and very ambitious I am to set up a Trade of Linnen-Clothing in these parts, which if God bless, so as it be effected, will, I dare say, be the greatest enriching to this Kingdom that ever befell it. If there be occasion, I have directed him to apply himself to you for your Assistance, which I beseech you to afford him and the Business, which may prove so beneficial to these subjects in future times. WENTWORTH."

If we take the trouble to search the record of his labors in Ireland, the injustice and ingratitude shown to his memory is almost incredible. Few men would have had the courage to take up the task of governing a country in such a condition as Ireland in 1632—a poverty-stricken people, and an empty treasury, the coast infested with pirates, making commerce impossible, an army corrupt and disorganized, the churches desecrated and used as stables! Yet in less than seven years Ireland was, as he expresses it, "in an excellent way." But here and there, his letters show the weight of the burden. To Lord Cottington he writes, in 1634:

"By my troth, my Lord, in good earnest, I should grow extreamely old, and full of grey Hairs since I came into this Kingdom, and should wax exceeding melancholy, were it not for two little girls that come now and then to play by me. Remember, I tell you I am of no long life, and then shall you lose the faithfulest of all Your Lordship's most humble and affectionate servants, WENTWORTH."

Not all of his letters are so sad. Many have delightful touches of drollery and humor. Thus, to the same friend he writes in July, 1635, from Boyle Abbey, where he is recovering from severe illness:

"'Tis true I am in a Thing they call a Progress, but yet in no great pleasure for all that. All the comfort I have is a little Bonneyclabber; upon my Faith, I am of opinion it would like you above measure. It is the bravest, freshest Drink you ever tasted. Your Spanish Don would, in the heats of Madrid, hang his nose and shake his Beard an hour over every sup he took of it, and take it to be the Drink of the Gods all the while. WENTWORTH."

His correspondents also give us some graphic pictures of the times. The following is from Mr. Garrard:

"LONDON, October, 1635.

"I told your Lordship of a lottery set up in Smithfield, for the advancement of a waterwork. In 12 days it was drawn dry, every prize gotten by some one or other—the People were so mad of it, no lotteries having been in London for these many years past, that they flocked from all parts of the City. A broker in Long Lane had in those 12 days it stood there, 360 clocks pawned to him, all which money was thrown into that lottery. They have gained £4000 by it, and now having provided new prizes, have set it up in the Borough of Southwark."

A letter from Viscount Conway, two years later, seems almost a foreshadowing of Strafford's fate: "The sands of the River of Loire are not more changeable than the Friendships of this Court—that without a good Pilot, one's tongue may quickly be wracked." How differently does Sir George Radcliffe speak of Strafford's friendship: "I cannot think of it without remembering what I lost in his death—a treasure for which no earthly thing can countervail; such a Friend as never man, within the compass of my knowledge, had; so excellent a Friend, and so much mine."

That last sad letter to his son is well known, and has never been surpassed in loving eloquence or Christian feeling. The whole nobility of the man shines out bright and clear in this sentence: "Be sure to avoid as much as you can to enquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of Revenge to enter your heart."

If ever, dear reader, your feet tread the green glades of Wentworth, doff your hat and give thanks to Him who has placed you in happier times, then give one kindly thought to the master who loved this home so well—and so leave him,

"Where the tears of earth are dried,
Where its hidden things are clear;
Where the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here."

THE JUDGE AND HIS JUDGES.

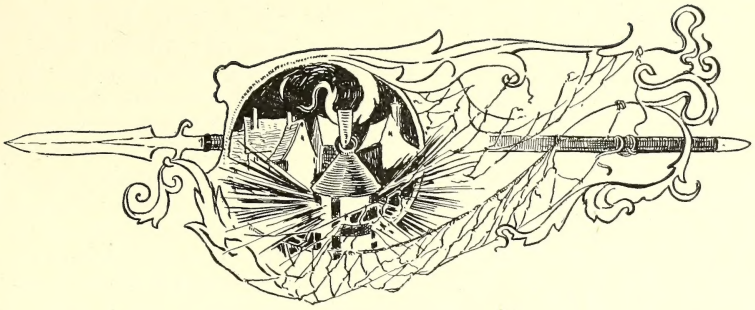
By Frank Roe Batchelder.

HIS Honor's dead!
Come, toll the funeral knell,
And for each sad, slow stroke upon the bell,
Recall some good and kindly deed that he
Did in the guise of secret charity.
Reserved and grave, but a good citizen,
Chosen to serve and lead his fellow-men,
He spoke the truth to all, wished ill to none.
Who will not weep to know his race is run, —
His Honor's dead?

A wise law-giver and an upright judge,
Who used his place to serve no private grudge;
Whose mercy shamed not justice, and who saw
More than a rule of punishment in law.
In his large mind reason could enter in
To see conditions that begot the sin.
There are men whom he fettered, who will say
With kind remembrance and regret, to-day,
"His Honor's dead!"

Wait! here are some who heard the tolling bell,
And have their stories of the dead to tell.
With whispered hints and meaning looks they list
The faults which others overlooked or missed,
And bring from cherished stores, with ready tongue,
The lies that enemies against him flung.
Ah, yes, they say, with air of meaning much,
He seemed to be, but he was—such and such. —
His Honor's dead.

His Honor's dead?
Aye, not alone the worn-out house of clay,
But, now that righteous folk have had their say,
Fame, love, respect and all are shredded thin.
His youth, it seems, was blackened by a sin.
And he repented? No, he had the wit
Through all his life to play the hypocrite!
Well done, pure ladies; bravo, godly men!
You've said, and all — save Christ — may say again,
His honor's dead!



REVOLUTIONARY RECORDS OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

By Mary Hall Leonard.

MUCH of the material for American history is preserved in the ancient leather bound volumes containing the records of the older New England towns. As we strain our eyes to decipher these closely written pages with their quaint diction, liberal use of capitals, and fine independence of all spelling rules, we feel that we are gathering knowledge from one of its most authentic sources.

The small parliament made up of the "Voatable Inhabitance" of the little town democracy legislated for the most part on questions of merely local interest. It has been said that "the violence of ebullition was inversely proportioned to the size of the vessel," and that "more discussion was needed to settle the location of a country school-house than has been used to determine the fate of empires." But the records contain many an interesting item which throws a strong light on more important historical events. There was one period especially when these small governments "of the people, by the people, and for the people," were lifted above the anxieties attending the election of constables and the enactment of laws regarding stray animals, and stood face to face with political questions of the largest import.

The special phase of Revolutionary history which these record books contain in a measure peculiar to New England. The Middle and Southern colonies had great leaders and held crowded public meetings. They became the theatre of stirring military events; but they did not have the *town-meeting*.

The story of one town is in a sense the story of all. A search through the last century records of one old township has developed the following sketch whose interest must depend chiefly upon the fact that it shows what was occurring with slight variations in every rural community of New England at that date.

The Old Colony town of Rochester, Massachusetts, at the time of the Revolution had a scattered population of farmers and seamen, and included several small villages, two of which seventy-five years later became the independent townships of Marion and Mattapoisett.

Up to the time of the Revolution few and meagre references to the general affairs of the province are to be found in the town books. The first settlements in Rochester were made in 1679 during that period of political

anxiety which culminated in the recall of the charters and the union of the New England colonies under a royal governor in the person of Sir Edmund Andros. After the English Revolution of 1688 and the granting of the "Province Charter" to the United Colonies of Massachusetts with Maine and Nova Scotia, some of the earlier liberties were restored; but the governor was still appointed by the king and was empowered to convoke and dissolve the General Court at his pleasure, as well as vested with a veto power over its acts. The citizens of Rochester were doubtless alive to the importance of these changes, yet no hint of such interest is given in their town meetings.

As early as 1714, however, they began to send a Representative to the Great and General Court in Boston, paying him in 1716 a salary of twenty pounds for his service. There were some exceptional years in which the question of sending such a representative was voted in the negative, but for the most part the town continued this practice as long as the royal government lasted. In this respect Rochester differed from many other rural towns, which having less public spirit, or less wealth for the payment of a representative's salary, were not represented in the affairs of the province. In 1773 thirty towns of Massachusetts were fined by the General Court for this neglect. But during most of this long period there is no record of instructions given by the town of Rochester to its representative nor of any special service required of him.

In September, 1768, the town responded to the "earnest request of the selectmen of the town of Boston by their letters," and assembled to "choose a Committee to joyn in Conjunction with the Committee of Convocation to be assembled at Faneuil Hall on Thursday 22nd Inst. to act or advise in the ardent affairs of Government Relative to His Majesties Province of the Massachusetts Bay."

Ninety-six of the towns of Massachusetts were said to be represented at this convention, which passed resolutions protesting against the revenue acts, the taxing of the colonies, quartering troops upon the people, and other invasions of their liberties. But in most of the rural towns at this juncture there was much apathy toward the Revolutionary spirit that was rising in Boston. Especially was this true of the people of the Old Colony who felt a good deal of loyalty to the King, and pride in being British-born subjects. James Warren is said to have declared to Samuel Adams that the Plymouth County towns could not be aroused except by a power that would arouse the dead. It would seem that Rochester responded more readily to the appeal of the Boston Committee than most of the towns of the neighborhood.

With the advent of the tea question the town of Boston again sent letters to the towns requesting town meetings to advise what was best to be done. A curious story relating to the Rochester meeting is told in the diary of Hon. Abraham Holmes, a lawyer and leading citizen of the town. The story also introduces in a characteristic way Rev. Jonathan Moore, the pastor of the First Church of Rochester, a man of much scholarship, but whose controversial spirit at a later date brought unhappy differences into the church.

The story as told by Mr. Holmes is substantially as follows: "The meeting for discussion of the tea question was duly held; but as the business was new, the people thought it better to proceed with due caution. The town clerk [David Wing, whose minute, careful penmanship of singly formed letters adds much to the value of his writings] for some reason thought it prudent to remain at home," and Joseph Haskell 2nd was chosen town clerk *pro tem.* Deacon Sylvanus Cobb, an old man who seldom attended a town meeting, was chosen moderator. He read the warrant, and, as nobody wished to break the ice, perfect silence reigned for about fifteen minutes,

when N. Ruggles arose and asked what method was proposed to proceed in. The moderator said that as this was a solemn occasion he thought it would be proper to commence business by an humble address of prayer for direction. Justice Ruggles replied that there was no article in the warrant for prayer. The moderator said that he was astonished to hear such an observation from Justice Ruggles. The other replied: "Not more astonished than I am to see your honor in that seat," and added that if there must be prayer he hoped that it would be by some one else than Parson Moore, for he heard so much of his praying on Sunday that he could not endure it on a week day. On motion it was voted, however, to have a prayer by Mr. Moore, who rose and said that before addressing the Throne of Grace he would make a few preliminary observations. He then went on to administer a scathing rebuke to the belligerent Ruggles, and afterwards proceeded with the prayer. These preliminaries being over, the meeting became very free and spirited. A number of energetic resolutions were passed, after which the citizens subscribed a solemn league and covenant to abstain from the use of tea and to transact no business with those who would not become parties to the covenant.

On September 26th, 1774, a body of young men met in Rochester and organized themselves for an incursion into the County of Barnstable, in order to prevent the Inferior Court of Common Pleas from holding its regular session. The excuse given for this act was that the method of drawing jurors by a sheriff instead of drawing them out of a box in town meeting put in jeopardy the rights of the people. The real aim, however, was, by breaking up the county court, to destroy an avenue through which business could pass to the higher courts of the province which were under the King's control. The company passed through Wareham and Sandwich, being reinforced by others of like spirit. On arriving at Barnstable they succeeded in preventing the session of the court, and compelling the judges to sign certain political obligations. After holding a political meeting in Barnstable, in which it was resolved to boycott British goods and to suppress pedlars who sold Bohea tea, the agitators dispersed.

On the whole the town was well agreed in opposing the British claims, and as the struggle advanced the patriotic spirit became most intense. At the bi-centennial celebration of the town, held July 22, 1879, the orator of the day, Rev. N. W. Everett, declared it to be a historical fact that Rochester furnished to the army more men in proportion to territory and population than any other town in the Old Colony.

The citizen of Rochester who became most noted in active military service was Elnathan Haskell, who was Major in the Continental Army. His likeness may be found in the great historical painting representing Burgoyne's defeat, in the dome of the Capitol at Washington. At the close of the war Major Haskell settled in Charleston, S. C., and his descendants to-day are among the leading citizens of that state.

But there was one noted exception to the patriotic spirit of the men of Rochester. The Tories of New England found their great champion in the person of Timothy Ruggles, the son of Rev. Timothy Ruggles, the sainted divine who had held a continuous pastorate of nearly sixty years in the First Church of Rochester. Timothy Ruggles, Jr., born in 1711, was a man of remarkable abilities, a lawyer of much wit, scholarship and shrewdness. In 1736 he represented his native town in the General Court of the Province. In the French war of 1755 he held the rank of Brigadier General, distinguishing himself by great bravery in action. Later he was made a judge and became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1765 he, with Otis and Partridge, were the delegates from

Massachusetts to the "Stamp Act Congress" of nine colonies at New York, Ruggles being made President of that body; but his rulings gave great dissatisfaction, and with a vote of censure he was reprimanded to his place in the seats. As the quarrel advanced he became a violent supporter of the King's interests, he and Otis being brought into constant collision as leaders of the two opposing parties. His acceptance of the office of a Councillor of the Province on the King's Mandamus also increased his unpopularity. After the disapproval of his fellow townsmen made Rochester no longer a desirable place of residence he removed to Hardwick where vindictive measures also followed him, his house being attacked by night and his cattle maimed and poisoned. At last he took refuge in Boston and tried to raise troops for the King's service, but met with small success. On the evacuation of the city by the British he fled to Digby, Nova Scotia, where he died in 1795.

But the patriotic spirit of Rochester, casting off the incubus of the Tory leader grew stronger and stronger. In December, 1772, after another letter of correspondence from Boston, another set of vigorous resolutions was adopted by the town, declaring that various acts of Parliament, which are duly specified, "Are in Variance of our Rights," and "That we Esteem it of Dangerous Consequence to the Liberties of the Province that his Excellency the Governor should be Independant of the people for his support." They enjoin upon the Representative and the General Court "Every legal measure which may be thought conducive of our Politic Salvation," and express "Greatfull acknowledgments to the Respectible Inhabitants of Boston for Circulating through the province a plan which we hope will be productive of Happy Effects."

It was "Allso Voted, That if our Representative or any other person in this Town that either has or shall hereafter basely Desert the Cause of Liberty for the Sake of being promoted to a Post of Honour or profit or for any other Mean View to Self Intrust shall be Looked upon as an Enemy to his Country & be treated with that Neglect & Contempt that he Justly Deserves." It is evident that the town of Rochester will no longer tolerate any lack of ardor in liberty's cause.

In 1774 town meetings in the interest of patriotism are frequent, and many different matters come up for discussion. Representative White is "injoined not to act in Conformity to the late acts of Parliament but to adhere to the Charter of this province Granted by King William & Queen Mary & act Consistant with the Liberties and privilages of it."

In June a meeting is called to "take into Consideration the Difficulties which we labour under Respecting a non-Importation with Great Britton." A few days later it is "voted to subscribe a Covenant to break off all Trade with the Island of Great Britain untill the port or Harbour of Boston be opened."

In September a meeting is held "to see if the Town will purchase a Chest of Arms for the Town's Use." It is voted "that 40 firearms be purchased for the use of Sd Town," also "that Mr. Nathan Nye, Jr., make up the Town Stock of powder to 400 weight with Lead & Flints answerable."

In October the Town passed a vote: "That the Asessors Do not make the province Rate untill they are otherwise ordered by the Town & that the Town will save them harmless in this action." At a later meeting, however, this vote is reconsidered.

In October it is also "Voted to choose Officers to take ye Command of the Military Companies," and "That the old provential laws Respecting the Regulation of the Militia be adopted for the Rule and Conduct of the soldiers in this Town with this exception: As in said Laws there is Corporal Punishment to be Inflicted for some crimes & misdimeanors Therefor Voted that when any persons shall be Guilty of any of said crimes where a

Corporal Punishment shall be Inflicted by Said Laws that they be Tried by a Committe of 3 persons to be chosen by Said Town." We see that the town will not follow blindly any outside authority but will discriminate according to its own judgment.

Soon afterwards it is "Voted that Every minute-man (so-called) in Rochester to the Number of One Hundred that shall attend Three Half Days in each week as shall be appointed by their Captain & Twice in a Month in one Body to Learn the use of the Fire-Licks from this Day to the first Day of April next & be Ready to March when Needed & Equip Himself with a Good Firearm & other acooterments as Recommended by the Provential Congress shall be Intitled to one shilling ye Week." When the alarm of April 19 was sounded, not only was there the full company of one hundred minute men under Captain Edward Hammond ready to march, but a second foot company of militia under Captain Nathaniel Hammond also responded to the Lexington call. We learn from Mr. Holmes's diary, however, that because of some misunderstanding in the regiment formed soon afterwards in Plymouth County none of the Rochester militia officers would accept commissions.

News traveled slowly in those days. The rumor of the battle of Lexington reached Rochester April 20, but it was scarcely believed. Abraham Holmes, then a young man of about twenty-one, was sent to ascertain the truth of the rumor. On reaching Middleboro he met a messenger who confirmed the report, and Mr. Holmes records in his diary that he returned to Rochester "as gay as a lark" at the joyful news that the struggle for independence was really begun.

In 1775 many votes are recorded relating to the purchase of war stores, the enrollment and payment of soldiers, the care of soldiers' families and the purchase of clothing and supplies for the army. Coats, shirts, breeches and stockings are specifically mentioned, also "two Boats for the use of Capt. Nathaniel Hammonds Company." It is also decided to send to the West Indies by Captain Moses Parlow for "powder, firearms, molasses and other war supplies." The firearms thus obtained were afterwards "sold at Vendue to the highest bidder," with the injunction that "the Purchaser shall not sell them out of Town So long as these Difficult Times shall last."

In raising the town's quota of war supplies, complaint is made that "Transportation is a large Item & the Congress hath not appointed any person but what dwells 20 miles from our town & the Difficulty of transporting Sd articles is a Great Hindrance to any persons of ability." So it was "Voted that John Doty (one of the selectmen) request that a person or persons be appointed in our town to apprize the several articles &c."

A climax was now approaching and the records increase in interest. May 23, 1776, it was "Voted that when the Honourable Congress shall think best to Declare themselves Independant of the Kingdom of Great Brittain that we will Defend them with our Lives & Fortunes."

Soon the link was severed that bound the colonies to the mother country and now arose questions of new governmental relations that must be established. The little town government holds on its way as a pure democracy capable of settling its own affairs; but all else is in a transitional and chaotic state. Each little town by its own decisions, as made known through its representative, will do its utmost to direct the trend of state and national affairs.

November 5, 1776, the town of Rochester voted: "That the Present General Court of this State agree upon and settle a form of Government for the present to be subject to alteration if need be Here after." It was also resolved: "That the present House of Representatives & the Council Ennact such a Constitution & form of Gov-

ernment as they in the most mature Deliberation shall Judge will Conduce to the Safety peace & Happiness of this State in all after Successions & Generations."

But the making of constitutions requires time, and meanwhile the war needs continue. Not only must weapons be furnished to the soldiers, but they need the inspiriting influence of music as well. So the town votes "the Sum of 60£ to purchase guns, Drums & Fifes." It is also "Voted that the Town draw 50 Firearms belonging to the Continent to be returned when called for." A few weeks later action is taken "to receive the 50 firearms of the Committee & be accountable to the Continent for the same." New committees are also chosen to take care of the families of "non-commissioned officers and private soldiers now Ingaged in the Continental Army."

The draught of the State Constitution being prepared, on May 22, 1777, the town "took into Consideration the form of Government Published for the Inspection of the Inhabitants of the State. After Mature Deliberation thereon said Town voted said form saving only the following objections which we offer to the Consideration of the Great & General Court." Then follows a list of comments and objections, one of which runs thus: "The Ninth Article seems to be attended with some Difficulty as To vote for Sennators in the furthest parts of the State when we cannot be acquanted with their Quallifications Said Town think it best that Each District choose their own Senators & no more." Possibly the ideas of the town in regard to representative government are still crude. Nevertheless it is its right and its duty to weigh each question and express its judgment thereupon.

Reverses in army operations brought a feeling of depression. Perhaps a Mugwump spirit began to show itself in the town; but the fire of patriotic zeal would not suffer such an element to grow. They must make it hot for Tory sympathizers in Rochester. May 29, 1779, "The Town made choice of Earl Clap to Take evidence against those that are Enemical to the American States agreeable to a Late Act of this State."

About this time a rather obscure and complicated record occurs. Warning was issued for a town meeting: "To choose 3, 5 or 7 persons who shall be under Oath to prosicute all Breaches of the Act for preventing Monopoly & Oppression which come to their knowledge or of which they shall receive information and all Breaches of an Act Intitled An Act in Addition to and Amending an Act intitled An Act for preventing Monopoly &c."

As the weary struggle went on, serious difficulties arose owing to the scarcity of money and its unstable and depreciated value. In July, 1779, a vote was passed "to approve the proceedings of the town of Boston with Design to apreciate the Vallue of our Continental Currancy. This town are sensible of the Necessity of Strenuous Efforts to be used if the Currancy cannot be made better at Least to prevent its Growing worse, our Exports are inconsiderable our Imports at present nothing."

August 26, 1779, a town committee reported the following resolution which was adopted:

"That as the Salvation of this country under providence in a Great Measure Depends upon ye establishing ye Credit of ye Continential Currancy Therefore whoever shall Directly or Indirectly violate either of Sd resolves made for this Important purpose shall be Deemed Infamous & held up to view as an Enemy to ye Independince freedom & happiness of his Country by publishing his name in ye newspapers published in this State, after which publication it shall be Disrespectfull in any Good Citizen to maintain Either Social or Commercial Connections with a wretch so Lost to all publick Virtue as wantonly to Sacrafice the Intrest of his Country to the acquisition of a Little paltery Gain, & that it be recommended to each Town in this County to appoint a Committee whose perticular Business it shall be to Inspect ye conduct of its Inhabitants in these lines."

After this malediction it is to be hoped that every croaking Tory kept

his mutterings strictly within his own bosom.

But radical measures were needed to remedy the increasing distress. August 19, 1779, the town chose Nathaniel Hammond as "Delegate to sit in the Convention at Cambridge for the sole purpose of forming a new Constitution." Also a committee of four was appointed to "prepare Instructions for their delegate Captain Hammond & Lay ye same before this meeting on the adjournment." At the same meeting the town voted to "approve of most of what is Recommended by the Convention at Concord stating the necessaries and conveniences of Life," and chose "a Committee of 13 to stipulate prices of Labour & of Sundry articles Sold to the Town." A few days later delegates from Rochester attended a convention held in Plympton for the discussion of similar questions.

The prices reported by the committee attending the Plympton Convention have an interest as bearing on the monetary situation. Among the items are the following:

Labour, Common Labour a Day	42s.
Mowing	54s.
houpwrights a Day	£3
Millwrights a Day	£3 12s.
Masons	£3 6s.
Shiprights a Day	£3 12s.
Tanners Sole leather	18s. a lb
Shoemakers for making a pair of mens shoes	42s.
Womens shoes & finding heels by the shoemaker	42s.
Making a pair of strong mens shoes and finding all	£6

And so on through various statistics regarding farmers, innholders, hatters, sawing, clothiers, etc. Prices of various commodities are given including "nails, lumber, pasture, cole, wood, fish (fresh fish without entrails at ye waterside 1s. a pound)," etc. "Other articles are referred to the Committee having the business assigned them to regulate the prices of articles and make arrangement accordingly."

The Committee appointed to prepare instructions for the delegate to the Constitutional Convention presented an elaborate report, which was adopted by the town and included the following among its explicit directions:

"Particularly do we advise you to use your influence that there may be more than one Judge of Probate of Wills in a County & that the Several Towns in the State may have Liberty of Regulating their own Deeds & that all Commissioned officers both Civil and Milletery be renewed as often as may be with propriety thought necessary & that the power may continue in the people as far as may consist with Good Government and that you have a vigilant Eye in ye Ellection & settlement of ye Council & that no one hold 2 Commissions at one & the same time whereby bad Tendancies may arise."

The Constitution proposed by this Convention was duly presented to the town for consideration, and in May, 1780, it was discussed and voted upon article by article. Two articles in the Bill of Rights were voted upon adversely and a number of alterations suggested, one of the recommendations being: "That there be added to the above Frame of Government That there shall no Slave be born nor Imported into this Commonwealth."

We are not told whether the Rochester amendments made any difference in the final form of the Constitution; but the instrument went into effect duly, and September 4, 1780, the town voted for state officers, John Hancock being chosen Governor at this election with Robert Treat Paine for Lieutenant Governor.

The town still had opinions to express regarding state affairs. In December, 1781, a town meeting was called: "To protest against duties laid on Rum wine &c & if thought best to take Lawfull measures to obtain redress of the Grievance." It was voted that "the Act is Disagreeable to the Town," and a committee was chosen to petition for redress of the same. We see plainly that the Rochester of that date would not have championed either high license or prohibition.

As the money troubles grew worse

the records become more confusing. Indeed the whole monetary business during the Revolution seems to have been as mixed in its actual workings as it was in speculative theory during the Presidential campaign of 1896. We read of the "New Emmision" and the "Old Emmission," of "Hard money" and "Continential Currancy." These, with English money still in use, and changing values for all, and with various counterfeits in circulation, made all financial transactions embarrassing.

One of the disagreeable consequences of the depreciation of the currency was, that it became extremely difficult for the town to raise the new "cota" of 32 soldiers, called for in 1780 to fill the ranks of the depleted armies. The committee report that they cannot "hire any soldiers in town by reason of Disapointments many soldiers have met with in the depreciation of their wages before they were paid." It was therefore "voted to promise the soldiers that any such Depreciation should be made up by the town," also a bounty of "12£ & no more" was to be paid to each soldier "in gold, silver, or produce, each soldier to tell whether he wishes produce or hard money." It was also voted to give to soldiers already in the field "12£ in cloathing and other necessaries for self & family." Gradually, by the personal efforts of the committee, aided by successive bounties to three months' men, and to six months' men, the "cota" was made up; but in January, 1781, a new committee of eight men was chosen to hire "25 soldiers called for by the General Court to serve for three years or during the war." A committee of fifteen was also appointed to "affix a bounty for Sd soldiers" who reported a bounty of one hundred hard dollars each year, the money to be paid annually in January.

Another financial matter which gave increasing irritation for a number of years was the requisition made upon the town for beef for the army. This was a never ceasing need, and, as one requisition after another was made it became a most onerous burden. A curious illustration of the state of the money affairs is the fact that the same town meeting that voted one hundred hard dollars as bounty for the three years' soldiers made an appropriation of "671£ in Bills of ye new Emission for army beef," and an "assessment of 1860 Continential Dollars upon the town to pay for Constables." Several times in the record of a single transaction two or more kinds of money are named.

A year or two later there was an attempt to consolidate the old paper money charged against the town, and December 30, 1782, a committee was chosen "to petition the Great & General Court to receive in all the paper money of both Emmissions now in the Town's hands & Give the Town credit for the same." But this seems not to have been accomplished, for in January, 1787, it was reported that "the town has 946£ 10s 5d of the new Emmission & 49144£ 8s-0 of the Old Emmission," though it was found that a considerable number of bills of each "ware counterfeit." Indeed the financial distress increased continually until the adoption of the Federal Constitution changed the status of the public credit.

Peace was declared in 1783, but it was long before the blessings of peace came to the burdened community. Indeed the feeling of disquiet grew ever stronger, being intensified by the town's dissatisfaction with governmental actions. A marked illustration of this is shown in the attitude of the town meeting toward certain grants made by the Continental Congress to officers of the army. On February 6, 1784, the committee chosen to consider this matter reported the following spirited protest which was adopted by the town:

"To wit that it is the opinion of your Committee that the paying of the officers of the Continential army 5 years wages after their Service is Ended is highly unreasonable & oppressive & will be productive of

many bad consequencies as one notorious bad presedent. However the power of Congress may be we think the Grant made by them to Sd officers was obtained by undue influence & if no Negative to Sd Grant is yet to be admitted (notwithstanding all their Good Service) we shall Esteam them Publick Nusances & Treat them in that Curracter."

Here is a fine state of affairs! The town of Rochester sets its own opinion on national affairs above that of Congress or General Court, and proposes to "act accordingly." A copy of these resolves was to be immediately transmitted to Col. Ebenezer White, who is "instructed to use his utermost influence in all Constitutional ways to Prevent so Dangerous a Measures takeing place."

Commerce now began to engage attention, and May 2, 1785, a set of Instructions is sent to Representative White including among other matters the following:

"*Secondly* as Infinite Damage is like to insue to the State by such large importation of British Goods in British bottoms, we give it in charge to you to use your Influence that a large Impost be laid on all Goods imported in British Bottoms payable to the State Treasury or some other person before said goods are suffered to be landed."

The financial distress still found no relief and in January, 1786, a town meeting was called, "to instruct Col. White that he use his influence that there be a bank of paper money Emitted if said Town think best." The instruction given was as follows:

"*Sir*. Your Constituents takeing into Consideration the many Difficulties and Dissagreable Consequences that do attend the Amazeing Scarcity of money in this Commonwealth by their vote injoin it on you as their Representative in General Court to use your utmost efforts that a Bank of paper money be Emitted by the General Court at the next session & that the Sd money so emitted be founded on something permanent so as to prevent a depreciation of its vallue & that it be Good in Law in all payments in our Commonwealth."

Whether or not this bank was ever "Emitted," the town had expressed its judgment in the matter and doubtless it felt in a measure relieved.

Still times grew even harder, and the patience of the people was taxed to the utmost. August 21, 1786, a meeting was called at which, "in view of the difficulties which we as a people are laboring under," it was "voted that a Committee of 3 persons be chosen to correspond with the other Towns in order to Divise & Adopt such Legal & Constitutional Measures to obtain a redress of our Grievances as Shall be most Likely to Effect a Salutary Event." Earl Clap, Nathaniel Hammond and Abraham Holmes were appointed on this committee.

Several weeks later, the committee having reported, the town gives many explicit instructions to Colonel White, "which they expect you to follow & by no means depart from them." These instructions, prepared it is said by Abraham Holmes, cover five or six pages of closely written foolscap, and discuss important principles as the following liberal extracts show.

"Taking into Consideration the many complaints & numerous disturbances & confusions now existing in the Commonwealth," the town proceeds to advise that the Constitution be again revised. It would also call attention to a number of particular matters.

1st. "The Penobscot Expedition which, though unsuccessful, was undertaken with a Sole view of promoting the Cause and Interest of the United States who should be chargeable with the costs and charges arising from said expedition."

2nd. The town calls "attention to the Old Continential Currency not yet redeemed by Congress, though the faith of the U. S. was pledged to this. It ought to be redeemed & interest allowed thereon from Apr. 1781, & Whereas Our Delegates in Congress gave it as their Opinion that Congress meant to evade the matter & Delegates from Mass. also gave it as their opinion that the General Court would never make any grant to Congress until this State had full justice done them by Congress, you are to seek to prevent the General Court from making any further grants to Congress until it is done.

"The town objects to recent acts of the General Court allowing Congress to Levy a Tax annually on this State of 224427 dol-

lars for 25 years." It believes that such a grant "ailmost annihilates the Constitutional Check which the General Court had on Congress." The town would prevent any grant by the General Court "until Congress have by some means made themselves accountable for the use they put the money to & have made it certain that the monies . . . shall not be expended in building Pyramids & Monuments & educating the Sons of Decay'd Gentlemen.

The system of taxation is declared "infinitely improper by which to sink our National Debt, *i. e.*, a Dry Tax on polls & estates. Instead should be 'duties laid on Luxuries Superfluities &c In which case no one would pay but what chose to pay & the money would be paid imperceptibly & without murmuring or discontent."

Again, "as Each Individual is protected in the injoyment of his Life Liberty & property he is obliged consequently to contribute his share to the expense of the protection. Your Constituents can see no propriety in exempting a Rich order of men from Taxation. . . . . We expect you to use your endeavors that an Order of Men, *viz.*, Ministers of the Gospel shall not have their polls & estates exempted from Taxation. As this is a matter wearing a new aspect it may require something further in Justification of this measure, but if it is attended to unprejidically it will appear founded in the Eternal principles of Justice. . . . Civil Rulers are also a minister of God to you for good & ought equally to be exempt if it is right. We take it for granted that we need not put you in mind of the Sanction that Heav'n has put on Ministers paying tribute to Support Government by performing a miracle for the accomplishment thereof which it would border hard on Blasphemy to Suppose it would have done had the thing been wrong in its nature, and all argument in favour of such exemption. We only add that in our opinion exempting them from Taxation borders hard on if it is not an open violation of the Constitution."

There is added a protest against grants made to officers, and the advice "to abolish certain offices entirely as also the Court of Common Pleas, and to see that the attornies' fees are not allowed to run too high."

All these things the letter of instruction commits to the "utmost endeavour" of Colonel White and adds: "May the great Fountain of Goodness and Knowledge assist you in discharging this Trust with Success."

The preparation of such documents by the country towns shows the magnitude of the intellectual labor out of which the state and national governments were brought to their final form.

Perhaps the efforts of small communities to control the larger matters of state and nation had dangers as well as advantages. Disorders were rising and the excited people in certain parts of Massachusetts overstepped legal bounds in their attempts to regulate abuses. The story of Shays's Rebellion is told on the pages of the school histories. It came as a warning to law abiding persons to pause and see where things were tending.

On February 12, 1787, a meeting was called in Rochester to petition the "Honorable General Court on account of the Confusions & Disorders in the Commonwealth & that such a line of Conduct may be pursued as may restore peace and Tranquillity to the Commonwealth." A committee of five was chosen to draught the petition and to report in one hour. The report expresses the "Attachment of the town of Rochester to the Government of Massachusetts & its poignant regret for the late unhappy disorders in the Western Counties obstructing the cause of Justice & seeking redress of Grievances in illegal ways. But as the main object of the Insurgents was a personal Indemnity we humbly pray that the troops under General Lincoln (now the Insurgents are disbursed) may be immediately disbanded. We think this would restore Publick tranquillity if an Act of General Indemnity be passed & we pray your honours patience in praying you to take measures for suitably lowering the Salaries of the Servants of Government & take into your wise Consideration that late act of suspending the privelidge of the writ of Habeas Corpus." The petition also asks again for a convention to amend the state constitution.

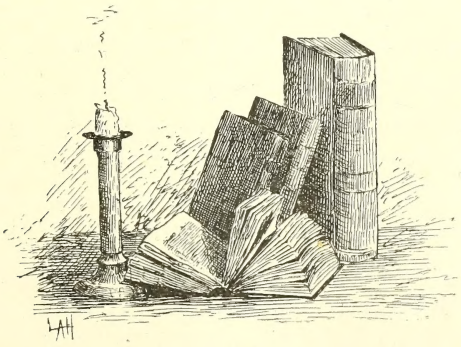
It was about this time that certain reports were carried to Boston against Abraham Holmes, who from the beginning had been an active leader in the American cause and who was the real author of the town's "Instructions to Colonel White." It being said that he was a dangerous person, "since it

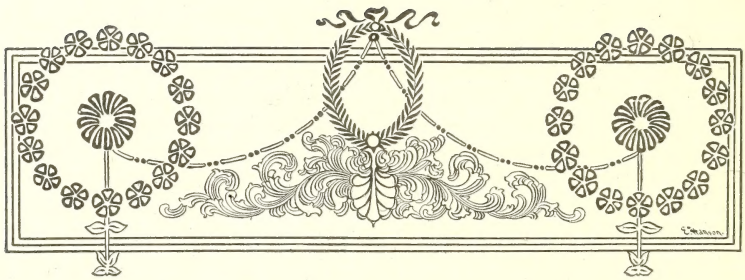
was well known that he did not approve of the acts of the Legislature," he went before the Senate in his own defense, declaring that he had done nothing revolutionary. But learning that a state warrant had already been issued for his arrest, and fearing that as the act of *habeas corpus* was suspended he should be held in jail without a trial, he left Rochester privately during a snowstorm, and remained for a time in Rhode Island. When affairs quieted down again he returned to Rochester openly, his fellow townsmen, who had been his firm supporters and indignant defenders throughout the agitation, giving him an enthusiastic welcome. The next year they cast their votes, with only seventeen exceptions, for him as their representative to the General Court.

The time was at hand, however, when these difficult questions of government were to be settled on a broader basis. Not the little towns discussing each from its own standpoint these matters of national concern, nor the several states guarding jealously their individual rights, nor yet the Continental Congress with its limited powers could settle finally these tremendous complications. A broader tribunal was even now constructing the instrument that should marshal the conflicting elements into one better organized whole.

December 20, 1787, the town of Rochester "Voted to read the proposed Federal Constitution in Town Meeting & to send two delegates to the State Convention at Boston," Capt. Nathaniel Hammond and Mr. Abraham Holmes being chosen for this honored service. So the Federal Constitution began its harmonizing rule, and a year later, December 18, 1788, a town meeting was convened to choose "one member of the House of Representatives of the united States of America, to be the Representative of Plymouth and Barnstable Counties, also to vote for two persons as electors for President and Vice-President of the united States of America." The Nation had at last been born, though we have learned since that day to spell its name with a better freedom in the use of capital letters.

The Revolution was ended. The town records change their character and again glide naturally into the election of local officers, the care of the town poor, and the ever seasonable regulation of the "Herren fisheries."

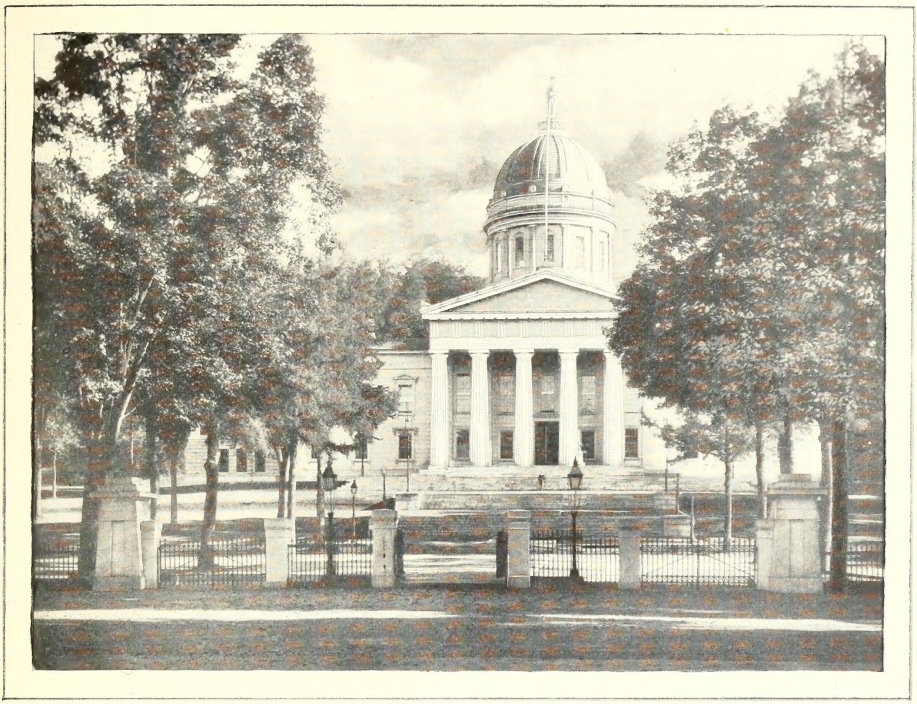




A PRAYER.

By Meredith Nicholson.

NOT in an hour can tireless Change
Across the spirit's fiefdom range;
But measuredly, and gathering force,
It follows steadily its course.
And if 'twere mine to wield control
Of Time within my heart and soul,
Saving from ruin and decay
What I hold dearest, I should pray
That I may never cease to be
Wooed daily by Expectancy;
That evening shadows in mine eyes
Dim not the light of new surprise;
That I may feel, till life be spent,
Each day the sweet bewilderment
Of fresh delight in simple things,
In snowy winters, golden springs,
And quicker heartbeats at the thought
Of all the good that man has wrought.
But may I never face a dawn
With all the awe and wonder gone,
Or in late twilight fail to see
Charm in the stars' old sorcery.



THE VERMONT STATE HOUSE.

MONTPELIER, VERMONT.

By Hiram A. Huse.

THE towns of Massachusetts (except some in that part which in 1820 became the State of Maine), Connecticut and Rhode Island were settled before the American Revolution. This holds true of a large number of towns in the southern and western part of New Hampshire and of a less number in the southern part of Vermont. Although Fort Dummer, in the southeastern part of Brattleboro, marked the first remembered settlement of English speaking inhabitants within the borders of Vermont and fixed the date as 1724, there may have been a few years before some families from western Massachusetts in what is now Vernon, the southeast town of Vermont; and one hundred and fifty years ago there had come to be a few families leading a precarious existence a few miles farther up along the west bank of the Connecticut.

In 1749 Benning Wentworth, governor of the Province of New Hampshire, granted the town of Bennington; and within two or three years thereafter Halifax and Westminster were also granted by him. These three pioneers of those grants that were permanent were followed slowly by other grants, but not by settlement for some years. The fall of Quebec in 1759, followed by the known approach of peace, gave an impetus to Governor Wentworth's granting quill, and at the end of 1764 he had given grants of some one hundred and twenty-five towns in what is now Vermont territory, or of about half of the

To the Honorable Assembly of the State of Vermont

The Petition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Montpelier in the County of Orange Humbly Sheweth, that your Petitioners are greatly embarrassed in bringing forward the settlement of s.d Town for the want of a Bridge over Onion River and the Little North branch so called, and also a Road down Onion River, which will lead To and from Market, Therefore Your Petitioners Humbly pray that your Honours would grant a Tax of Two pence on each acre of Land in s.d Town Publick Rights excepted, and in some other way enable your Petitioners To compleat s.d Bridges and Road, and as in duty bound shall ever Pray

Montpelier Oct.r 7th 1788

Jacob Davis
Dav.d Wing Jun.r
Ebenezer Upham 2d
Clark Stevens, Parley Davis
Porter Burnham
Sam.ll Upham Jun.r
Liba Woodworth
Levi Humphrey
Ebenezer Peck
Nathaniel Peck
Isaac Putnam
Benjamin Tucker 2d
Theophilus W. Brooks



JONATHAN PECKHAM MILLER.

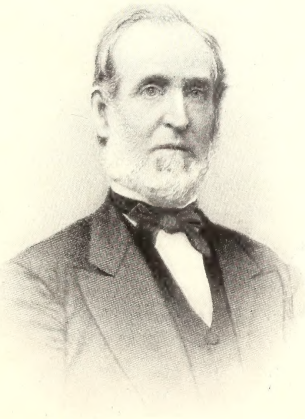
two hundred and forty-six organized towns and cities now in the State.* The virtual close of the French and Indian war brought, beginning in Bennington in 1761, swift settlement of many of the lands so granted. Hence, and from the inborn strength and courage of the settlers, enlarged and disciplined by the conquest from Nature of a wilderness and by the defense of their new-made homes from the aggressions of a powerful adjoining province, came it that a decade and a half later Burgoyne wrote to England, four days after the battle of Bennington:

"The New Hampshire Grants, in particular, a country unpeopled in the last war, now abounds in the most active and most rebellious race of the continent, and hangs like a gathering storm on my left."

This is not the place to tell of the contention on the part of New York that her eastern boundary, north of Massachusetts, extended to the Connecticut river, nor of the many grants made by the governors of the Province of New York; nor of the "judgment seats" erected and the "beech seals" used by Ethan Allen, Seth Warner, Remember Baker (all cousins from Connecticut), and their fellows of the "Bennington Mob" in resisting New York authority to regrant lands, already granted by New Hampshire; nor of the evolution from the "Bennington Mob" of the Green Mountain Boys and the later growth of hostility to New York control even of lands ungranted by New Hampshire. No territory in Montpelier was ever granted by New Hampshire, but the New York grants of Newbrook and Kingsborough, the



SAMUEL PRENTISS.



TIMOTHY P. REDFIELD.

*Wentworth granted west of the Connecticut river 1 town in 1749; 1 town in 1750; 2 towns in 1752; 7 in 1753; 3 in 1754; 1 town in 1760; 60 towns in 1761; 10 in 1762; 34 in 1763, and 3 in 1764; and probably a few more that escaped observation in making this count, which is, however, accurate enough to mark his years of special activity in this business. These grants or charters curiously conserved education, religion and "thrift, thrift, Horatio!" They gave: "One whole share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. One Share for the first settled Minister of the Gospel. One Share for a Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established, and one Share for the benefit of a School in said Town;" and to "His Excellency Benning Wentworth, Esqr., a Tract of Land to Contain Five Hundred Acres, as marked B. W. in the Plan." But in many cases if there was in the granted town any land bad enough to be of man and God forsaken, the guileless grantees so managed that that very land turned out to be "the Governor's Right."

former made June 13, 1770, and the latter made June 25, 1770, covered at least in part Montpelier territory. Neither of these New York grants was ever settled by people claiming ownership under them; but it is told that "in 1772, Ira Allen drove off Samuel Gale and his surveying party, who were running lines of New York grants; or, rather, Gale and his party fled before Allen, of whose approach they had heard; appeared. that he had five thousand acres in Kingsborough surveyed in 1767 and lotted out for settlement in 1771, situated partly in Wildersburg (now Barre) and partly in "Mountpalier." If Kelly was right in his statement, more was done within Montpelier bounds under New York grants than has ever been told by any historian of the town; but it is a little curious that the survey in Kingsborough should have been three



STATE STREET.

Rear Admiral Dewey was born on the spot now occupied by his brother's home, the second house on the left.

The surveyors' camp, from which they so disappeared upon the advance of Allen and his friends, was located in the northeast part of the old town of Montpelier, and, therefore, in the northeast part of the present town of East Montpelier."

The petition of John Kelly, who was to 1775 a Yorker and afterwards a Tory (but never a member of Tammany), presented to the Vermont Legislature in 1787 shows how difficult it is to make all statements of the olden time fit each other; for Kelly says years before the grant, and what he speaks of as happening in 1771 may very well be the same undertaking that was broken up by Ira Allen.

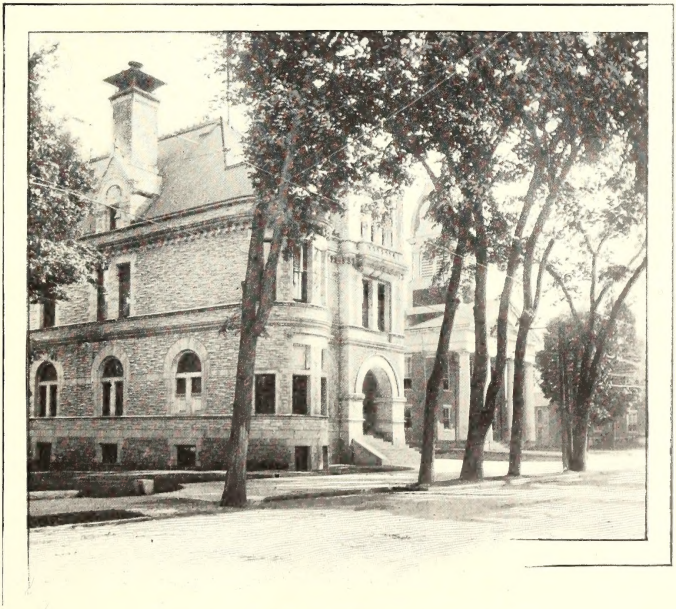
The towns on the east side of the state settled from 1761 to the breaking out of the Revolution were along the west bank of the Connecticut as far up as Newbury (with a very few families as far north as Lunenburg, Guildhall and Maidstone); on the west side of the state some towns as far north as Addison (and some towns in Chittenden county abandoned when the war



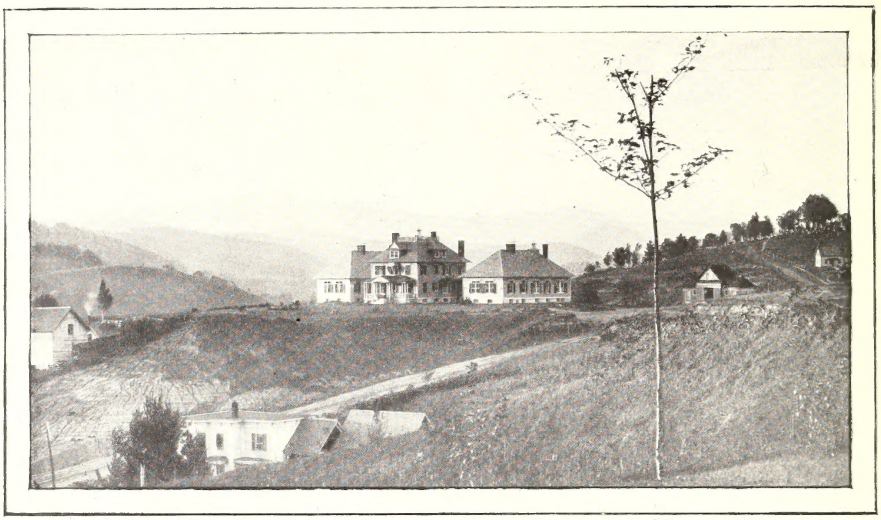
MAIN STREET, SHOWING PART OF THE BUSINESS SECTION.

The Kellogg-Hubbard Library on the extreme left.

broke out); and various others in the south and south central part of what is now Vermont, Royalton being perhaps as far north as any of these more central towns. Some seventy of the towns granted by New Hampshire had been settled before the Revolution. From these last came the Green Mountain Boys, who under Ethan Allen took Fort Ticonderoga May 10, 1775, and those who under Seth Warner later constituted a part of the army which invaded Canada, and those who still later in the Continental Army under Warner fought under St. Clair in defeat at Hubbardton, and a few weeks afterwards under Stark in victory at Bennington, and



THE POST OFFICE AND COURT HOUSE.



THE HEATON HOSPITAL.

who remained for several years in the Continental service.

A convention of members chosen by the several towns on the New Hampshire grants at Westminster, January 16, 1777, declared the territory comprehending these grants "a free and independent jurisdiction or state; to be forever hereafter called, known and distinguished by the name of New Connecticut." It has been generally stated that the declaration read: "New Connecticut, *alias* Vermont"; but there was no Vermont about it then—it was just plain New Connecticut. Dr. Thomas Young, a friend of Ethan Allen, the next April suggested the Pennsylvania constitution as a model for the constitution of the new state and Vermont as an appropriate name; and the next summer a constitution much like that of Pennsylvania, and the name of Vermont were adopted.

But the name first, though far from forever, used was significant of the origin of the new commonwealth. The majority of its inhabitants were from Connecticut, though a good many were from Massachusetts. They found here conditions other than those existing in the colonies from which they came. Many of them had fought in the French and Indian war. The younger were those of most adventurous spirit in the communities

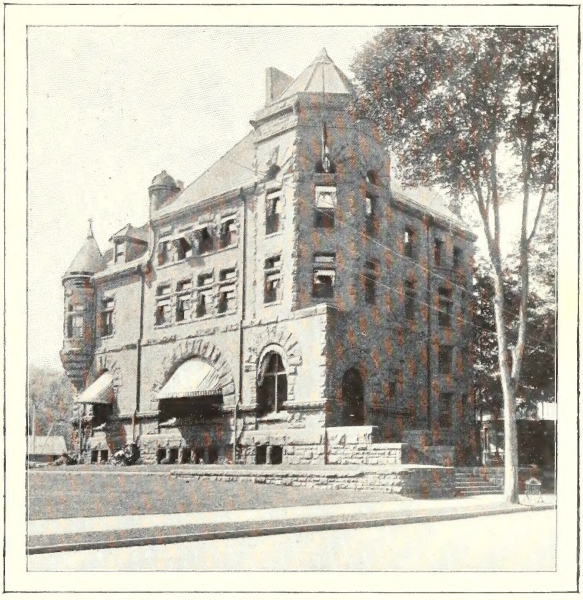


THE SEMINARY.

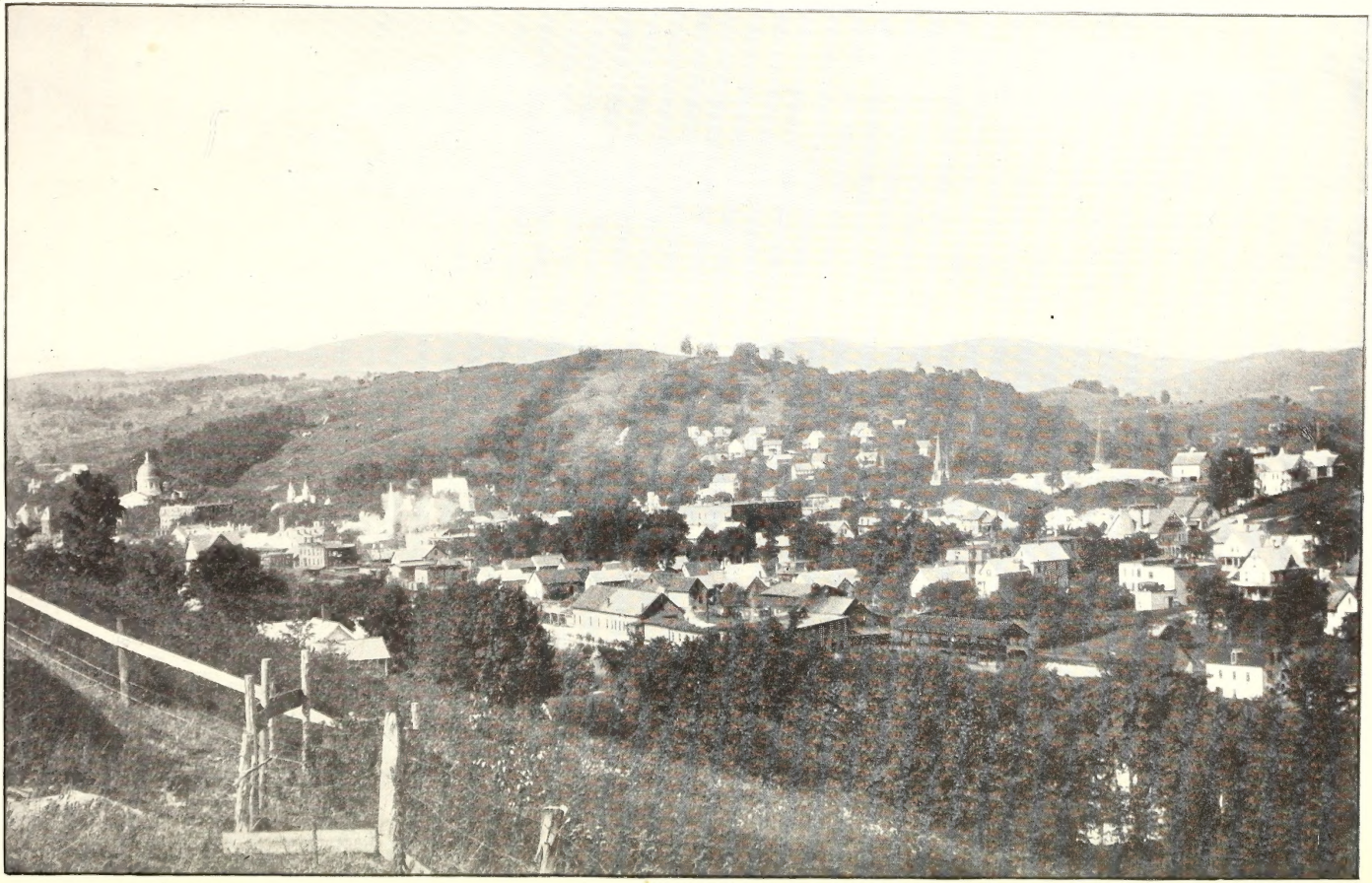
whence they emigrated. Coming here in reliance on the grants of the governor of a royal province issued in the name of George the Second or George the Third, "by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.," they found the governor of another and greater province in the name of the king regranting their lands to other people. Out of their defense of their rights against great odds they got that discipline and growth that made them the men whom Burgoyne described. They were Connecticut and Massachusetts born, but so environed and "the elements so mix'd" in them that they became Green Mountain Boys; just how perhaps is hard to explain.

Vermont began to make grants in 1778. During the Revolution settlements were begun in ten towns so granted. Two towns, Bradford and Royalton, settled before the Revolution, continued their landed proprietorships under New York grants. In 1780, Barnard, just north of Woodstock and about forty miles south of what is now Montpelier, was the most northerly of the New Hampshire grants that were settled; northeast of Barnard and adjoining it, Royalton, a New York grant, had quite a number of inhabitants; to the west of Royalton, Bethel, a Vermont grant, had a few families; and to the north of these last towns, in Randolph and Brookfield, that same year granted by Vermont, there were also a few families. From Randolph and Brookfield to Montpelier, a distance of some twenty miles, there were no inhabitants.

Monday, October 16, 1780, came the "Burning of Royalton," famous in tradition through the early days of Vermont, and kept more clearly in mind in later years because of the account written by Zadock Steele, or some one for him, and published here in Montpelier in 1818. The attacking party consisted of about three hundred Indians from Canada commanded by an Englishman named Horton. They went up the Winooski through the valley where Montpelier City now lies, thence up Stevens Branch and through what are now Washington and Chelsea and through Tunbridge to Royalton, where they killed Thomas Pember and Elias Button. During the day of their depredations they took twenty-five prisoners, burned more than twenty houses and killed all the live stock in sight. Returning they went through Randolph, where early on the morning of the 17th they took Zadock Steele prisoner, and thus made certain that their raid would be long talked of at Vermont firesides. The evening of the 17th they camped at the mouth of Dog river, on the Berlin side of the Winooski and opposite the spot where,



THE NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY'S BUILDING.



MONTPELIER FROM BERLIN HILL.



UPPER MAIN STREET.

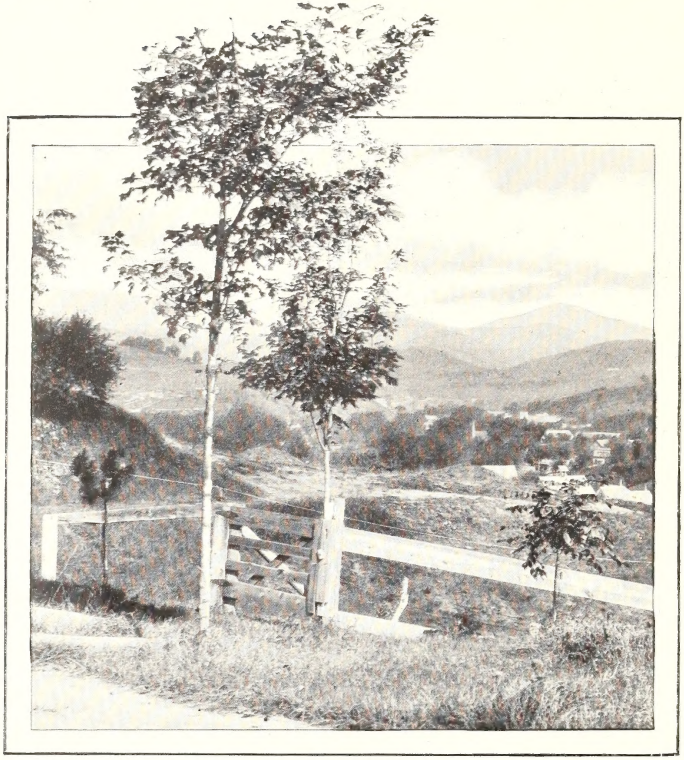
nearly six years later, the first white settler in Montpelier located, and on the 18th resumed their journey back to Canada. On Saturday of the same week, October 21, 1780, the General Assembly of Vermont, at a session held in Bennington, made a grant of the town of Montpelier to Timothy Bigelow and his associates. Vermont towns as a rule were six miles square, and Montpelier, like most of the rest, was supposed to contain 23,040 acres; but the listers' books now show East Montpelier to contain 17,814 acres and the city of Montpelier 4,419 acres, so that the supposed original acreage in some way fell short.

The grant of Montpelier was followed by a formal charter issued by Governor Thomas Chittenden, August 14, 1781. It continued as a town on paper only for five years, when Joel Frizzel, a trapper and hunter, with his wife, Mary, who is said to have been a little red-haired French woman from Canada, began living in the southwest corner of the town near the bank of the river. Frizzel has not been given until lately the credit of being the real first white settler; but he remained here at least until January 11, 1794, when he finally deeded away the hundred-acre lot on which he lived.

Colonel Jacob Davis came and had most of the town surveyed in the summer of 1786, but he found Frizzel living here and Frizzel helped in the survey.

It is to Colonel Jacob Davis that the town owes its name. How the name of the French city of Montpelier came to take the fancy of Colonel Davis is not known; but Daniel P. Thompson, the Montpelier historian and Vermont novelist, gives as his authority for saying that Colonel Davis had the name Montpelier inserted in the grant, George Worthington, who married Colonel Davis's youngest daughter, Clarissa, who was the first child born in the new town.

Jacob Davis was from Charlton, Worcester County, Massachusetts, had served in the Revolutionary army,



WORCESTER MOUNTAINS FROM SEMINARY HILL.

and was evidently interested in Vermont lands about the year of Montpelier's charter, for he was one of the original grantees of Calais, of which the General Assembly gave a grant on the same day that Montpelier was granted, and one of the original grantees of Salem, which was granted November 7, 1780. In 1783 the Colonel was for a time actively engaged in the survey of the town of Calais, which lies north of Montpelier. Of the sixty or more grantees of Montpelier, Colonel Davis and his sons, Jacob, Jr., and Thomas, appear to have been the only ones who settled in the town; and it is worthy of remark that at the time of the grant Jacob Davis, Jr., was but twelve years of age, and Thomas Davis but eight years of age.

Colonel Davis early in 1787 moved his family from Charlton to Brookfield, Vermont, and May 3, 1787, came with his hired man and his nephew, Parley Davis, by way of Williamstown Heights and by Berlin Pond to the Winooski river, which his party waded about twenty rods above where Dog river joins it and thence went down to the



BENJAMIN'S FALLS IN WINTER.



THE WINOOSKI RIVER AT LOWER STATE STREET.

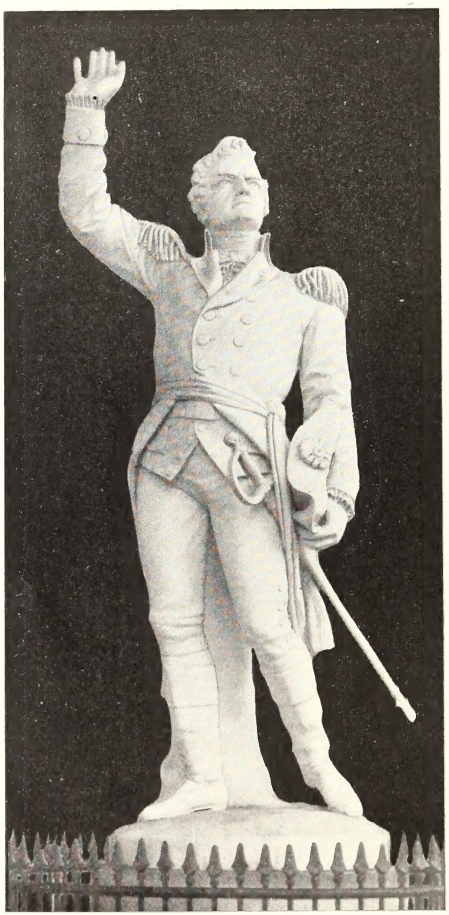
house of Seth Putnam in Middlesex, about a mile below their crossing.

May 4, 1787, from which the settlement of Montpelier, other than by Frizzel and his wife, dates, the Colonel and his two companions cut a bridle path from Putnam's along the bank of the river to the Montpelier line, and thence a mile or more still farther up to where the North Branch empties into the main river, and thence forty or fifty rods up the North Branch to a hunters' camp near where the jail now is. To this camp they brought their horse and luggage the same day and the next went to clearing land. Colonel Davis built a log house which stood three years, when it gave place as his residence to a large frame house, which was moved in 1858 farther up Elm street and is still standing. The Colonel settled in what was for years called Montpelier Hollow and is the site of the present city. His nephew, Parley Davis, following the more common custom of early days, settled on the hill where Montpelier Center now is. The rest of Colonel Davis's family, his wife and four daughters, were brought to their new home in March, 1788; and the petition to the General Assembly which is given in this article shows that in that year quite a settlement had been formed.

When Jacob and Parley Davis came up from Putnam's on that fourth of May, 1787, on reaching the Montpelier line they faced up the Winooski, or as they called it the Onion, river as it flowed to the west along the southern boundary of the town. The lands of Montpelier were north of the river, and about a mile from the west line the North Branch, or, as it is now more commonly called, Worcester Branch, flowing to the south almost parallel with the west line of the town, emptied into the Winooski. Near the southeast part of the town there is such a bend in the Winooski that its course is not far away from the town's east line. Between the North Branch and that part of the Winooski which flows near the eastern line of the township was found a body of excellent farming land that placed the

town in the front rank of agricultural communities.

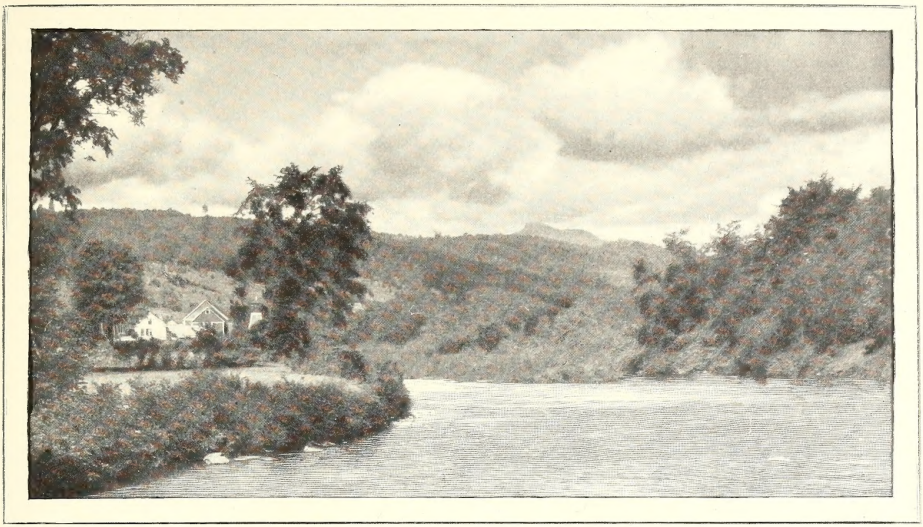
It has been seen that the paper existence of the town began in the days of the Revolution, but its settlement was post-Revolutionary. The greater number of early settlers were Massachusetts men, but several were from Connecticut. Many were men who had seen military service in the war then three or four years closed. The new community was simply a Massachusetts or Connecticut neighborhood moved further north and into ruder surroundings that brought the hardships of pioneer life that had been in large measure modified or done away with for nearly a century in the towns of southern New England. The settlers of Montpelier were not "Green Mountain Boys"; they were not the men who had founded the new state, but were those who from their Massachusetts and Connecticut farms and villages, when the news of Lexington and Concord came, went to Bunker Hill and the siege of Boston instead of to Fort Ticonderoga. The same holds true of half the towns of the state, and newcomers from southern New England came swiftly after the Revolution into towns partially settled before it began. But newcomers and old were of the same blood and pretty much the same kind of folks and worked in unison for the good of the new commonwealth.



STATUE OF ETHAN ALLEN, IN THE PORCH OF THE STATE HOUSE.
Designed by Larkin G. Mead.

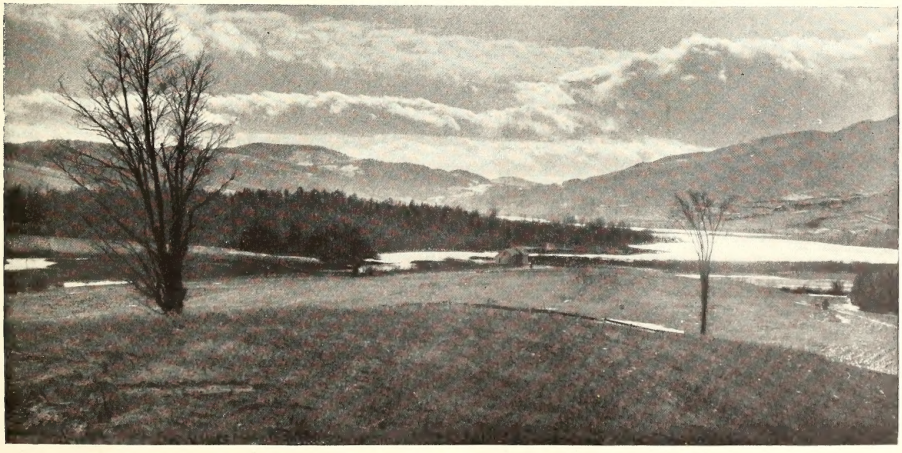
The first school was kept by Jacob Davis, Jr., in 1789, near the Middlesex line; and after Colonel Davis built his large frame house in 1790 David Wing, Jr., kept in a part of it the first school in the village. In 1794 six school districts were established. The first "March meeting," as Vermont town meetings are called, was held at the house of Colonel Davis March 29, 1791, and twenty-seven voters were present. The first "Freemen's Meeting" was held at the house of Parley Davis at the Center on the first Tuesday of September, 1792; and the Center was thereafter the place of holding town and freemen's meetings for the old town of Montpelier until its division in 1848 into the two towns of Montpelier and East Montpelier, and is yet the place of such meetings in the town of East Montpelier, which contains four-fifths in area of the old town, including the excellent hill farms and many along the banks of the Winooski.

It has been heretofore stated that Montpelier's population at the taking



THE WINOOSKI RIVER, "CAMEL'S HUMP" IN THE DISTANCE.

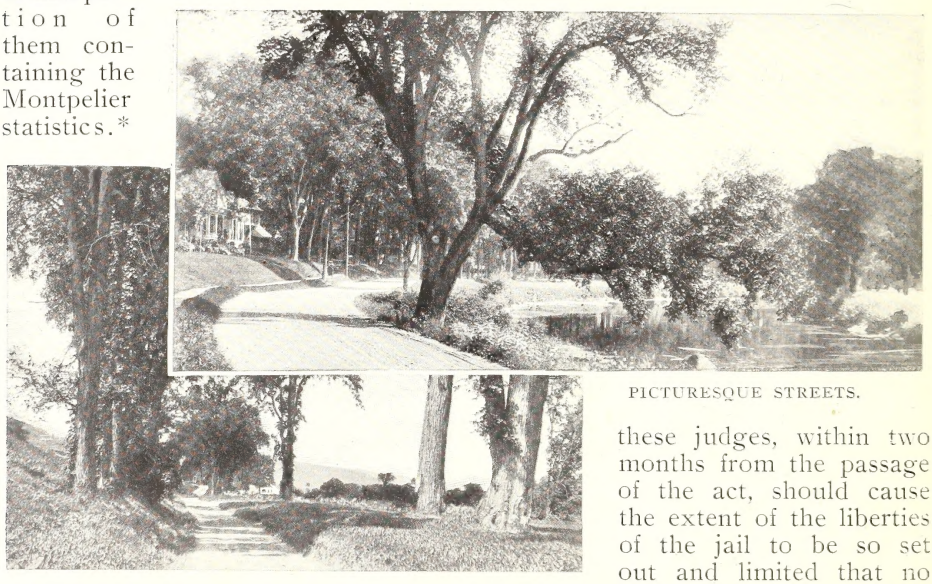
of the first United States census in 1791 was 113, but as will be seen, it was 118. In 1800 it had increased to 890. The census taken in 1791, while not as full in statistics or in names of persons as the enumerations taken since, is quite a mine of information as to the status of communities and the location of persons who were householders at that time; and it is a mine that has been very little worked for the information it can furnish. For instance, it, as well as the town records of deeds, refutes the old statement that Montpelier's first settler only remained in town two or three years, and shows that he and his wife were both here at least five years. It shows that Colonel Davis's house was the home, either temporary or permanent, of a number of people not of his immediate family; and it shows in the house of the Quaker Prince Stevens almost as many people as in Colonel Davis's house, — one of its inmates doubtless being that noble man Clark



BERLIN POND.

Stevens, the ancestor of Mrs. Anna S. Robinson, wife of Rowland E. Robinson of Ferrisburg, whose word-pictures of Vermont and her people, whether in history or fiction, are the delight of thousands who read his books.

These returns of the 1791 census as they now exist in Washington are in the form shown in the following transcript of that portion of them containing the Montpelier statistics.*



PICTURESQUE STREETS.

The table shows seventeen households in the town four years after its settlement.

POPULATION OF MONTPELIER, VT., AUG. 16, 1791.

	A.	B.	C.	D.
Theophilus Brooks	3	1	3	7
Allen Carpenter	1	2	4	7
Jonathan Cutler	5	3	2	10
Jacob Davis	12	..	5	17
Perley Davis	2	..	..	2
Solomon Dodge	3	2	2	7
Joel Frizzle	1	..	1	2
James Hawkins	2	3	3	8
Josiah Hurlbutt	2	2	3	7
James Morey	1	..	5	6
Nathaniel Peck	2	..	..	2
Ebenezer Putnam	1	2	4	7
Jonathan Snow	3	..	1	4
Prince Stevens	8	1	4	13
John Templeton	3	2	3	8
Jerathmel B. Wheeler	4	1	4	9
Ziba Woodworth	2	..	..	2
Total	55	19	44	118

A. Free White Males over 16 years, including head of family. B. Males Under 16. C. Free White Females, including head of family. D. Total.

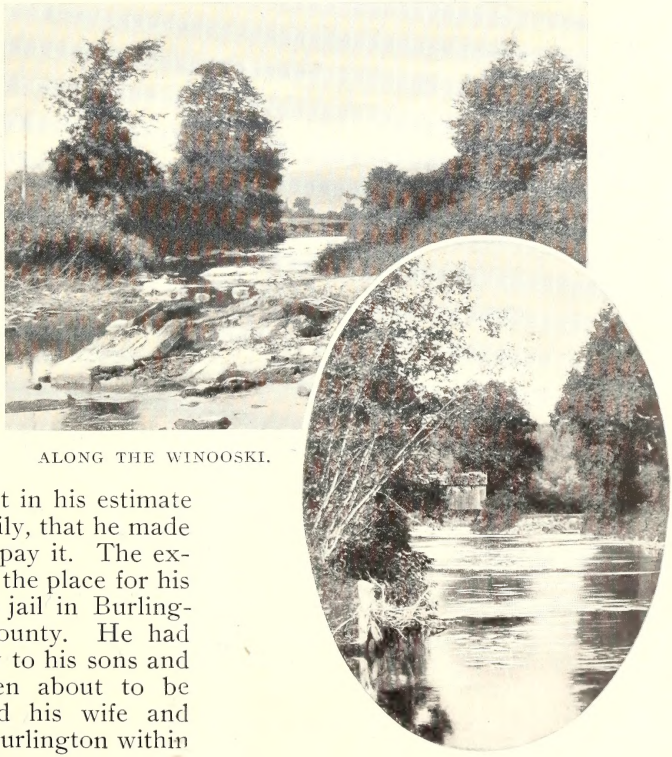
Imprisonment for debt prevailed in Vermont and did not go off her statute books until 1839, although the liberties of the jail yard were at times very great. It was the duty of the judges of the several county courts to set out yards for the liberty of prisoners in their respective jails; and the judges became so liberal in this behalf that in 1813 a law was passed, providing that these judges, within two months from the passage of the act, should cause the extent of the liberties of the jail to be so set out and limited that no prisoner's yard should equal more than four square miles. Debtors imprisoned in cases on contract, whether on *mesne* process or execution, could be admitted to the liberties of the jail yard by giving bonds to the sheriff of the county, conditioned that they should remain within the limits of the jail yard without committing any escape therefrom; so that a contract debtor, if he could get some one to go on his bond, could live anywhere within a distance of a mile from the

*The above statistics were furnished the writer by Capt. Dwight H. Kelton, U. S. A., who copied it from the original Census Returns now on file in Washington, D. C. Captain Kelton made an effort to have these first census returns published by the Government. He says that the returns for New England are still in a fair condition, while the returns of many states are missing. Captain Kelton's effort for the publication of the census returns for 1791 ought to be successful. He first saw their value to the local historian and in tracing family history by the location of families in the very first years of the Union.

jail. It is told that Judge Kinne of Plainfield, who used to practice early in the County Court in Montpelier, but who, not being a member of the bar, had to address the jury from without the bar, was once defending a suit on one of these bonds. The plaintiff claimed that the debtor had been beyond the limits of the jail yard, in which case, of course, the bond was forfeited, and to establish his claim put on witnesses to prove that just about daylight the debtor, whose family was living a couple of miles from the jail on the road to East Montpelier, had been seen on the dead run down hill and towards the jail only about a rod inside the mile limit. Of course it was very evident that the man had made a visit home, and had not got back to safe ground under cover of darkness; but Judge Kinne offered no evidence and his address to the jury was very brief: "Gentlemen of the Jury, the plaintiff in this case has taken every method to prove my client within the limits of the jail yard, and I shall take no manner of means to prove him out." The defendant had the verdict.

About the year 1800 Colonel Davis fell into financial difficulty; and in one case a large judgment was obtained against him, so unjust in his estimate and in that of his family, that he made up his mind never to pay it. The execution so issued that the place for his commitment was the jail in Burlington in Chittenden County. He had conveyed his property to his sons and sons-in-law, and when about to be committed he moved his wife and younger children to Burlington within the limits of Chittenden County jail yard and quietly lived in Burlington a dozen years or more, keeping always, of course, within the liberties of the jail. He rejected all offers of compromise made by the plaintiffs, until in 1814, the plaintiffs virtually abandoning their claim and offering to settle for a nominal sum, he accepted their proposition and was going to return to Montpelier. He was taken sick, however, before removing to his old home and died in Burlington, April 9, 1814, at the age of about seventy-five years.

Montpelier has been from the start a business town. Its merchants, manufacturers, bankers, and managers of insurance companies have, by conservative and successful methods, given it a well deserved reputation for reliability and soundness in financial matters. But it has never forgotten the church and the school. Two of the men who came very early, Ziba



ALONG THE WINOOSKI.



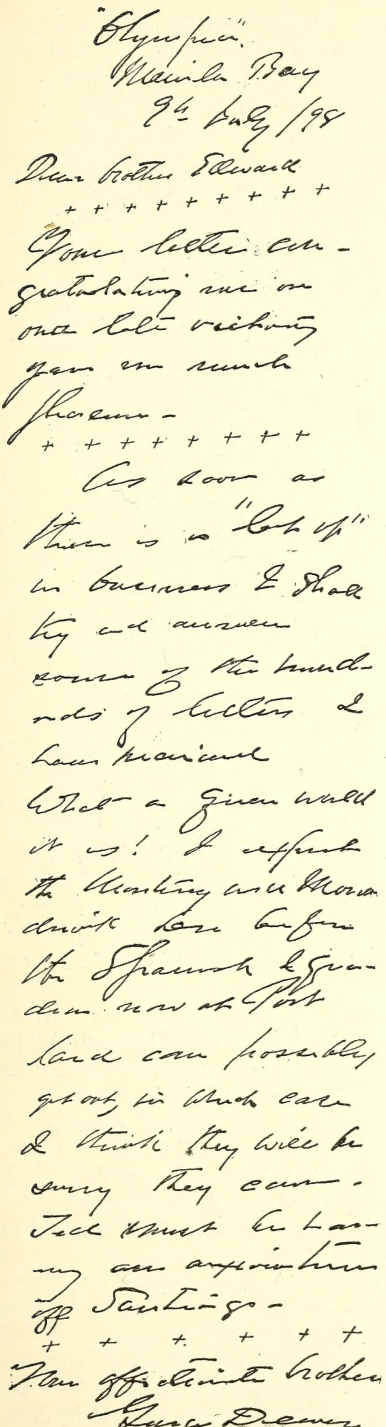
REAR ADMIRAL DEWEY.

Woodworth, who had been a soldier in the Revolution, and Clark Stevens, were zealous preachers of the Gospel — Woodworth a Baptist and Stevens a Quaker. By just what forms and ceremonies they were ordained to their work is not clear, but they were in good standing in their denominations, and in their work had apostolic success if not succession. It has been said that Jacob Davis, Jr., and David Wing, Jr., were the first school teachers, and Mr. Wing was a scholarly man, later becoming secretary of state and a leader in educational matters. Colonel Davis himself, while of great business activity, was, as may be seen by the old bridge petition, of October 7, 1788, the body of which is in his handwriting, a man who could wield the pen as well as the axe. Before his coming to Vermont he was one of the founders of the old Leicester Academy.

In the days of Stevens and Woodworth there came, beginning in 1795, a Methodist preacher; and in 1805 Rev. Clark Brown came for the Congregationalists. The first Congregational Church in Montpelier was organized July 20, 1808, with seventeen members, and Rev. Chester Wright, who was ordained August 16, 1809, and dismissed December 22, 1830, became the first pastor. There were admitted during his pastorate four hundred and twenty-eight members, and the "Old Brick Church" was erected in 1820. Rev. Samuel Hopkins was pastor from 1831 to 1835; Rev. Buel W. Smith from 1836 to 1840; and Rev. John Gridley from 1841 to 1846. Then followed the long pastorate of Rev. William H. Lord, D. D., extending over thirty years. The present large church known as Bethany Church was built after Mr. Lord had been here about twenty years. Mr. Lord died in 1877 and was succeeded by Rev. J. H. Hincks, who was followed by Rev. Mr. Gallagher. For some years Rev. Norman Seaver, D. D., has been pastor of this church



Fac-simile of an envelope sent by Rear Admiral Dewey from Manila, containing the letter reproduced on the following page.



"Olympia"
Manila Bay
9th July 1898

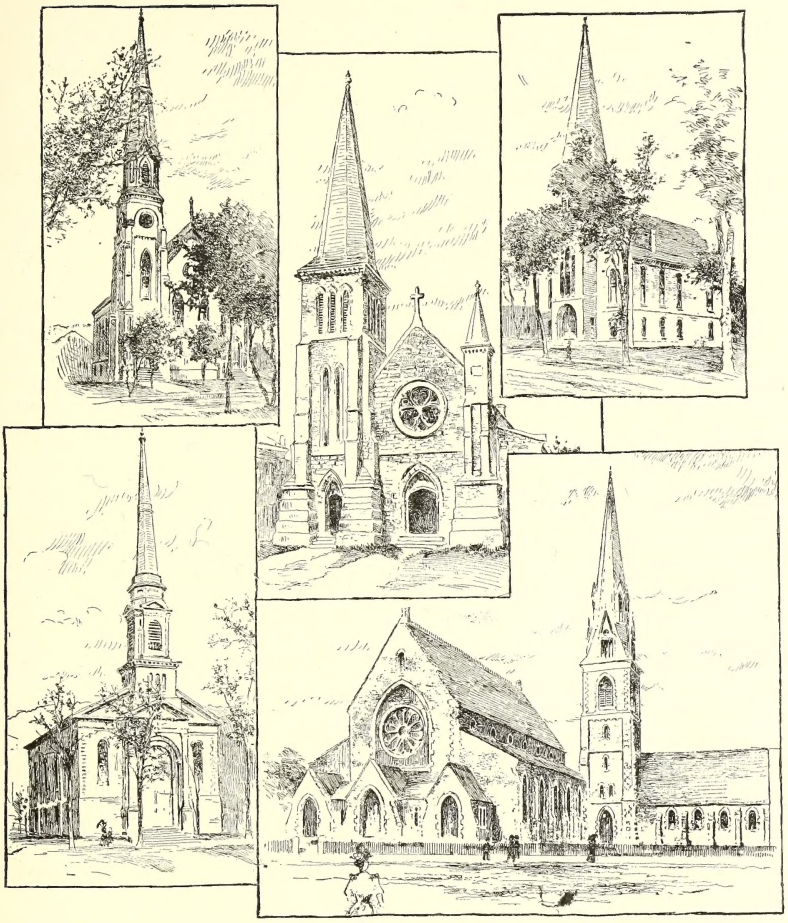
Dear Brother Edward
+ + + + + + + + +
Your letter con-
gratulating me on
our late victory
gave me much
pleasure -
+ + + + + + + + +
As soon as
there is a "Cable Office"
in Cavite I shall
try and answer
some of the hundr-
eds of letters I
have received
What a Fleet would
it be! I expect the
Monterey and Monad-
nock here before
the Spanish Squa-
dron now at Port
Said can possibly
get out in such case
I think they will be
sorry they came -
Jack must be hav-
ing an exciting time
off Santiago -
+ + + + + + +
Your affectionate Brother
George Dewey

and has kept its pulpit to the high standard of its past. The Methodists, who had held meetings for many years, in 1826 built a meeting-house at the Center, and in 1837 one in the village. Trinity Methodist Church built its present house of worship about thirty years ago, and the present pastor, earnest and eloquent, is Rev. Andrew Gillies. Beginning with Elder Ziba Woodworth the Free Will Baptists had several preachers during the seventy-five years succeeding the settlement of the town. In 1865 the Baptist Church of Montpelier was organized, and its present church building, on School street, begun in 1870, was dedicated in 1873. Rev. W. A. Davison is the pastor. A second Congregational Church was organized in 1835, which built for a house of worship the structure on State street, afterwards long known as Village Hall. Rev. Sherman Kellogg was for some years the pastor, but in 1848 this church dissolved, some of its members going back to the First Congregational Church and some going to the Methodist Church. The Universalists early organized a society at the Center and in 1831 one in the village. Later they organized a third society, which still exists, in East Montpelier village. In 1865, under Rev. C. A. Allen, a church was organized in the village by the Unitarians and Universalists. It is known as the "Church of the Messiah," and its pastor since 1869 has been Rev. J. Edward Wright, a grandson of Rev. Chester Wright. So for the greater part of this century Montpelier has had the good of earnest and effective work in the Christian ministry by a "Parson Wright"—the grandfather and the grandson, the orthodox and the liberal; and both in turn have had the respect and love of the community. In 1842 a Protestant Episcopal Church was organized. Its first church edifice was built where the "Riverside" is, but from 1868 Christ Church Parish has occupied the church built thirty years ago opposite the Court House. Rev. George B. Man-

ser was the first rector, and those following him have been Rev. E. F. Putnam, 1850-3; Rev. F. W. Shelton, 1854-65; Rev. D. C. Roberts, 1866-8; Rev. William J. Harris, 1869-70; Rev. Andrew Hull, 1871-9; Rev. H. F. Hill, 1879-89; Rev. James C. Flanders, 1889-91; and Rev. A. N. Lewis, the present rector, who has just completed seven years of most faithful and valuable work in the parish. The Roman Catholics since 1850 have held regular church services in Montpelier. Their church is known as St. Augustine's, and has the largest congregation in the city. They are building, to take the place of their brick church on Court street a new granite church on Barre street, and their present priest, Rev. William J. O'Sullivan, has been the moving spirit in this undertaking, which for years he has untiringly pushed with the energy and power that mark his pastorate.

While the pursuit of business enterprises has been the characteristic of Montpelier, it has all its days cared for education. Montpelier Academy was chartered in 1800, and soon work was begun by it. Instruction other than in the district schools was also given by Joshua Y. Vail in 1807. Mr. Vail's select school and the early academical instruction were followed in 1813 by changing the Academy charter to the charter of Washington County Grammar School. This school had its home on upper Main street for many years. The bridge that crosses Worcester Branch near its site is still known as the Academy Bridge, and it has no other material monument. The Grammar School and the district schools were in 1859 united under the name of the Union School. A large building was then erected at the head of School street for the combined educational institution, and in 1800 a large addition was made to this building. Mr. Southmayd's name is one of those remembered from the old academy or grammar school days, and D. D. Gorham gave the Union School a good name in the early years of its existence. From 1885 to 1889 Joseph A. De Boer was the principal, and under him the school came to be highly efficient as an educational power in the state. Mr. De Boer resigned to take the place of actuary in the National Life Insurance Company, of which he is now secretary and actuary. Mr. S. J. Blanpied, who died in March, 1897, while principal of the school, had conducted it with success for some years. Mr. N. J. Whitehill, who taught for several years at West Randolph, or as it is now named, Randolph, has been for somewhat more than a year the principal. St. Michael's School is a largely patronized parochial school maintained by the Catholic Church. Newbury Seminary, founded in 1833, was the leading Academy under conduct of the Methodists for many years. A more central location was desired, and in 1868 its home was changed to Montpelier. It is now Montpelier Seminary, and its buildings stand upon Seminary Hill. Rev. William M. Newton is the principal. The seminary has the good will and support of the Methodists of almost the entire state, and well deserves their favor.

From the days of Philip Vincent and Rebecca Peabody, who healed the sick in the eighteenth century, to those of J. E. Macomber and Dean G. Kemp, Montpelier has had the great good fortune to have physicians whom neither summer's heat nor winter's cold, nor storm nor night could keep away from the bed-side of the suffering. Doctor Macomber and Doctor Kemp were the last of the long line to "die in harness" — the former in 1896 and the latter September 3, 1898. Dr. Edward Lamb, in the typhus fever epidemics of 1806 and 1813 and in the spotted fever epidemic of 1811, did work that still lingers in tradition. Other physicians of note were James Spalding, Julius Y. Dewey, F. W. Adams (who mended bodies and made books and violins), and in late years Sumner Putnam, G. N. Brigham, T. H. Woodward, C. M. Chandler, J. M.



BAPTIST. METHODIST.
UNITARIAN. EPISCOPAL. CONGREGATIONAL.

SOME OF MONTPELIER'S CHURCHES.

Templeton and Drs. Macomber and Kemp. The doctors now in practice are A. B. Bisbee, C. E. Chandler, J. G. Dequoy, H. A. Fiske, W. L. Goodell, C. N. Hunt, M. F. McGuire and Minnie S. Marshall, representing the "old school;" H. S. Boardman, I. H. Fiske, Homœopathists; H. E. Templeton and P. L. Templeton of the Eclectic school; and E. E. Beeman and W. W. Brock of the school of Osteopathy. It is possible that there are others and the above classification may not be absolutely correct.

Charles Bulkley was the first lawyer, and Cyrus Ware, who came here in 1799, was the second. Judge Ware's youngest daughter, Mrs. Joel Foster, is still living and resides in Montpelier. Mr. Ware was the Montpelier representative in the general assembly in 1805, and to his efforts, seconded by those of David Wing, Jr., then Secretary of State, was due the passage of the act making Montpelier the capital of the state. Up to this time the road to Burlington went where Court street and the present State House now are. Soon after the passage of the act, what is now State street was laid out and the old State House and old Pavilion were built, the old State House being to the

northwest of the site of the Pavilion Hotel. A new State House of granite on the present site was begun in 1832 and first occupied in 1836. This was burned January 6, 1857, and the present State House was erected within the next few years and first occupied in 1859. In 1885-6 an annex was built which contains the State Library, the rooms of the Vermont Historical Society and the Supreme Court room.

The first tavern was built for Colonel Davis by James Hawkins in 1793. It stood on the site of the old Union House and where the Church of the Messiah now stands at the corner of Main and School streets. The second tavern was on the westerly side of Main street about opposite the beginning of Barre street and was built in 1800. It was first called the "Hutchins Tavern," and afterwards for many years was known as the "Shepard Tavern." The old Pavilion was built so as to be in readiness for the first session of the Legislature held here in 1808. Daniel P. Thompson, then a boy, was present on that first "Election Day," which in other states would be called "Inauguration Day," and has given a very graphic description of it in his History of Montpelier. The present Pavilion Hotel was built in 1875 and opened in February, 1876.

In 1810 a new county by the name of Jefferson was incorporated, with Montpelier as its shire town. The name was changed in 1813 to Washington County. The first court in the new county was held Monday, December 2, 1811, in the old State House.

In the days of the first Court, Col. James H. Langdon was the leading merchant. Colonel Langdon died in 1831 at the age of fifty-seven years. His son, James Robbins Langdon, who died in Montpelier, September 20, 1895, was during his whole business life the leading man in Montpelier in financial matters, being largely interested in railroads and in banking. Whatever at various times was the corporate name of the bank of which he was president, it was always known as the "Langdon Bank."

Samuel Prentiss, the third Montpelier lawyer, born in Stonington, Connecticut, March 31, 1782, grew up in Northfield, Massachusetts, where he began the study of law which he finished in Brattleboro. He came to Montpelier in May, 1803, and married Lucretia Houghton of Northfield, Massachusetts, October 3, 1804. There were twelve children of this marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss were alike an honor to Montpelier. In 1825 Mr. Prentiss became a member of the Supreme Court and in 1829 chief judge of that court. From March 4, 1831, to 1842, he was a United States Senator from Vermont, and in the last named year was appointed judge of the United States District Court, which office he held to his death, January 15, 1857.

William Upham, whose parents lived on a farm near Montpelier Center, was admitted to the bar of this county, December term, 1812. He became a famous jury lawyer and was a member of the United States Senate from March 4, 1843, to January 14, 1853, when he died in Washington. Lucius B. Peck as well as Mr. Upham read law with Mr. Prentiss and was for a third of a century the leader of the bar of Washington County. He was a member of Congress from 1847 to 1851. Stoddard B. Colby, of the firm of Peck and Colby, read law with Mr. Upham and was a lawyer of great power with juries. Mr. Peck said of him: "Give him a case with neither law nor fact on his side, and he would win where another man would never dream of trying it."

Isaac Fletcher Redfield, though never a member of the bar of Washington County, lived in Montpelier for eleven years after he was elected a judge of the Supreme Court. He was on the Supreme Bench twenty-five years, the last eight of which he was chief judge.

Timothy Parker Redfield, a

younger brother of Isaac F. Redfield, with whom he read law, was admitted to the bar in Orleans County, and in 1848 moved to Montpelier, where he practiced until his election as a judge of the Supreme Court in 1870. He declined a reëlection in 1884, and in 1888 died in Chicago, whence he was brought to Montpelier for burial.

Jonathan Peckham Miller, who practiced law in Montpelier from May term, 1831, to his death, February 17, 1847, was a knight errant of the olden time projected into the nineteenth century. He was born in Randolph, Vermont, February 24, 1797, went in the Randolph company to the battle of Plattsburgh in 1814, and in 1817 enlisted in the regular army, in which he served two years. He then fitted for college and was still a student at Burlington when the college buildings burned May 24, 1824. He sailed for Greece, August 21, 1824, and became a colonel in the Greek service. Fear was unknown to him. After his return to Vermont he went back to Greece to distribute a shipload donation to the suffering women, children, old men and non-combatants. This service he performed with skill and courage and returned to Montpelier in 1828. Colonel Miller was a good lawyer, but so much a man of affairs that he did not devote his entire time to his profession. He was an earnest abolitionist, and by his personal courage once prevented a mob from maltreating Samuel J. May.

Charles W. Willard, able lawyer and editor, was a member of congress from 1869 to 1875, and died lamented in 1880. Charles Reed, Charles H. Heath, Joseph A. Wing and Stephen C. Shurtleff are well remembered for their excellence in their profession as are Timothy Merrill, F. F. Merrill and others of an older time.

The newspapers of Montpelier, from the first one in 1806 to the present time, have maintained a high place in the press of the state. Among the editors of note were the elder Walton, E. P. Walton, Jr., who was member of congress from 1857 to 1863, Charles W. Willard, Joseph Poland, Hiram Atkins and others. The present newspapers are the *Vermont Watchman*, the *Argus and Patriot*, published weekly; the *Evening Argus* and *Montpelier Record*, evening dailies; and the daily morning issue of the *Watchman*.

The Bank of Montpelier was founded in 1826 and the Vermont Bank in 1849. During the War of the Rebellion they were succeeded by the Montpelier National Bank and First National Bank of Montpelier. James R. Langdon was president of the Montpelier National Bank until his death in 1895, since when Albert Tuttle has been its president. The president of the First National Bank is Charles Dewey. The Montpelier Savings Bank & Trust Company was founded in 1870, and Homer W. Heaton has been president from its organization. The Capital Savings Bank and Trust Company was chartered in 1890, and of this T. J. Deavitt is president.

Montpelier has been a center of well conducted insurance business for many years. In 1828 the Vermont Mutual Fire Insurance Company was organized of which Col. Fred E. Smith is now president. The Union Mutual Fire Insurance Company was chartered in 1874. Its president is James W. Brock. The National Life Insurance Company was founded fifty years ago by Dr. Julius Y. Dewey. Charles Dewey is its president.

The city has an excellent system of water works, the water being taken from a reservoir fed from Berlin Pond, or Mirror Lake. Not only is water supplied for public and domestic purposes, but the overplus is used in affording power for manufacturing establishments.

The oldest and best known manufacturing establishment is that of the Lane Manufacturing Company, which sends out saw-mills and other woodworking machinery not only to various states of the Union, but to South America, the eastern continent, and Australia. This company was estab-

lished some thirty years ago by Gen. P. P. Pitkin, Dennis Lane and James W. Brock, and first did business as a partnership under the name of Lane, Pitkin & Brock. The Colton Manufacturing Company, on the Berlin side, employs many hands; and the development of the granite quarries in Barre within the last eighteen years has not only built up the city of Barre but has brought to Montpelier many firms and corporations engaged in cutting granite work. It is probable that the granite industry to-day employs more hands in Montpelier than any other business.

The post office building, which also contains a court room for the accommodation of the United States Courts, was built in 1885. The courts for Washington County were held in the old State House until 1818, when a county court house was built to the north of the Pavilion. This court house was given up and a new one built in 1842. The new one so built was soon burned, and its successor was enlarged in 1879. It was partially burned in 1880 and was repaired the same year, constituting the court house as it now stands. It has occupied its present site at the corner of State and Elm streets for fifty-six years.

A circulating library was begun in Montpelier in 1794. About 1814 another library was established. In 1885 the Montpelier Public Library Association was formed, and still exists. In 1894 the building of the Kellogg-Hubbard Library was begun and this new library was completed and opened in 1895. The cost of the grounds and building was about $60,000. The library is one of the best in the state. The Kellogg-Hubbard Library is incorporated and holds its property in trust for the inhabitants of Montpelier.

In 1895 Thomas W. Wood, a native of Montpelier and president of the National Academy of Design, established an art gallery in Montpelier in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association and the Montpelier Public Library Association.

Homer W. Heaton in 1895 and 1896 erected a hospital building on the northern part of Seminary Hill, and deeded the property to trustees who were incorporated in 1896 as the Heaton Hospital. A new wing has been added to the hospital building during the present year and its cost defrayed by Mr. Heaton. The city appropriates $2,000 annually to the hospital. Mr. Heaton is the oldest member of the Washington County bar. He was born in Berlin, August 25, 1811; studied law with J. P. Miller and was admitted to the bar in November, 1835.

The Apollo Club is the leading association organized in the city for social objects.

The first railroad train to run into Montpelier came over the Vermont Central line June 20, 1849. About 1873 the Montpelier and Wells River Railroad was completed, and branches have been since built from Montpelier to Barre by both the Central and Wells River roads, the Central branch extending now to Williamstown and the Wells River branch connecting with a railroad that makes a circle among the granite quarries.

Since in 1886 the use of gas for street lights was abandoned, electric lights have been used instead. There are now two electric plants, that of the Consolidated Lighting Company, whose power is furnished by the Winooski at the Pioneer Mills, supplemented by steam; and that of J. S. Viles, who has built very substantial electric works at Middlesex, the power being supplied from the waters of the Winooski at his dam in Middlesex Narrows. The Consolidated Company is about to put in a dam and an extensive plant at Bolton Falls some eighteen miles below Montpelier and twelve miles below Middlesex.

In 1897-8 was constructed the Barre and Montpelier Street Rail-

way. Its cars began running regularly about July 1, 1898, and the number of passengers carried has exceeded expectation.

Montpelier furnished its full share of soldiers in the war for the Union and the hall of Brooks Post of the Grand Army is a place for frequent reunions of the veterans. Company H of the First Regiment of Vermont Volunteers is just back from Camp Thomas at Chickamauga for muster out. Col. O. D. Clark of the First Regiment and Adjutant A. G. Eaton were Montpelier men.

The division of the old town of Montpelier into the two towns of Montpelier and East Montpelier took place in 1848, and the town of Montpelier was chartered as a city at the legislative session of 1894. This city charter went into effect March 1, 1895, George W. Wing being the first mayor. John H. Senter is mayor at the present time. The city's last representative, William A. Lord, was speaker of the House in 1896 and Harlan W. Kemp is the present representative of Montpelier in the general assembly.

It is a far cry back to that Thanksgiving night in 1791 when Theophilus Wilson Brooks of Montpelier, and Betsey Hobart of Berlin, were drowned in the Onion river after the Thanksgiving ball held at the house of Colonel Davis; but in all the intervening days the town has gone forward, as is the habit of most New England towns, to better conditions and with retention, in somewhat modified form but in real substance, of the old New England characteristics and virtues. That same river by the way, some sixty years after the tragic night of December, 1791, came near drowning a Montpelier lad, then in his teens, whose name was George Dewey.

Simeon Dewey, William Dewey and Israel Dewey from Hanover, N. H., were early settlers in Berlin, their farms being near Dog river, two or three miles up from its mouth. It was with Israel Dewey, his brother-in-law, that Daniel Baldwin in 1803, a boy of eleven years, was living; and Daniel's home-going from a neighbor's of an evening was the cause of the famous Berlin wolf-hunt. The neighbor gave Daniel a fire-brand in part to light his way and in part to keep off the wolves. The wolves sure enough began to howl and come, and Daniel waved his fire-brand and used his legs and came to his destination in safety, but in alarming proximity to the fierce beasts, who had only been kept from him by the fear of his fire-brand. The men of the town turned out in a day or two and by concerted action corralled and killed most of the wolves. Daniel lived to be one of Montpelier's most honored citizens, one of the founders of the Vermont Mutual Insurance Company and its president for many years, but to the day of his death, in 1881, he never forgot his race with the wolves on the banks of Dog river.

Julius Yemans Dewey, a son of Simeon, was born in Berlin, studied medicine, settled in Montpelier and was, until about fifty years of age, in active practice. He then founded the National Life Insurance Company and devoted his energies to its success. By his first wife, Mary Perrin, he left three sons and a daughter, Charles, Edward, George and Mary, now Mrs. Mary P. Greeley, three of these now living in Montpelier and the other in the United States as to be bounded.

George Dewey was born in Montpelier, December 26, 1837, in a house now moved farther down State street, but which then stood where Edward Dewey now resides, directly opposite the State House. He went to school here in Montpelier, then to Morrisville Academy and then for two years he attended Norwich University, a military school which has been of great value to the good name of Vermont in war. In 1854 he went to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where he graduated in 1858. In the Civil War

he saw much service, a good share of it under Farragut. After the war for nearly a third of a century his service was of the usual kind that falls to the lot of a naval officer, promotion coming step by step.

He married October 24, 1867, Susan B. Goodwin, a daughter of Ex-Governor Ichabod Goodwin of New Hampshire. They had one son, George Goodwin Dewey, born at Newport, R. I., December 23, 1872, who is now with the firm of Joy, Langdon & Co., of New York. Mrs. Dewey died at Newport, R. I., December 28, 1872. George Dewey was an energetic boy and not of Quaker habit. After the Rebellion was over he used the long years of peace in preparing himself for further service in war if war should come again. This year the opportunity came and the man was ready,—brave, cool, chary of words, but certain in deeds. The battle of Manila Bay, with its intermission for breakfast, was not a mushroom growth of the night before, but the fruit of a lifetime of faithful preparation for the performance of a high duty for which the time might or might not come. Study and foresight and care so brought result that on the evening of the first Sunday in May, whose morning opened the gates of the Orient to the republic of the Occident, good Parson Lewis in the Commodore's home church read the collect of thanksgiving for victory at sea. Montpelier counts too as one of her sons, this one by adoption, Captain Charles E. Clark, of the *Oregon*.

Vain genealogies are an abomination and a nuisance and all genealogies are a burden to the searcher; but running the line of descent of an old New England family down from its first comer from England in many cases gives an epitome of the course of settlement of a large part of New England. This is true of the line of George Dewey's New England ancestry. His is the ninth generation from the first settler, and the generations are these:

1. Thomas Dewey came under Rev. John Warham from Sandwich in Kent, England, to Dorchester, Mass., in 1633. Two or three years later he moved with others of the congregation to Windsor, Conn. There he married widow Frances Clark, had five children, died, and was buried April 27, 1648.

2. Sergeant Josiah Dewey, born at Windsor, baptized October 10, 1641; married November 6, 1662, Hepsibah Lyman; lived at Northampton and Westfield, Mass., and died at Lebanon, Conn., September 7, 1732.

3. Josiah Dewey, Jr., born at Northampton, Mass., December 24, 1666; married January 15, 1690, Mehitable Miller; died at Lebanon, Conn.

4. William Dewey, born at Westfield, Mass., January, 1691; married July 2, 1713, Mercy Bailey; died November 10, 1759.

5. Simeon Dewey, born at Lebanon, Conn., May 1, 1718; married March 29, 1739, Anna Phelps; died at Lebanon, Conn., March 2, 1751.

6. William Dewey, born at Lebanon, Conn., January 11, 1745; married in 1768, Rebecca Carrier; died at Hanover, N. H., June 10, 1813.

7. Capt. Simeon Dewey, born at Hebron, Conn., August 20, 1770; married February 27, 1794, Prudence Yemans; died at Berlin, Vt., January 11, 1863.

8. Julius Yemans Dewey, born at Berlin, Vt., August 22, 1801; married June 9, 1825, Mary Perrin; died at Montpelier, Vt., May 29, 1877. Dr. Dewey after the decease of his first wife married August 3, 1845, Susan Edson Tarbox and after her decease married March 9, 1855, Susan E. G. Lilley.

9. George Dewey, born in Montpelier, Vt., December 26, 1837.

It is worthy of note that within the "palisado" of Windsor, upon the lot next south of the northeast corner lot, lived Matthew Grant, the recorder or first town clerk of Windsor,

while upon the first lot north of this corner lot and without the palisado lived Thomas Dewey. So that for ten or eleven years before Thomas Dewey's death, in 1648, Matthew and Thomas lived about ten rods from each other. Matthew came from England and General Grant was one of his descendants.

Dr. Stiles in his History of Windsor explains the "palisado" thus: "Upon the breaking out of the Pequot war, in 1637, the Windsor people, as a precaution against surprisal by the Indians, surrounded their dwellings with a fortification or palisado"; and elsewhere he says: "The Palisado Green, the veritable shrine of Windsor history and romance. Very pleasant it is as we see it now in the warm sunset light of a summer day, lined with noble trees, behind whose waving tracery neat and elegant dwellings assert the presence of happy homes. On this spot, more than two centuries ago, our fathers dwelt. Here protected by the rude log defense which their own hands had thrown up, they slept secure from savage foe. Here stood the meeting-house wherein the gentle Warham and the earnest Huit preached and prayed. Here, too, was the little village graveyard close under the palisado wall, where, one by one, they put off life's toils and cares and laid them down to an eternal rest."

Old Windsor is one of the very great grandmothers of Montpelier, and the lines of descent of the little city encompassed about by the green hills of Vermont run back to many another old town of Puritan New England. Montpelier is a place of thrift, of progress and of happy homes. Those who dwell within her borders love her, and hope that she will keep in the future, as she has kept in the past, fairly true to the virtues of her old New England ancestry, and when her sons and daughters are done with the duties and pleasures and the happy homes of life, there remains for the mortal part of one and all her "Eden of the Dead," Green Mount Cemetery, which her poet Eastman called:

"This fairest spot of hill and glade,
Where blooms the flower and waves the tree,
And silver streams delight the shade."

WORDS.

By Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

AS sturdy Pilgrims planted restless corn
To wave concealing o'er their murdered braves,
We hide with careless words our secret graves,—
Lest silence bare a hope forlorn.

A WOMAN AND HER SON.

By Imogen Clark.



SHALL be at the station at six, waiting for you. The train leaves at six-thirty."

Judith Thorpe read thus far; then, with a quick gesture, she crushed the paper between her hands and, stooping, laid it on the crackling logs. Released from the tension of her grasp, and as if new life were given to it by the breath of the fire, the paper uncurled slowly like some sentient thing. The woman stood back gazing at it, half in horror, as the blue light crept along its edges and, surging up into a blaze, disclosed a few words.

"At six-thirty," she read again. They seemed to burn their way into her very being, — for long after the message had become a handful of ashes she could see them everywhere. She found herself repeating them mechanically; and the sound of her voice in the quiet room startled her. She glanced over her shoulder to make sure that the whisper did not come from some intruder; there was something strangely unfamiliar in the whole proceeding.

"At six-thirty!" Again the words rang. She would go mad if the thing continued. As if she could forget what the words meant! She threw back her head defiantly and took in, with a sweep of her eyes, the details of the beautiful room. "Six-thirty" meant freedom, she told herself beneath her breath. Then her glance sought the clock. It was almost four; there were two long hours to be lived through somehow before it was necessary to start for that train that left at six-thirty. She threw herself into the chair by her writing-table. She had denied herself to all visitors, for the idea of society was intolerable. She had given her orders for the day long before,—there would be no dinner except in the servants' quarters, as master and mistress were dining out; but breakfast would be at the same hour next morning. It was too early to dress;— and she had granted her woman a holiday, and would have to depend upon her own efforts, or call in Maggie, the housemaid. Some indignant words of Bennet's about Maggie flashed through her mind, and she smiled, partly at them and partly at the thought that she would not require Maggie's assistance. The smile grew bitter. Clearly, Judith Thorpe's mind was not to be diverted by her toilet.

Another thought occurred to her. She might wander through the house and tender a mute farewell to the inanimate objects she was soon to leave. There was one closed door on the third floor that she had not opened for so long — she did not like to remember how long; she might go now and throw it wide. It was no gruesome Bluebeard's chamber; it was just a simple room, where a boy's taste had run riot, and the walls were covered with pictures of horses, dogs and boats of every size and hue. There were gay prints, too, of football matches with cheering crowds of onlookers, and one beloved representation of an intercollegiate regatta, wherein the winning crew had blushed scarlet from head to foot, with pride and glory. How Dick adored those roseate giants, whose straining muscles out-Samsoned Samson! She ought to bid them good-by, just for his sake; she would never see them again. Her face stiffened and lost much of its beauty; she drew her breath hard. Go there? Impossible!

The time was so long! She would go crazy sitting there thinking; she

did not wish to think. But those two hours, — sixty minutes to the hour, and sixty seconds to the minute,—and each one so tediously slow in its going! She fidgeted with a pen, drawing odd shapes upon a sheet of paper. It was manifestly absurd to write a note of farewell. That was what they did in novels; here in real life it was a different matter.

She could not make excuses; she had no excuse to offer. She was simply going away because she was tired of the old life with its unbearable routine; she wanted excitement. It was perhaps unfortunate that she was not going alone or under the escort of her maid, — but that was not wholly her fault. Bennet as a traveling companion to explore South America or India might be safe and proper, although an unlimited period in her society would not be diverting; and she — Judith Thorpe — liked to be diverted. She laughed recklessly. At least she was doing an honest thing to go away now that matters had come to this pass between herself and that other. She would not stay and listen to his love-making under her husband's roof; she had too much respect for the man whose name she still bore, so to deceive him.

After all, who could really censure her? Love is like the wind, blowing where it listeth, not a slave to man's will; bonds cannot hold him once he sighs for freedom. She had long since given over the farce of believing that any affection existed between her husband and herself. He knew it, too,— and how far apart they had drifted since those other happy times, he his way, she hers, until they were hopelessly asunder! They had both been to blame, though, busy now with the ledger of her life, she saw that the greatest fault had been hers, saw it in one fleeting flash with the clearness with which the drowning man reviews his life; and she realized that, by this further act of hers, she was putting any chance of redemption beyond her reach.

She hesitated a moment, touched despite herself by a feeling unaccountable and strange. Then, suddenly, in letters of fire she saw the words "At six-thirty;" and knew that in the inexorable order of things it was too late to turn back. She threw the pen down impatiently. She could not write; he would hear soon enough without any sign from her. How? From the servants? At the club? In the papers? What did it matter?

The library door was flung open by an eager hand, and a boy of twelve dashed into the room.

"Hello, mummy!" he shouted joyously.

Judith Thorpe raised her head and looked at him with frightened eyes. He was like some apparition, though surely there was nothing ghostly in his sturdy little figure and happy, healthy face. Her first nameless fears died down.

"You, Dick!" she stammered. "You —how happens it you are not at school?" she tried to speak sharply. "Who gave you permission to come home?"

The child stood still, visibly disturbed at this greeting. He laid expected something so different, — kisses and laughter and little mother cries, interspersed with the delicious nonsense with which she spiced her talk for his amusement. The unpleasant reality struck sharply across his buoyant mood; and he swallowed quickly for fear the inconvenient lump in his throat would choke him. The woman's eyes were not blind to this; but it was part of her punishment that she could not help him.

"Why, you see," he said, "old Hichens got bad news last night. His mother died up there in the country, and he had to go and bring her home. And Mrs. Hichens ain't what you'd call strong; and Browne is down with pleurisy — all the fellows are jolly glad about that, Browne is such a duffer." Browne was the assistant master. "So Mr. Hichens said we wouldn't have school for a fortnight,

and he'd be obliged if as many of us as could would clear out, because he and Mrs. Hichens would like the house quiet for the funeral. So of course we toddled. We were all jolly sorry for old Hichens, though. He did look such a sight; his nose was swollen to twice its size, — and it ain't a little nose at any time, mummy. But I tell you what, there wasn't a fellow in the room that didn't think better of him— big nose, red eyes and all. He wasn't ashamed to let us see that he cared."

The breathless recital came to an end, and the woman murmured something vaguely sympathetic. Dick hardly heeded the words, so engrossed was he in his subject.

"If it had been his aunt, or his sister, or his grandmother," he went on, coming nearer the table, "—that is, if he has 'em, — I don't know, you see, — and of course at his age he couldn't very well have a grandmother; but if he had, and she'd died, we fellows could have begun our holidays in the right way. But his mother — why, that just took the flavor out of everything! You'd have thought we were all going to our own funerals, from the faces we had on. We got kind o' cheered up, though, the further we came, — and we did have fun. All the same, I couldn't keep the thought of old Hichens out of my head. It seemed to be under everything, and it just popped in whenever we were quiet; for Sprague and Rogers came with me, — and when I'd listen to the noise of the train, and make out my tune, — you know how it goes, — I'd wonder the next minute if that's what the cars said to old Hichens going up there — for her. They always say the same thing to me, because you are here: 'Mother's waiting, Mother's waiting.'"

Judith Thorpe pushed her chair back with a quick cry. "It's enough to drive one crazy," she cried, "and you mustn't run on that way. Of course the wheels didn't say that to Mr. Hichens. It's wrong to listen to them, Dick." Her voice softened a little; for the pain in the boy's face smote her.

"I—didn't—know," he faltered. "Of course I didn't tell the fellows, — for that's just our secret; but Sprague allows they say something to every one. To him they say: 'I've got your trunk, you've got your check; I've got your trunk, you've got your check!' Try it, mummy; begin slow, as the cars do when they first pull out, and then go as fast as you can. It's for all the world like an express. Try."

"'I've got your — my head aches." She broke down pettishly. The words were hardly uttered before his strong young arms were about her, in that bearlike hug she had thought she would never feel again, — and his kisses were being rained on her face. She clung to him, crying weakly. He had the true masculine abhorrence of tears, and the sight of her distress almost paralyzed him for the moment; then he produced a grimy handkerchief from his pocket and proceeded to dry her eyes with a certain amount of gentleness in his clumsy touch.

"'You must keep the windows bright,
If you'd see the world aright.'"

He whispered the little nonsense lines as she had often whispered them to him in times past, when some childish sorrow had set wide the flood-gates of his tears. She tried to answer the reassuring voice with a smile, as she remembered he had always done; — a faint smile that, struggling bravely, had gradually effected its mission, as the sun dispels the clouds by its persistent shining. He had never remained dumb to her appeal, and she could not to his; her cheeks dimpled slightly, though her eyes were still wet.

"Better?" he asked cheerily; and back of his encouraging accents she could hear her own voice from those other years. She borrowed a bit of his vernacular.

"Hunky-dory!"

He patted her delightedly on the shoulder. "That's my little hero!" he

said, and then they both laughed, she as much of a child as he.

"There ain't another mother like you in the world," he declared rapturously, sitting down on the arm of her chair and still clinging to her. "I've told all the fellows about you, and they think you're a Number One! Sprague's mother is as stiff as a ramrod. Think she'd say 'Hunky-dory?' No sir-ee, she'd wither him if he so much as breathed it when she was by. Sprague wanted me to stay with him — they've got bully links down his way; but I said I'd rather come home. We'll have some fine larks, won't we?"

Even as he spoke, child though he was, he recognized the subtle intrusion of some unaccountable presence between them; something was keeping them apart. He stole an anxious glance at her. She was tracing idly with a pencil upon her writing-pad and seemed to have forgotten him.

"Won't we, mummy?" he entreated, with a pitiful sinking of his heart.

"Yes—no—I don't know—you ought to have gone with Sprague. It's dull here, with no one of your own age—"

"But," he interrupted — and the gravity in his voice was like a dagger's thrust to her, "I'd rather be here than anywhere else in the world. I like it best just with you."

"I fear Mr. Hichens is giving you lessons in flattery, and you'll end by being an accomplished deceiver. Who would believe that any boy in his senses would prefer staying in a quiet house with a crotchety old woman, to being with boys and noise and joys? They all go together."

He did not answer the mocking tones. He was quite speechless, with that strange swelling in his throat and the sudden throbbing at his temples. He couldn't be sure of anything. The room looked about the same, and she seemed the same. There wasn't any difference in her face; but something has surely happened to a boy's mother when she doesn't say she is glad to see him, when he has been away for months. The great lump was rising higher; it almost choked him; he swallowed desperately. Had he done anything wrong? he asked himself, searching eagerly in his mind for some key to her conduct. Had his reports vexed her? They had only been middling good, he knew, for he didn't always study, and it was such a temptation to frolic. Was she displeased with the reports, or with the trick he had played on Browne? He remembered that he had written her a full account of it in his last letter but one, and she had ignored it completely in the little scrap of a note she had sent in reply. Was she angry at that? It wasn't like her, — she was always so fond of a joke. Suddenly the grim thought that had followed him all through the day like a nameless shadow overwhelmed him. Perhaps she was going to be ill, perhaps she would—. There was Hichens's mother, now. Of course she was old—old; but little Norrie at school had no mother,— she had died when he was a kid of two, and she was very young, they said. People didn't always have to be old before they died. He pressed his arms closer about the slight figure; he could not do without her.

In the midst of her own bitter reflections, she had been touched by his silence; the bond of sympathy always so strong between them had told her unerringly that her flippant speech had wounded him — and to her fancy this embrace from him meant his absolute forgiveness of her fault. Would he always be as ready to forgive, she wondered; would he be as ready when—. She pulled herself together quickly and turned to him. There was no reproach in his honest face, nothing but love and perplexity, and in his eyes a dumb pain like that in the glance of a dog who does not understand.

"Dick," she cried, "you are a pillar of truth — and I don't deserve it."

The admission was wrung from her by the sheer adoration of his gaze, that

compelled her to see herself from his view-point. But her words and the anguish in her voice were happily devoid of any deep meaning to him. Love is not blind for nothing, nor deaf either.

"Is your head still bad?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh! it's better, or will be soon," she returned. "But you will have a lonely time to-night. I'm—dining out."

His face fell. The beautiful vision of the home-coming that he had pictured as his train raced along vanished into thin air, as the smoke had done from the engine. He tried to conceal his disappointment, but the mother-eyes were too keen to be deceived.

"Don't worry about that," he said briskly. Parker will fix me up something — anything will do; and we'll begin our good times to-morrow."

"To-morrow," she repeated dully.

He slipped down from the chair, thinking that his presence there annoyed her, and thrust his hands in his pockets, standing with his feet well apart and his head flung back. The manliness of the attitude seemed to give him new strength.

"I suppose the governor is going with you," he went on after a moment.

"No," she answered sharply, "your father dines at his club, as usual."

"Then I'll give him a jolly surprise," the boy cried, with a joyful lift to his voice, — "the dear old governor! I shouldn't wonder if we waited up for you, mummy."

"You mustn't,—you mustn't. I—I —it may be too late—"

She broke off trembling, and hid her face in her hands. How could she bear the thought of those two waiting, —waiting, through the long hours of the night, listening for the roll of her carriage and then the sound of her step on the stair — listening for something that would never happen? She imagined them drowsing after a time, and waking with a start when some late reveller passed in the street below to wonder aloud that she did not come. She knew well how it would be. The man, with his implicit trust in her, would say she had gone on to some ball, as was often her custom; and the boy, thus satisfied, would fall asleep again. But the man would not sleep; he would sit staring straight before him, a prey to anxiety, as the leaden footed minutes passed; perhaps he would thrill under the thought that some accident had happened to her. And then doubts would come knocking at his door, hideous doubts that would grow from pigmies into giants, until at last Certainty — a great, grisly shape,—would batter down the outposts of his confident soul and plant its shameless banner on the ruins. So his faith would fail — and then what would he say? How would he thrust upon the boy a man's burden, and rob his heart of all youth, — how show him all the blackness of the mother's degradation?

In her selfish absorption, she had simply disregarded all thoughts of the broken home; she had not allowed herself to dwell upon them, — and upon Dick away at school least of all; but now despite herself they would not be longer silenced. This accidental home-coming had been something outside her calculations. Face to face with the boy, encompassed by his love, knowing in part how he had deified her to his companions, how could she show him that his idol was all clay? How could she destroy everything? And that was what would happen with the dawning of a new day, if—

She sprang to her feet and began pacing up and down the room, heedless of her companion, sick with a great loathing of herself and what she was about to do. The scales had fallen from her eyes and she saw herself in the pitiless light of truth, saw herself as others would see her, the world, her friends, her husband and—most of all — her son. What could she do? Stay or go? Stay with illusions lost, or go where illusions beckoned? How could she be happy in that new life, with the knowledge of the old broken home— the ceaseless accompaniment of all the

days to come? She was not of those women who can forget; she would remember it until the end — even if she lived to be as old—as old—as Hichens's mother. She paused, struck by the oddness of the comparison. Who was Hichens? What was Hichens to her? The next moment it was clear, — that and the strange undercurrent of jumbled words that the noise of a railway train beats in unison with a school-boy's happy heart.

She turned and swept up to Dick, where he stood leaning against her empty chair, and gripped him fiercely by the arms, holding him at a distance and studying his face with burning eyes. There was no scorn at her touch written there, nothing but the old steadfast adoration, that might go out forever to-morrow morning. With a wild cry, she caught him to her, and kissed him again and again, all the hunger in her heart satisfying itself, it would seem, in that mad embrace. After a moment she grew calmer.

"Dick," she said swiftly in a broken voice, "I've been thinking that — that I won't go after all. The truth is, I can't leave you, sonny."

He looked at her in wonderment, and again the idea of illness appealed to his fancy and cast a shadow across his dawning joy. Her conduct was very puzzling, — coldness such as he had never seen in her before, apparent displeasure at his coming, and now this sudden outburst. He was strangely bewildered.

"But you mustn't stay home just on my account," he said with a heroic effort.

"Oh! don't tell me to leave you. Hold me very tight, lest I slip away. Don't you remember the story of the fairy princess, and how she begged to be held fast through all her changes? That's what you must do, — hold me fast; the real me is under everything. Say you want me to stay."

"Why, mummy dear, you bet I do, — only it ain't right for you to give up so much for a fellow. I'd be pretty mean to keep you home."

She shook her head, a faint smile, half merry, half bitter, curving her lips. "That's not the way to hold me fast. I may vanish any moment."

He threw his arms about her as if by their strength alone he could keep her forever near him. "I know you won't," he whispered triumphantly. "I know you can't, when I love you so much. I was only thinking how sorry those folks would be to have you disappoint them. What? Rather them than me? But they'll think I'm such a little chap—"

"Dick," she interrupted, "you — you hurt me. Why don't you— I want to be with you."

Again her voice broke, and she released her hold of him and stood erect. She seated herself, and drew the writing materials towards her.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick. "You're going to say 'No, thank you,' ain't you? That's a settler." He executed a double shuffle, and then came quite close, leaning over her chair. "May I see?"

"No," she protested vehemently, covering the paper with her hands, though as yet no word had been traced. "It fidgets me to be watched."

He smiled back at her, though his spirits were a little dashed by the repulse, he had so often assisted at the composition of notes before; but in the general wrongness of things, he told himself, there was no use judging from the past. He went over to the window philosophically, and stood looking down on the long avenue. There were no houses in front of him, only a stretch of park where the trees lifted their bare branches against a dull March sky. There was little passing in the street. Once a stage, that looked like Noah's ark on wheels, creaked by, and a smart brake with a clanking of chains dashed past. He craned forward, but it disappeared quickly in the distance, the gay notes of the horn coming to him in faint and fainter echoes. It grew very still after they had died away, and back of him in the room the silence was un-

broken. There was no sound of life; he might be alone for all he knew to the contrary. He shifted from one foot to the other, and after a little struggle with himself he looked around. He did not know what he had expected from the grim stillness, whether he had thought his mother had really gone away or not; but his heart gave a great bound as he saw her, though the dejection of her look pained him indescribably. He took a step in her direction, — he would not let her alter her plans for his sake; but the next moment he wheeled back again to the window and glanced out with unseeing eyes, his heart thumping loudly and almost drowning the happy sound of a dashing pen.

"Dick," Judith Thorpe called a minute later. He was at her side almost before she had uttered his name. "Dick," she went on, "please see if I have dotted all my *i's* and crossed my *t's*."

He could not believe it! Why, the good old times had come again; he could hear them ringing in her voice, see them shining in her eyes. This was the true self at last; she could not change again. He caught the paper she held towards him, and read the few words it contained; then he relinquished it with an unsteady touch.

"Oh! I say, now—" he stammered.

"Of course, I'm not Madame de Sévigné," she began with a faint laugh.

"I don't know who she is," he interrupted, "but I'm glad you're just yourself. I don't believe she can hold a candle to you. What did she do, any way?"

"Wrote letters, long ago, to her 'infinitely dear child.' "

"I bet she never wrote a nicer one than this, — nor one that meant so much. Whoever gets it will understand. You don't say you're sorry not to go — that wouldn't be true would it? You just say: 'My boy has come home to me, thank God, and I cannot leave him.' O mum, dear, it rings happy all through."

"Then you think its meaning is perfectly clear? I don't want to leave a loophole for a doubt to creep in that I will change my mind. It sounds final, doesn't it?"

"It would sound finaller if you'd send it off this blooming minute. Once gone, you couldn't get it back, you know, no matter how much you'd want to."

"My little Mr. Wiseman, was there ever a counselor or like unto you? No one could go astray with you for a guide. Here, give it to Parker, and tell him to deliver it quickly—quickly. There is no answer."

The boy snatched the envelope with its momentous contents, and dashed out of the room, clattering down the stairs in his haste and shouting the servant's name at the top of his lungs, and returning in an incredibly short time.

"I told him to take the first cab he met, — the note was so important — and to drive like fun. Wasn't that right?"

"Yes — yes — quite right. Come close, Dick. I'm sailing under orders drawn up by your hand, — this dear, strong little hand that has saved me from shipwreck. There! the pucker has come between your eyes, and you look mystified. Let me kiss it away — so. Don't try to understand, manikin; it is happily beyond you — beneath you. It's enough for us to know that we are just together, isn't it?"

"You are really glad to have me back, aren't you?"

"Glad?" she cried tremulously. "Glad? O Dick! you must find another word for me; that isn't a millionth part big enough."



SUMMER STREET.

After N. Vautin, from a pencil sketch by Sarah Hodges in 1846.

OLD SUMMER STREET, BOSTON.

By Henry F. Bond.

A WORK of great magnitude and interest is going on at the foot of Summer street in Boston, employing an army of men and attracting a multitude of spectators. There are very frequent inquiries as to what Summer street was and is and is to be. The foundations are being laid for an enormous union railroad station, perhaps the largest in the world, estimated to cost about $12,000,000. Hundreds of thousands of people await with personal interest the completion of this great enterprise. The



THE GARDNER MANSION, ON THE SITE OF C. F. HOVEY & CO.'S STORE.

imagination is exercised picturing the great building, type of modern ingenuity and audacity, and the vast crowd passing up and down this street which, within the memory of middle-aged men, was admired for its glory of trees and aristocratic residences. We think of the hacks, the cabs, the drays, the express and mail wagons, the private carriages, striving to dodge each other, and the electric cars which cannot dodge but must be dodged. This once quiet and restful street, now a convenient and comfortable location for business, is in our picture of the future a continuous jam. It must become more important as a street of business, of retail rather than wholesale business. The corner of Summer and Washington streets will become trebly perilous for the passing crowds.

To make the contrast stronger we go back in our minds to the time, a little more than a century ago, when Boston was but a provincial town, and this neighborhood was pasture and High street was called Cow lane. Or our minds may revert back two and a half centuries, when the Puritans had but lately landed, and not a street had been graded, and there was only here and there a very humble cabin. What has been the evolution of Summer street and its neighborhood; what has this district been to Boston; what men of public service or of private virtues have spent their best years of maturity there or laid there the foundations of their characters?

According to Drake, Sir William Pepperell owned an estate on what is now Summer street. This must have been in the early part of the 18th century. He and his heirs were royalists, and the property was confiscated, as was also that of Leonard Vassal, where Hovey's store now stands. Otis place, now Otis street, was laid out through the Pepperell estate about 1815. The grandfather, the first Sir William Pepperell, was extensively known throughout New England, was largely interested in the



C. F. HOVEY'S STORE.

fisheries, a gentleman of engaging manners, very popular and wealthy, and had long held the highest office in the gift of the people, that of president of the Governor's Council. He was appointed chief justice by Governor Belcher in 1730, and held the office till his death in 1759. In 1745 he distinguished himself as commander in the siege and capture of Louisburg.

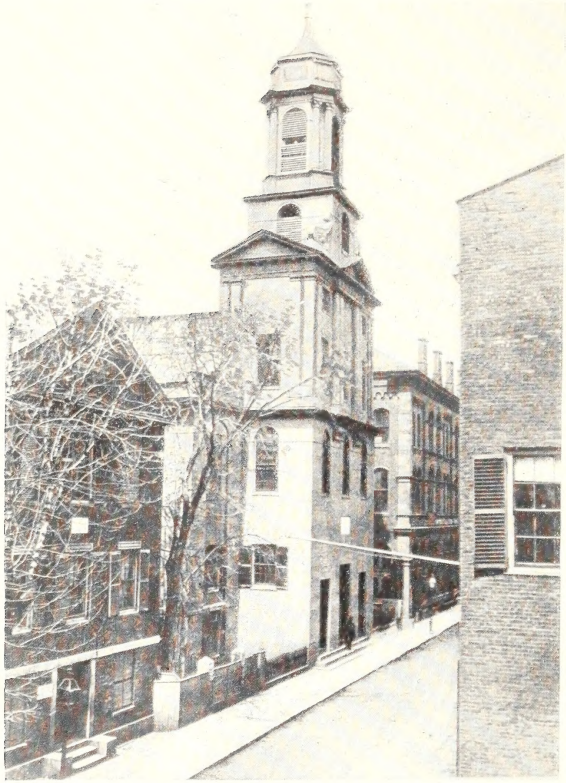
While General Heath was in command in Boston in 1777, after the evacuation by General Howe, he established his headquarters at the mansion house of Hon. Thomas Russell, back from Summer street, near where Otis street now is. General Heath claimed to have been the projector of the earth works at Dorchester Heights. He wrote in his memoirs that Mr. Davis, a merchant of Boston, who became a property owner in Winthrop place, suggested that rows of barrels filled with earth should be arranged around the works with the appearance of strengthening, and recommended that when the enemy made an attack they should be rolled down the hill upon them. A hurricane prevented the attack. General Heath wrote memoirs of himself. A copy of the book was the gift of George Ticknor to the Boston Library. On a fly leaf I found the following: "Jan. 5, 1799 Paid for this book (having unadvisedly subscribed for it) the extraordinary sum of 2 dollars. Vegetables in the Boston Markets from the Heath farm, are always dear, so it seems, is the literary produce from the same soil."



*OTIS PLACE FROM SUMMER STREET.

On the southerly corner of Summer and Washington streets, where Shuman's store is now, was once the mansion of Thomas English. A hundred years ago this site belonged to the Bethune family and was occupied by Dr. Charles Jarvis. Next to it at the same time were two wooden dwellings of little pretension; the larger was of three stories and owned by one Steadfast Smith. Leonard Vassal owned an estate below on Summer street. He owned a residence in Quincy, which afterwards became the property of John Adams, more lately of his grandson, Charles Francis Adams, and is now occupied by the great grandson, Brooks Adams. Later Samson Reed, Samuel Salisbury and Frederick William

*The pictures for this article, with the exception of several of the portraits, are reproduced from the Bostonian Society's collection in the old State House, Boston, by whose courtesy they are here used.



THE FIRST CHURCH, IN CHAUNCY PLACE.

Geyer lived there; and afterwards Samuel P. Gardner occupied the house that had been Geyer's, the confiscated property of Vassal. The estates of Salisbury and Gardner, about opposite Trinity Church, with their capacious gardens and shady trees, were in my boyhood and for many years afterwards homes such as, with a few brick blocks set well back and adorned with trees in front of them, were the glory of Summer street. They presented such a vista of rural beauty and restfulness as could only now be found miles beyond the limits of old Boston peninsula and can rarely be seen anywhere. The change in Summer street is so great that not a tree now remains there.

Samuel Salisbury for a while owned and occupied with Stephen Salisbury a large three-story store on the north corner of Summer and Marlboro streets. In the course of time the Gardner house gave place to the large store of Hovey and company. This and the store of John Chandler opposite were the first dry goods stores on the street.

East of the Vassal estate was that of the First Church. Adjoining that was the property of Ebenezer Preble, brother of Commodore Preble. Chauncy place was cut through these two last estates in 1807, and Mr. Preble's house was built on the lower corner of it. Ebenezer Preble was a leading merchant of Boston and was at one time a partner of William Gray.

Nathaniel I. Bowditch, for many years the accurate and almost sole conveyancer in Boston, said in one of his newspaper articles, signed "Gleaner," in 1855: "Richard Hollinghead of Boston, planter, and Ann, his wife, being preserved to a state of old age attended with many weaknesses and infirmities, and for a valuable sum of money secured to be annually paid us and the survivor of us," conveyed to



REV. WILLIAM EMERSON.

Henry Alline and Robert Sanderson, deacons of the First Church of Christ in Boston aforesaid, "whereof we are members," "all that our dwelling house and housing with the land whereon they stand, yards, garden, orchard, barn and land unto us belonging situate on the southerly end of the town of Boston and butted and bounded" (description is omitted), "reserving during their lives the use of the old house, so called, and the little garden, to have and to hold to them, their successors in said office, or assigns, to the only proper use and behoof of said church or society forever," by warranty deed dated December 17, 1680. Bowditch adds: "Though a quarter of an acre is appropriated as a highway, it conveniently (1855) accommodates two public edifices and four private ones; so that the first occupant had ample room for swinging a cat whenever he felt so inclined." He continues: "There is probably no land in Boston except that on which Chauncy Place Church stands, which is held under a direct conveyance from the first possessor, and of which no subsequent conveyance has ever been made."

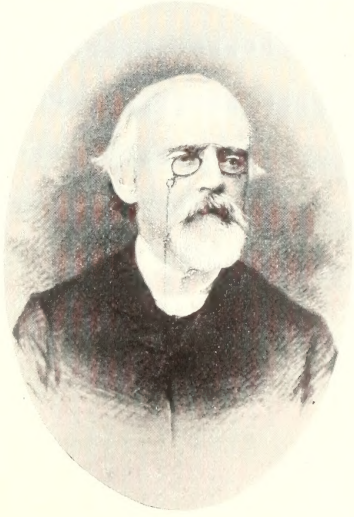


ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

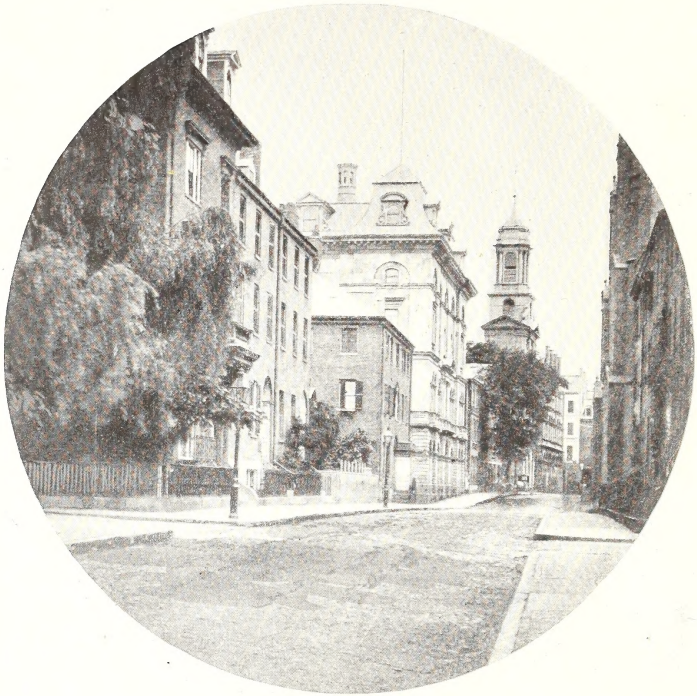


DR. NATHANIEL FROTHINGHAM.

In the Hollinghead house, which had become the parsonage, Ralph Waldo Emerson was born in 1803, five years or more before the First Church moved from the old brick meeting-house on Cornhill (now the northerly portion of Washington street) to Chauncy place. The house stood back from the street, with elms and Lombardy poplars in front. When the church was built in 1808 and the old house was razed, a block of four houses was erected on Summer street, one of which was reserved for the home of the minister. Rev. William Emerson, father of Ralph



REV. RUFUS ELLIS.



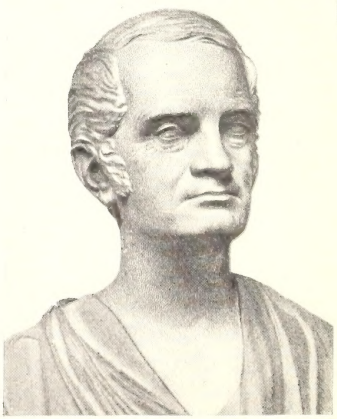
CHAUNCY STREET FROM EXETER PLACE.

Waldo, was minister of the First Church for twelve years, till his death in 1811. Dr. Nathaniel Frothingham and Rufus Ellis are remembered as later ministers. In 1843 the Chauncy place meeting-house was altered, a flat roof of colored panes being substituted for the high ceiling, giving rise to the criticism that Dr. Frothingham was going to try to raise Christians under glass. Within the memory of the living, there dwelt upon the church property and a little above it Robert C. Winthrop, Drs. Harwood and Jacob Bigelow, the Rev. Drs. Frothingham and Kirkland, and Chief Justice Isaac Parker. The distinguished surgeon, Henry J. Bigelow, son of Jacob, lived for a while in Chauncy place.

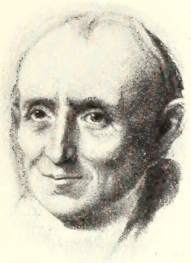
Robert C. Winthrop, born of a distinguished family, was prominent in the councils of the nation, graceful and distinguished as an orator, for many years Speaker of the national House of Representatives, president of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and until his death trustee of the Peabody fund for education in the South.

Dr. Jacob Bigelow has been well known by his popular book on the plants in Boston and vicinity. He had a large practice, and was professor of *materia medica* in the Harvard Medical School. The son, Henry J. Bigelow, was born and brought up on Summer street. The elder Dr. Bigelow's square top chaise and the plated circle of good size on the blinders of his harness designated him afar off and helped those who were in search of him.

Dr. Daniel Harwood was considered at the head of the dental profession, which before the introduction of vulcanized rubber and commercial teeth was a higher honor than it can



DR. JACOB BIGELOW.



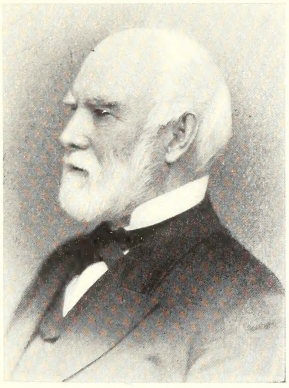
DR. NATHANIEL BOWDITCH.



DR. JAMES JACKSON.



REV. WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.



JACOB SLEEPER.

be now. I remember finding him in his native town in Worcester county hunting in the field for suitable quartz for the manufacture of teeth.

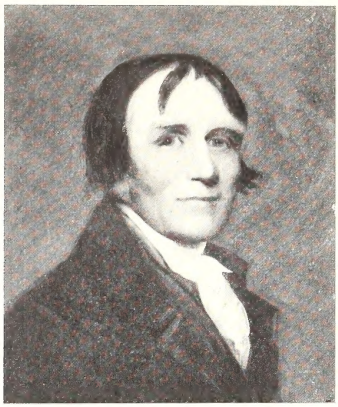
Dr. Frothingham was prominent in Boston as a preacher and scholar, many of his sermons, poems and translations being published. He is probably known more generally now by his good hymns. He was the father of Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham, who was more distinguished than himself. The son pays a delightful tribute to the father and mother in his book on the life and work of the father. Dr. Frothingham was totally blind for many years. When he found that an operation to which he had submitted was unsuccessful, his utterance of disappointment was: "Truly the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." Dr. Hedge at his funeral spoke touchingly of the sorrow of such a lover of books and of nature at the loss of sight and said: "The crowning grace of his life was the brave and invincible patience with which he bore the multiplied infirmities of his declining years."

For many years Isaac Parker lived in the First Church block of houses. He was chief justice in Massachusetts, professor of law at Harvard, where he received the degree of LL. D., was president of the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention in 1820, and member of Congress and of the American Academy. He died in 1830.

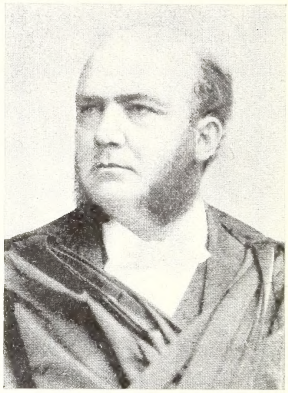
In 1860 the west corner of Chauncy street became occupied as a post office for a short time.

Chauncy Hall School was established by Gideon F. Thayer, whose methods were in some respects so novel and so systematic that he might be said to have created a new era in Boston education. The public schools with the exception of the high school and Latin school had not then gained great reputation. Mr. Thayer first taught in the rear of Washington street opposite the Old South Meeting House. He erected the building in Chauncy place in 1828. The school was moved into Essex street in 1868, was driven out of its building by fire in 1873, and then occupied the building in Copley square.

Franklin Dexter, a prominent law-



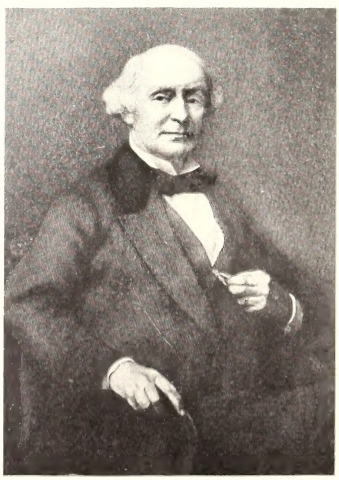
WILLIAM GRAY.



JUDGE HORACE GRAY.

yer, son of Samuel Dexter, who was distinguished as United States senator from Massachusetts and secretary of war under John Adams, lived in Chauncy place. For a few years Maria Weston Chapman also resided there. She was an earnest and intrepid advocate of abolition in the hottest anti-slavery days. When notified of danger from a mob if the gathering held their meeting in the hall where they were assembled, she replied, "If this is the last bulwark of freedom, we may as well die here as anywhere."

On the lower corner of Summer street and Chauncy place there lived on the Preble estate, as I personally remember, Dr. E. H. Robbins, and with him three young girls, sisters, who were his wards. A daughter of Dr. Robbins, with her own means and such as friends provide her, is now sustaining on Chambers street, an institution for the support and comfort of women. In that same neighborhood in the forties and fifties, Jacob Sleeper resided. He, with Isaac Rich and Lee Claflin, were the founders of Boston University. Jacob Sleeper's benefactions amounted to about $500,000. Mr. Sleeper had served as a state appointed overseer of Harvard University for twelve years and was a member of the Governor's Council. Dr. James Jackson occupied this house at one period, and later a house on the north side of the street between Otis and Winthrop places. He was president of the American Academy and member of several other scientific societies here and abroad. Learned as he was in his profession and skilful in his practice, he would doubtless like best to be remembered as the beloved friend. No kinder, gentler or sweeter dispositioned man was ever called to the sick chamber. His face was a benediction, and the children of his patrons were made very happy by his greeting in the streets. Dr. A. P. Peabody truly says that, "without meaning to do so, he practised the mind cure; his presence was always a power."



REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS.

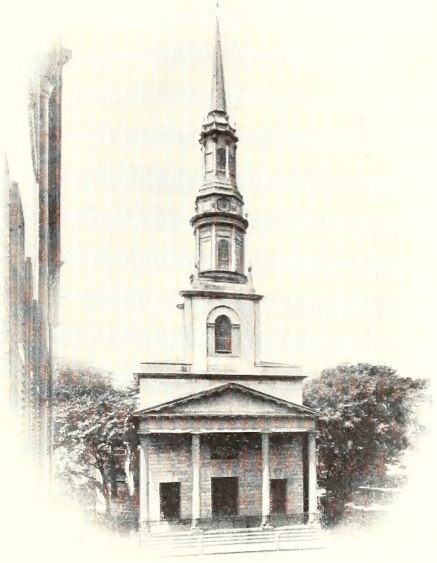
Previously, in the second decade of this century, George Cabot dwelt in the Chauncy place side of this house. He



REV. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

died in 1823. George Cabot was one of the most prominent public men of his generation. He was master of a ship before he was twenty-one years of age. When twenty-five he was chosen to the Massachusetts Provincial Congress, and in 1779, when twenty-seven years of age, received an honorary degree from Harvard College. He became United States senator, and was president of the Hartford Convention. George Cabot has been represented as tall, over six feet, and well proportioned. Mr. Goodrich wrote of him as "the most imposing man among the members of the Hartford Convention." Webster spoke of him as "the early associate of Hamilton and Ames, trusted and beloved by Washington." He was the great-grandfather of Henry Cabot Lodge.

Very early in this century David Ellis located just below the Preble house; and this was the birthplace and boyhood home of Drs. George Edward and Rufus Ellis, both well remembered as ministers respectively of the Harvard Church in Charlestown and the First Church in Boston. The former became noted as a historian and was a member of the American Academy and president of the



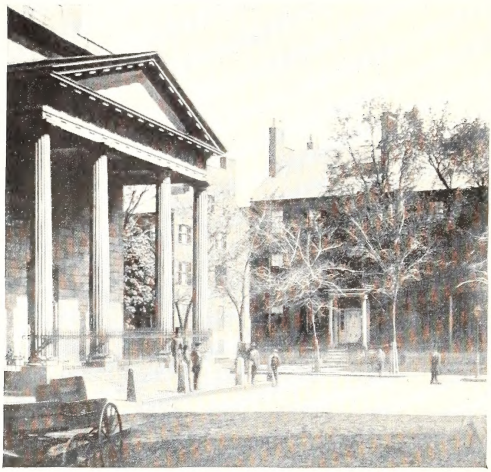
NEW SOUTH CHURCH, CHURCH GREEN.



REV. W. P. TILDEN.

Massachusetts Historical Society. He received from Harvard the degree of D. D. and also that of LL. D. He was one of the most interesting talkers in Boston, and never more interesting than when he talked about old days in Summer street.

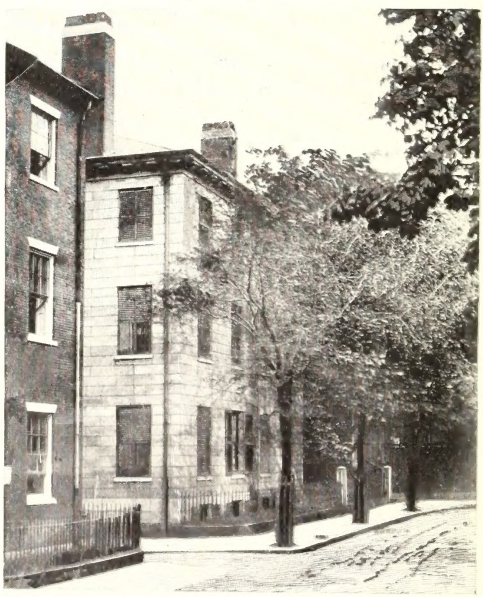
Nathaniel Goddard was one of the oldest residents within the memory of those now living. His mansion on the corner of Kingston street faced on Summer street, but his garden extended to Bedford street. On the



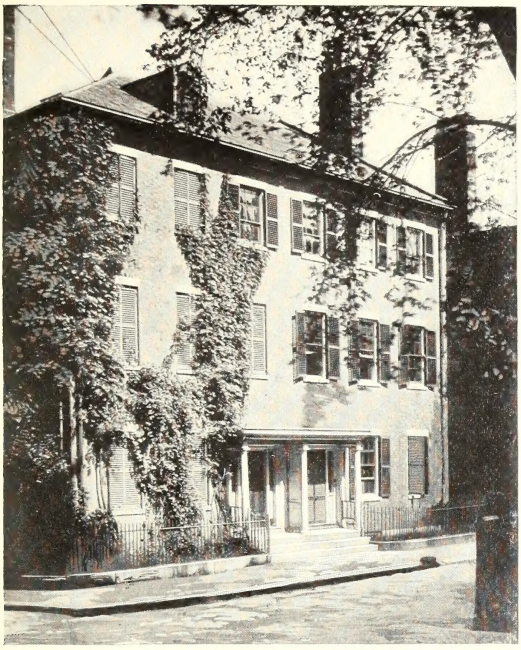
CHURCH GREEN, SHOWING THE HOMES OF HENRY GASSETT AND WILLIAM STURGIS.

lower corner of Kingston street I remember the home of William R. Gray and afterwards of Horace Gray, both sons of William Gray. Horace Gray, son of Horace, one of the present justices of the United States Supreme Court, lived there in his boyhood. John Welles, who became the owner of considerable property on the street, lived next to the house on the corner of Kingston street. Still farther down on the same side was Church Green, the name of the green being given to the property, on account of its fitness, long before the New South Church was built upon it. That church was ministered to in my boyhood by Dr. Alexander Young, who came to the service with a reputation as a scholar, and was a thoughtful preacher. He died in 1854, in the prime of life. Dr. E. J. Young, at one time professor in Harvard Divinity School, is his son. Another son was Alexander, whose entertaining items and comments in the "Taverner" column in the *Boston Post* till the time of his death, a few years ago, are well remembered. Besides Dr. Young's service as minister for twenty-nine years, he edited the "Library of Old English Prose Writers," "Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers of the Colony of Plymouth," and "Chronicles of the First Planters of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay." He was one of the most active members of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Dr. John Thornton Kirkland, son of a missionary to the Indians, was minister of the New South from 1794 till 1810, when he became president of Harvard College. He lived most of the time on the corner of Summer and Lincoln streets, in the family of Benjamin Fessenden, and briefly in one of the houses belonging to the First Church. He had to a remarkable degree the faculty of remembering those with whom he ever became acquainted. This with his social disposition and his fund of humor made him exceedingly popular with the students. He certainly had very important qualifications for the office, if not the executive ability or the experience in financial affairs of his successor, Josiah Quincy.



WINTHROP PLACE, SHOWING THE HOMES OF GEORGE BOND, HENRY CABOT AND HENRY CABOT LODGE.

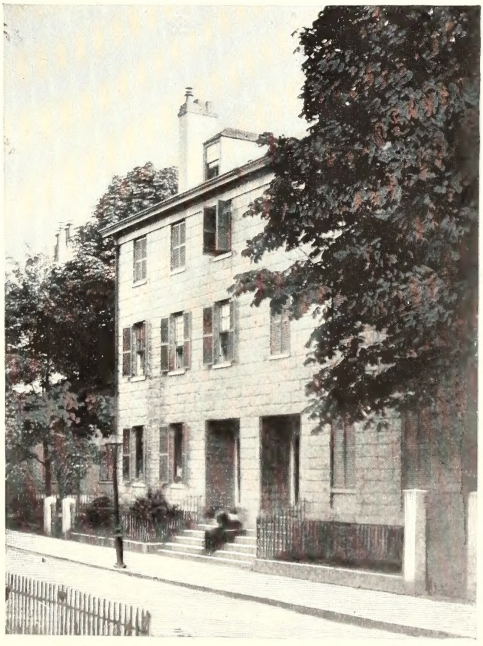


THE HOMES OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH AND OLIVER ELDREDGE, OTIS PLACE.

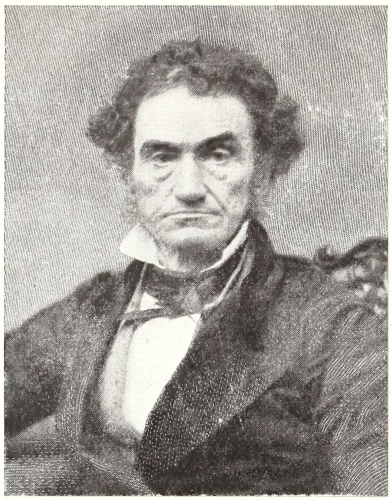
An anecdote told of him is that a country deacon once called on him for advice about a quarrel in his church concerning the dogma of "the perseverance of the saints," and he said to him: "Here in Boston we have no difficulty on that score; what troubles us here is the perseverance of the sinners." What financial skill he possessed took a philanthropic turn. Dr. Andrew Peabody said of him: "He took a fatherly interest in every member of the college, knew the length of every student's purse, and gave his aid unasked." He suffered in his last years from a stroke of paralysis. He died in 1840. He might have been seen in his last days tottering along Summer street and Otis place, supported by his wife.

Rev. Francis William Pitt Greenwood was settled over the New South Church for a short time. Dr. Orville Dewey preached his grand sermons in the New South for a year or two. Rev. Mr. Tilden was the last minister before the old church was demolished. On the encroachment of business, the worshipers had been driven farther south or out into the suburbs. A new church was built on Tremont street, but that has now been left.

Dr. Jeremy Belknap owned and occupied a house just below Mr. Fessenden's on Lincoln street. He was minister of the Congregational Church in Dover, N. H., nineteen years, and from 1786 till 1798 minister of the Federal Street Church in Boston, over which Dr. William Ellery Channing was settled in 1803, and which is now the Arlington Street Church. Dr. Belknap was the founder of the Massachusetts Historical Society and the author of a "History of New Hampshire" and several other



THE HOMES OF JOSHUA BLAKE, SAMUEL CABOT AND GEORGE BANCROFT.



RUFUS CHOATE.



EDWARD EVERETT.

books. Mr. William C. Bryant gave him the credit of being the first to make American history attractive.

At one time Gorham Parsons owned and occupied the building on the lower corner of Summer and Lincoln streets. Later a brick block was built there and occupied successively by James Carter and Col. James W. Sever. On the west corner of Summer and South streets Jonathan Hunnewell had his residence. Colonel Sever also lived at one time in Chauncy place. Mrs. Sever at her husband's request bequeathed $100,000 to Harvard University to build Sever Hall. She also bequeathed $100,000 to Harvard and sundry other beneficent institutions.

Colonel Sever's commanding presence when a young man in college, and his discipline as captain of the Harvard Washington Corps saved him from suspension. The president of Harvard, overhearing some professors at a faculty meeting discussing him and his delinquencies, exclaimed: "Sever! turn away Sever! Oh, no, we can't spare Sever!"—and he remained to parade his company before President Monroe and to receive the offer of a cadetship, which his father would not permit him to accept.

William Parsons, brother of Chief Justice Parsons, dwelt on the east corner of Summer and South streets. Nothing is more impressed upon my memory than the rides I occasionally had on the box with the coachman and, what seemed to me cruelty, the use of a goad inserted in the end of the whip-stock. President Quincy lived there a short time. It must have been, I think, about 1825, when William Parsons built his house. He or some other William Parsons had previously occupied a house on the other side of Summer street, about where Webster built.



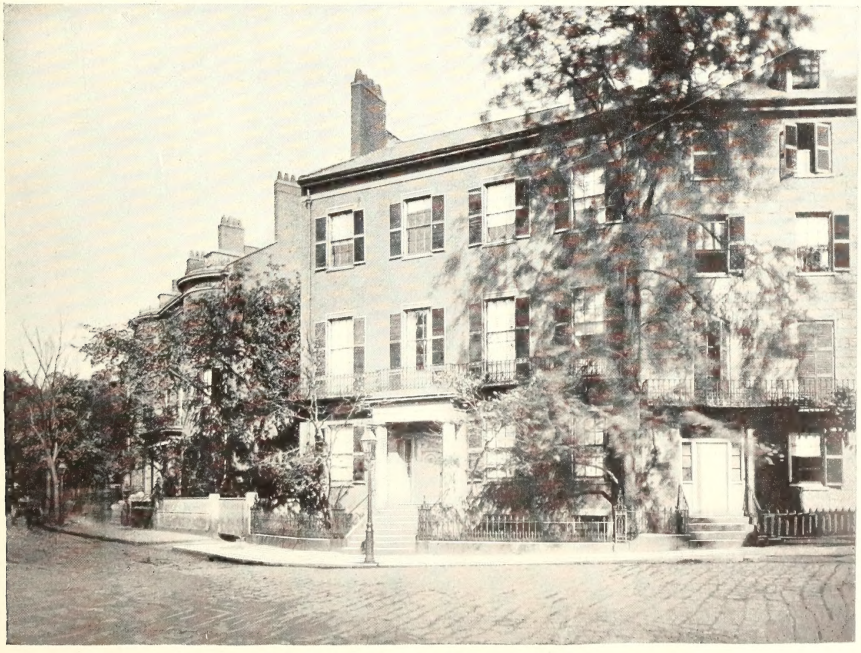
DANIEL WEBSTER.



WINTHROP PLACE FROM SUMMER STREET. HOME OF RUFUS CHOATE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT.

A fourth church in that district was that of the denomination called "Christians" simply, sometimes known as "Christian Baptists." The place of worship was a very modest brick building at the foot of the street, close to the site of the new Union Depot. One of the ministers, Joshua B. Himes, became an Adventist, sympathizing with Miller. He left and built a church on Hanover street. Rev. Edward Edmunds was the much beloved minister from 1843 to 1893, and is now pastor emeritus at 82 years of age. Underneath the church was a saloon. John B. Gough gave one of his first temperance lectures there at the request of Edmunds. The society now worship on the corner of Kneeland and Tyler streets. They occupied the Summer street building for about ten years. Then, perhaps till the great fire, it was a Seamen's Bethel.

I have reached on the south side of



THE HOME OF DANIEL WEBSTER.



THE HOME OF ISRAEL THORNDIKE, EDWARD EVERETT, GEORGE BLAKE AND DR. FROTHINGHAM.

Summer street, in my reminiscences, the foot of the street, and I recall the charm of the water view over the wharves. The few houses on the north side up as far as High street were not of special interest, nor am I able to say anything about their inmates; but crossing High street we came in our young days, directly opposite South street, to the home for many years of Daniel Webster. The name "Webster" is inscribed on the block which stands upon the spot. Webster might often be seen walking under the shadow of the trees on Summer street. It was not easy to keep one's eyes off him; he was well called "the godlike." The boys of that period were constantly hearing of his successes at the bar and of his orations at Plymouth and Bunker Hill and Faneuil Hall, and were spouting at school extracts from his great speech against Hayne. The intensity of admiration could only be matched by that of grief when, in 1850, he advocated compromise on the slavery question, reproved those who refused to surrender fugitive slaves, and irreverently scouted the idea of a "higher law." Yet irreverence was by no means characteristic of Webster.

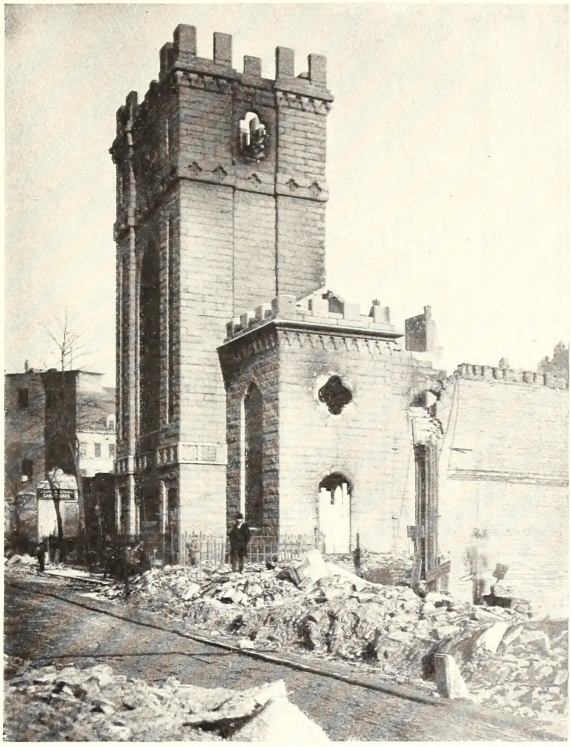
Ex-senator Bradbury of Maine, still living at a very advanced age, tells a story of his effort as a young man to hear and make the acquaintance of Webster. He walked twenty miles to hear him in 1825, when the corner stone of Bunker Hill monument was to be laid, and succeeded in obtaining a position close to him. Hearing that Webster was to give a reception at his house in the evening, he determined to push his way in uninvited. Webster, learning that he was a son of a college classmate, asked him to stop after the company had gone — he wished to talk with



TRINITY CHURCH, SUMMER STREET.

him; and then, finding that the young man had no lodging secured, asked him to spend the night. This was the occasion of the famous reception given to La Fayette, when two houses on Summer street midway between Otis and Winthrop places, Webster's and Israel Thorndike's, were united by cutting a doorway between them.

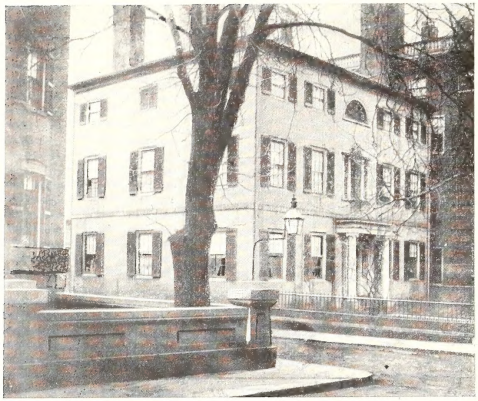
Nearly opposite Lincoln street, a little above Webster's house, were the residences of Benjamin Loring and James C. Paige. They were erected on the estate once owned by Henry Hill. Rev. Samuel May writes: "I remember perfectly the old Henry Hill house as the most attractive of all the fine houses on the street. It stood about midway between what became Winthrop place and High street, — a two-story brick building, painted, I should say, a soft yellow, gambrel roofed, giving spacious attic of course, — a little distance back from the street, with grass and shrubbery between, a high gate, and a substantial wall devised architecturally and ornamental. It faced the south and was rather more artistic in appearance than most of the Boston houses were. I could think then of nothing handsomer or more comfortable. I never was in the grounds; but they ran back to Federal court, at the head of which court my uncle, Colonel Joseph May, father of Rev. Samuel J. May, lived, and



TRINITY CHURCH AFTER THE GREAT FIRE.



SUMMER STREET, OPPOSITE KINGSTON, AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF 1872.



THE HOME OF JOHN TAPPAN, ON THE CORNER OF ARCH AND SUMMER STREETS.

I often looked through the fence paling into the orchard-like and decidedly country-like space. When Milton place was laid out from Federal street it ran back into the Hill grounds, and the Friends (Quakers) who had been driven out of Congress street, built a meeting-house there." Colonel Loring was an old bachelor of a jovial disposition, a great favorite, well known in the business community, which was very largely supplied from his stationery store. Further up street you would have come in those days to the dwelling of Capt. William Sturgis, next to which on the corner of Winthrop place was the house of Henry Gassett. During my memory of Captain Sturgis he had given up the sea and become a wealthy and generous merchant. As a sea captain he had been on the coast of Washington and Alaska, then known as the "Northwest Coast," and had had intercourse with Indians. His early education had been meagre, but he had learned much in the school of life. When he was in the Massachusetts legislature, a pedantic member quoted Latin, which Sturgis did not understand, and he replied in the Indian language. In front of Captain Sturgis's house began the extra wide brick sidewalk, measuring at least seventeen feet, and with its densely foliaged trees extending to Otis place.

On the west corner of Summer street and Winthrop place, now Devonshire street, Henry Higginson abode in the third decade of the century. He was followed by Dr. Alexander Young of the New South Church, whose services have already been mentioned. Passing by in those early days the abodes of Capt. Benjamin Rich, Charles Brooks and William Rollins, we came to a house once occupied by Alexander H. Everett. Alexander H. Everett was hardly less



SUMMER STREET, FROM WASHINGTON TO "CHURCH GREEN," IN 1871.

distinguished as a literary man than his younger brother, Edward, though much less known as an orator. Encyclopedias give his birth as in 1792 and his graduation at Harvard in 1806, his age at graduation therefore fourteen, and he was the first scholar in his class. He studied law with John Quincy Adams and went to Russia with him as secretary of legation, was *chargé d'affaires* at the Hague for nearly six years, was author of treatises on the powers of Europe and on the powers of the Western Continent, was five years editor of the *North American Review,* was commissioner to China, and died there in 1847. Alexander Everett married Lucretia Peabody, sister of the twins, Oliver William Bourne Peabody and Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody.

Oliver Peabody lived on Summer street, and assisted his brother-in-law in editing the *North American Review,* was for several years editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser,* and was a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He was licensed as a Unitarian preacher in 1845, but had been a lawyer in all his previous years of maturity. He was settled in Burlington, Vt., and after three years of service there he died. Dr. William Peabody, the brother, was settled at Springfield, Mass. The twin brothers were very much alike in person and I should suppose also in mind and heart. It used to be told that they fell in love with the same young woman. William gained the greater affection, and the brother never married.

In this part of Summer street lived Israel Thorndike, who had owned much property in Summer street and Otis place, and who also had a farm. Back of the house in which he lived there was a little open lot known as Thorndike's pasture. Here and in a stable-yard close by the rear of the Catholic cathedral on Franklin street were often kept temporarily the donkeys which he had imported for his farm. They made the welkin ring hideously and we wished they were farther off.

On the east corner of Otis place, now Otis street, there lived for a considerable time John C. Gray, one of the sons of William Gray. John C. Gray was a lawyer by education, was in the Massachusetts legislature and one of the Governor's Council, and delivered the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa oration in 1821. He was a fellow of the American Academy. Dr. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham succeeded George Blake, for many years United States district attorney, on the west corner of Otis place after a few years of home on the First Church property.

Edward Everett, brother-in-law of Dr. Frothingham, lived in the next house, the twin house to Dr. Frothingham's, which had been occupied by Israel Thorndike, and for a short time by Daniel Denny. As he did not die till 1865, his speeches and lectures, his accurate and elegant diction, his clear cut elocution and dignified and graceful bearing are still well remembered throughout the length and breadth of our land; but the full evidence of his industry, the number of his useful and honorable offices and the extent of his charities can hardly be realized even by those who were adults before he passed away. He delivered the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge in 1824, La Fayette being present on the occasion. He was for many years in Congress, was governor of Massachusetts, president of Harvard College, Secretary of State, United States senator, and minister to England. He received the highest literary honors from Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth, and also from Oxford and Cambridge. He was at one time editor of the *North American Review.* His famous lecture upon Washington, delivered nearly a hundred and fifty times, and his weekly articles for the *New York Ledger* yielded over $100,000 for the purchase of Mt. Vernon. Only six days before he died he made

an address in Faneuil Hall in aid of sending provisions to the suffering people of Savannah. It was a great gratification to his thousands of admirers, who felt that his conservatism had sometimes been a hindrance to noblest influence, to have him live through the Civil War, at its outset to come out grandly with several patriotic addresses, and to be associated with the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg by delivering the address. It was fitting that he should close his political life as he did, by giving a vote as presidential elector for Abraham Lincoln. William Everett, who has distinguished himself as an educator and been a member of Congress, is his son.

After passing John Tappan's, you came to the Bussey estate on the northwest corner of Arch street. Benjamin Bussey lived for about ten years before 1820 on the west corner of Arch and Summer streets. He was a very successful merchant, and left to Harvard University $350,000, including the Bussey Farm.

The fine mansion with its attractive garden which stood at the corner of Hawley street, well back from Summer street, opposite the side of Trinity Church, John P. Cushing's in my day, was once occupied by Governor Sullivan, afterwards by William Gray, who had been a state senator and lieutenant governor, and next by his son, Francis C. Gray. James Sullivan was born in Berwick, Maine. He was a member of the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, of which Maine was then a part. He held many responsible positions, was judge, member of the State Constitutional Convention, representative to Congress, member of the Executive Council, state attorney general and governor, and president of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He died in 1808.

William Gray, very generally spoken of as Billy Gray, was said to be owner of more than sixty square-rigged vessels, and was called the richest man in Massachusetts. When asked how much a man wanted after he had a million dollars, he replied: "A little more." His wife devoted much time to the poor. He died in 1825. I have been told that William Gray employed barber Weiss of Congress street to shave him every day, at six o'clock in winter, at four or five o'clock in summer, and paid him $400 a year — perhaps for the purpose of helping the education of Weiss's son, Rev. John Weiss, who proved so gifted.

Francis C. Gray, like his brother, John C. Gray, studied law, but did not practice it. He was private secretary to John Quincy Adams when he was minister to Russia, was a Massachusetts legislator, a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and fellow of the American Academy. He received the degree of LL. D. He left about $95,000 to Harvard College for museum, library and art gallery.

John P. Cushing had come from China with great wealth. He owned quite a large estate in Watertown. Fifty or sixty years ago a porcelain fence brought from China stood in front of his house there. Octavius Frothingham in writing of his father says: "He lived in a delightful street well called 'Summer,' a street of gardens and elm trees that branched over so as almost to meet across the way, with Edward Everett next door and excellent people on either side. An air of Oriental magnificence was imparted by Mr. Cushing's Chinese servants in their native dress."

The site of Trinity Church, on the north corner of Summer and Hawley streets, was previously occupied by the "Seven Star Inn," and as Summer street was then narrow and led towards a mill it was called "Seven Star Lane" or "Ye Milne St." As early as 1735 a very plain wooden building was erected for Trinity Church, for which a noble and substantial stone building was substituted in 1828. Here Phillips Brooks preached when he first came to Boston from Philadelphia. After

the stone church was destroyed by the great fire in 1872, the church on Copley Square was built. I used to hear of Dr. John Sylvester Gardiner as rector in the early part of this century, and have some personal recollection of Dr. Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, who was for a brief time one of his successors. Dr. Gardiner was noted for his eloquence and wit.

Between Trinity Church and the large store of Samuel and Stephen Salisbury on the corner of Washington street I can only recollect some small shops, till the large building was erected which was occupied as a store by John Chandler, the founder of the house of Chandler & Company. William Andrews, bookbinder and bookseller, had lived there twenty or thirty years earlier.

In the early part of this century what is now Washington street was known by five names. From Summer street northward to Water street it was Marlboro; from Water street to Dock square, Cornhill; from Summer street southward to Boylston street, Newbury; from Boylston street to Dover street, Orange; all southward to the Roxbury line, Washington. It has been interesting to notice in an official report of estates as they were in 1798, that nearly all the residences had stables and woodsheds belonging to them, that the number of windows was reported, probably as affecting taxation, that very many of the dwellings were three stories high and were built partly of wood and partly of brick. I can myself remember when house furnaces in Boston were fed with unsawed cord wood and when the cooking was done in open wood fireplaces with tin kitchens and Dutch ovens and sometimes by the aid of turnspits attached to the chimney.

The great fire of 1872 caught from some unknown cause in the granite building on the southeast corner of Summer and Kingston streets, destroyed nearly all Summer street and extended west to Washington street, east to the water and north almost to State street, an area of nearly seventy acres, and the value of the property destroyed was estimated at more than sixty-one million dollars.

In 1821 Winthrop place was laid out by George Bond, who purchased the land from Gorham Parsons. It had been a pasture, with the exception of a portion occupied by two or three small wooden buildings. The lots were sold to be built upon within two years. It was also a condition of the sales, that the houses should be set back six feet from the street and should be no more than three stories high. These conditions greatly enhanced the attractiveness of the place for residences; but when the land was desired for stores the owners were pleased to have the encumbrances removed. At about this time land was released to the city for the wide sidewalk of Summer street already mentioned. At a little earlier date Israel Thorndike laid out Otis place. Devonshire street was widened and opened through to Summer street by way of "Theatre alley" and Winthrop place about forty years ago; and the large business houses of J. M. Beebe & Company, Parker, Wilder & Company, and Jordan & Marsh were located there by 1861. A natural inlet from the harbor once extended about as far inland as the present corner of Devonshire and Franklin streets, as may be seen on some of the old maps.

In Winthrop place, from forty to seventy years ago, there were (not all at any one date) the homes of Thomas H. Perkins, Jr., William H. Gardiner, Rufus Choate, Isaac MacLellan, Isaac P. Davis, John Davis, Benjamin A. Gould, father of the astronomer of the same name, Isaac Rich, William Reynolds, Samuel Whitwell, George Bond, H. Hollis Hunnewell, Thomas Motley, Henry Cabot, John E. Lodge, George Bancroft, Samuel Cabot, Joshua Blake, Francis Staunton, Thomas Lamb, Josiah P. Cooke, and Samuel Greele. In Otis place I can mention Nathaniel Bowditch,

Bryant P. Tilden, Samuel G. Williams, Oliver Eldredge, Augustus Thorndike, Jeremiah S. Boies, Charles Thorndike, Richard D. Tucker, Eben Rollins and John L. Gardner.

Rufus Choate resided in Winthrop place ten years, till about the time of his death in 1859. He was chosen senator when Webster resigned to accept the appointment of Secretary of State, and after Webster's death was the acknowledged leader of the Massachusetts bar. His cadaverous features, his sallow complexion and the intensity of his facial expression made him a marked personality. No American orator was his equal in appositeness of figures and illustrations, in glowing imagery, and in feeling appeals. Like Webster, he was specially eminent as a jury lawyer, and the court room was crowded whenever there was expectation of hearing him. He was the friend and favorite of the young men of his profession. His advice to young lawyers was: "Never treat a witness as if he were lying unless you are sure he is lying." He was a figure in the community much missed when he died. Like the great Daniel and many other men of genius, he had the reputation of being careless in his own money matters. A Middlesex lawyer calling upon him on business expressed his astonishment at the extent of Choate's library. "Yes," he said, "more books than I can pay for—that's the bookseller's matter, not mine." There is a story that Webster once met him in front of the Merchants Bank and called to him: "Come here, I want $500; I want you to endorse my note." "Make it $1,000," said Choate, "I want $500 too."

The home of Rufus Choate was in somewhat earlier days the residence of Isaac MacLellan. Here La Fayette was entertained, to meet General Hull, the father-in-law of Mr. MacLellan, and met Generals Cable and Huntington, Colonel Putnam and others of his old companions in arms. Isaac MacLellan, Jr., a son in this family, was a lawyer and had some reputation as a poet.

Benjamin A. Gould passed part of his life as a merchant, but is remembered best as one of the earliest and most successful teachers of the Public Latin School.

The "Gleaner" (Nathaniel I. Bowditch) writes of Isaac P. Davis: "As a trustee of one of our literary institutions, I ever found him to be a man of cultivated intellect, courteous manners and the most genial kindness of heart. Habitually possessing almost unequalled knowledge of passing events, and great vivacity in narrating and commenting on them, he was a universal favorite in society. With him the 'rope-maker' was merged in the 'gentleman.' During the two centuries since our city was founded, that occupation has certainly never had a more popular living representative, nor one whose death, though at quite an advanced age, has been more generally and sincerely regretted." Mrs. Davis was a much respected neighbor; but after all, the greatest interest in that house centered in her mother, a very benevolent old woman, whose declining years were far from useless. She was familiarly known by us as "Grandma Jackson." Children were brought up with the impression that she was decidedly angelic, and now after sixty or seventy years I cannot think of her otherwise. She took delight in visiting the poor, carrying her bag of clothing or other comforts and her purse of money, which were cheerfully replenished out of the abundance of her friends and by freewill offerings of children's earnings.

Our next neighbor, Samuel Whitwell, was off nearly every season, I think, to shoot woodcock down on the Cape, and I remember well that his return was a gustatory satisfaction to us.

Isaac Rich is known as the principal founder of Boston University, leaving for that purpose in his will the

bulk of his large estate estimated at nearly one and a half million dollars. His property was almost all invested in Boston real estate, and the great fire of 1872 destroyed nearly all his buildings; but his investments yielded between seven and eight hundred thousand dollars towards establishing the university. A cargo of salt fish had been spoiled on its voyage to a hot climate. Isaac Rich was a fish merchant. He had become very wealthy, but he declared that he could send fish safely if he picked them out himself; and he picked them out, and his cargo arrived at its destination safe and sound.

It would not be becoming for me to write much of the good things I know about George Bond; yet I may justly suppose myself to know and feel more about him than anybody else now living. He had certainly the reputation of strict integrity, of good citizenship, of great interest in public and philanthropic affairs, and of generosity. He is probably best remembered by some old people by the few occasions on which he appeared in public and insisted on the right of free speech or deprecated lawless violence, notably when on a legislative committee at a hearing he rebuked George Lunt, who insulted Dr. Charles Follen, a much respected professor at Harvard, a liberal in both religion and politics and an abolitionist in those exciting times, and when meetings were called condemning the Alton rioters for the murder of Lovejoy, and when in the financial crisis of 1837 orders came from Washington for the demand at the post offices of specie payment when sufficient amount of specie could not be obtained and when the Government itself was paying in paper. Capt. William Sturgis of Summer street and Abbott Lawrence also counseled moderation and delay. The mob spirit had well nigh prevailed; but the storm was averted, the premonitory thunder ceased, and peace prevailed. Benjamin A. Gould of Winthrop place presided at the meeting called on this occasion.

Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch was our next neighbor. Two generations have grown up since his death. His ancestors were shipmasters. Nathaniel was taken from school when ten years old to assist his father, who had become a cooper. After apprenticeship to a ship-chandler, he went to sea as clerk, then as supercargo, then as master and supercargo. After his death, the following resolutions offered by Edward Everett were unanimously adopted by the American Academy:

"Resolved, that the Fellows of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences entertain the liveliest sense of the exalted talents and extraordinary attainments of their late president, who stood prominent among men of science in the United States, and who by universal consent has long been regarded as one of the most distinguished mathematicians and astronomers of the age, ... whose services were of the highest value in the active walks of life, whose entire influence was given to the cause of good principles, whose life was a uniform exhibition of the loftiest virtues, and who with a firmness and energy which nothing could shake or subdue devoted himself to the most arduous and important duties and made the profoundest researches of science subservient to the practical business life."

Bowditch's *Navigator* has been of immense value to seafaring men and owners of vessels. The writer remembers the wonder with which he, a supercargo's clerk, nearly sixty years ago, keeping a log book for his own satisfaction, discovered what an easy matter it was with the logarithms and formulas to determine, by observations of the heavens, the location of the vessel. Certainly no one can estimate the expedition secured and the accidents avoided for thousands of vessels by the indefatigable labor and wonderful accuracy of Doctor Bowditch's work. Much of his success was due to his punctuality. His righteous indignation was likely to be visited upon any one who was regardless of the value of his time and failed to

keep an appointment promptly. On returning from a sea voyage in 1802, he found the places of business closed, for it was a holiday in recognition of Commencement at Harvard. It was useless for him to remain in the city, and he joined the great concourse in Cambridge. He was surprised and delighted to hear his own name announced as the recipient of the degree of Master of Arts. Fourteen years afterwards he was honored with that of LL. D. At Mt. Auburn cemetery is an excellent bronze statue of Bowditch erected by his friends. Of his four sons, three were educated at Harvard College, and the fourth received the highest honorary degree.

Nathaniel Ingersoll died in 1861. Jonathan Ingersoll and Dr. Henry Ingersoll did not die until lately, and therefore are better remembered. William Ingersoll still survives. The family record has surely been very honorable. Nathaniel Ingersoll published a history of the Massachusetts General Hospital, issued a memoir of his father, and compiled a unique book of Suffolk names. He gave $70,000 to Harvard University for scholarships.

For many years Samuel Cabot lived in one of the stone houses which he had built opposite Doctor Bowditch and George Bond, in the same house that was afterwards the widow Bliss's, whom George Bancroft married. Bancroft lived there several years. His history of the United States is everywhere recognized as a work of great research and industry and brilliancy of style. He had the honor of being secretary of the navy, and minister to England and to Germany. No name on the Harvard Quinquennial, unless it be that of Edward Everett, has appended to it so long a list of honors. He lived to be over ninety years of age, and had not long ceased to work and to ride horseback.

Samuel Cabot, Jr., was a prominent physician, and became a fellow of the American Academy. His brother, James Elliot Cabot, is the literary executor and biographer of Ralph Waldo Emerson. He received from Harvard in 1885 the degree of LL. D.

Passing out the door of the Bancroft house, there was a "lion in the way" of entering the Blake house. You could pass around him, however, in safety. You could find in that house in those early days of this century not only a numerous family of children with their parents, but also Uncle Frank and Aunt Mary Staunton, brother and sister of Mrs. Blake. I used to hear from my parents and others special encomiums upon Frank Staunton. The grave of Frank Staunton at Mt. Auburn is designated by a monument erected by the merchants of Boston "in memory of an honest man." Aunt Mary — so she was generally called by the neighbors — had a peculiar defect of speech, poor woman, which naughty boys were fond of imitating; but I never heard anything said against the head and heart from which the speech proceeded. Perhaps I owe my life to her, for I have heard my mother dilate upon her judgment and presence of mind in crossing the street and telling her that I, then a very little fellow, was in danger, instead of sending her loud and startling voice directly up to me, when once I was hanging out of a window.

Thomas Motley was the father of John Lothrop Motley, the historian, and of Thomas, who married Maria Davis, granddaughter of Benjamin Bussey, and lived on the Bussey farm in West Roxbury and was Harvard instructor in farming. Thomas Motley, Sr., was something of a wit. He belonged to a social club that met at the members' houses. I think none of the members can be now living. The breakfast table reports of discussions and *bon mots* of the evening previous made some of the sons resolve that they would some day belong to just such a club. While Thomas Motley was a member of the Massachusetts legisla-

ture, he went to France. He told at the club that when he wished on a special occasion to appear at the palace he said to the official at the entrance, "General Court," and was admitted as an army officer.

John Lodge lived in the stone house facing up Winthrop place after 1840. Henry Cabot, his father-in-law, had lived there before. His son, Henry Cabot Lodge, the present Massachusetts senator, was born there. He wrote the biography of his great-grandfather, George Cabot, a book which belongs to the literature of old Summer street.

Josiah Parsons Cooke, father of the late Harvard professor of the same name, was a prominent lawyer and received an honorary degree from Harvard University. Samuel Greele, known very generally as Deacon Greele, — how well I remember him! — was a graduate of Harvard. He was cordial in manner, gleeful, loud in voice, louder in laughter. We would often hear him through our closed windows. "It is one of my gentle smiles," he would say. I think he studied for the ministry, but I do not know that he ever preached. I remember him as a type founder, his place of business being in Congress street. Deacon Greele hustled William Lloyd Garrison into the Old State House to save him from the fury of the mob on the famous occasion when he was in such great danger.

Winthrop place and Otis place were tributary to Summer street and were connected at their lower ends; and, having no outlet into Franklin street except for pedestrians, they formed a sort of double *cul de sac* and, having a continuous brick sidewalk around the block enclosed, provided the boys with a course for their trucks and hoops and sleds and skates. One of our old comrades, James Elliot Cabot, says in his memoir of Emerson: "The Summer street region, even as I remember it twenty years later [than Emerson's day], was a boy's paradise, and echoed every holiday afternoon and midday recess with 'Coram' and 'Hi-spy,' having just the right admixture of open ground, fences and thoroughfares with intricacies and lurking places of sheds and wood houses and here and there a deserted barn with open doors and a remnant of hay long untouched."

The neighborhood was remarkable for sociability, and the number of children of similar parentage within similar limits could hardly be matched to-day. Nearly every family included from six to eight children. I easily recall thirty-five near enough to my own age to be my comrades. We may have been a little clannish. Probably the "Northenders" and the "Sullivan paddies," with whom we occasionally had pitched battles, may have thought us aristocratic and so conceived an unwarranted dislike to us. There was more play, however, than hostility in our contests. I account it a rare and rich privilege to have lived there. We were near the Common too, which had not ceased to be a common pasture and was a playground all over. I well remember sometimes accompanying the man who took our cow to the Common daily. Not many of our children to-day can have so enjoyed the advantages of both country and city. Some of our playmates have become quite distinguished. I may well mention the late Benjamin Apthorp Gould, the astronomer, and the late Prof. Josiah Parsons Cooke, the chemist, and Rev. Octavius B. Frothingham. "With Octavius Frothingham's death, passed away the most brilliant and interesting figure — excepting one, — of those who were the younger liberal leaders of the last generation," said J. H. Allen.

The land on that part of Devonshire street which was once Winthrop place and that adjoining portion of Summer street on which are now five stores, the whole number of buildings upon the tract being thirty-two, was assessed in 1897, apart from the buildings upon it, on a valuation of $1,668,-

700, very nearly one hundred times its city valuation in 1821. Real estate on Summer street and the adjacent streets must continue to increase in value, all the more on account of the modern innovations of elevators and "sky-scrapers."

One cannot contemplate the great change which has taken place in Summer street and its neighborhood within a century, and mostly within sixty years, without regret, unless he is specially charmed with the victories of mammon; and yet it has been the same change which has made Boston as a whole with its surrounding country so attractive. Summer street has doubtless been an object lesson; so far as it helped to inspire our city workers and traffickers with a love of the rural, it has been the instigator of beautiful suburban villas; and it is now taking its turn in accumulating the wealth so helpful to the beauty, restfulness and healthfulness of the outskirts and environs of Boston.

THE INNER BOND.

By Percy Adams Hutchison.

OFT, as I wander down some thoroughfare,
Or mingle, careless, in a passing throng,
I meet with one fast hurrying along,
Some man or woman, sped by joy or care,
I never saw until that moment there,
Whom yet my heart doth greet in accents strong;
And then I say, "In shape and ages long
Forgot we met, 'mid regions otherwhere."

Oh, is not hint indwelling in the blood
That we, who seem but phantoms of the hour,
Gaining oblivion for a final dower,
Belong in truth to some great brotherhood,
Where laws of Birth and Death hold not as good,
And even Time itself hath naught of power?

MISS PETERS'S INDIAN SUMMER.

By Mrs. M. E. Pratt.

ONE hazy Indian summer day Mrs. Buckland walked along the country road to the Peters farm. No weather is more delightful to New Englanders than these sunny, warm days that seem to step in between the autumn's frost and the winter's storm, and to hold the storm and cold back while we take a long breath of preparation for them.

Mrs. Buckland smiled to herself as she rustled through the fallen leaves, and breathed the sweet, hazy air. She admired the rich red of the blackberry leaves, the little second growths of ferns and mosses and the tender vines sent out at the base of the withered stalks of St. John's wort. She was one of the fortunate ones of earth,—not in the sense of possessing wealth or honor, but in keeping a young heart during her stay here of more than half a century, and in feeling a human interest in all around her so palpably real, that old and young felt it and opened their griefs and joys and hopes and disappointments to her. She had known many phases of life herself; but now, in a little season of Indian summer of her own, she was enjoying life as it passed, without dread of the winter coming on.

The many acres of the Peters farm stretched along the road on both sides, the bare solid house on one side and the huge unpainted barn on the other; while a mob of sheds, corn cribs and hen houses stood behind the house. Two years before this, Mrs. Buckland had visited in the neighborhood for several months. An old place a mile or two from the Peters place had been inherited by a city family, and the city bred children had thought there would be great pleasure in real country life. Mrs. Niles had demurred, knowing as mothers know the tastes of her family better than they know themselves; but she consented to try for one season if her friend Mrs. Buckland, would stay with her for the trial. It was not a success. The old orchards and pastures were uninteresting, and the evenings, lighted by kerosene lamps and musical with katydids and whippoorwills, with bats flying through the open windows,

came to be dreaded; and the nights, with swallows whirring in the chimney at such unexpected times, the uncomfortably early hours at which the birds awoke and insisted upon waking the rest of the world, and cocks crowing, — it was all doleful to the newcomers, and the only relief was in sending for relays of friends who could tell the news from Newport or Bar Harbor. But company disturbed the already dissatisfied servants. Mrs. Niles's troubles were many; and gladly did the Niles clan troop home in the autumn. Before another year all sentiment was laid aside and Uncle Daniel's farm was sold to the highest bidder.

But Mrs. Buckland liked all these sights and sounds which the rest were so anxious to get away from; the smell of the pines in the wood lot, the cattle feeding in the pastures, the oxen standing patient in the hay field were all refreshing to her; the swallows and the hens were far indeed from annoying her; and she laughed at the cow that insisted upon announcing milking time in the morning under the chamber windows. Wandering along the country roads, she became acquainted with each barefooted boy and sunbonneted girl, and talked over the stone walls to the farmers in the fields until her pleasant face grew familiar to all. By the Peters farm house gate was a magnificent elm, with a pleasant view of green fields and distant hills spreading before it. Mrs. Buckland often availed herself of this resting place, and soon knew all the inmates of the house. First came lean old Abiel Peters himself, with a smileless nod and miserly face and secretive, close shut mouth, self-will and obstinacy marked in every line of his make-up. Sam Hard, the hired man, slouched along beside the oxen or drove home the cows, and glanced furtively at the quiet figure beneath the elm. He was awkward and bashful enough; but his sister 'Miry, the hired girl, was more easy in her manners. She made great clattering of milking pans and pails, and kept herself in evidence by loud and would-be witty remarks, until she was noticed and recognized.

The remaining member of the family, however, was of a different kind; and Mrs. Buckland soon found herself looking forward to her meetings with Miss Sarah Jane Peters with pleasure. The wholesome, clear eyed, middle aged woman, with her shrewd New England sense and wit, had attracted Mrs. Buckland from the first day when she was drawn to the door by 'Miry's loud remarks. In an almost masterful way she had invited the stray guest to rest in the house; and after that hardly a week passed but the two unlike women had talked together either under the tree or in the house. Energetic and hard working, Sarah Jane Peters had little time from the manifold duties of the well managed farm, but in the midst of her bustle and satisfaction at work well done, there seemed sometimes a regretful expression on her face, as if she had missed something in her life, as if baking, churning, preserving and pickling, rising with the sun and seeing that every one on the place, down to each individual hen, did full duty, and that every cent was most prudently spent,—as if all these things had not quite satisfied her nature.

Old Abiel had no such misgiving; and he did not intend that his daughter or his help should. He carried around the burden of his seventy-five years quite briskly, and though somewhat stiff and bowed, he clambered on to his hay loads and drove off to the village in his rattling old wagon to collect his milk bills.

Mrs. Buckland's admiration of the fine views and well cultivated fields pleased Miss Sarah Jane, and she would tell her of her own various avocations from day to day; but she liked better to have her visitor tell of the life in the great outside world. When the last call of the season came, it was with respect and regret that the two women parted. Mrs. Buckland said, as she gave her address: "Now

if anything of great interest or any great change in our lives comes before we meet again, let us send word to one another."

"Well, Mis' Buckland, I can't tell you how much good it has done me, knowing you this summer; I do hope some way or other we shall meet again; and I will let you know if I can if anything changes much here."

So they parted, Miss Sarah Jane to go on with her round of duties, while Mrs. Buckland wandered over an old-world track where every halt brought memories of the same journey when her life was younger and others had walked beside her.

The early fall of the year of this Indian summer walk found Mrs. Buckland at home once more, and in the mail awaiting her she found a copy of the *Burnham County Gazette* of two months before, with a marked notice of the death of Mr. Abiel Peters. "The death of our aged townsman was caused by falling from a load of hay in his barn, which caused paralysis of the lower part of his body, and though his mind continued clear he only lived a week." So instead of writing to Miss Sarah Jane, Mrs. Buckland, as she was to visit in a town from which a stage coach ran every day to Burnham, concluded to ride over and visit her; and now, having been left by the stage half a mile away, she was walking through the rustling leaves. Going up the path to the house, she noticed that there was a more cheerful look to the whole place. New shades were drawn up in the front windows, and the front doorsteps looked as if used. She lifted the bright old brass knocker; and in a moment Sarah Jane stood before her.

"Oh, Mrs. Buckland, I saw you when you turned in from the road! I was way up in the garret, and I felt I couldn't run down fast enough. And I declare it kind of scared me too; for I'd been wishing I could see you so strong that I most felt as though I'd drew you here."

"Well, maybe you have," laughed Mrs. Buckland. "Very strange things happen nowadays; and whenever I have thought of writing something seemed to tell me: 'No, go up and tell Miss Sarah Jane why you haven't written.' I was across the sea and did not get the paper you sent until my return a month ago."

"Oh, I knew it was all right. Come into the sitting room and let me look at you."

The room was sunny and a new carpet and new paper had changed it from the faded, gloomy look of two years before. A fire smouldered on the Franklin stove hearth; and the cat slept on a soft cushion in a rocking chair.

Mrs. Buckland told Miss Peters how she came and how she thought that if she did not find her she would walk over to Burnham and use the time until she took the stage back at five o'clock.

Miss Peters protested against her going. "But if you must go, Sam and I will take you over to the village in time for the stage."

"Sam and 'Miry both here, are they?"

"Oh, la! 'Miry, rattle headed thing, has got married and lives in the village; but Sam — he's more of a standby, and he's here, and his sister Phebe, a good deal older than 'Miry, is here. I have to pay her twice as much as 'Miry; but she's worth twice as much. I'll go out and start her about dinner."

She was soon back, and told in detail the circumstances of old Abiel's exit from life, and in the interval of the tale attended to the solemn beckonings of Phebe, who appeared and disappeared. "La sakes," laughed Sarah Jane, "she's so excited at you being here, that she won't give me any peace. She's good help, but she ain't very cheerful; she had what they used to call an 'early' down on the Cape, and she's never got over it. What fools women are sometimes, — I don't mean in having 'earlys,' but in not getting over 'em."

When dinner was over, and Phebe was shut out with the dishes, and the two friends sat down together, Mrs. Buckland exclaimed: "What do you mean by an 'early' ?"

"Why it's being disappointed in your love affairs when you are young, and going on kind of whimpering about it ever after. Phebe has been kind of setting up as a martyr, because a good for nothing drinking fellow went off and married another woman, when she expected to have him; and no amount of showing her how misfortunate 'twas for the other poor thing seems to get it through her head that she's the lucky one."

"Well, tell me now about yourself. Shall you live on here? And what have you been doing all your life? Did you have an 'early?' Tell me the whole story."

"I never told my whole story to anybody in the world. Ma, she knew everything. It isn't anything but the commonest kind of a life I've led; but I've had my hopes and my disappointments. You know something what Pa was, a set man, and one that would rule everybody in his house. It may seem kind of unfeeling to say these things, but I knew them and felt them. I took the best care I could of him and did for him all he would let me; and I understood him, for I am some like him. But Ma, she was as different as could be. She was a little woman, and real pretty when she was young, but ready to give up everything. This house and farm was hers. This was Grandfather Morse's, and she was an only child, same as me. Now I guess just such men as Pa marry just such women as Ma most always. Pa thought as much of her as he could of any woman; but he was the man and head of the house, — and just as soon as Grandpa Morse died and they moved over here, when I was about ten years old, Ma made over the whole to Pa. She'd worked hard enough before at the little house where Sam Hard's folks live now; but here in this house there was more to do, — more cows were bought, and more hay made, and planting done, and no more help could be had — Oh, no! Field after field was added, and we pinched along as though we were just keeping out of the poor house. I was the oldest child. I was always fond of children, and I used to grieve as one little brother and sister after another lived a month or two and died, — because I suppose Ma hadn't life enough to give them a start; and each little grave made her thinner and her heart heavier. The only thing I ever knew her take a stand against Pa was about my going to school. It was little enough chance I had, but I was dressed and started for school when there was one, even if Pa grumbled and wanted me to drop corn or potatoes. I grew up stout and well, and I know I was Ma's help and comfort. Pa was always wishing I was a boy; but I often thought when I got older that if I had been a boy Pa and I wouldn't have got on together long.

"When I was nineteen years old I suppose I was quite a lively piece; and folks said I was good looking. Of course I went round among the young folks, and had my share of the good times.

"There was one young man that I must own up I thought the world of, and he wasn't none behind in liking me. His name was Edmund Brayton. He hadn't lived round here always. He and his mother, who was some distant relation to old Mrs. Burbank, came from western New York.

"Now just the queer way things run in this world! Pa, set and close fisted and close mouthed, was married to Ma, easy and gentle and 'fraid of everything; and here I was, with quite a spice of Pa in me, taking to Edmund, who hadn't a speck of real go-ahead in him. But he was steady and bright and the kindest son a mother ever had. He was a clerk in Burbank's store, and taught writing school evenings. I know he'd get to reading and not look up 'til he was spoken to in the

store; and I never thought he was a driving worker.

"I s'pose Pa kind of suspected how Edmund and I fancied each other; for though he never was one to say much, he was often flinging out something about that lazy clerk at the store, and how it was well for him he could write a good hand or he wouldn't be worth his salt. I used to go to the writing school, — and I've often set and thought of those nights when we used to come trooping home all together 'til we came to the turn of the road that leads up here, when Edmund and I would come alone. I ain't one to be sentimental, as anybody would know to look at me; but to be young is good, and maybe it is better to have an 'early' than to have nothing.

"Well, it was a long time before Edmund spoke; for even then Pa had the name of being a rich man, and Edmund knew he did not like him, and knew that he hadn't much to offer, and when he did ask me he said so. I didn't care; I was used to pinching, and I knew I could make a little go a good ways and could make that little more. But Pa — I'd never come into a real setting up my way against his; and Ma wasn't strong, and I knew how she would tremble and not be able to help me. So we went on some months understanding each other. I wasn't willing Edmund should say anything to Pa. But at last an uncle of Edmund's in New York state wrote wanting him and his mother to go back there. His wife had died and he wanted Mis' Brayton to keep house for him, and wanted Edmund to be clerk in his store. It was no great outlook; but it looked pleasant to me. We talked over the little home we'd have, — for Mis' Brayton was to be away from us. So I told Edmund he might speak to Pa. I've gone over that day, many's the time since. I saw Edmund come up the road and go into the barn where Pa was; but it wasn't long before he come out. I felt more proud of him than I ever had before, for there was Pa standing in the barn door madder than I ever saw him. I couldn't hear very much. Edmund stood straight up and looked Pa right in the eye and answered him back. I heard him tell Pa that he should see me again, as he couldn't take any such answer without I told him the same; and he went off. Pa came in raging. He hadn't been used to having anybody stand up to him. I never heard him swear before nor since. He wanted to know what I meant in letting that worthless fellow come to him. I felt scared at first; but I grew cool and told him it meant I was going to marry Edmund Brayton and that he was no worthless fellow but a steady man and a good son and would be a good husband. Finally he told me if I married that man I should never enter this house again, not even if Ma was dying, — and Ma should never come to me. Poor Ma had sat by all crushed up looking; and when Pa stamped out, she looked so pitiful, and her poor lips trembling, that I broke right down. I drew that little chair there up to her and leaned against her shoulder and cried: 'Oh, what shall I do?'

"She straightened up, and spoke out real decided. 'Sarah Jane,' says she, 'I shall never stand in the way of your happiness. You know you are the light of my life, and my right hand; but neither your father nor I have any right to force you either way. I think Edmund is a good young man. But oh! how can I live without ever seeing you again? We cried together as I have never cried since. But I said: 'I don't know but what my first duty is to you, Ma.' 'No,' said she,—and she talked calmly about it.

"I was so astonished to hear mild little Ma talk so that I began to grow calm and be myself again.

"But it was all too much for her, and the next morning she couldn't lift her head from her pillow without fainting dead away. Old Doctor Shaw looked pretty sober when he saw her. He said she was all run down, and was a worn out woman before she

ought to be. With good care she might live for years, but overwork or worry would soon finish her life.

"Well, I went up into the north garret and sat down on an old chest there, and thought it all out. I thought how happy it would all be, if I could come home to Ma now and then with a kind husband and maybe little children as Elvira Drew did every year; and then came the thought how it would seem to Edmund. I decided I would have no shilly-shallying about it. I would either marry him or give it all up for good. I prayed with all my might for some sign as to which way was the right one; but my prayers didn't seem to rise above the rafters — and I couldn't see any help in asking any earthly body. But at last a kind of stillness came over me. I sort of realized that life for me was going to be spoiled either way, and my poor mother was the nearest duty, and I got right up and went down to her. She seemed to feel what I was going to do. 'Don't you do anything you'll regret too much afterwards,' said she. After supper I started for the village. It was in September and the dark came on early; and the lonesomeness of that walk is fresh with me now, though it's nearly thirty years ago. I went into the store, and Edmund went out with me. Well, it's no use trying to tell anything about that walk and talk. Of course he couldn't see it as I did, and so I had not only to bear my own sorrow at giving him up, but to know that he was going away angry with me.

"Ma got better and was round the house. I never said a word to her of what I had done. But one morning Lucinda Peck, who used to go about dressmaking, called in. She was a good soul enough, but full of gossip; and she called to me to know if I knew that Mrs. Brayton and Edmund had gone off quite sudden to New York state. I managed to look unconcerned and said I didn't know as they'd gone, but knew they were going soon. I knew Ma gave a start. 'Well,' said Lucinda, 'the folks down to the village thought you and Edmund were sweet on each other and that you'd know all about it.' 'The folks at the village don't know everything,' said I; and Lucinda started off, and that was the end of it.

"I never said one word to Ma about it for more'n a year. I think Pa was almost scared at the ease with which he got his own way. I knew he wanted to know how it ended, but I never spoke to him for many a long month unless I had to.

"There were some things about the farm that were Ma's — all the hens and chickens and eggs and what butter was made to sell. Ma hadn't made much; but I began to take all such things into my care — and never from that day to the day Pa died did I ever ask him for money; and I saw that Ma had what she wanted. I always had money. I had a knack with poultry — my chickens and young turkeys most always lived, and my hens laid when eggs was high, and my butter brought gilt-edge prices. Pa said something to Ma once about putting some of the money that came from them in the bank; but she told him they were all mine now, and he never said a word more.

"I just devoted myself to caring for Ma; and she told me in her last sickness that her last days had been her best days.

"Of course, as the years went on, other men than Edmund tried to make themselves agreeable to me; but I had made up my mind where I was going to stay, and I stayed. I knew Pa was disappointed enough when I sent young John Hunter off. The young men of my set got married, and I saw no more of them unless their wives died, when they sometimes drifted round my way again. Pa was piling up money, and everybody knew it. Why I guess," laughed Sarah Jane, "that I could have been second wife to half the widowers in town. I thought Pa would tear out what hair he had left when I wouldn't have old

Squire Horner; he was the richest man in this part of the state, and had the best house anywhere round, and no children, as he told Ma over and over again.

"Work is a great thing to make folks contented, and all these years I've been such a busy woman that I haven't been fretful; and when Ma looked up at me the day before she died, and said, 'Sarah Jane you give up a good deal for me a great many years ago, and I think you'll have your reward for it,' I felt so glad I did what I did.

"Pa and I settled down into a kind of a dull life. Pa really tried I think to let me know that he thought much of me; but we hadn't much to say to each other. When his accident came, and we knew he wouldn't get about again, Cousin Abiel came over quick, and every time he could get a chance he was at Pa about making a will. I heard him tell Pa once, when he didn't know I was round, that a woman couldn't be expected to know how to manage an estate and 'twould be better for Pa to trustee his. Pa looked pretty grim when I went in to him after Abiel had gone — and said he wanted to see Squire Foss. I was bound I wouldn't say a word whatever he did; his money had been his idol, and he should do what he pleased now that he had got to leave it. When Squire Foss came, Pa asked him before me, how his property would go if he didn't leave any will. Squire Foss told him it would go to me clear. 'Well,' said Pa, 'that's how I want it to go, and I'll pay you just the same for coming as though you wrote a will.'

"Pa knew as well as we did how he was; but he looked pleased at me and went off into a sleep that he never seemed to wake real sensible from again. But when it was all over I was really astonished, for in his locked box in his old desk, the bonds and stocks and bank books and mortgages that were there were beyond any anybody had supposed that he owned, — to say nothing of the real estate he had all round the county. When I thought how Pa had hoarded and scrimped all his life to pile up this money, and had never allowed himself anything but just what he couldn't do without, I felt kind of scared for fear I might do the same, and I made up my mind I wouldn't, — and I haven't, so far. I took the first dividends that came in, and I gave Elder Stone five hundred dollars towards paying off the church debt; and I spent on the house, and fixed up the Hards' house, and bought a new carryall. But still I was kind of restless and lonesome, — and now I have decided to treat myself to something."

Sarah Jane paused here in her long story, and though her eyes were bright and lips smiling she blushed like a young girl.

"What are you going to have?" said Mrs. Buckland.

"I am going to have a husband," said she, laughing at Mrs. Buckland's astonishment.

"Whom are you going to marry?" Mrs. Buckland managed to ask.

"Well, his name is Edmund Brayton."

"Why, Sarah Jane Peters, you are positively dramatic. Tell me the rest at once."

"Well, about two years ago it was copied into our Burnham *Gazette* the death of Mis' Brayton, Edmund's mother, at the same town where I knew they went from here. I had heard they went from that place years ago, but this showed they had got back there again; so after Pa's death I thought it would be no harm to send a paper which had Pa's death in it. You see if he was not there it was no matter, and if he was married it was all right. So I sent it. I kind of thought that maybe I should get some word or letter that would show he got it; but no sign came, and I gave up expecting anything. Indeed I didn't hope or expect much anyway. But one night, about six weeks ago, I was sitting here alone and feeling a little lonely and blue. Sam and Phebe had gone to Wednesday night meeting;

and the cat and I were keeping company alone — when somebody knocked. I'm never afraid, but I did hesitate about going to the door, for I was afraid it might be Cousin Abiel — he has pestered me so. I opened the door, and there stood a tall, oldish man, rather bald, as I saw when he stepped in and took off his hat, and rather stoop shouldered; but when he looked me full in the face and smiled, I knew him in a minute. I wanted to laugh and cry both together; and I think I should really have been hysterical, but that the thought that there might be a Mrs. Brayton and maybe children or even grandchildren kept me straight. But I shook hands and guess I showed I was pleased. And then we sat down and talked.

"Now you know there are some people that, if you don't see them for six months, you have to go right over getting acquainted with them; and then there's others just different. Now when Edmund and I parted I was a young, pretty woman, if I do say it, and he a tall, straight young man, with thick brown hair; and now when we looked at each other we were two oldish folks, my hair most all gray, and his most all gone. You might think it would have been hard to take up the old days again; but we did at once; all the years seemed to be but as yesterday — and in half an hour we knew that no other woman or man had come between us in all the years since we parted. He told me that he had managed to do everything for his mother's comfort during her life, and had always made a good living enough — he'd been writing for a law firm for a number of years; but he said the money making faculty had been left out of him —he's liked to read and think so well that he never had time to turn his attention to laying up anything. He always kept a little life insurance for his mother, and that was all.

"Then he told me that he had been in the neighborhood two days, and how when he found out how much money I had, he most made up his mind not to come and see me, though he'd come on purpose, but to go back home.

"Well, there seemed no other thing to think of, but for us to take up the old relations again; and before Sam and Phebe got home it was all settled.

"So then it all came out and was a nine days' wonder."

"What did your Cousin Abiel say?" said Mrs. Buckland.

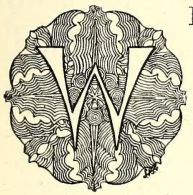
"Oh, la," said Sarah Jane, "he come over madder'n a hen, and wanted to know what I was thinking about, said he should think I'd be afraid Pa'd turn over in his grave. I said I wasn't a mite afraid of it. He asked did I think Edmund Brayton knew anything about managing a farm. I told him I guessed not; but Sam and I had taken care of this one sometime now but I rather thought Edmund could drive old Pete, and make out bills and receipts if I wanted him to. I do wish you could have seen Edmund; but he's gone back to his home to wind up his affairs. He'll come back the first of next month; and then we'll go quietly over to Elder Stone's, and then settle down for the winter. Edmund says the spring and summer of our lives have passed, but fall and winter can be very pleasant."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Buckland, "and the Indian summer is the most beautiful part of all the year."

When Sarah Jane went to the old desk and brought out a photograph, Mrs. Buckland, looking at the mild, manly face, was hopeful and confident indeed; and when, the next autumn, she drifted with the rest of the world to the White City, and there one day in the Court of Honor suddenly came face to face with Sarah Jane, with Edmund Brayton in the flesh beside her, the content and joy which shone from the eyes of both told that it was still Indian summer with them.

THE MAN WITH THE BRANDED HAND.

By Frank Edward Kittredge.



HITTIER has immortalized in verse the Man with the Branded Hand. Thousands have read this soul-stirring poem, which first appeared in 1846, and have been moved to deep feeling by its sentiment, without any knowledge of the circumstances which called it out, or even of the name of the man to whom it alludes.

Yet there is an interesting history connected with this brave man, the unnamed hero of the poet's verse, which is well worth recording, and which the younger generation especially needs to learn in order better to understand and more fully to appreciate the nature of the services rendered to the cause of freedom by those charter members of the old anti-slavery society, who, with a courage which recognized no defeat, and with a firm reliance on the everlasting justice of their principles, pressed forward undismayed amid obloquy and scorn to hasten the coming of humanity's brighter day. No complete history of the causes which gradually led up to the Civil War can be written, without according to such fearless agitators as Jonathan Walker their full meed of praise. These men were heroes of the fibre of which martyrs are made. The world owes them a debt of gratitude none the less because their deeds were unaccompanied by the pomp and circumstance of war, but were performed in a humble way.

The history of Captain Jonathan Walker's brave exploits and of his unyielding devotion to the motto of his life, "Ever Save never Surrender the Slave," would have been written long ago but for his modesty, which shrank from publicity, so that during his lifetime he preferred the approval of his own conscience to the plaudits of his fellow men. But since his death, which occurred in 1878, the writer, who was his personal friend, was present at his death-bed, and spoke the word of tribute at his funeral, has had access to his papers and correspondence, and from these and other sources, including statements from his own lips, is able to bring together many interesting facts concerning him.

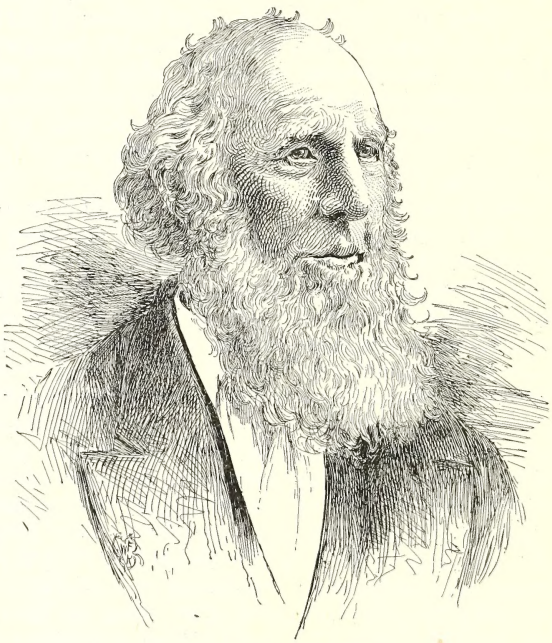
Jonathan Walker was born in Harwich, Mass., on Cape Cod, March 22, 1799, the same year that George Washington died. His boyhood was spent on the sandy farms of his parents and grandparents. In 1816 he went to sea, and in 1818 was landed from a ship on an island in the Indian ocean, eight thousand miles from home, where he spent twenty-one days, in a bamboo hut, in extreme sickness, with no friend near him who could speak the English language. From 1818 to 1835 he divided his time between the shipyard and the sea. In 1835 he went to Mexico to assist in colonizing American colored citizens who had escaped from their masters. In 1836 his vessel was grounded on the Mexican coast, where he was wounded and robbed by pirates.

It was about the year 1832 that the "underground railroad" was established, whereby slaves in the South wishing to escape from bondage were assisted to a Canaan of freedom. Capt. Jonathan Walker was one of the conductors on this route. For six years previous to 1844, he, with his family, had resided in Florida. He had become familiar with all the institutions of slavery from the Ohio river to the Gulf of Mexico. One day

in 1844 four intelligent blacks, who had previously ascertained his anti-slavery proclivities, approached him with these words:

"Captain, did you ever think how sweet our freedom would be to us? Do you know that if we had the privilege of fighting for it as the revolutionary fathers had, how gladly we would avail ourselves of the blessed opportunity?"

Stopping a moment to think, weighing the risks that would attend his course, he replied: "Meet me at midnight on the shore below the city, and, by God's help, I will do my best to assist you to a land of freedom."



JONATHAN WALKER.

When night came the plan was consummated. Securing the necessary provisions, they pushed off in an open boat, that they might pass Tortugas and Key West with less danger of observation. Carrying the quenchless torch of liberty in their breasts, these men were willing to brave eight hundred miles of open sea, and to traverse the weary distance from Pensacola to the Bahama Islands. They safely passed Florida Keys, and hope grew strong within each breast. "Four days more, my lads," said Captain Walker, "and I will have you safe beneath the British flag." But though stout of heart and limb, he found it impossible to withstand the midday heat of the tropic climate, and before the end of the voyage was reached he pitched forward senseless into the bottom of the boat. The four blacks were seized with consternation, as they were ignorant of the first principles of navigation or the management of a boat in an open sea beyond the sight of land. But with hearts full of gratitude to him who had risked his life to rescue them from their thraldom, and whom they supposed to be dead, they placed him in the most protected part of the boat and, throwing a piece of canvas over him, abandoned themselves to their fate, drifting helplessly and hopelessly wherever a capricious wind or tide might carry them. In this condition they were found by a United States revenue cutter, which had been sent in pursuit.

The slaves were returned to their masters, and Captain Walker was seized and ironed, his vessel confiscated and he imprisoned in Florida, on the charge of assisting negroes to gain their freedom. He remained in prison, in solitary confinement, for one year, when he was brought before the United States court for trial.

Among his papers, I find the following interesting document. After minutely describing seven negro slaves, and offering a reward of $1,700 for their apprehension and delivery at Pensacola, it continues as follows:

"Jonathan Walker is from or about Cape Cod or Nantucket, where he has a wife and several children, from whom he is

said to have been absent about two years, without any apparent necessity. He is a man of large frame, about six feet high, with dark hair and dark complexion, a suspicious countenance, slouchy person, stooping shoulders and a swinging, rolling gait,—is lame in one arm from a gunshot wound, as he says, received from robbers on the coast of Mexico, where he was trading some years ago in a small sloop. He came to this city about three weeks since from sea in a whaleboat, he said, from Mobile. He seems to have had no reasonable or proper business here. His boat is about 25 or 30 feet long, with plenty of beam, clinker built, and very light. When she came here she had three oars and was schooner rigged, with fore and main sprit-sails—hull and spars painted green—the inside of the boat lead color. He hired board and lodging of a colored woman, whose lot runs to the beach, and hauled up his boat to be worked upon under the shade of trees in the lot. For several days he employed himself in making an additional sail for his boat, which was either a very large jib or square sail, two additional oars and two paddles, lockers or water tight boxes to fit in the bow and stern, and under thwarts. He laid in on Wednesday last, nearly two barrels of bread, about 120 pounds of pork and bacon, a keg of molasses, a cheese and some other articles of mess stores, a compass and a binnacle lantern, and a barrel and a demijohn of water. On Thursday, his boat being provisioned and equipped as above, he set sail, but instead of going to sea, stood up the bay. Before sunrise, on Friday morning, he was seen close under the land inside of Santa Rosa Island, abreast of Town Point, by two fishermen from the Navy Yard, who asked him where he was going. He said to Mobile, but inquired where he could get water, and was told near by on Santa Rosa by the sand hills. He immediately set sail and steered towards the place indicated; but soon altered his course to nearly the opposite direction, and when last seen by the fishermen, about an hour afterwards, was standing up the bay. On Saturday he was seen beating down the bay, and that night the negroes disappeared; and neither Walker, nor the boat, nor the negroes have been seen here since—excepting that Silas and Harry were seen and recognized by some servants very late (say 11 o'clock) that night, passing down a street towards the Navy Yard, and Leonard was seen by Monroe and Jacob in his quarters, at the yard, about two hours before day on Sunday morning. The slaves have taken most of their clothes and largely of their winter clothing, as if going to a Northern climate. From these and other circumstances, the belief exists that said Jonathan Walker has carried these slaves off in his boat. And therefore, for his apprehension and conviction of said offence, the subscribers will pay a further reward of One Thousand Dollars."

R. C. Caldwell,
Geo. Willis, by
Jos. Quigles, Agent.

Pensacola, June 25, 1844

The Pensacola *Gazette*, of July 20 following, said that the "United States steamer *General Taylor*, Lt. Com. E. Farrand, arrived there on Thursday evening from Key West, bringing as a prisoner Jonathan Walker, charged with having recently abducted the seven negro slaves belonging to Messrs. Willis & Caldwell, under a commitment from the civil authority, and on being taken before the United States District Judge, the court being in session, was immediately remanded to prison, on failing to give the necessary bail, to await his trial at the next term of the court. When the prisoner landed on the wharf, the crowd was immense; and as he was escorted to the court-house by the deputy marshal, the crowd thronged the streets and sidewalks, and the court-room was filled to overflowing by a highly excited mass of people." The *Gazette* adds that "The judge had determined to hold a special court for the trial of Walker in a few days. No doubt his punishment will be severe."

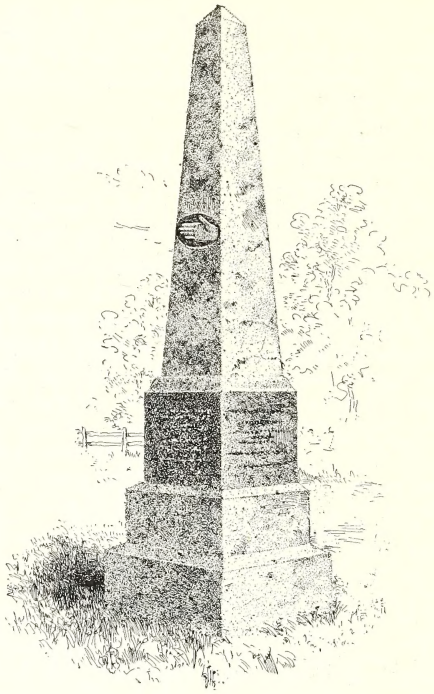
In a letter to his wife, after his capture, Walker writes as follows:

"Pensacola, July 29, 1844.

"Dear Wife and Children:—I am privileged by the mercy of God the Father, of writing to you once more, but not in the situation I should choose. About the time of my last letter I had arranged to take some passengers to Nassau, New Providence, a British island, eastward from Cape Florida. On the 23d of June I started, with seven colored people, though quite unwell, as I had been for two days. On the sixth day out, I did not expect to live another twenty-four hours; my disease being intermittent fever and internal canker,—and such hot weather I never in my life saw before. We proceeded down the coast till July 8th, when we were overhauled by a wrecker, the sloop *Catharine*, from Key West, and by force taken to that port. Then I was carried before a Justice of the Peace, and thence to a jail,

where I was kept four days. Then I was put down into the hold of a steamboat, among rubbish and filth, the heat being extreme, placed in heavy irons, both hands and feet, and kept six days, in which time the vessel steamed to Pensacola. There I was taken to court, and from thence again to jail, where I now am, secured to a large ring bolt by a chain made of half inch iron, with a shackle around my ankle, which weighs five pounds.

"Jane, what will become of you and the children? I have lost all of the little I had here, and am confident that at this time you and the children are in want. Send to Fall River and get the little money due there, and do as well as you can. The Lord Jesus has been abundantly good to me in my afflictions; and I am sure he will accompany me through, for I cannot let Him go. Dear wife and children, trust in Him to aid you."



THE MONUMENT TO JONATHAN WALKER ERECTED BY REV. PHOTIUS FISK.

To his aged parents he wrote:

"O my dear old father and mother, do not worry about me. I am in good spirits, and shall weather the storm."

But what a storm it proved to be! and through what a baptism of fire he was called to pass! When captured, he was too ill to walk without the support of two strong men, and even on his way to prison he would have been lynched by the frenzied crowd but for the persistent determination of the sheriff and his deputy, who, with drawn revolvers, kept the infuriated mob at bay. Finally, after months of imprisonment in a cell without a chair, bed or table, and with only the hard, foul and damp floor as a resting place, with twenty pounds of iron chain and shackle riveted on his weak and aching limbs, the trial came, and with it the sentence. And this was the sentence of the court: That he should be taken from the prison, placed one hour in the pillory on the public highway and pelted with rotten eggs. From thence he should be returned to his cell, to the bars of which his right hand should be lashed, in the palm of which should be burned with a red-hot branding iron a large double S, signifying slave stealer. In addition he was sentenced to one year in prison for each slave, seven in all, six hundred dollars fine for each slave, and all the costs of the trial.

When the bad eggs were thrown, a boy in the crowd cried "Shame!" but one of the rabble rushed up to the pillory and tore off a bandage which had been put on to protect the face of the victim; and the boy was arrested and fined.

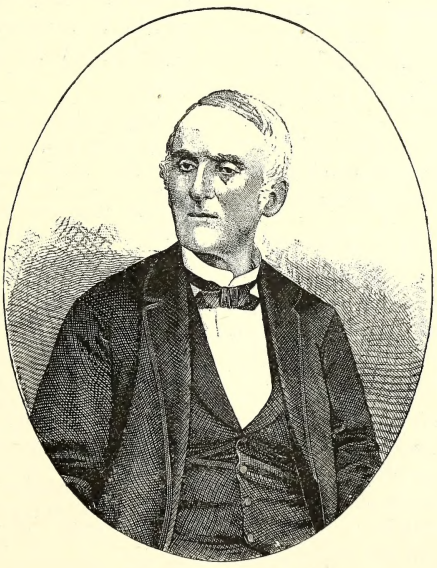
The trial of Jonathan Walker took place in a United States court; and the marshal for the Florida district at the time was Ebenezer Dorr, a native of Maine.

The branding iron was made for the occasion. The first blacksmith approached manfully refused. "No, sir," said he, "I make branding irons to brand horses, mules and cattle with; but to burn into the flesh of a fellow-man, — by the living God I will not." Another blacksmith was found to make the iron but refused his forge to heat it when it came to be used. He swore there was but one fire in

the universe fit to heat an iron for such a use. But at length the savage instrument of torture was brought to a white heat and sent hissing into the flesh of a hand which never harmed a human being, but was ever ready to succor the needy, the friendless and the outcast.

The letters S. S. Captain Walker himself used to call "the seal, the coat-of-arms, of the United States," and Whittier in his poem has made them mean "Slave Savior."

How great a change time has wrought in a half century! The slave pen and auction block have disappeared, men and women are no longer chattels to be bartered because they chanced to be born black; and nowhere on American soil presses the foot of a single slave. What a contrast to the time when William Lloyd Garrison was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope about his neck, Parker Pillsbury rotten-egged in Rochester, Wendell Phillips mobbed in Cincinnati, Lovejoy shot in his own door in Alton, Jonathan Walker branded in Pensacola, and John Brown hanged at Harper's Ferry!



REV. PHOTIUS FISK.

I make the following extract from one of Mr. Walker's letters to his granddaughter, descriptive of his sufferings while in Florida:

"The United States marshal for the Western District of Florida, an old acquaintance of mine from the state of Maine, took me in charge and provided me with snug quarters, heavy irons and a hard floor to lie and sit upon in the city jail, for which he charged me twenty-five dollars, rent, etc. It was in front of the court house on the west side of Polifex street, directly up from the wharf, where your grandfather was fastened in the U. S. pillory for one hour, and pelted with rotten eggs, and then taken into the court house and branded with the U. S. branding iron, after passing through the form of a trial in a United States court four months after my incarceration in Pensacola jail.

"Had any of my friends seen me in the first few weeks of my imprisonment they would have hardly recognized me; and in fact I could hardly recognize myself. My sickness and the severe treatment I received reduced me very near to a skeleton. Many a time have I grasped round my leg above the knee joint, over my trousers, with one hand, so as to meet thumb and finger. The hungry and thirsty mosquitoes tried hard to draw a little support from the emaciated form of the prisoner, to but little purpose. Their bills were harmless, so far as pain was concerned, nor did they get much reward for their labor. Notwithstanding the eleven long and tedious months that rolled around and found me chained up in solitary confinement, joyful expressions of sympathy met me there from various parts, and directly around me, and when your grandfather left that abode of suffering and disgrace, he left a respectable man even then, for it was abundantly evident that the act for which he was punished was performed under the best of motives, viz: *to deliver the oppressed from hands of the oppressor.*"

From 1845 to 1849 Jonathan Walker devoted his time to lecturing on anti-slavery subjects, in various parts of the country.

In 1863 he removed to Michigan, and settled at Lake Harbor, Muskegon county, on a small fruit farm, on the shore of Lake Michigan, where by dint of hard work he was able to make a comfortable living for himself and wife, until the autumn of 1877, when his health failed, and he gradually declined, the best medical skill seeming to be of no avail. On the

30th of April, 1878, he peacefully passed away at the ripe old age of seventy-nine years. He was buried in Evergreen cemetery at Muskegon.

Mr. Walker loved to tell, during his sickness, how much faith he had put in the "bank of humanity," and had never been cheated nor deceived. He found so much congenial work to do through all the years of his eventful life, in helping the poor and suffering around him, that his great sympathetic heart, which was as tender as a woman's, went out in love to all his fellow-men. Like Governor Andrew, "He never hated a man because he was poor, or because he was ignorant, or because he was black." He told me he never entertained hard feelings even toward the slaveholders, or those who used him so harshly.

Soon after Mr. Walker's death, on learning that his relatives were unable to erect a suitable monument to his memory, his old friend, Rev. Photius Fisk, chaplain in the United States navy, living in Boston, generously offered to provide one at his own expense. In due time the monument arrived safely at Muskegon, and on the first day of August, 1878,—the Emancipation day of the West Indies,—the unveiling ceremonies took place, in the presence of a vast concourse of people.

The monument stands ten feet high above the foundation, which shows five inches above the surface. The material is Hallowell granite, from Maine. It has the following inscription on the south face:

"This Monument is erected
To the Memory of
Capt. Jonathan Walker,
by his Anti-Slavery Friend,
Photius Fisk,
Chaplain of the
United States Navy."

On the eastern face of the shaft is the following:

"Walker's Branded Hand."
[Cut of hand.]

On the upper base, on the eastern side, is the following:

"Jonathan Walker,
Born in Harwich, Mass.,
March 22, 1799.
Died in Lake Harbor, Muskegon
Co., Mich., April 30, 1878."

On the north side is the following quotation from Whittier's poem:

"Then lift that manly right hand
Bold ploughman of the wave;
Its branded palm shall prophesy
Salvation to the slave.
Hold up its fire-wrought language,
That whoso reads may feel
His heart swell strong within him,
His sinews changed to steel."

The orator, on the occasion of the unveiling ceremonies, was Parker Pillsbury, who has now just passed on. His address was a masterly effort. It was confidently expected that both Whittier and Frederick Douglass would be present, but it proved impossible. Whittier sent the following letter:

"Oak Hill, Danvers, 6 mo., 21, 1878.
"Dear Friend: Immediately on receiving thy letter announcing Capt. W.'s death, I sent it to Garrison, with the suggestion that we should take measures for a monument. He came out to see me and informed me that Rev. Photius Fisk, late chaplain in the U. S. Navy, had volunteered to give the monument himself. I presume it will not be ready so soon as the 4th of July. I don't think I could write anything without repeating my former poem on the same subject. I think Garrison would write something if requested. He tells me that the monument will be a costly and handsome one. He has suggested the inscription upon it. I hope the occasion of its erection will be one of great interest in your place.
"Thine Truly,
"John G. Whittier."

Mr. Douglass's letter was as follows:

"United States Marshal's Office,
"Washington, D. C., July 15, 1878.
"My Dear Mr. Fisk: I am reminded by a letter from our valued friend, Parker

Pillsbury, that I have not yet written an answer to your letter inviting me to be present in Muskegon, Mich., on the first of August, and assist at the unveiling of the monument which you have nobly caused to be erected over the dust of the late Jonathan Walker. I deeply regret that my duties and appointments will compel me to decline your esteemed invitation.

"Yes, I knew Jonathan Walker, and knew him well; knew him to love him and to honor him as a true man, a friend to humanity, a brave but noiseless lover of liberty, not only for himself but for all men; one who possessed the qualities of a hero and martyr, and was ready to take any risks to his own safety and personal ease to save his fellowmen from slavery.

"It is meet and right that one who was such as he was should have his grave marked as you propose. His name deserves remembrance, and should be mentioned with those of John Brown, Charles T. Torrey, William L. Chaplin, Elijah P. Lovejoy, Thompson, Work and Barr, Calvin Fairbanks, Abraham Lincoln, and other notable men who suffered at the hands of the slave power.

"Jonathan Walker is not less entitled to grateful memory than the most honored of them all. He was one who felt satisfied with the applause of his own soul. What he attempted was not intended to attract public noice.

"It was on the free, dashing billows of the Atlantic when the voices of nature spoke to his soul with the grandest emphasis of love and truth; and responsive to those voices, as well as to those of his own heart, he welcomed the panting fugitives from slavery to the safety of his own deck, —though in doing so he exposed himself to stocks, prison, branding irons, and it might have been to death.

"I well remember the sensation produced by the exhibition of his branded hand. It was one of the few atrocities of slavery that roused the justice and humanity of the North to a death struggle with slavery. Looking into his simple, honest face, it was easy to see that on such a countenance as his no trace of infamy could be made by stocks, stripes or branding irons. "S. S." meant at the South, slave stealer, but was read by the North and all civilized men everywhere as Slave Savior. His example of self-sacrifice nerved us all to more heroic endeavor in behalf of the slave.

"My dear sir, I feel it a great deprivation that I cannot be personally present with you on the first of August and assist in the ceremonies in honorable memory of true hearted Jonathan Walker; but I shall be with you in spirit and purpose.

"Very Truly Yours,
"Fred'k Douglass."

Photius Fisk, the donor of the Walker monument, was a native Greek, his original name being Photius Kavascles. He was born in the island of Hylas in the Grecian Archipelago, and was one of a family of five children, the whole family, excepting himself, having been swept off by a plague within a single week.

He was brought up and educated under the care of Rev. Pliny Fisk, an American missionary, who changed his name to Fisk. After studying in various institutions in this country, he was ordained as a Congregationalist minister, and preached for a time in Vermont. In 1842, aided by such men as John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings, he received the appointment of chaplain in the United States navy. The Walker monument was the fourth of the kind which his generous hand reared during his lifetime to the memory of those brave and true hearted men who suffered and sacrificed in order to liberate their fellowmen from the cruel bonds of American slavery.

In the living and dying of such men as these, the world is made the richer, and their achievements serve as beacon lights to beckon humanity onward and upward to still loftier moral heights. Bartholdi's colossal statue of Liberty enlightening the World, as it stands on its lofty pedestal at the entrance of New York harbor, is an object of admiration to all beholders, its flaming torch kindling ever anew the fires of liberty in the human breast. So the branded hand of Jonathan Walker, immortalized in verse and sculptured on enduring granite, is a silent but eloquent reminder of the world's progress in justice and humanity.



THE MUSE IN EXILE.

By Edith M. Thomas.

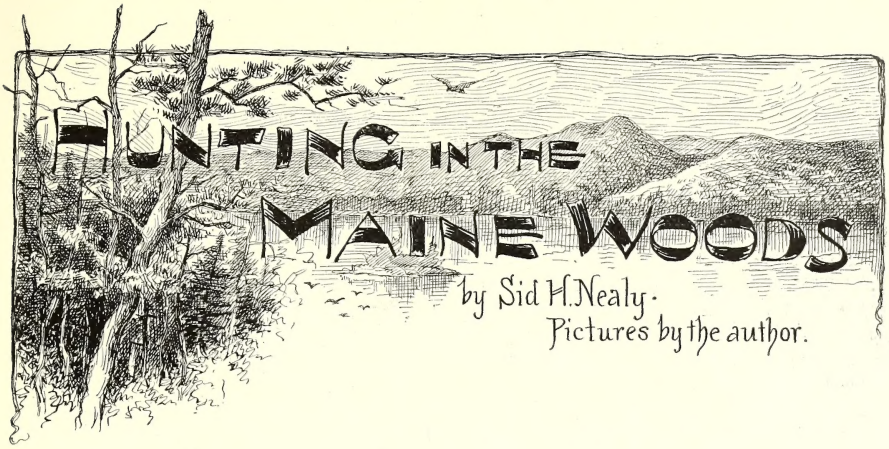
"How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

THE poet to an alien shore removes —
His song is dumb, his eyes are as the blind!
Alas, alas, the muse no traveler proves,
For wander where he may, she stays behind;
And sooner streams shall flow without a spring,
Than will his homeless muse breathe free and sing!

The Alpine harebell nodding on the ledge,
But minds him of the violet's tender blue,
Beside some winding rivulet's grassy edge,
In meads of home, now bathed with morning dew!
The lark sings not so sweet, in heaven concealed,
As bobolink, above the clover-field!

And if the rugged Norland gave him birth,
He longs, in frostless realms, for drifted snows.
At thought of song beside a Yule-tide hearth
And firelit faces, how his spirit glows —
While lonely winds the pine-tree's viol sweep,
And the white moon looks on a world asleep!

Wherefore, like those who by the loveless streams
In Babylon, sat void of all delight,
The exiled poet of his own still dreams,
Nor to a second love his faith will plight.
To all reproof one answer shall he bring,
"Alas, how, in a strange land, can we sing?"



WITHIN nine hours of Boston, eighteen hours of New York, and twenty-five hours of Washington, there is a region which, to a large number of our people, is vaguely associated with lakes, big trees and lumbering camps, and known as the Maine Woods. How many residents of the three cities realize that these "woods" embrace an area larger than the states of Vermont, Massachusetts and Rhode Island together, which support three and a half millions of people? There are twenty-two thousand square miles of these Maine Woods, in which we may lose ourselves to the outside world as completely as if we were in the heart of the African continent. Here at our very doors is a gigantic forest, practically uninhabited by man — a forest unbroken save by thousands of placid lakes and chattering streams, with an occasional lumberman's camp or hunter's cabin. This labyrinth of birch, spruce, hemlock and pine has, through the excellent game laws enacted by the state, become a vast game preserve; and it is the fervent hope of the hunter that it may not be invaded by civilization for many years to come. Lakes lie hidden in these woods that have been undisturbed for years save by the flutter of the wild duck across their surface or the ripples started by leaping fish. These lakes and streams are the home of the bass, the pickerel, the speckled trout and the muscallonge. The brush on these mountains has given shelter for years to that giant of the woods, that king of game, the moose. The woodland caribou and deer wander unmolested through the network of woods and streams. Miles upon miles of these forests, where the sound of the logger's axe died years ago, have echoed with naught since but the bellowing challenge of the buck moose, the scream of the hawk or the honk of the wild goose. The boughs of the hemlocks rustle and



LOUIS.



"FRANK AND FRITZ WERE SKIRTING AROUND SOME SMALL ISLANDS."

bend with the weight of the awkward porcupine as he ventures far out in search of his favorite food — the tender ends of the new grown shoots.

Away up at the head of Lake Sebec, like fortresses holding the key to the whole situation, old Boarstone and Slate Mountains hold their heads high among the mists, their rugged profiles picturesque features of the landscape, never to be effaced from the memory. Then the mountain range reaches away into the northeast, paling into the blue of the cloudless sky. Three times as far as the eye can reach from Boarstone, following the mountains, down among the birch trees, and but a few steps from a clear, cold lake, was our camp. Our lake was connected with half a dozen others by an erratic water-course, here as placid as a mirror, there dashing itself into white foam in its efforts to crowd between the rocky barriers in its path. There were but two short "carries" in this chain of a hundred miles of lake and river.

All the afternoon we had been preparing for the hunt to-morrow. Guns had been cleaned and oiled, canoes patched, and various odds and ends attended to. Meanwhile Frank had coaxed enough fish from the lake for supper. We had cleaned them ourselves and turned them over to Louis. Louis is the old Penobscot; he is our friend, philosopher, navigator and, incidentally, cook. Fritz, the younger Indian, Louis' son, was busily sorting out the kit that we were to take up stream.

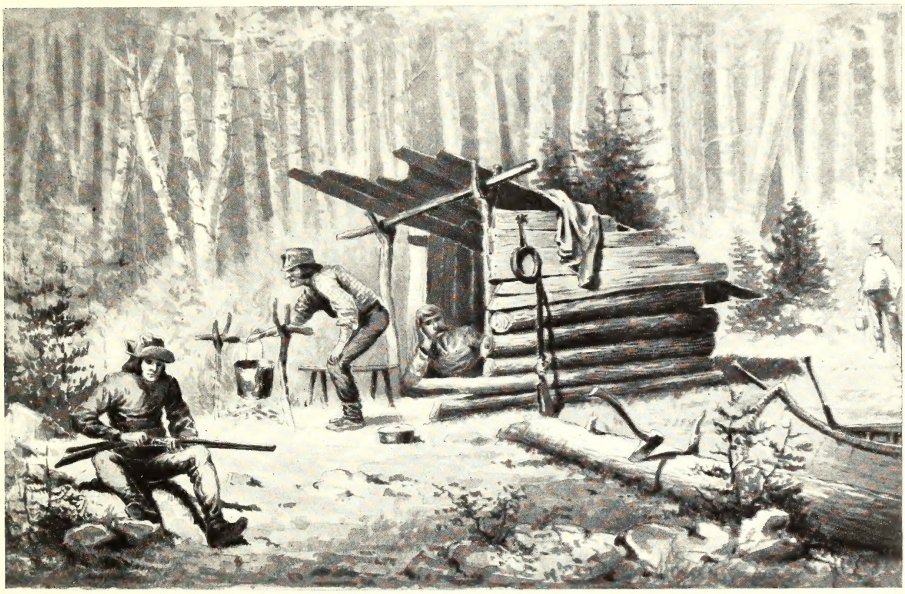
The sizzling of the fish in the frying pan ten minutes later, after being dipped in bacon grease and cracker dust, had whetted our appetites. As evening approached, the jay birds had ceased to make the woods ring with their shrill call. The sun sank behind the mountains, and twilight came on.

It had been just a year since we closed our cabin here and regretfully turned our backs upon the Maine Woods. Yet we had found everything as if we had left it but yesterday. A camp in Maine may be left, door unlocked, with perfect safety through the long northern winter. The porcupine is the only intruder generally, and he confines his raids to the exterior, happy if he finds a sardine box to lick or a salt fish box of wood upon which he can gnaw; and he will return nightly and gnaw it as long as there remains the slightest suspicion of salt in the wood, leaving of the box only a pile of splinters and a few rusty nails. If during the winter a hunter has reached your camp at evening, he boldly enters, takes down your kettles and pans, cooks his dinner, spreads his blanket

on the straw in your bunk, and goes to sleep. When he leaves next morning, the cooking utensils are cleanly washed, and placed where they were found, and the door is carefully latched behind him. There is an unwritten law among the hunters of these Maine Woods that protects your camp as would an armed sentinel. Locks are unknown, and the cabin is free to every comer. If in the winter a hunter finds your door blown open and the snow drifted high about the

The steady swish of the lake against the rocks a few feet away was the only sound that broke the stillness of the autumn evening, except the occasional hoot of an owl from the depths of the forest. The air grew cooler, and we anticipated the comforts of a long night's rest under the blankets. The aroma of steaming coffee was wafted to us from the cabin, and Louis lit a couple of additional candles and announced supper.

Our cabin had but two rooms, the



THE WAYSIDE INN.

walls, he takes down your shovel from its peg on the rafters above, shovels the snow out and, with a rope or stout deer-thong, ties the door securely against future storms. If he arrives hungry, he looks into the oven. There he finds a fine piece of salt pork, from which he helps himself, carefully closing the oven door against intruders of the porcupine class. Perhaps in first visiting your camp in the autumn you find on the shelves a few cans of baked beans or fruit left there during the winter by some party of returning hunters from their over abundant supply.

one below for all purposes but sleeping, the upper one, reached by a ladder, being fitted up with half a dozen comfortable bunks. The old cook-stove brought into the wilderness by sled in the winter stood in the middle of the living room, as in most of the houses of northern New England. The pipe rose straight from the stove seven feet high before turning. This left the entire space around the stove clear and enabled all to draw close about it. There was plenty of dry birch under cover, and the stove was kept well filled.

We sat down together and ate such



"CLAWING THE MOSS WITH HIS FORE FEET."

a supper as only four hungry men in the woods can eat. How our appetites had grown since we left civilization! There is an exhilaration born of this sort of life that no one who has not tried it can ever know. The blood tingles with new life. It is like greeting old friends, once more to mingle with the shaggy coated birch and smell the hemlock and pine. The man who loves hunting becomes necessarily a lover of nature, and he derives genuine enjoyment from all the smells and signs and sounds of the woods, especially the sounds that tell of the preparation of supper and the smells that come from boiling pots and kettles.

Supper over, we took down the corn popper from its place on the wall and a string of pop corn ears from a peg above, and for an hour we sat around the old stove and talked, watching the mimic battle when the little kernels began to pop like lilliputian artillery, and nibbling the crisp white balls seasoned with a dash of salt. Out doors the air had grown frosty and the stars twinkled with unusual brilliancy through the clear night atmosphere. Louis made his final turn around camp to see that nothing should be forgotten in the morning.

"Good big frost he come to-night mebbe! den he make good hunt weather," said he, as he came in rubbing his hands together with satisfaction.

We were up and our canoes were skimming over the water miles from the cabin by daylight. The morning was frosty and bracing. Louis and I were together, and our canoe ran silently in and out of all the little bays, crooks and crannies of the shore. Frank and Fritz were skirting around some small islands half a mile out on the lake. This now was real hunting. The minute we pushed out from camp we "entered the enemy's country." We were now invading the home of the moose.

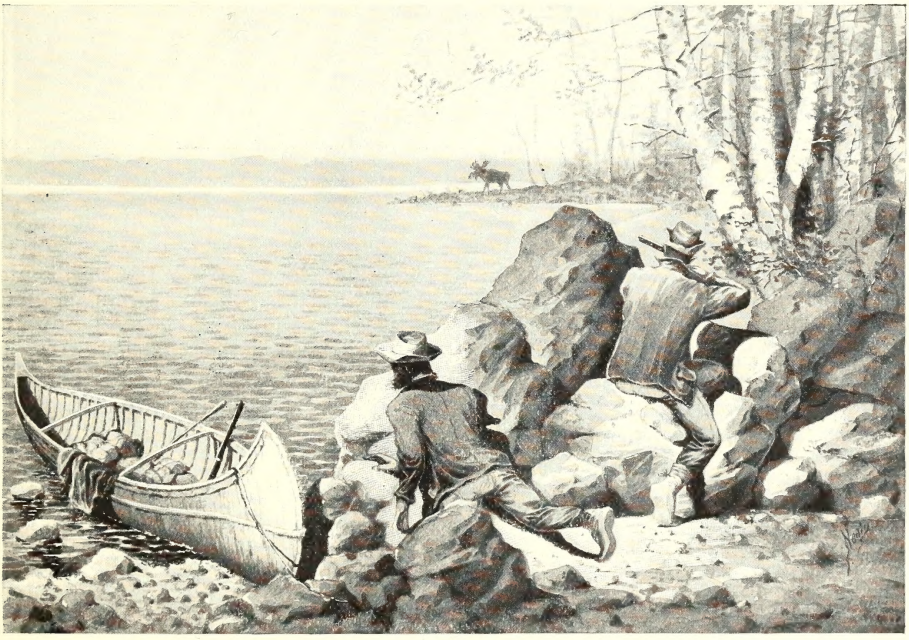
Old Louis was in his element. His eyes were everywhere at once. "Um big moose better he look sharp now; he can't run so fast like bullets."

Daylight in the meantime broke gloriously. The woods were fairly alive with screaming birds and barking squirrels. A heron with great lazy motioned wings went flapping up the shady cove ahead of us. I glanced along the barrel of my Marlin, that never fails me in the crucial test, and wondered if I could wing him at this distance. Noiselessly we moved beneath the shade of the overhanging trees. I had doubled a blanket upon the bottom of the canoe and rested upon my knees, facing ahead. Cautiously Louis slackened his speed as we approached a sudden bend. At times we stopped altogether and listened. We heard the whir of par-

tridges and the never ceasing bark of squirrels. Several times since starting we had heard larger game crushing through the underbrush ashore. Once a doe darted into the woods within fifty feet of us. Louis caught a glimpse of her, but too late for a shot.

We moved leisurely along until noon, and then pulled our canoes ashore near a spring and ate a cold luncheon of sandwiches. Frank and Fritz we had not seen since daylight, but we expected to meet them at the head of the lake. Louis was taking a noonday snooze, and I was lying flat on my back half asleep. Suddenly there came from above a series of whining grunts and a peculiar scraping noise. We were under a large hemlock. The noise was directly overhead. I reached for my rifle. Then I saw on one of the lower branches overhanging the lake a moving mass of something. My rifle came to my shoulder quickly, but I dropped it with disappointment: our neighbor was nothing but a frightened porcupine, with quills all on end, backing along the limb as rapidly as his gawky body would permit. We let him go; he was good game for those who want no better.

All day we followed the serpentine course of the west shore of the lake. We saw game several times that might otherwise tempt our rifles, but we were out for the king of game. Nothing short of a buck moose would satisfy our ambition. If we were forced to content ourselves with a couple of deer, as we had been before, it should not be until our return trip. The moose is hard to reach, but he is an animal worthy the steel of the best sportsman. But to get the better of him one must understand his characteristics. He is not only wary and hard to approach, but at this season he doesn't hesitate one time in a hundred to turn hunter himself, — and, as a hunter, he is not to be despised even by the man with an up-to-date magazine gun. He is quick, and hard to kill. Wounding means renewed danger to his enemy. He is big of body,



"AS HE WALKED OUT ON TO A LONG POINT OF LAND."



"A GIANT BULL MOOSE STOOD ON THE EDGE ON THE LAKE."

and a rifle ball must be placed exactly in the right spot or the hunter loses his game entirely or has a fight on his hands at once without the prize-fighter's privilege of talking back or going into special training. The favorite food of the moose is the root of the yellow water lily, and, as his hunger is in proportion to his size, you will naturally find him where his food grows thickest.

The shores of our lake are generally rocky. Great points of rock jut out into the water and huge bowlders are piled indiscriminately everywhere. But the forest reaches out almost as far as the rocks. Pines wrap their snake-like roots about them and bend far over, as if to gain the very edge. Occasionally one takes a step too far and topples into the water, where it remains a water-soaked log, its roots still clinging to the shore. Often this fallen timber is thick where there is less rock along shore to break the force of the waves, and storm after storm gradually undermines a large tract of forest.

Towards evening we were nearing such a place. Thickly interlaced across the fallen trees were the young shoots — pine, birch and juniper. We were near the head of the lake, and determined to camp for the night, after rounding this jungle of logs. For the first time since we left our cabin I spoke aloud, telling Louis of my intention. At my first word there was a crashing of brush beyond this screen of logs and young timber. It sounded at first like a falling pine crushing everything in its way. But we entertained this thought for only an instant. We knew, but knew too late, that our game had escaped us and two or more moose had gone tearing through the woods.

"P'r'aps dozen many moose he over there go like hell," exclaimed Louis, his black eyes flashing excitedly. As well might we take our canoe on to the ocean and try to overtake the hurricane that has passed, as to try to overtake these animals now. They may not stop for miles. We decided to camp at once for the night. Then we heard a shot off towards the mouth of the river at the head of the lake.

"Oho! um have better luck odder side," said Louis. But another and another shot follows. That was the

signal agreed upon between Frank and me, and we knew we should camp together that night. We overtook Frank and Fritz just as they were entering the mouth of the rapid little river that forms a link in the chain of lakes. They had had no better luck than we. As the first "carry" is but a half mile up and but a few hundred yards long, we decided to keep on, for beyond this short carry was our "Wayside Inn." Louis and Fritz carried one canoe at a time, while Frank and I helped in packing the balance of the outfit, and by sunset we were comfortably established at the "Inn" for the night.

Our inn was a conglomerate structure of logs, slabs and hemlock boughs. It wasn't strictly orthodox architecturally, but it had the advantage of perfect ventilation — a feature too often met with in our more pretentious hotels. The entire front of our inn was open to the weather, and when it didn't rain we managed to keep quite dry within. This inn was the result of our first hunt in this region years ago, and was a palace compared to the simple hemlock "lean-to" with which we are content nowadays.

Hungry? Never were four men hungrier. But Louis soon had his old black "hanger" over the fire, and boiling coffee never smelled better. Fritz took his knife, cut two slashes around a small white birch about eight inches apart, then a perpendicular slash between the two, and the clean, white, velvety bark popped like a pistol and sprang loose from the tree. This is the moose hunter's platter, and it serves better appetites generally than the finest Sèvres. While Louis was preparing supper, Fritz removed from the interior of the inn last year's dried-up hemlock boughs, and cut new ones, with which he lined the ground two feet deep. On these he spread a rubber blanket, and then the woolen blankets, and all was ready for the night.

Louis had just called supper and we were seating ourselves around the white square of oil-cloth spread upon the ground, when there came a most terrific noise between a scream and a growl fifty yards distant in the trees. It echoed through the woods with startling distinctness. We jumped for our rifles, and Louis uttered the one word: "Yi-whooper!"

Yes, there was no mistaking that demoniac yell. It was the voice of what the zoölogist would describe as the *Felis Canadensis*, and what the reader probably knows as the Canada lynx; but up in the Maine Woods he is the "Yi-whooper," — and the zoologist who ventured the *Felis Canadensis* theory would probably be told that this wasn't that sort of a "critter."

I left the others to eat their supper, and cautiously stole into the forest in just the opposite direction from where his Yi-whoopership's unmelodious voice came. Skirting around gradu-



"SPOTS OF BLOOD."

ally, but traveling as swiftly as the nature of the underbrush would permit, I soon approached the ravine where our ears had located the animal. Several times I stopped and listened. Everything was quiet. Then something suddenly bounded off through the woods on my left. I plainly saw the underbrush bending beneath the weight of the swiftly moving body. Getting into the more open woods, I followed in the direction the animal had taken. Stopping occasionally to listen, I heard, or imagined I heard, the snapping of twigs ahead of me. And thus for half a mile I crept through the darkening woods. I realized that it would be too dark to shoot and that it was like following the will-o'-the wisp to attempt to overhaul so swift a running animal as the Yi-whooper is known to be, with the tremendous leaps and bounds made possible by his great sinewy hind legs. I gave up the chase and started back for camp, lured rapidly on by thoughts of the steaming supper I knew the others were enjoying. Intuitively I moved down hill for some distance; then I stopped to take my bearings, — for in these endless forests it is easy to get confused as to the points of the compass. I stopped again to listen, but could hear no sound from camp; but just as I was on the point of starting ahead, there was a rustle in the foliage back of me.

I turned quickly, bringing the rifle to my shoulder at the same time. On a moss-covered rock, not a hundred feet off, stood the Yi-whooper. He crouched as I turned, clawing the moss with his fore feet and chewing at me viciously. We were both taken by surprise. There was an instant of hesitation, but only an instant. Then the woods rang with a rifle shot, and a 38-calibre ball cut through the animal's vitals. One spasmodic bound was all, and he lay quivering in death.

My shot was answered by a shout, and I found myself but a couple of hundred yards from camp. A whoop of victory brought the others quickly to my side, and we carried into the camp the finest specimen of



"HE TURNED HIS HEAD SLIGHTLY IN OUR DIRECTION."

the lynx it had ever been our fortune to see. With a pocket tape-line we measured his length. From the tip of his nose to the butt of his tail he measured just three feet. He was really a giant of his kind. "Um grandaddy of all Yi-whooper; me think all Yi-whooper little but him. He big like moose, mos'," observed Louis. The tips of his cleanly pointed ears were adorned with long glossy black fur, and the end of his stubby tail was also pointed with fur as black as the crow.

"Guess um much hungry; make lots big fight; you not shoot um ver' quick," said Louis, as he and Fritz proceeded to deprive the dead beast of his magnificent skin. Frank and I went to bed, rewarded in a small degree for the otherwise uneventful day's hunt.

One, two, three days passed. Louis and I had leisurely paddled through lake and river without effort to crowd a great journey into a few days. These autumn days in the wilderness were red letter days, even though the prospect of adding a moose head to our trophies of the hunt grew smaller each twenty-four hours.

We had seen nothing of Frank and Fritz since the day before; they were keeping along the opposite shores of the waterways. We camped for the night on one of the numerous small islands in this, the fourth lake of our chain. We had made little progress north, for we had explored a hundred coves and inlets overhung with birch and hemlock and studded with water-lilies. Another day was drawing to a close. Louis kept well in under shore. As evening approached, we were more vigilant than ever. The unruffled lake was already becoming gorgeous with the sunset colors. The mountains away off in the direction of old Katahdin, which an hour before were of the palest blue, were now deepening into a rich purple. The soft haze of evening hung over them. How still it seemed! Nothing was heard but the slow and almost imperceptible swish of the paddle and the scraping of a myriad of lily-pads against the sides of the birch canoe as it crowded through them. So still it was that we distinctly heard the splash of a fish twenty rods ahead, as he sprang from the water after some passing insect. Every individual birch and hemlock was reflected clear and sharp in the motionless water. Our canoe was now headed up a little bay a hundred yards deep. The water in the shadow of the woods appeared almost black. Fallen logs reached out into the water, and their reflected counterparts retreated into the mirrored banks below. Ahead of us the water was broken by a wedge-shaped ripple. Something was moving in the water. My gun was at my shoulder in an instant; but I discovered that it was only a muskrat, startled by our unexpected intrusion, swimming for the shore. Slowly and quietly the canoe moved, the paddle dexterously feathered so that our course was straight, notwithstanding the paddling was all on one side. There was scarcely sound enough coming from our canoe to be heard by the quickest of ears twenty feet away. But, hark! A long, low whistle came across the water from the point of land that lay in deep shadow a hundred yards ahead of us. I answered it, and then a halloo! came from Frank, startlingly clear and distinct, followed by some words that I did not catch.

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Louis. "Um got moose sure nuff. We no get! Todder fellers get first; bully good moose, mebbe," — and the old fellow sent his canoe darting through the water in that direction. Almost before I caught the meaning of Louis' gibberish, we were with our companions, and Frank was explaining how his bull moose, a young fellow with large and well-shaped antlers, was caught with a single shot, as he unsuspectingly walked out on to a long point of land on the eastern shore of the lake the evening before.

Morning came again, and Frank

and Fritz, after wrapping their moose meat in a blanket and with a rope hoisting meat and head high above ground from the limb of a tree, had gone across the lake.

"Moose he walk ver' slow there; no fraid notting; guess he there mebbe now sometime, 'cause no run fast away odder night!"

This, from Louis, meant that he considered it wise to paddle back in the early morning half a mile below where we were when Frank whistled the night before. He had heard sounds as from some animal deliberately walking in the woods. Not being frightened into running away, Louis logically concluded that there was a chance of its still being in the same neighborhood.

In half an hour we were creeping stealthily along the shore. The rising sun came streaming through the trees, but objects a few yards ahead were partially obscured by the morning mists. I was almost tempted to remonstrate with Louis because of the cautious manner in which he stole along. The canoe scarcely moved. Suddenly by a noiseless back-stroke it was brought to a stand-still. I knew Louis had seen something. Now, too, I saw something! A giant bull moose stood on the edge of the lake two hundred feet directly in front of us, his head elevated and motioning with the regularity that told us he was chewing a lily root. He had not seen us. Quickly my gun went up, but, after gaining sight, I felt reassured that the moose was mine, and I took long, deliberate aim. Crack! A pause — and he made a motion as if to dart off. Again my rifle was up, and again it cracked sharply on the morning air. The moose was gone! — but where? We pulled the canoe ashore and made a search. I was above Louis on the high ground that was free from underbrush. I found moose tracks plain and deep. These were followed with more or less difficulty for three hundred yards. Then something else I saw between the moose tracks. There was a spot of blood — and another — and another.

"Look! Look! Um there! Guess he not killed ver' dead!" exclaimed Louis. "Better we shoot some more mebbe!"

He was right. Yonder, sunk upon a rock, was the big moose, fighting against fate; but to me it was apparent he would never rise again. Even before we reached him his head turned slightly in our direction, and then fell. He was dead.

My old Indian companion was scarcely less elated than myself. His eyes sparkled as he pulled the head up, displaying a pair of great webbed antlers, second to none. My moose was big enough to repay me for the three years I had hunted him. A monarch of the forest was at my feet. He looked immense as he lay there, the long hair on his great thick neck standing on end as it does in life when the brute is brought to bay by an enemy.

Since my first moose (on this very lake, too) I have had to explain to my friends at home that deer antlers were more appropriate for hall-way decoration; moose horns were too large and clumsy. But this giant's head I determined should hang in my hall-way if I were forced to remove eight feet of brick wall to accommodate it.

THE PEACEMAKER OF LAMONT.

By Gulielma Zollinger.

THE village of Lamont was peaceful enough to the eye. In fact, it presented a face of unusual serenity to the casual beholder, and it was especially serene in the first ward. There was situated the residence of a retired pastor, surrounded by a sward whose only break was a fine tulip bed. To the east, taking the pastor's house as a base, lay the small grounds of a rising lawyer whose young wife devoted much time to sweet peas and other flowers. Farther east dwelt a retired farmer. "The cock that crowed in the morn" was his, or rather his wife's, together with a goodly train of hens, supposed to be concealed from the view of the general public in a park north of the house. Southeast dwelt an artist, the delight of whose life was a beautiful Jersey cow. On the south lived a merchant, in the extreme rear of whose well-kept lawn were two choice pigs in a pen; while on the west dwelt the family who had no room for their horse at home, and so provided him with accommodations in the street. A fine arrangement, this last, when one considers that there was not a fence in the ward, except the fence of the artist which enclosed a part of his large grounds as a pasture for the Jersey cow. Block after block, and blocks were large in the first ward, might be described as all of the same peaceful appearance. Here a cat sunned herself on a porch. There strutted a turkey and his hen over the grass. Yonder a dog wagged his tail or barked as the case might be. But over all the blue sky bent, and the birds sang in the trees, till the stranger could but wish his lot cast in Lamont in general and the first ward in particular. Yet there was room and an urgent, though unvoiced, demand for a peacemaker; for the avocations of the residents clashed, and the blemish of this paradise was the painful lack of diplomacy in every inhabitant of the ward. They were not in the least like the Laodiceans. They loved their possessions and they called a spade a spade. So when they set forth their grievances in words whose mildness any dictionary must approve, there was either too much ice in the tone or too much fire in the eye to do aught but rouse in the complainee a spirit of recrimination and a desire to state the misdeeds of the pet creature of the complainer. This desire had been so often yielded to that, as spring advanced in the year 1897, a peacemaker was badly needed.

The retired pastor, Mr. Drennan, set his teeth together hard when he found in May his tulips mashed to the ground and all but uprooted by the tidy hens belonging to Mrs. Greenfield, the retired farmer's wife, who realized the importance to poultry of the dust bath; but the pastor did not say anything.

There came a little later a pelting rain, softening the sod on all the lawns; and in the wake of the rain followed the wandering horse, setting his mark wherever he went. However lucky a horseshoe may be hung up over the barn door, it is not particularly lucky to have its impress cut into your turf; and so the first warders remarked to themselves. The next day Tom Blake, the artist's son, went over to Mr. Jordan's. Mr. Jordan owned the horse. Tom did not ring the door-bell. He did not even step upon the porch; but walked all over the lawn, peering closely at it with every step he took.

Out came Mrs. Jordan in a flutter

of interest. "Lost anything, Tom?" she said.

"No'm," replied Tom. "I was just looking for your horse's hoof marks, and this is the only lawn in the neighborhood that hasn't got 'em."

Then Mrs. Jordan flounced back into the house, and afterward remarked to Mr. Drennan that Tom Blake was the personification of impudence. As for putting up the horse, that did not occur to her. It was a Jordan horse and a Jordan horse could do no wrong.

Now these were only samples, a knowledge of which would have gone far to content the stranger with his own home and lot in life, wherever it might be cast.

It was the home of the young lawyer, Mr. Rideout, that was particularly unfortunate. There the horse's hoof marks were deepest and most plenty. There the Jersey cow, having jumped her pasture fence, went to browse on sweet pea vines. There Mrs. Greenfield's hens made havoc in the pansy bed. There the Mosley cat yowled all night, and the Harley water-spaniel bayed the cat or the moon. Finally, the escaped pigs of the merchant, Mr. Twombly, completed the desolation; and the Rideouts suddenly moved away.

Their place was soon taken by a traveling man whose wife was a cousin of Mrs. Rideout's and who had a way of her own. She had with her as a family her husband's mother and her own unmarried sister.

The neighbors were prompt to call. It was so refreshing to have somebody in the neighborhood who had never affronted any of them and whom they themselves had not affronted; and they all declared young Mrs. Blessing charming. The elder Mrs. Blessing, too, was all that could be desired, as was young Mrs. Blessing's sister. Mrs. Jordan noticed complacently, as she went down the front walk to the street after her call, how complete was the devastation; and reflected that here was a neighbor who would not be likely to object to hoof marks. Mrs. Greenfield felt that now her hens could occasionally dust themselves without being violently driven home and followed by indignant glances. As for the artist's cow—she had never jumped out but once, and Mrs. Blake's conscience was really clear. The retired minister sighed. He had secretely hoped that a woman of belligerent spirit would succeed Mrs. Rideout in the neighborhood. It would not be seemly for him to engage in warfare, but he was human and he loved his tulips.

Very promptly Mrs. Blessing returned her calls: and her bright eyes, without seeming to do so, took accurate note of the neighborhood nuisances belonging to each family. She correctly located the Drake pug, the Harley water-spaniel, the Mosley cat, the Huntley turkeys, the Greenfield chickens, the Twombly pigs, and the Jordan horse, in the first week. She did so the more easily because she had been completely informed concerning them in many letters which she had received from the unfortunate Mrs. Rideout.

Mrs. Blessing's calls made, a hired man might have been seen with a wheelbarrow of good fine soil going about over her tiny lawn and filling up the multitudinous hoof prints.

"I shall sow grass seed when I see the next rain coming," she observed very sweetly to Mrs. Jordan. "I hope soon to have as fine a sward as yours,"—and what could Mrs. Jordan say? Nothing. It was so innocently done.

Then the man fixed up the flower beds next the house, and Mrs. Blessing filled them with plants from the greenhouse. "To be sure," she remarked to Mrs. Greenfield, "they are only geraniums and such things. I could do nothing better now, it is so late; but another year I hope to have sweet peas and pansies."

Mrs. Greenfield uneasily wondered if she could have been mistaken in Mrs. Blessing. On the whole she de-

cided that she had not. Mrs. Blessing's voice had been so even and her smile so sunny. Probably she was one of those easy women, too sensible to mind a few hens in her flower beds.

The fall rains came on. Mrs. Blessing's grass seed was sown. Along came the Jordan horse; but he had not taken two steps into the yard when Mrs. Blessing was out to meet him, for she had been watching for him. What Mrs. Blessing willed to do with animals that she could do. With one hand she gave the Jordan horse a lump of sugar, with the other she snapped a strap to the headstall the horse always wore to make it seem that he had escaped without the knowledge of the Jordans. Then she calmly led him to the hitching post and tied him, and there he stood in the pouring rain. "It will not hurt him any more there than it would on the neighbors' lawns," said Mrs. Blessing philosophically.

Mr. Drennan chanced to see her. He could not believe his eyes and he put on his spectacles. Yes, there was his old enemy securely tied. His eyes brightened. Perhaps something could yet be done with the hens.

Three hours later Jim Jordan, having heard the news, came in indignant haste to set their family treasure at liberty.

"Have you a strap to lead him by?" asked Mrs. Blessing sweetly.

The boy stared. "What do I want of a strap?" he said.

"Why, to lead him home. I'm sorry I can't lend this one, but it isn't far to your home. Suppose you go get one."

Jim stared dumbfounded. At last he stammered: "Why, I don't know if we've got one."

"A horse and no halter strap!" exclaimed Mrs. Blessing. "How very strange! Haven't you a rope or something?"—and she gave him a beaming smile.

"Why, there's an old clothes-line," he admitted. "I might take a piece off of that."

"The very thing!" cried Mrs. Blessing. "I'll see that he doesn't get away until you come back for him. I didn't like to put him in the pound."

Away went master Jim and told his mother. "I wonder if she would put that horse in the pound?" said Mrs. Jordan. "Why, it would take a dollar to get him out."

"I know she would," replied Jim with conviction. "She's awful pleasant, but she means business."

"Well," said Mrs. Jordan, "she's pretty stingy to begrudge a horse a mouthful of grass."

"Why, Ma, you won't have him on our grass a-tramping the lawn full of holes."

"That's different," said Mrs. Jordan shortly. But thereafter there was a place for the Jordan horse on the Jordan premises and he was fed at home. All this made Mrs. Blessing very popular with the other neighbors.

Little Sammy Greenfield was very fond of Mrs. Blessing. He was at her house on the very day she was repairing some of the damage done in the flower beds by the Greenfield hens. Sammy took care of the chickens. "It's too bad," said sympathetic Sammy, helping all he could.

"So it is," answered Mrs. Blessing pleasantly. "Would you like to do me a favor?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little fellow fervently.

"Then will you shut your park door to-night and keep it shut all day to-morrow till about five o'clock?"

"Yes, ma'am, I will," he promised, —and he did.

"I wonder where our hens are?" remarked Mrs. Greenfield at noon the next day. "I've looked over to every neighbor's yard and I can't see 'em."

"They're shut up," said Sammy.

"Shut up!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "Has—"

"I shut 'em," interrupted Sammy.

"I'm goin' to keep 'em shut. They shan't spoil her flowers."

Sammy was an only child and his word was law; and thus the second nuisance was disposed of.

The other neighbors were quick to discover the whereabouts of the Greenfield hens. Sammy was made much of, and the next day the Blessings were invited to take tea with the Drennans. Already Mr. Drennan had taken out his catalogue, and with a cheerful heart had begun looking up new and choice bulbs.

If there was a creature in the neighborhood odious to all but his owners it was the Harley water-spaniel. The Jordan horse and the Greenfield chickens being off the neighborhood mind, all eyes turned with unfavorable regard upon Dash. So soon as night fell the depredations of Dash began. He had been soundly whipped so many times by his owners that he had come to understand that he must keep off of the Harley porches. He therefore wandered about seeking a resting place upon some other porch. Wherever he walked, when it was muddy, there were tracks to be scrubbed off the next day; and wherever he lay, a grease spot as large as himself was to be reckoned with. He was particularly fond of the Rideout porch, and he did not realize that the Rideouts had gone and that the Blessings had come. So first he tracked the Blessing front porch from end to end, and then lay down to sleep.

The next morning Mrs. Blessing rose unusually early. "Come, Dash! Come, Dash!" she called. A piece of meat was in her hand and Dash eagerly followed her to the coal-house. Into it he went after the meat, and did not notice that the door was shut upon him and made fast. A pan of water was there for his comfort; but he did not notice that either, for in five minutes he had discovered that he was a prisoner. Back and forth he ran howling at the top of his lungs.

Mrs. Drennan stepped to her side door. "I think I hear a dog," she remarked.

Mr. Drennan followed his wife. "You do, my dear," he said. "I guess he's in Mrs. Blessing's coal-shed."

Then Mrs. Greenfield, on the east, heard. Dash had not only tracked her porch, he had chased her hens more than once. She immediately walked over to Mrs. Blessing's.

"We're having chicken pie for dinner to-day," she remarked with a cordial smile. "I wish you'd all come over in a neighborly way to dinner." And the Blessings went.

When the Harleys discovered the whereabouts of their Dash they were in a fine rage. But no complaints could be made, for Mrs. Blessing met Mrs. Harley so amiably, and said so innocently, when she opened the coal-house door to deliver Dash to his mistress: "I'm not very strong, and I really can't do so much extra scrubbing."

"Willie," commanded Mr. Harley looking at the grimy and frisking dog who was overjoyed to be at home once more, "you get a big box and make this dog a bed and see that he stays in it at night." And Willie obeyed.

A month had now gone by and every pet was under proper surveillance of its owner. The peculiarity of the fat, overfed, Drake pug was that he snapped and bit. The Drakes realized that it would be as well not to let him snap and bite at Mrs. Blessing, so all the other first warders were made secure.

The next summer Mrs. Rideout came to visit Mrs. Blessing, and she was amazed. There was genuine kindness and neighborly regard in the air. The first warders were at peace, and her own old home was in perfect condition. "How have you managed?" she asked. "Where are the neighborhood nuisances? Don't they ever trouble you?"

"They do not. I should not for a moment permit them to do so," calmly replied Mrs. Blessing, the peacemaker.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE English people are called a practical people. Their talent for business and administration is always and everywhere conceded. That they are a theoretical people, a race of thinkers, fertile in ideas, conspicuous in initiative, and sowers of the seeds of progress is not so readily recognized. Yet precisely this is the truth. England, men say, lagged behind Germany and Holland and Switzerland in the Reformation; she had no leader like Luther or Zwingli or Calvin. Wyclif was the English Luther. He made Luther's protest, he taught Luther's doctrines, and he put into operation Luther's methods a hundred years before Luther was born; and he drew half of England to him. England indeed fell back; but it never fell back wholly—and Wyclif's gospel spread beyond England and in a hundred places brought forth fruit a hundred fold. Huss by and by making his protest in Bohemia declared that he was simply preaching Wyclif. Luther by and by making his protest in Germany declared that he was simply preaching Huss. With Wyclif the true apostolic succession of Protestantism began; he was the great Reformer before the Reformation. The Reformation trying to establish itself in England in the sixteenth century found in Tudorism a worse hamperer than Luther found in Saxon princes or Calvin at Geneva,—and the deadening compromises were compelled; but against these compromises Puritanism was presently the mighty protest and revolt—the Puritanism which was the English people in earnest, coming to itself and to its own, concerned not alone with kingdom come, but with the establishing of the kingdom of God on English earth, by one great impulse founding the Commonwealth in England and planting New England. The clear-seeing Swiss scholar writing to-day in Calvin's city of the genesis of the democracy we know makes the title of his book: "The Rise of Modern Democracy in Old and New England." He knows that our democracy was born not in the Versailles tennis court, nor at the Bastile, but among the English Puritans and the men of Massachusetts. Cambridge and London and Plymouth and Boston and Hartford were its cradles; and its sponsors, Eliot and Hampden and Pym and Cromwell and Milton and Vane, Bradford and Winthrop and Hooker and Roger Williams. The Declaration of Independence was not the fruit of French philosophy; the conflict between the Boston town meeting and King George was a mere repetition of the conflict between parliament and King Charles. It would be interesting, and it would be easy, to trace to English influences the French political philosophy which upon the black soil of French wrongs gendered the French Revolution. It was Shakespeare and the English poets who provoked in Germany the reaction from tradition and artificiality that gave Germany her great literature, which came back through Coleridge and Carlyle to provoke and enrich England.

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These reflections come to us as we turn the pages of Henry Demarest Lloyd's new book, "Labor Copartnership"; for this remarkable story of what seems to us the most pregnant and promising work now going on in

the whole industrial world is an English story. Mr. Lloyd went last year to the International Coöperative Congress at Delft in Holland; and he found that the new word at the Congress was "Labor Copartnership."

"It was represented," he tells us, "by a group of zealous men who were about the only active propagandists in evidence in the Congress. Except for the desire of a number of the French delegates to speak all at once, and for a few amiable differences of opinion as to minor points of policy, the only novelty was furnished by the group among the English delegates who, in the Congress and out of it, were preaching their gospel of labor copartnership. . . . There was fight, hope, purpose—the spirit of the pioneers, a breath from the people itself—in these English delegates. There was a distinctly different note in their philosophy from that of Godin, Leclaire, and Van Marken. The things these men had done, and admirably, were done for workmen; but labor copartnership brought us account of things done of, by and for workmen themselves. It was a record of self-initiative, and so of a higher promise than these of philanthropic initiative."

Stirred up by this new English gospel, Mr. Lloyd abandoned his plan of going to Germany to study the People's Banks and to Switzerland to see the Initiative and Referendum in practical operation, and went to England to see what this new word of coöperation meant. To most Americans his book will be a surprising revelation. In England itself the story has never been so comprehensively and graphically told. The great extent of the work of coöperative distribution in England we have known more about; and Mr. Lloyd tells us again of the distributive stores which in one generation have grown to a membership representing one-seventh of the British population and doing a business of $272,000,000 a year, with a bank of their own with deposits of $16,000,000, and turning over $200,000,000 a year. But it is to coöperative production in England, labor copartnership, factories and workshops, already numbering more than 150 and rapidly increasing in number, and farms, planned, established, operated and managed by workingmen themselves, that his study is devoted.

"Here the workingman is found playing the President of industry, and playing it well. The aspirations of leaders of the working classes that they should become the owners of the means of production is being realized, step by step, along the lines of least resistance. Industry is democratizing itself, pending the political regeneration of the whole world at once, and labor is capitalizing itself. Archbishops have given up the application of the Golden Rule to business as impracticable; but here it is being attempted by workingmen. 'We must make men as well as money,' and 'We must help our brothers,' is their daily bread. Every dollar of profits, before it is divided, must first pay its contribution to the fund for schools, literature, lectures, to help spread this gospel of self-help by each-other-help, which these simple people do not think themselves smart enough to get taught out of endowments made by pirates. There is no woman question. Women can be seen at the work-benches who sit as directors in the Board of the factory in which they are wage-earners. Some villages are already almost wholly coöperative—able, practically, to vote unanimously anything they desire whenever the day comes, in their judgment, for coöperative politics."

Many of the coöperative establishments which Mr. Lloyd describes have been in operation for twenty or thirty years; and back of them lies a century of English dreaming and endeavor toward them. "The Work of Generations" is the title of the chapter in which Mr. Lloyd rapidly but vividly traces for us the history of coöperative effort in England, telling of the wave of Christian Socialism in the '40's, and of the similar waves before and since, movements associated with the names of Owen, Maurice, Kingsley, Thomas Hughes, Ludlow, Holyoake, and Neale. "It is not a 'mushroom growth,' but a long, historic evolution. . . . For nearly a hundred years the working people of Great Britain have been struggling towards this goal of self-employment and self-government in industry, to which Robert Owen opened the way in the early years of the century."

It has been a century thick with failures, discouragements and losses. In the coöperative enterprises here described there have been many losses — although by no means the proportion of failures common in the general business world; and Mr. Lloyd's discussion of these losses and their causes is as didactic and useful as his story of successes. One of the best chapters in his book is that on "Loss Sharing." Mr. Gladstone once remarked that he could understand about workmen sharing the profits; "but how," he said, "about sharing the losses?" "That question," says Mr. Lloyd, "answers itself in copartnership"; and this valuable chapter, with its full detail, tells us how. Through losses and through profits — and the profits are all the time becoming surer, and the losses fewer — the English coöperator keeps pressing forward, full of faith that his cause commands the future. To Mr. Lloyd's remark that some zealous workers in American coöperation felt discouraged and unappreciated, the veteran George Jacob Holyoake replied: "The coöperator must never care whether he is appreciated or not. He must fix his eyes on the results he wishes to achieve, the wrongs he wishes to end, and keep right on, whether he fails or succeeds, whether any one listens or not."

The little book, in its score of chapters, takes us from coöperative farms in Kent and coöperative factories in Kettering to the coöperative homes in Leicester and coöperative creameries in Ireland and to the beautiful Coöperative Convalescent Seaside Home, on the Ayrshire coast, — which has been built by the coöperators' money, as a place of rest and recreation for their tired and sick working people, and in which Mr. Lloyd feels that the coöperative movement of Great Britain reaches its highest expression. "Set on a Hill" is the title of the chapter which describes this magnificent sanitarium, a picture of which forms the frontispiece of the book, the first of the dozen striking illustrations — workingmen's homes, shoe shops, clothing factories, coöperative builders at work — which are in themselves a liberal education in this great, hopeful English movement.

Mr. Lloyd is the prince of phrasemakers. Readers of "Wealth Against Commonwealth" will recall words which his hot wrath or his high hope threw off, stinging words, throbbing words, which, once lodged in the mind, are lodged for always. The title of many a chapter was a whole battle in itself. The chapter titles in this modest little new book, "Ground Rents of Brotherhood," "Mushrooms Thirty Years Old," "The New Joy of Labor," "Beginning at Home," and the rest are the alluring thresholds to discussions which remain distinct and impulsive in the mind of the reader, reports of solid achievement and indexes to valid lines of progress for which the believer in progress and the man who loves his brother man feels a great warmth of gratitude.

"On the Land" is a study in the field of coöperation "at its newest, least successful, hardest, and most encouraging point—farming." At every gathering of coöperators which Mr. Lloyd attended, he found the sentiment overwhelmingly in favor of radical political action on the land question. As one of the coöperators said to him: "The land question is the most difficult of all; it is our duty as coöperators to put our hands and heads and hearts together and lift it up." The accounts of the copartnership farms at Woolwich and elsewhere are among the most interesting in the book.

Unexpected as it is, Mr. Lloyd found Ireland further advanced in the organization of agricultural coöperation than England. Mr. Lloyd agrees with Mr. Plunkett, the Parnell of the new movement, that the average Irishman is more intelligent than the average Englishman; and he believes that with a just and wise industrial organization Ireland will have in sight a happy future. "Golden Veins of the

Emerald Isle" is the title of his chapter on Ireland, — the golden veins being the successful and multiplying cooperative enterprises, especially in the agricultural field.

Mr. Lloyd tells us that all through the continent of Europe agriculture is passing into the coöperative phase; and it appears that Great Britain and Ireland are entering upon the same course. In England, towns-people through the stores are the prime movers; in Ireland, it is the farmers themselves, working peasants,— the dairy both in England and Ireland, seeming to be the branch of farming which first invites coöperative enterprise. Mr. Lloyd calls attention, in this connection, to what we fear is unknown to most of our readers — the creamery socialism on which the Canadian government has embarked for its farmers; it is erecting creameries, taking the milk from the people, making it into butter and cheese, and putting these upon the London market, merely charging the farmers a certain amount per pound for the freight. This reference to financial matters leads us to note the repeated and to us somewhat surprising showing by Mr. Lloyd of the ease with which sufficient capital is collected for the coöperative experiments in England. The multiplication of people's banks is also noteworthy. There are thirteen in Ireland. "It is an axiom with bankers that no borrowers are so honest and prompt as the smallest and poorest, and no banking so safe as coöperative banking."

The most interesting chapter in Mr. Lloyd's book is that upon Kettering. "After I had gone through the three kingdoms," he says himself in an earlier chapter, "Kettering stood out above all other places as the one which, on the whole, gives the best object lesson of the spirit and practice of copartnership." Here is a city of twenty-five thousand people, whose coöperative societies have a membership of four thousand, which means, Mr. Lloyd estimates, that fifty per cent of the people of Kettering are coöperative. Rugby, he tells us, is still stronger; and there are places like Desborough which are practically all coöperators. Coöperation in Kettering is "in the hands of a group of young and devoted men, believers in labor copartnership not only as the best business, but as the necessary morality of industry." In Kettering, too, "coöperation has followed a normal course from distribution to production, — first, a distributive store; second, workshops, in which the workers are part owners and directors; third, homes for coöperators; and, fourth, a farm. In going to the farm, the Kettering coöperators are completing the circle of coöperation and tracing the lines on which the coöperative commonwealth must grow. Its broadest side must rest on the land." The picture here painted of coöperative agriculture in Kettering, the coöperative store, the shoe shops, the clothing factory, the building society, the corset factory, the hospital and library, the coöperative hall and its meetings, the feeling of security, the feeling of brotherhood, the joy of labor, is a picture which gives one new hope for the world. "A real piece of the kingdom of God actually arrived" is the way one of the Oxford University men described it after his visit.

There are few more encouraging features of the whole movement than the extent to which these coöperators are attending to the providing of their own homes. At Leicester Mr. Lloyd found that several building societies had been formed within the membership of the Equity Shoe works, and that about sixty houses had already been thus built. He found them most tasteful and convenient. The workmen have named one street on which thirty or more of these houses stand, in honor of the works, "The Equity Road;" and a beautiful picture of Equity Road accompanies the description, — a picture full of gospel for all concerned in the effort for better homes for the working people.

The average cost of the houses is $2,000, — such a house containing four bedrooms, bath-room, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and scullery, and having marble mantels, attractive woodwork, and gas fixtures. A buyer pays $350 or $400 down, and then from $2.50 a week upwards until the balance is covered.

One is deeply impressed as one reads these pages by the evidences everywhere of the educational power of coöperation. The Earl of Winchilsea, speaking at the Woolwich Coöperative Congress in 1896, said: "It is astonishing to me, as a man of business, how these great businesses can be worked and administered as they are by workingmen. It is a proof of the advance we have made within the present generation. The coöperative movement is the greatest possible educational factor in order to arrive at results still greater." Coöperative work not only educates; it gives heart to the laborer and to life. "The new joy of labor," which Mr. Lloyd describes, is a prophecy of what industrial life will be when it once becomes organized on democratic and Christian principles. "Everywhere the British industrial democracy has brightened and lightened and beautified the habitat of work and business. When the democracy opens a new store or new factory, it makes a celebration of it, and goes dancing and singing through the doors of the new opportunity." Coöperation moralizes. In the short three years of a certain experiment described, "the people," we read, "became wonderfully changed. They left off drinking; they kept their homes clean; they paid their rent; disorder and violence ceased; intemperance became almost unknown." The fraternal spirit put to exercise in one direction at once becomes fertile and inventive in a hundred directions. The work of these devoted coöperators in getting beauty into poor London homes and in mediating exchanges of hospitality between city folk and seaside folk suggests large programs for our own city missionaries and Lend-a-Hand societies. Men impressed by the spirit here revealed have God on their side and have the future. Of the general future of coöperation Mr. Lloyd says:

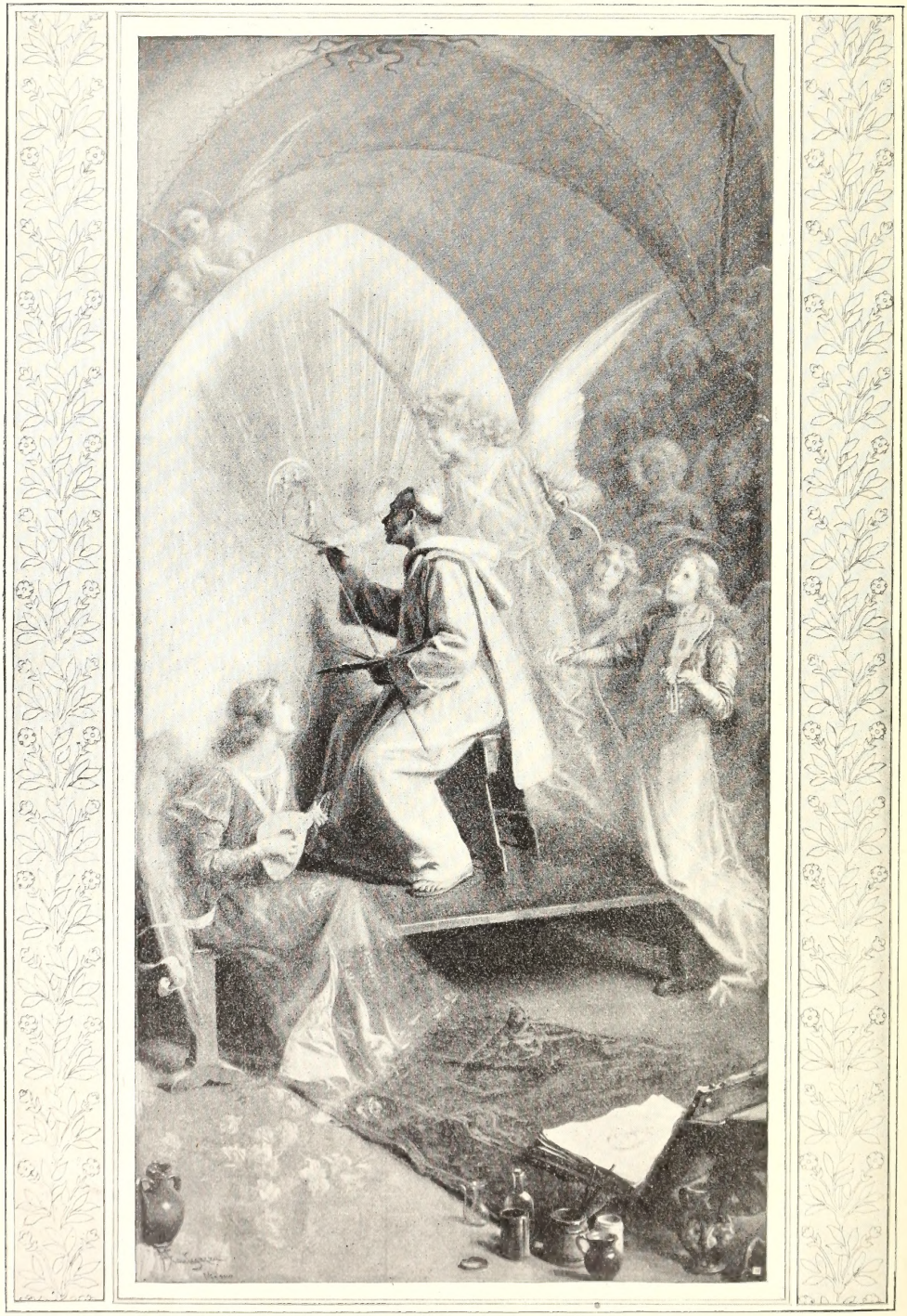
"A movement that has increased tenfold in thirteen years, and now has a capital of $5,000,000, and annual product of $10,000,000, and an annual profit of $500,000, only needs to carry such a present along with it; it can get along without a future." Few advocates of coöperation claim that it offers a complete solution of the social question. There is, they recognize, a wide sphere of work which can best be done and perhaps be done only by the state. "But coöperation," says Mr. Lloyd, "has won the right to be accounted the most important social movement of our times outside of politics. It is the voluntary or domestic expression of the same resurgent spirit of self-help by each-other-help of which the republic, democracy, and the hopes of socialism are the political or public expression." "The constitutional abolition of industrial injustice for the whole nation must be a slower process, but it will be all the surer at the hands of those who have disciplined themselves into such self-help and success. Those who have been able to combine economically will be all the more able to combine politically. The men who have tasted the sweet fruits of 'each for all and all for each' and of equity and fraternity in a small field, will not rest content until they have seen the same principles applied progressively to every field."

Such is the story of this great English movement which Mr. Lloyd brings home to us. This brief outline will accomplish its purpose only as it prompts those to whose eyes it comes to read his little book, — for the impressiveness of the story is more in its details than in its generalities. It is notable that this story of hope and promise is written for us by the same hand which three years ago painted for us, in "Wealth against Commonwealth," the blackest picture which has been painted of the present industrial evils of America. If that solemn arraignment — the "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as Edward Everett Hale has called it, of the present industrial crisis — startled us by its plain presentation of the dangers which threaten our society and state, wrongs to

which all of us unwittingly or wittingly were making ourselves privy, here is a clear note heralding the way to emancipation, the democratic way which conforms to the genius of America. It is interesting that this best popular story of this great English movement should be told by an American. It is most interesting that, just as in this time it is from English cities that we are drawing the most practical lessons for our own work of municipal reform and advance, so from England it is that we now have the most practical and hopeful gospel in the great field of coöperation, which is the great field of the next future. "When democratic thought sought expression in democratic action in Europe," says Mr. Lloyd, "the Continental workingmen began kicking over thrones and slicing off the heads of kings and queens. The English workingmen saved their tuppences for flour and tea and fustian clubs to buy social regeneration for themselves out of what they could save by this self-help. Penny by penny and sacrifice by sacrifice they have gone on building, tolerated as enthusiasts, until the conventional world wakens to see a very great Fact."

Confident optimist that he is, great believer in the republic and its destiny, Mr. Lloyd looks forward in his closing pages to the great future of industrial coöperation in America, where political coöperation has already won such triumphs. "As America advances from political coöperation to industrial, its accomplishment," he believes, "is likely to be as much grander than that of Great Britain as the task is more difficult on account of extent of territory, racial variance and the newness of social life." This too, he tells us, is the belief of the English leaders. Thomas Hughes said in 1887: "I should not out of our hands." Mr. Greening said to Mr. Lloyd: "Coöperation be surprised if America took the lead will be slow to take root in America, but, once started, it will develop into forms far greater than anything here." "The churches," said George Jacob Holyoake, "may make coöperation go in the United States."

Will the churches do it? If they will, they can. Is it not better worth while than conventions upon liturgical revision? Would it not do as much for pure and undefiled religion and for the interest of several things that lay close to the heart of Jesus Christ as the next hundred articles which will be written to the church newspapers on the authorship of Deuteronomy? Is there not considerable danger that these zealous cooperators may get into the Kingdom of God before some people who presume themselves to have better credentials? For really the kingdom of God is what these men are after, the Kingdom of God on English earth, — which means the rule of manhood, of brotherhood and of mutual service. Coöperation, with these men, is more than economy or prudence; it is gospel, "an ideal of conduct and a theory of human relations." "There is a grander ideal in coöperation," says one of them, "than mere shop-keeping." They are aiming at "a revival of business which shall be the revival of religion." "Ask yourself," says one leader to his brethren, "as to every act you perform within the circle of family or country, If what I now do were done by and for all men, would it be beneficial or injurious to humanity?" Could Kant himself have framed a better question? "Coöperation," George Jacob Holyoake has said, "is business saddled with morality." "It is something even finer," adds Mr. Lloyd. "Coöperation is business democratizing itself, garlanded, dancing, and set to music, the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule." Will not the churches of the United States and the people of the United States inquire diligently whether these things are so?



From a painting by Mantegazza.

FRA ANGELICO.

THE

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THE RED SQUIRREL AT HOME.

By William Everett Cram

With illustrations by the author.

THE red squirrel is eminently practical, for all his crazy antics and nonsense, which to the casual observer might appear to constitute his entire character. A more careful study of his ways will, I believe, convince anyone that, unlike the majority of wild creatures, he leaves nothing to chance, though quick to seize on any opportunity that offers to better his condition. The conspicuous white circles about his eyes always give him a rather anxious, startled expression, and when suddenly alarmed he has the most affected way of sitting bolt upright and clutching tragically at his breast with one bony little hand — for all the world like some tragedy queen on the stage. I think he almost invariably presses his left hand to his left side with claws spread well apart and the white fur puffing out between them. This movement is so habitual with the red squirrel that anyone who cares to may see the performance by observing those he may happen to see in the woods or by the roadside. If they would only occasionally clap both hands to their breasts, it would make a much more attractive picture; but this I have never seen them do.

Like the blue jay, the red squirrel is always eager for excitement of any sort, but he has the advantage of not being compelled to wait for circumstances to furnish him with an excuse for getting up a racket. As a general thing, when the blue jays begin shrieking and scolding, there is pretty sure to be something at the bottom of it, though it may not be of any great importance; and for that matter I have no positive evidence that the red squirrel ever creates a disturbance without having some object or other to shower his anger upon. But he has a way of choosing such utterly harmless and inoffensive victims and of keeping safely out of sight without so much as a chirrup to betray him when any actual danger threatens, that it is hard to believe that he is ever more than half in earnest. I have never known him to take part in the general outcry against a hawk or owl, though he must encounter the latter frequently as he rambles about among the evergreens, their favorite roosting places, and would certainly have every excuse for resentment against them, but in such cases he probably considers his own safety as of the first importance and makes a point of retiring as expeditiously as possible. But let him catch a glimpse of an unoffending partridge quietly gathering berries or scratching among the pine needles, and he immediately pretends to fall in-

to an utterly uncontrollable rage. He slowly approaches the bird with short, scratchy starts, down the tree trunk, keeping on the opposite side as much as possible, and peering out from behind the rough bark and protecting branches, as if fully aware of his danger and determined on not exposing himself more than necessary, ever and anon retreating panic stricken back into the shadow, to renew the attack from an opposite direction, barking huskily. Should you approach and flush the bird in his direction, he appears to be thrown into a perfect paroxysm of terror by the whir and rattle of its wings, and vanishes with hysterical chatterings, followed by low murmuring growls from his hiding place.

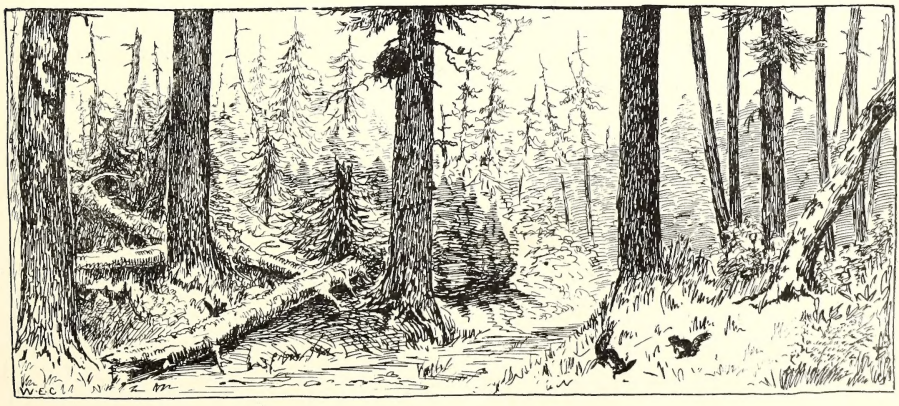


LUNCHEON.

It is wholly out of the question to suppose for a moment that he can have any cause for resentment against the grouse family; and yet so universal is this habit of scolding and threatening them on every occasion, that I find I have gradually fallen into the way when shooting grouse of allowing the squirrels to point out my game for me to a certain extent, after the manner of trained pointers, and find that three times out of four I can tell from the way they chatter whether it is a grouse that excites them at the time or not. On one occasion, one of them even helped me to secure a wounded bird as cleverly as a retriever could have done, though probably from a different motive. I had made a snap shot through the hemlocks and heard the grouse come to the ground fluttering, but on reaching the spot found only a few scattered feathers and just the faintest possible track on the dry pine needles, which I lost completely after following for a few rods. As I stood there looking for some clue to guide me, a red squirrel began chattering excitedly a few rods away, hurrying along from tree to tree chattering as he went, and finally coming to a halt still scolding. Thinking it just possible that he had his eye on my game, I approached, and found him waltzing madly about among the lower branches of a pine and glaring fiercely down into the shadows of a tangled mass of fallen tree trunks and branches. I moved cautiously along beside the windfall and presently noticed a place where the spider's web had been parted beside the prostrate bole of a large maple, and reaching in beneath it, drew forth the unfortu-

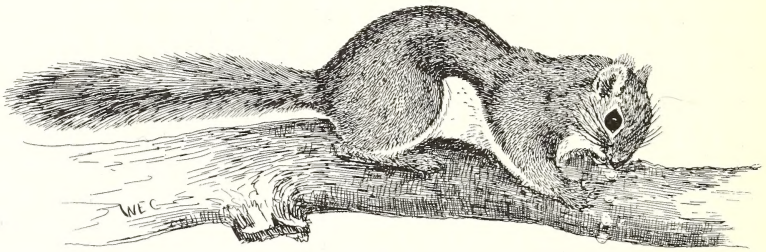
nate partridge, merely wing tipped, but completely disabled for flying.

The red squirrel has been generally accused of being an inveterate robber of bird's nests, and I am much afraid there is a good deal of ground for the accusation; still I have never observed him in the act of plundering a nest, nor do the small birds generally exhibit any great amount of alarm or anxiety at his presence in the proximity of their homes. In the spring, however, I have seen one persistently chasing pine finches and red polls about the top of a gray birch and putting all his agility into play in his endeavors to catch them, creeping towards them cautiously and catlike and springing out suddenly when he fancied himself near enough; but the birds always slipped away just in time to save themselves, and, though the squirrel persisted in his attempts as long as there were any birds in the tree, I could not help feeling all the time that he really had no idea of succeeding and only kept it up for the fun of the thing, as a kitten hunts dead leaves in the wind. But there is no doubt that these squirrels are extremely fond of raw meat of any kind, with a decided preference for the flesh of birds; and to an animal possessing such tastes, no more tempting repast could be imagined than a nest full of tender fledgelings. Every nest in the woods, high or low, is easily within his reach, and, this being the case, the wonder is that there are enough birds to go round each season. For in the evergreen woods at least there seem to be almost as many squirrels as birds' nests, and every orchard and hardwood grove is inhabited by them to a certain extent. I once noticed one fast asleep curled up comfortably in a robin's nest, which appeared to fit him as exactly as if made to order and furnished the nicest kind of a cradle. At first I supposed that he must have robbed the nest of its contents and was sleeping off the effects of overeating, but on routing him out and examining the nest I found it to be an abandoned one of the preceding year, and the squirrel innocent at least of that particular crime. Occasionally you will see one clinging to the bark of some dead pine or hemlock and listening woodpecker-like to the sounds made by the insects at work beneath the surface. When he has succeeded in locating his prey, he tears off the loose bark with his teeth in great ragged pieces, and presently pounces upon and drags forth a flattened white grub an inch or more in length, which he devours with great apparent relish. He appears to subsist, however, mainly on a vegetable diet, not only fruit, nuts and berries, but seeds of maples and other trees;



THE HOME OF THE RED SQUIRREL.

and he probably knows of other seeds growing about the woods and swamps, and their various times of ripening. He is a veritable epicure as regards mushrooms, and appears to have some infallible rule for distinguishing the edible from the poisonous varieties, for he recklessly lunches on those doubtful kinds usually avoided by the amateur, the white amanita and some of the pink and scarlet russulas for example; and I have never known him to suffer from such indulgence. But the principal harvest consists of the seeds of the different evergreens; and although these vary greatly in abundance from year to year, there is generally a sufficient supply of one kind or another. The white pine is usually rather sparing in its yield; but once in every ten or fifteen years, perhaps oftener, nearly every tree in the forest bears enormously, even the younger ones showing scattered clusters here and there, while those that have stood for generations present a roughened, shaggy aspect from the thickly crowded cones at their summits. At such times the red squirrels seem determined to gather every cone before it opens and scatters its seeds to the winds. They begin work late in July while the cones are still green and solid with the milky seeds embedded near the centre and hard to distinguish when the cone is cut open. In the hot July sunshine they hurry about their work, cutting off the cones and tossing them over their shoulders well out beyond the surrounding branches to the ground. Whenever the cone or the twig that supports it is cut or scarred, a drop of glistening, transparent sap oozes forth, turning on exposure to the air to the most tenacious kind of pitch; and it is truly wonderful that the squirrels can manage to keep themselves so clean while engaged in harvesting them. But the majority of them show hardly a trace of pitch anywhere about their persons, though now and then you will run across one with little wisps of fur stuck together, especially about his face and neck and in the longer hairs of his tail, evidently having been particularly unfortunate or careless about his work. Every little while they descend to the ground to bury the cones they have cut off, two or three in a place, covered with pine needles to the depth of several inches. Probably they have learned by experience just how early it is safe to commence gathering them in order that the seeds may ripen properly; but it is hard to imagine how those that are buried early can possibly escape moulding, especially if it should chance to be a wet season. Perhaps, as in the case of cheese, the flavor is really improved by moulding. At all events, it would seem that the squirrels consider a certain amount of moisture necessary to make the seeds palatable, for they never appear to store them in hollow trees as they do nuts and apples, though one would suppose they might save themselves a great deal of extra labor by packing them away on end in some such dry and well ventilated cavity, where the cones would open of their own accord without putting the squirrels to the necessity of gnawing off each scale separately. All through the late summer and fall they keep steadily at work, as long as there



TAPPING THE MAPLE.

are cones to be had by climbing, even after a majority of them have parted with their seeds.

In the winter, even when the snow is several feet deep, the squirrels never appear to have any difficulty about locating their stores, and sink perpendicular shafts down through the drifts in order to reach them. Often instead of burrowing down repeatedly to each little pile of cones, they dig radiating tunnels along the surface of the ground, from the first one opened to the others near it, dragging the cones laboriously along their winding galleries to the surface and away over the snow to some favorite stump before attempting to open them. To get at the seeds they hold the cone upright in their paws and, beginning at the stem end, bite off the scales at their junction with the core, laying



GATHERING MAPLE SEEDS.

bare two seeds for each scale removed. Long practice has made them experts in the art, and it is surprising to see how rapidly they manage it. The fragments of cones cast aside collect about the stump until it is fairly covered up and buried from sight; and these mounds of little reddish brown chips are to be seen scattered about the woods at frequent intervals, and indicate by their presence the comparative abundance of squirrels.

The seeds of the pitch pine and spruce are also eaten by them; but I am inclined to think that they prefer those of the white pine when these are to be obtained. The little cones of the hemlock retain their seeds all winter, so, after the harvesting of the pine cones is over for the season, the squirrels turn their attention to these. On still winter days you may see them springing about among the elastic branches, clinging to the very tips of the finely divided sprays at a perilous height, in their endeavors to reach the cones that are hung on such exasperatingly slender twigs, hardly large enough for even a squirrel's foot to grasp; and not infrequently a misstep will send one of them headlong down towards the earth, usually to save himself by catching hold of one branch or another on the way down. If there should chance to be no branches beneath him, he spreads himself out like a flying squirrel as he falls to a remarkable degree of flatness and falls so lightly as to escape injury, even on striking hard snow crust or ice, and scampers away up the tree again without losing so much as a moment of the time he evidently considers so precious. They usually open the hemlock cones as fast as they gather them, eating the diminutive seeds, hardly larger than a pin's head, at



STARTLED.

once, allowing the scales to fall as they will; and as you stand beneath looking up, these come floating and twinkling down between the branches like snowflakes on a clear day.

The red squirrel's winter home varies according to circumstances. Sometimes it is a complicated burrow beneath a stump, with several apartments and winding galleries; sometimes a hollow branch or woodpecker's hole; while in the evergreen woods he constructs a nest about as ingenious as the more celebrated one of the beaver. When convenient, he chooses the nest of some large bird for a foundation, and in this builds a structure of moss, bark, pine needles and dead leaves, with walls several inches in thickness, and a soft nest of dry grass and feathers inside. The bark used is of two sorts, the rough outer bark of different trees, broken into small pieces, and what appears to be the inner bark of the red cedar, torn into narrow strips or ribbons to bind the whole together. It is put together with remarkable solidity, and usually freezes hard early in the winter, furnishing a thorough defence against the cold or any other enemy from without. The narrow opening at one side is provided with a hanging curtain of moss or some similar substance, easily pushed aside by the inmates, but immediately falling back into place, and effectually concealing the entrance.

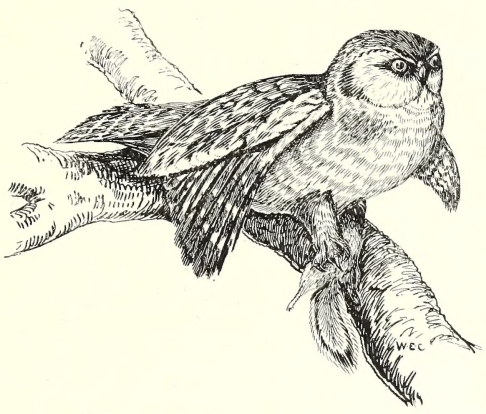
If unable to find a bird's nest situated to their taste, the squirrels arrange a loose platform or framework of twigs in a convenient crotch, and build their nest on that. There is also a considerable range in the quality of workmanship displayed, in some instances the material being apparently thrown together in the most haphazard manner imaginable and even when newly built having an effect of general dilapidation, the work perhaps of young and inexperienced builders.

The young squirrels are occasionally born and reared in these nests, though a hollow tree is usually chosen for a nursery, often merely a low stump, two or three feet high, with the hollow open at the top to all the rains of the season. The interior is filled with a lot of fine dead grass and soft lichens for a bed, which at first thought might be expected to become completely saturated in every shower or rain storm. But as I now recall the different nests that I have found so situated, I have a strong impression



IN DANGER.

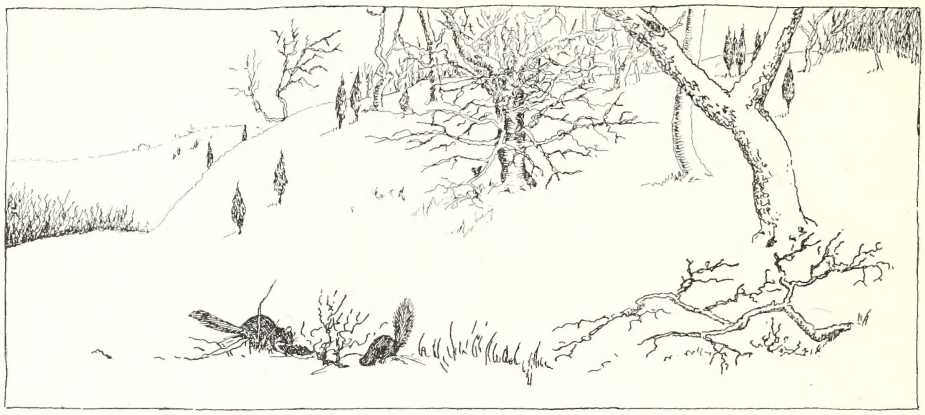
that all of them were sheltered by the overhanging branches of dense hemlock or spruce trees, capable of turning aside the water as effectually as a thatched roof. The young squirrels are most absurd looking little beasts at first, like miniature pug dogs, blind and naked, and with enormous heads. In a few days their fur begins to show like the down on a peach, and as a fringe of short hair along each side of the tail, which at length assumes something of the flattened aspect of those worn by their elders, but without displaying much of the fluffy, shadowy quality of the ideal squirrel tail until late in the following autumn. The fur, from the very first, is so close and dense as to give them the typical red color of their species, while still so short as to be barely perceptible to the touch, giving them a brilliant, newly painted appearance, like toy squirrels covered with some bright colored satiny cloth to catch the eyes of children. Though they do not remain long in the nest, they are seldom seen abroad until fully grown, or very nearly so, at least, which is rather remarkable when you come to consider the number that are brought up each summer in every pine grove or thicket where these squirrels are abundant. Occasionally you may see a family of them playing timidly about among the branches, but without displaying any of the self-confident recklessness of their elders, and quick to take alarm at the slightest hint of danger, and scurry back into concealment, apparently possessing less courage than either the chipmunks or gray squirrels of a similar age.



DEATH.

In March the red squirrels tap the maple trees for their sap, by gnawing through the bark on the upper sides of horizontal branches; the little cavities so made quickly fill to overflowing, and, stretched at ease, the squirrels regale themselves to their satisfaction. They also drink the sap that flows from such branches as have been broken or cracked by ice or snow during the preceding winter. But their lives are far too busy to allow them to spend their entire time in this manner, and during their absence the sap is apt to form into icicles, which, when the temperature of the wind and other conditions are favorable, may be constantly evaporating and gathering new material at the same time, so that the sugar contained in the sap finally collects in rich, honey-colored drops of syrup at the extremity of the icicle, possessing an even more refined and delicious flavor than that which is obtained by the more violent process of boiling, and the squirrels appear perfectly capable of appreciating this fact, and are pretty certain to be on hand to gather it before it drops, though often obliged to exert themselves to their utmost in order to reach it. They have also learned to take advantage of the downward flow of sap in the autumn; but at that season most of them are so busy with their harvesting that they can hardly afford the time; at all events, the habit is not so general with them then as it is in the spring.

In April they turn their attention to the opening blossoms of the elms, and you may see them hanging to the extremity of the slender twigs, nibbling away eagerly at what must



DIGGING PINE CONES OUT OF THE SNOW.

prove at best very unsubstantial food. Their position among the slender and still leafless branches is one that renders them conspicuous for a considerable distance; yet few persons seeing them so occupied would recognize them for what they really are, for from that commanding outlook they are quickly aware of the approach of anyone, and, instead of attempting to retreat to the larger branches of the tree for safety, remain motionless wherever they may happen to be. I have frequently seen several of them scattered about in the same tree top, without mistrusting that such inanimate looking objects were really alive; for they have a way of assuming such unnatural and grotesque positions at these times, that I really believe they intentionally pose as old bird's nests or the remnant of some last season's caterpillar tent. After a little time, if they fancy they are not especially observed, they will usually return to their repast, swinging themselves from place to place in a cautious, stealthy manner, at first with an eye for possible danger.

The red squirrel's diet seems to include pretty nearly everything that is ever eaten by any of our native animals. I have known them to find their way into the pantry of a farmhouse, and sample everything available it contained, appearing to be particularly well pleased with the custards. In the winter, they are sure to be among the first arrivals when the fox or goshawk makes a successful hunt, ready to dispute with the crow and the blue jay for whatever is left after the feast; and in summer they often add grasshoppers and other insects to their *menu*. But in spite of it all, and the fact that they never appear to exhaust the stores of provisions they lay up in the fall, they are invariably lean, without so much as the slightest particle of real fat to be found in any part of their anatomy.

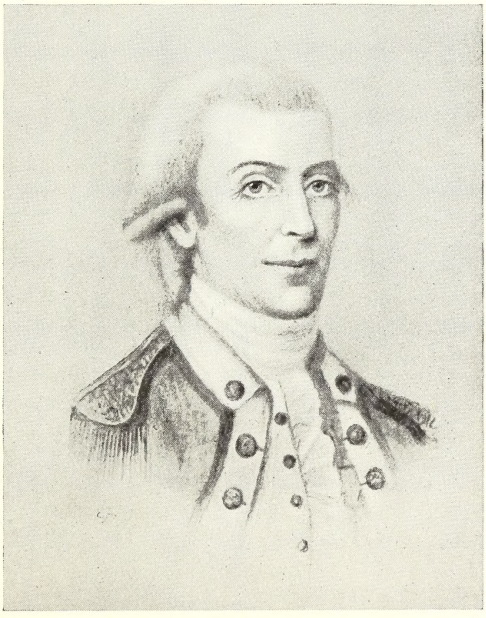
From my own observations I am inclined to give them credit for being far superior to the gray squirrel in intelligence, in spite of their crazy manner and lack of self-control. Commonly the tamest and most familiar animal in the woods, if much hunted they acquire in a very short time a cautiousness only excelled by most creatures after years of constant persecution, so that their general abundance is hardly to be wondered at, especially when one considers that they are probably about the healthiest creatures in existence. I have never known an instance of their having been afflicted by any of the diseases common among other rodents.

BOSTON WRITING MASTERS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION.

With reproductions from an old Copy Book of the South Writing School.

By William Carver Bates.

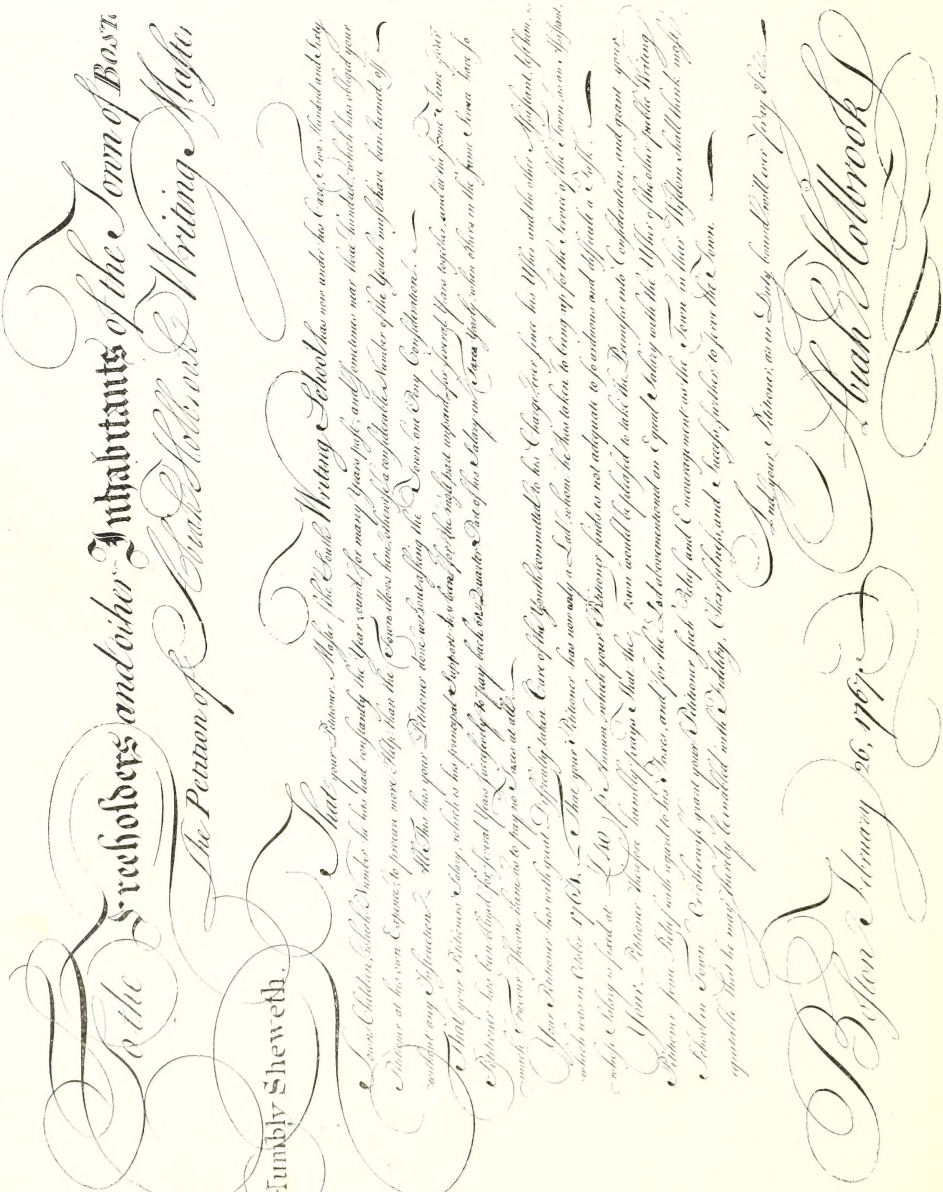
A COMMITTEE of the town of Boston, appointed to "make a visitation of the schools," reported at the "March meeting," in 1758, that they "found in the South Grammar School 115 scholars; in the South Writing School, 240; in the North Grammar School, 36; in the North Writing School, 220; in the Writing School in Queen Street, 230, —all in very good order." A relic of the South Writing School has fortunately escaped the vicissitudes of a hundred and thirty years, and brings before us many suggestions of men and affairs of that most interesting period of our history immediately preceding the Revolution. It is a copy-book of the school, and contains specimens of the penmanship of the owner, of the master, and of several pupils or assistants, all of whom were men in young manhood, and notable in the history of the period.

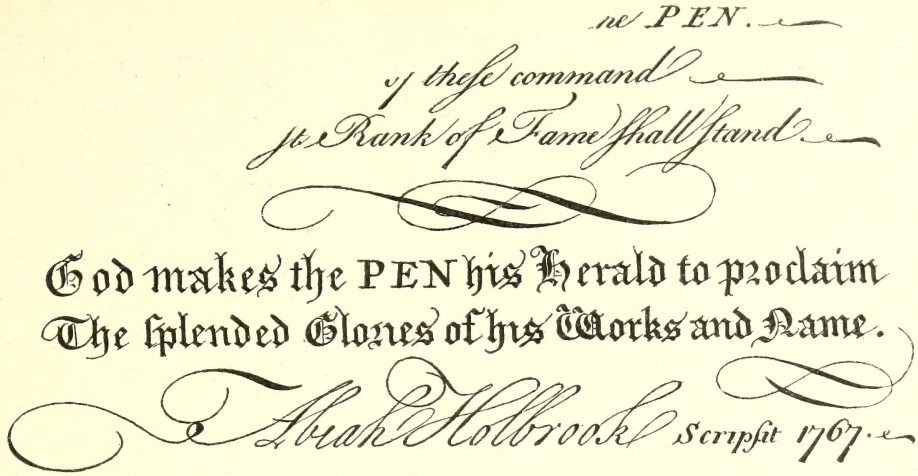


JOSEPH WARD.

The South Writing School was the fourth public school provided by the town, and was established in 1717. A school building was erected upon the Common, "adjoining to Cowells lott, over against Mr. Wheelwright's." This was where is now the corner of Mason and West streets. The Gun House was close by, a board fence separating the two buildings, the Common at that time extending to Mason street, beyond the present line of Tremont street. An interesting incident connecting these buildings with the patriot cause is a matter of history and tradition. Early in 1775 the patriot citizens learned that it was the intention of Governor Gage to seize all the arms in the town. It was rightly supposed that the guns of the Artillery Company would be first taken. A plan was laid by which two of the guns were taken out of the Gun House, carried across the yard, and secreted for a time in the school house. The British troops guarded the Gun House, to the extent, at least, of placing a sentinel at the front door. At roll-call, when the attention of the sentinel was engaged, a party passed from the school house through the yard, dismounted two of the brass cannon, carried them to the school room and concealed them in the huge wood-box used for storing fuel at that time. Many of the boys must have been in

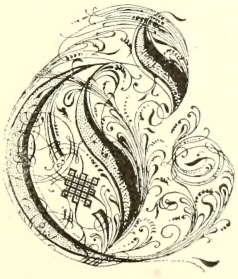
the secret. In a few hours the guns were missed, search was made, including the school-room, and tradition says that Master Holbrook, being lame, had excuse for not rising, and kept his lame leg resting upon the wood box while the soldiers were present, and the guns remained concealed. They were spirited away at night and were hidden in a coal yard at the South End until the patriot troops occupied Boston. These guns did good service afterwards for the American cause. They were named "Hancock" and "Adams," and may now be seen in the room at Bunker



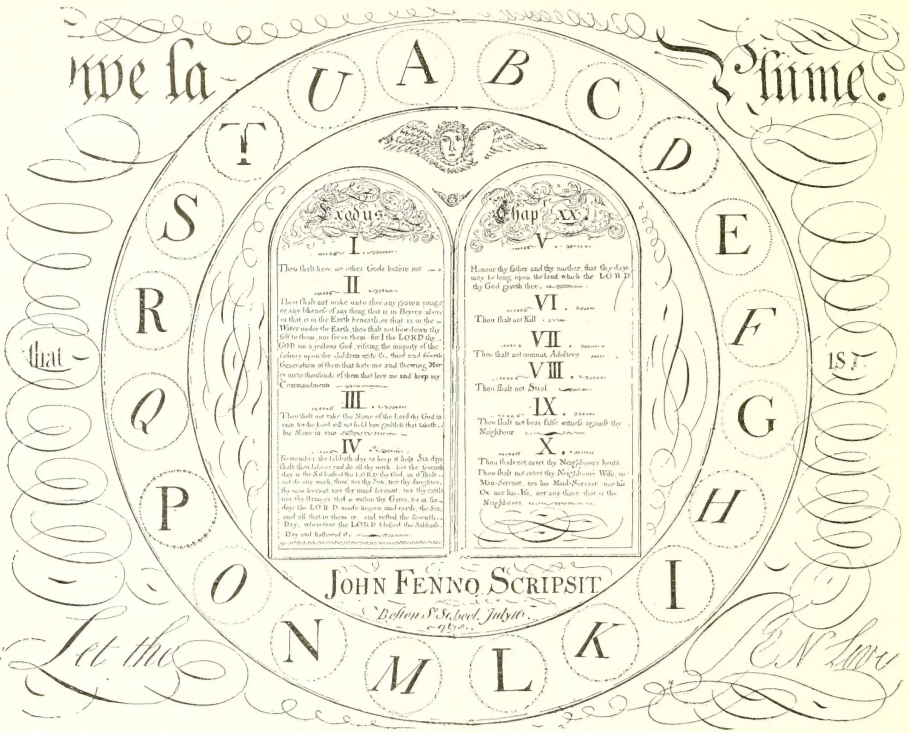


Hill Monument. At the period brought before us by the old copy-book Abiah Holbrook was the master of the South Writing School. In 1764 the town voted "Mr. Holbrook a salary of 100 pounds, and Mr. John Vinal, usher in the Writing School in the Common, fifty pounds." The distinction between the "reading school" and the "writing school" is not very clear, but we find it defined by vote of the town in setting up a "Reading School, where the children shall be taught to spell, accent, and read both prose and verse, and also be instructed in English Grammar and Composition." In the writing schools were taught "writing, also Arithmetic in the usual branches of it taught in the town schools, including vulgar and decimal fractions."

Specimen pages of this old copy-book have been taken for the illustration of this article—pages written by Abiah Holbrook, Joseph Ward, John Fenno and William Molineux, all of whom were men in early manhood. It is not unlikely that at this South Writing School John Hancock acquired that bold signature which George the Third was doubtless "able to read without spectacles." These young men may have been attendants at this South Writing School as volunteer assistants, or as pupils. The former is the more plausible conclusion, as there were private schools in the town where such instruction could have been had. As early as 1724 "the learned and ingenious Mr. Granger" began an evening school, "for writing and accompts and the Mathematics." Richard Champion opened a school in 1730, in which he proposed "to teach writing, arithmetic, navigation, and other parts of mathematics." In 1755 Mr. William Elphinstone proposed "to open a school in Long Lane (now Bedford Street) to teach persons of both sexes, from 12 to 50 years of age, who never wrote before, to write a good hand in 5 weeks, at one hour per day."



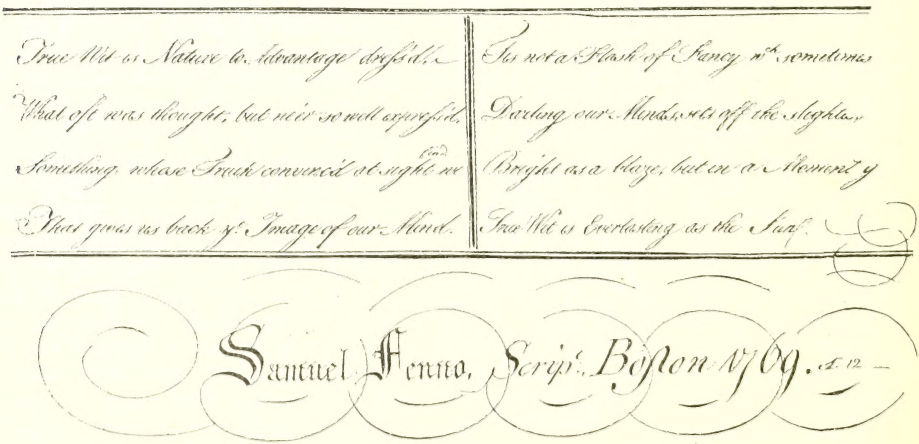
At the March meeting of 1767 a petition was presented from Abiah Holbrook, the master of the South Writing School. The original draft, or, at least, a "fair copy," made at the school at the time, has been preserved, and is here reproduced in a reduced fac-simile (page 404). The original is quite a formidable document, twelve by sixteen inches in size, still in excellent preservation, the ink unfaded and the paper but little worn. Our Boston poet many years ago wrote:

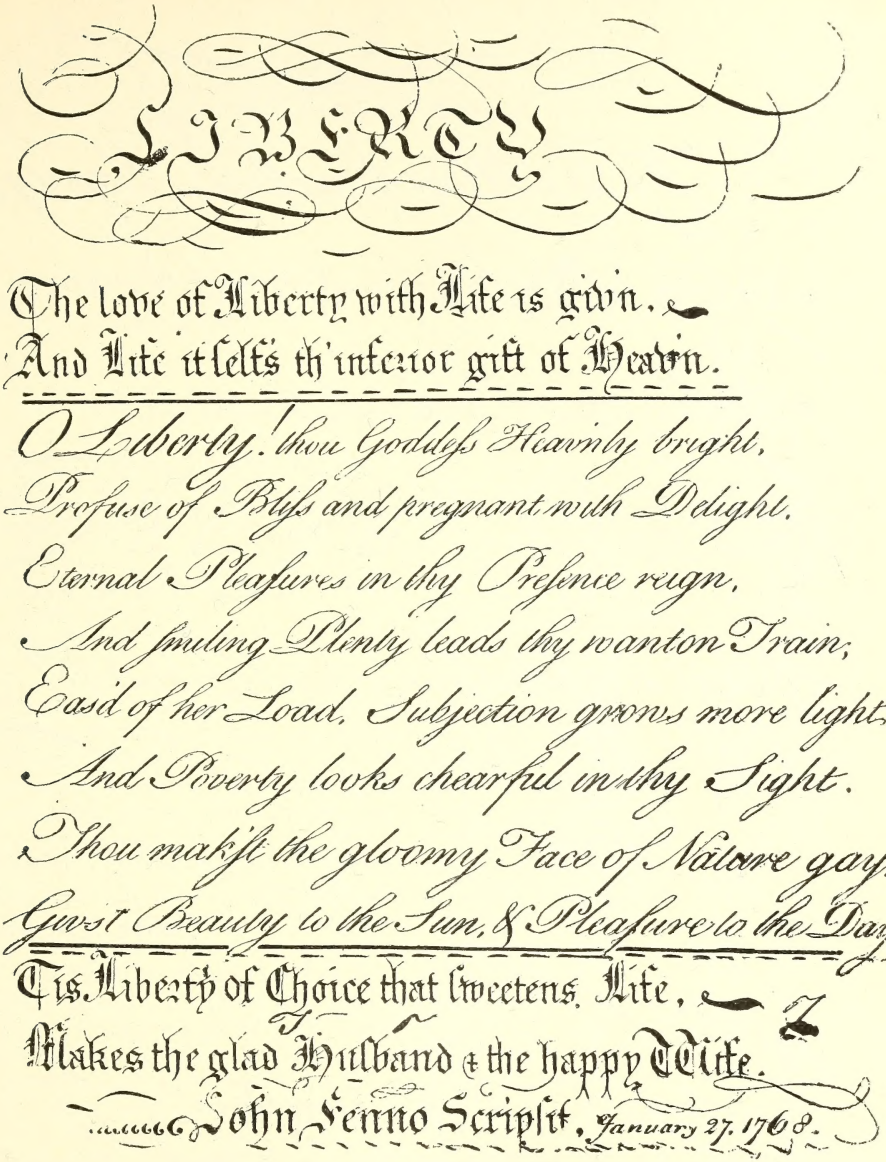


"Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer;
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth."

These papers of the South Writing School may well be added to the list, for after a hundred and thirty years here they are still fresh and legible; and if the maker of the paper and the recipe for the ink could now be had, the Secretary of the Commonwealth would seek no farther to secure the durability of the archives.

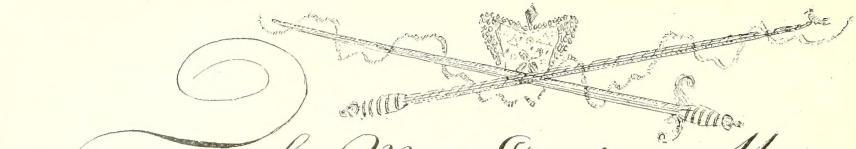
This petition of Master Holbrook accounts, perhaps, for the presence of these young men, Ward, Fenno, Molineux. He says he "has now under his





care Two Hundred and sixty town children, which number he has constantly had the year round for many years past, and sometimes near three hundred, which has obliged your Petitioner at his own expense to procure more help than the town allows him, otherwise a considerable number of the youth must have been turned off without any instruction."

We regret to learn that Mr. Holbrook's salary was sometimes "left for the most part unpaid for years together," and that he "paid back one Quarter Part of his salary in Taxes yearly"; and yet there are those now who contend that we are greatly "burdened by the taxes of an iniquitous tariff system." The town voted some relief to Master Holbrook, but he did



To his Most Excellent Majesty,

George the Third, KING of Great Britain,

France, and Ireland, &c. &c. &c.

THIS WORK

With all due Submission, is humbly Inscribed,

By His Majesty's Most dutiful

Subject, and Servant

Joseph Champion

Joseph Wood sculpsit.

Boston. New-England.

1760

not live long to enjoy it, for he died January 27, 1769, and we find his tomb-stone in the Granary Burying Ground, where it is recorded:

"Beneath are deposited the remains of

Abiah Holbrook

Who lived beloved and useful

Fifty-one years

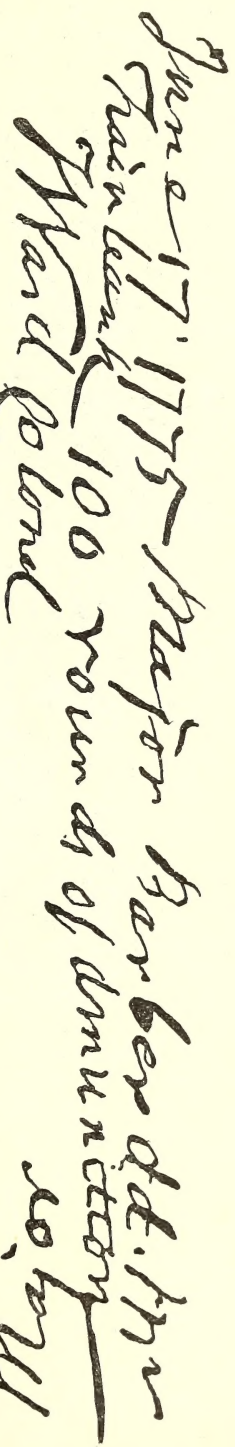
And died regretted and lamented

January 27th, 1769.

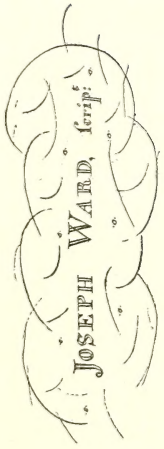
Still speaks the instruction from the solemn shade
Ye living learn the lessons of the dead,
Repine not that these dreary vaults conclude
A life of labors for the public good.
Calm sleeps the flesh; far distant, unconfined,
In joys unbounded walks the immortal mind."

The pages of the old copy-book of the South Writing School are very suggestive. There is great variety of chirography—English and German text, Roman letters, illuminated initials, geometrical borders, etc., which go to show a taste and skill which puts to shame the carelessness and indifference of most penmanship of the present day. The black, red and blue inks used still show as clear and fresh as when written one hundred and thirty years ago. Can we predict as much of the modern "improvements" over the powders and quills then in use?

The owner and principal writer of the copy-book was Joseph Ward, already, in 1768, a teacher, as we shall presently recall. But first let us note that his personal friendship (and he was also moved, doubtless, by his joy in good work) led him to preserve several pages written by John Fenno (pp. 406, 407) and one by William Molineux (p. 416), both young men over thirty years of age, the former a man of letters and the latter a merchant, prosperous, influential, one of the leading men of the town, an active leader in all the patriotic events of the period until his too early death in 1774. Space will not permit to write in detail of his many services on committees, from the planning of the Tea Party in the "Green Dragon" till his death. Molineux was one of the committee of seven who went from the Old South Church to demand of Governor Hutchinson the removal of the troops after the Boston massacre in 1770. While Samuel Adams was the spokesman, his words had added strength because such men as Molineux, Warren and Hancock were with him. The next day Colonel Dalrymple requested that one of the committee accompany the troops in the passage through the streets, and William Molineux walked beside Colonel Dalrymple down King Street to Wheelwright's Wharf.



The town of Boston undertook to supply wool, spinning



Senatus Academiæ

Cantabrigiensis in Nov Anglia omnibus in CHRISTO fidelibus, præsentes has Literas inspecturis vel audeturis Salutem in DOMINO Sempiternam.

Notum facimus præsentes, quod nos (consentientibus honorandis admodum et reverendis Academiæ nostræ Inspectoribus) Die vicesimo primo Julii Anno Dominii millesimo septingentesimo sexagesimo secundo admisimus Dominum **A. B.** antedictæ Academiæ Alumnum, ad Gradum Primum scil. Baccalaurei in Artibus, dantes et concedentes ei omnia ad Insignia, Jura, Privilegia, Dignitates, et Honores, ad Gradum istum spectantia.

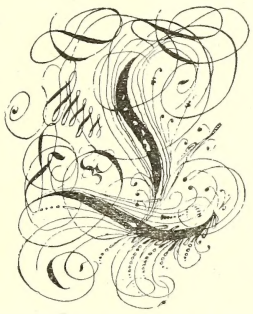
In cujus Rei Testimonium, Literis hisce communi Academiæ Sigillo munitis, Nomina nostra subscripsimus, Cantabrigiæ, Anno Salutis humanæ supradicto.

Edwardus Holyoke — Præses
Nathanael Appleton S.T.D.
Belcher Hancock
Thomas Marsh — Socii
J. Winthrop Math. & Phil. Prof. F.R.S.
Andreas Eliot S.T.D.
Thomas Hubbard — Thesaurarius.

N.B. The 2d. D. exactly same as above, ad Gradum Magistri in Artibus, &c.

wheels and teachers for the conduct of spinning schools, the poor to be employed and the product to be sold to the manufacturers of "shalloons, camblets, calimancoes," and other goods. William Molineux disbursed the money appropriated by the town for this purpose. This foremost patriot died in 1774, "a martyr by his zeal and ardor for the patriot cause," says a contemporary writer. It is a curious irony of fate that Major Molineux should have a false place in literature at the hands of both Longfellow and Hawthorne. The despite done to his memory by the former is less serious than that of the latter. In the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," in the prelude, the poet writes of the famous hostelry:

"And flashing on the window pane
Emblazoned with its light and shade,
The jovial rhymes that still remain,
Writ near a century ago
By the great Major Molineaux
Whom Hawthorne has immortal made."



It is not needed to know the character and position of the "great major" to see that the "jovial rhymes" were writ by his son, William, Jr., for he signed his name to them on the pane. These are the rhymes:

"What do you think
Here is good drink
Perhaps you may not know it.
If not in haste
Do stop and taste
You merry folks will show it."
"Boston, 24th June, 1774.
"William Molineaux, Jr."

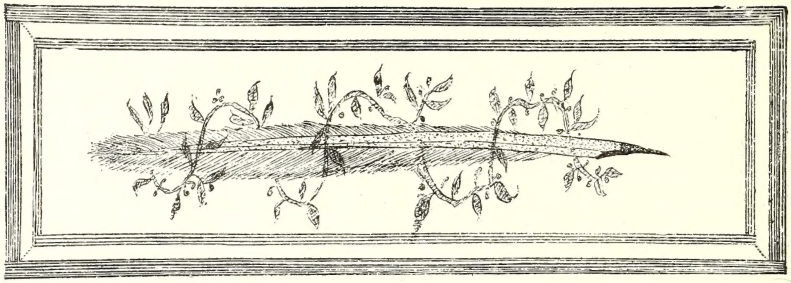
Not long after, William, Jr., was roughly handled in an altercation with some of the Welsh troops. The sentiments of the family were well known to the soldiers.

Longfellow says: "Whom Hawthorne has immortal made." If the reader will turn to "A Snow Image, and Other Twice Told Tales," it will be seen that the kind of immortality given the "great major" by Hawthorne is of doubtful value; in short, it completely reverses his character, and sends him down to posterity as a hated tory, tarred and feathered by his outraged neighbors. One of the tales is entitled "My Kinsman, Major Molineux." At the culmination Hawthorne writes: "Right before Robin's eyes was an uncovered cart. There the torches blazed brightest, there the moon shone out like day, and there in tar and feathery dignity sat his kinsman, Major Molineux." Let us hope that proper apologies have long since been made as these shades have walked by the Styx, "the Furies' silent river." So much for the suggestions of this page of the old copy-book writ by the great patriot, Major Molineux.

Space will not permit to dwell long upon these pages bearing the legend, "John Fenno Scripsit." Fenno was secretary and aid to General Artemas Ward at the opening of the war. His order book is preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society. He kept the Granary at one time.* Fenno afterwards went to Philadelphia, publishing a newspaper of considerable influence for many years. He was a life-long correspondent of his friend Joseph Ward, the owner of this copy-book.

Joseph Ward, at this period, was a teacher, with experience in several neighboring towns, and was now thirty years old, having been born in Newton in 1737. It is probable that Ward was one of the assistants referred to by Master Holbrook in his petition. A few years later he set up for himself as master of a school in Boston. We find in the Boston

*The Granary was built by the town for the storage and distribution of grain at cost to the poor. The building was designed to hold twelve thousand bushels. It was a long, low building, on that part of the Common where is now Park Street Church, next to the burial ground, to which its name now adheres. A memorial tablet should mark the site. In its ample spaces the sails of the *Constitution* were fashioned.



THE Writing Masters INVITATION, AND INSTRUCTION.

Come Youths this Charming Sight behold,
With Lawrel Plumb'd a Pen of Gold.
If You would win this Glorious Prize,
Do as your Master shall Advise,
Till you, from Learners, Masters grown,
Make both the Bays & Gold your own.

Come Listen Youths, and I'll Display
To this rare Art a Certain Way.
He that in Writing would improve,
Must first with Writing fall in Love;
For true Love, for true Pains will call,
And that's the Charm that Conquers All.

Three things bear mighty Sway with Men,
The Sword, the Scepter, and the PEN;

Who can the least of these Command,
In the First Rank of Fame will Stand.

Labor Omnia Vincit.

Joseph Ward Scripsit. 1760

Gazette in September, 1772, this announcement:

"The subscriber, informs the Gentlemen and Ladies in Town, that he purposes to open an ENGLISH GRAMMAR SCHOOL for the instruction of Youth, in a House adjoining to the Treasurer's Office; now improved by Mr. Greenleaf. From 8 o'clock to 11 in the Morning and from 2 to 5 in the Afternoon he will teach Reading and Grammar; and from 11 to 12 in the Morning and from 5 to 6 in the Afternoon, will teach Writing, Arithmetic, English Grammar, Logic and Composition, Elegant Letter Writing, &c. Price 15s per Quarter. No Fire Money or Entrance will be required. . . . As many Gentlemen have recommended such a school as being much wanted in the town, and encouraged the subscriber to open one, he hopes for the double satisfaction of promoting the Public Interest and his own. As he has spent many Years in teaching Youth, he apprehends, by the application of the Rules which he has collected from Observation and Experience he can learn children to read in less than half the time they commonly spend in learning; and in a short Time correct a bad Pronunciation, which they often contract, and if not early corrected becomes habitual, and is a lasting Blemish to their Reading or Discourse.

"The knowledge of English Grammar, Logic, and Composition is so essential in Education that no person can make any Figure in the Lettered World without it; therefore it must be a great advantage to those who have not had a polite Education to acquire those Parts of Learning. Polite Letter Writing on Business, Friendship, &c is a very necessary Accomplishment for Youth. Young Masters and Misses who are arrived to Years of Understanding may acquire a sufficient Knowledge in Grammar and Composition in a short Time.

"Gentlemen and Ladies who incline to send their Children to the School above mentioned are desired to engage them soon (for the School will be opened as soon as a sufficient Number are engaged), and leave their Names with the Printers of this Advertisement, or with the Subscriber at his Lodgings, Mrs. Holbrook's, near the Common.

"Boston, Sept. 30, 1772. Joseph Ward.

"☞ If a sufficient number should offer, for an Evening School, to be instructed in any of the above Branches of Learning, the School will be kept Monday and Wednesday Evenings.

"N. B. As a number of Children are already engaged the School will be opened the Second Monday in October."

This Boston schoolmaster had already become a frequent contributor to the press, and in the same paper containing the above advertisement was an article half a column in length, signed "America Solon," upon the menace to the people in having Judges of the Courts receive salaries from the Crown, and so dependent on the Crown, making them "servile tools to a despotic minister." Colonel Ward, before his death in 1812, affixed his initials to such of his articles as he had preserved, and these excerpts from the *Boston Gazette* and *Country Journal*, the *News Letter*, the *New Hampshire Gazette*, running from 1771 to 1785, off and on, show that Ward was indefatigable in arousing the patriotic spirit which was to set the colonies on fire. He was, in fact, one of the makers of the Revolution—a fact which has hitherto been mostly overlooked by writers upon that period. A few brief extracts will show the spirit of this young school master. In the *Boston Gazette*, August, 1771, is an open letter to Governor Hutchinson:

"Tell the Ministry, tell the King, that the plans which they are pursuing to tax the colonies and subject them to arbitrary power will end in the destruction of the nation. Tell them that the day is fast approaching wherein the union between America and Great Britain *will be dissolved.*"

A little later occur these prophetic words, in an open letter to the King:

"Judge whether the late conduct of Great Britain towards America will not, if persisted in, dissolve the union between the two countries, and America become a separate state."

In August, 1772, Ward wrote in an article "To the people of America":

"I answer that if no regard was paid to our united complaint, we should be justified in the sight of the world, if we sought a remedy another way, I mean *set up a government of our own, independent of Great Britain.*"

Professor Hosmer, in his Life of Samuel Adams, says (page 334):

"Among the leading statesmen of America, independence was the desire of Samuel Adams alone." Again (page 373):

On Marriage



Before Marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the Faults of the Person beloved, nor after it too dim sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the Person appears to you at a distance, you will find many Blemishes and Imperfections in their Humour, upon a more intimate Acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected.—Here therefore Discretion and Good-nature are to shew their Strength; the first will hinder your Thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of Compassion and Humanity, and by degrees soften those very Imperfections into Beauties.

In Nuptials blest, each loose Desire we shun;
Nor Time can end what Innocence begun.

Marriage the happiest State of Life would be,
If Hands were only joind where Hearts agree.

Joseph Ward Scripsit. 1768

"We have passed in review the great figures of our Revolutionary epoch, one by one, and seen that neither then, seven years before the Declaration of Independence, nor long after, was there a man except Samuel Adams who looked forward to it and worked for it."

The spirit and vigor of the writings of this Boston schoolmaster were so in harmony with those of Otis and Samuel Adams that it is not surprising that his articles, signed by a *nom de plume* only, have been attributed to others who have been more fortunate in being recognized by historians. In Wells's Life of Samuel Adams, and reproduced by Professor Hosmer, is an extract taken from the *Boston Gazette* of Sept. 23, 1773, signed "Observation." It is given as from the pen of Samuel Adams. A copy of the paper is before the writer, on which Colonel Ward, before his death, placed his initials, as the author of the article in question. He wrote:

"As I have long contemplated the subject with fixed attention, I beg leave to offer a proposal to my countrymen, viz.: That a congress of American states be assembled as soon as possible to draw up a *Bill of Rights*, and publish it to the world; choose an Ambassador to reside at the British Court, to act for the united colonies; appoint where the congress shall annually meet, and how it may be summoned upon any extraordinary occasion; what farther steps are necessary to be taken, &c. . . . That Great Britain should continue to *insult* and *alienate* the growing millions who inhabit this country, on whom she greatly depends, and on whose alliance in future time her existence as a nation may be depended, is perhaps as glaring an instance of human folly as ever disgraced politicians or put common sense to the blush."

It is little wonder that these words were attributed to Samuel Adams; but that they were written by Joseph Ward is indisputable. We have his own attestation of the fact. The importance of making this correction public is that what fame justly attaches to being the first to suggest the assembling of a Continental Congress, which was to formulate the immortal Declaration, belongs to this Boston schoolmaster.

The faith of this man in the future of America was sublime, and at the same time soberly prophetic. In the *Boston Gazette* of January 27, 1772, we read:

"Let all who would tax Americans consider and weigh well the following considerations. The number of people in British America, according to their increase in years past, will, in a little more than twenty years, be equal to those in Great Britain. In fifty years they will be double; and in a century from this time they will amount to sixty millions. Can anyone imagine this vast country, with such a multitude of people, will long be in slavish subjection to Britain? He may as well suppose she will govern the whole universe."

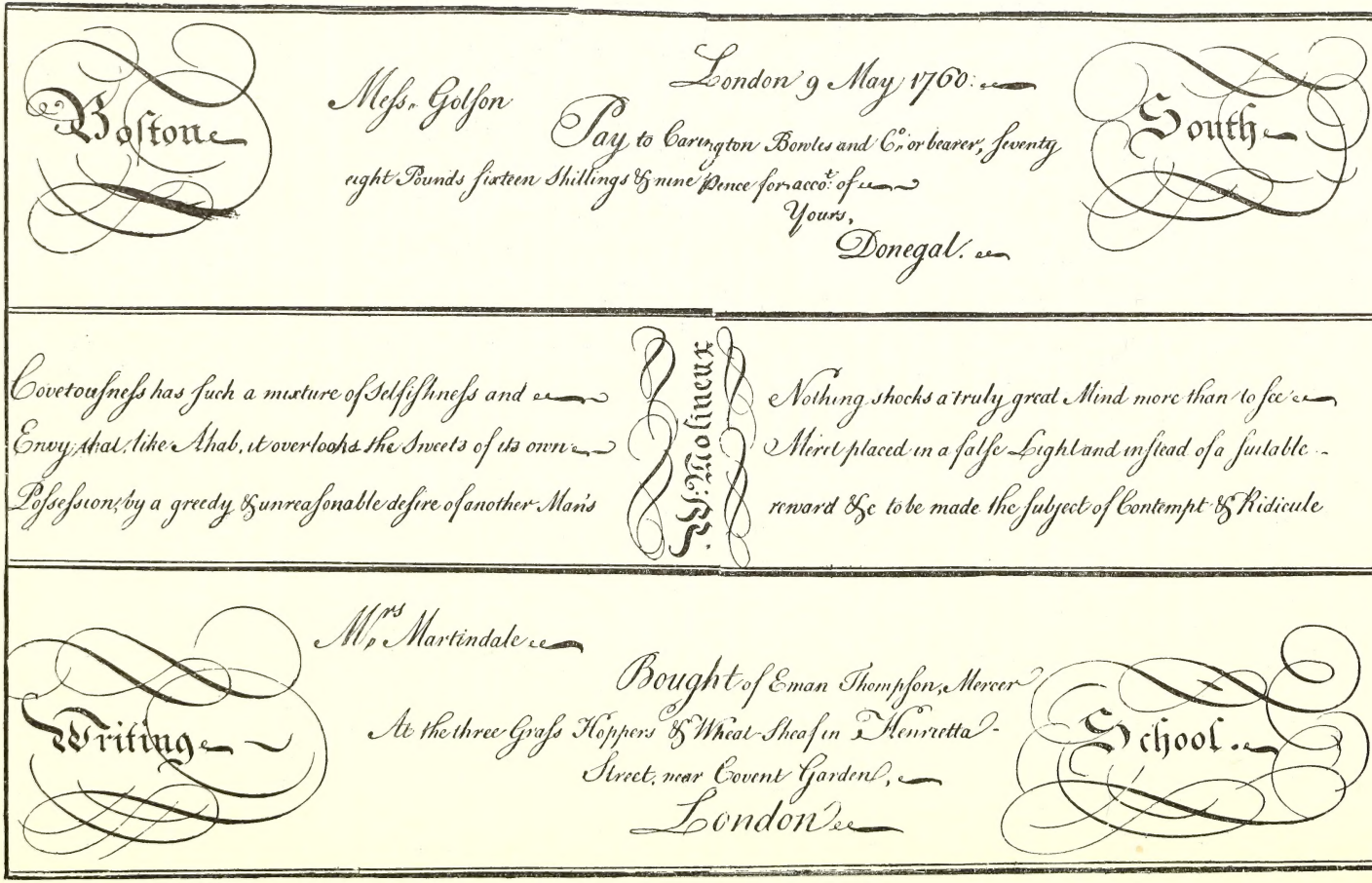
Our schoolmaster knew the value of educating the people in the principles of government. He anticipated the recent spread of "Good Citizenship" courses of lectures. In the *Boston Gazette* of November 25, 1771, he wrote:

"No institution can better answer the end of government, or tend so much to the preservation of freedom, as the establishment of annual political lectures in the capital town of each Province, or County, in the Kingdom. Such an institution is begun in Massachusetts Bay, and will, we hope, soon be established in every British Province in America, and in each county in Great Britain and Ireland. By annual lectures on government the attention of everyone will be engaged in contemplating this important subject, and deliberating on every interesting matter relating to the general welfare. In these lectures the public interest will be held up to view, errors in government pointed out, and the people instructed in everything relating to their prosperity and happiness."

In the same article Ward proposed America as the asylum for the oppressed of Ireland:

"Should the sons of virtue in Britain and Ireland, after all their noble efforts in the cause of freedom, be borne down by the torrent of despotism, and liberty be extinguished in British realms, America will open her arms wide to receive them; on her friendly bosom of peace and liberty they may spend their tranquil days, and breathe their last in the pure air of freedom."

In the Essex *Gazette*, October 29, 1771, Ward wrote, in an article entitled "Independency," and signed


Boston
Messr. Golson
London 9 May 1760.
Pay to Carrington Bowles and Co. or bearer, Seventy
eight Pounds sixteen Shillings & nine Pence for acco.t of
Yours,
Donegal.
South
Covetousness has such a mixture of Selfishness and
Envy that, like Ahab, it overlooks the Sweets of its own
Possession by a greedy & unreasonable desire of another Man's
Sentences
Nothing shocks a truly great Mind more than to see
Merit placed in a false Light and instead of a suitable
reward &c to be made the subject of Contempt & Ridicule
Writing
Mrs. Martindale
Bought of Eman Thompson, Mercer
At the three Grass Hoppers & Wheat-Sheaf in Henrietta
Street, near Covent Garden,
London
School

"Foresight," after predicting the decay of Great Britain's power:

"America is young, and will have its day: she will undoubtedly rise to eminence and great glory, long survive the death of her parent state, and flourish in freedom when Britain (like many other once famous kingdoms) shall live only in the historic page."

It is pleasant to note that our Boston master held views upon the education of woman far in advance of his time; it was a hundred years before Boston admitted girls to the opportunities of a High School that he wrote in the *New Hampshire Gazette* for March 2, 1770:

"To the shame of all nations under heaven be it spoken, the education of the female sex is generally neglected by the public; if their parents are not able to instruct them (as is often the case, for the poor generally have the most children), they, however adorned by nature and amiable in their minds, must grope through life in the darkness of ignorance."

The above extracts are but short excerpts from long articles written for the press by Joseph Ward. The signatures were "Foresight," "Observation," "American Solon," "An American," "Consideration." The latter occurs most frequently. The number of the *Boston Gazette* for September 27, 1773, has two articles by him, the one signed "Observation," quoted above, another signed "W.," equally interesting, but space forbids extended quotation. Enough has been shown to prove that this Boston schoolmaster had much to do in creating the "spirit of '76." He was one of the makers of the Revolution and of independence.

Joseph Ward was not only a man of letters who helped to make the Revolution, but a man of action who helped to carry it on to a successful issue. His career as a soldier began when the British regiments marched from Boston to Lexington and Concord. Before daylight he reached his father's house at Newton, where he secured a musket and joined the militia gathering from all the towns around. There was no return to the plow or workshop for him. It was "*deponite libros*" for him as well as for Master Lovell—and with far different results, for on April 20 "General Heath, at 11 A. M., appointed Mr. Joseph Ward, a gentleman of abilities, his *aid-de-camp* and secretary, who entered upon the duties of his new office. This was the first appointment of the kind in the American army." (Heath's Memoirs, p. 16.) The Massachusetts "Congress," on May 19, appointed General Artemas Ward commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces raised for the defence of this and the other colonies. On taking command of the army the next day at Cambridge, General Ward appointed Joseph Ward *aid-de-camp* and secretary. In this capacity Ward was active at the battle of Bunker Hill, passing from Cambridge to Charlestown and returning more than once, under the cross fire of the British batteries. It is said that on this occasion a broadside from a British gunboat was directed exclusively to this "solitary horseman." However this may be, it is certain that Washington, on arriving at Cambridge and learning of the notable services of this *aid-de-camp*, presented him with a testimonial, a pair of pistols, now reverently cherished by Colonel Ward's descendants. It is interesting to note that the only scrap of writing known to have been written at the battle of Bunker Hill is an order of Joseph Ward, our Boston writing master (then aid to General Artemas Ward), discovered in the Massachusetts archives. It was reproduced in Edward Everett Hale's article upon the Siege of Boston, in the Memorial History of Boston, and by the courtesy of the publishers is again reproduced for this article (page 409).

Ward was Secretary of the first Council of War held by request of Washington on his arrival at Cambridge.

On the 10th of April, 1777, the Continental Congress appointed Joseph Ward Commissary General of Musters, with the rank of Colonel. Towards the close of 1788 Colonel Ward was taken

prisoner, and confined several months at Flatbush, Long Island. The sufferings of prisoners of war are not easily realized except by those who have experienced them. The release of Colonel Ward was obtained in April, 1779, by exchange for a British officer, the Governor and Council of Massachusetts having exerted themselves greatly to that end. Colonel Ward rejoined the army, which was then in New Jersey. The muster department was discontinued in January, 1780, and Congress expressed by vote its satisfaction with the manner in which the duties of the principal officer of this department had been performed. Washington wrote to Colonel Ward:

"You have my thanks for your constant attention to the business of your department, the manner of its execution, and your ready and pointed compliance with all my orders, and I cannot help adding on this occasion, for the zeal you have discovered at all times and under all circumstances to promote the good of the service in general and the great objects of our cause."

Colonel Ward says, in his reply: "Should any act of mine survive to distant posterity, may it be this testimony—that I served five years in the armies of America, under the command of General Washington, and witnessed the even tenor of his life, guided by patriotism, magnanimity and virtue."

Shortly after this Colonel Ward was appointed by Congress Commissary of Prisoners; but he did not take the appointment. The long war was approaching the end, which could now be foreseen, and Colonel Ward engaged in business in Boston, and to some extent continued to mould public opinion through the press. General Knox wrote to Colonel Ward in July, 1780:

"The employment which you say you exercise at present, viz., that of endeavoring to revive the spirit of '74 and '75, though not very lucrative to you, yet is very important to your country. If the old spirit revive not, we die, politically die."

Colonel Ward and John Adams were frequent correspondents until the death of the former in 1812. Their letters might well be published, and would throw new light upon the politics of the period, especially the ex-President's caustic criticism of the men and times.

Colonel Ward was a considerable loser by his investments in the Massachusetts Bills of Credit. Indeed, his too buoyant public spirit proved his financial ruin. The state debt was scaled down, Georgia recalled the title to two hundred thousand acres of land which Colonel Ward had purchased under a state law, and in the first attempt to introduce a water supply to the town of Boston in 1802, by aqueduct, Colonel Ward acquired a quarter interest in the enterprise, which proved premature and a failure; so that at the death of this patriot of the Revolution the principal part of his estate was a pew in the Old South Meeting House.

The career of this Boston schoolmaster was so distinctly honorable and patriotic in private and public life, that his name should be writ large by every one who strives to recall the period of the Revolution to future ages.

ST. CATHERINE'S.

By Arthur Willis Colton.

ST. CATHERINE'S was the life work of an old priest, who is remembered now and presently will be forgotten. There are gargoyles over the entrance aside, with their mouths open to express astonishment. They spout rain water at times; but that is no matter, you need not get under them; and there are towers, and buttresses, a great clock, a gilded cross, and roofs that go dimly heavenward.

St. Catherine's is new. The neighborhood squats around it in different pathetic attitudes. Opposite there should be the saloon of the wooden-legged man whose name I forget; then the three groceries whose cabbages all look unpleasant; the parochial school with the green lattice; and all those little wooden houses, — where lives, for instance, the dressmaker who funnily calls herself "Modiste." Beyond the street the land drops down to the freight yards.

But Father Connell died about the time they finished the east oriel, and Father Harra reigned over the house of the old man's dreams, — a red-faced man, a high feeder, who looked as new as the church and said the virtues of Father Connell were reducing his flesh. That would seem to be no harm; but Father Harra meant it humorously. Father Connell had stumped about too much among the workmen in the cold and wet, else there had been no need of his dying at eighty-eight. His tall black hat became a relic that hung in the tiring room, and he cackled no more in his thin voice the noble Latin of the service. Peace to his soul! The last order he wrote related to the position of the Christ figure and the inscription, "Come unto me, weary and heavy-laden: I will give you rest." But the figure was not in place till the mid-December following.

And it was the day before Christmas that Father Harra had a fine service, with his boy choir and all; and Chubby Locke sang a solo, "Angels ever bright and fair," that was all dripping with tears, so to speak, — and Chubby Locke was an imp too! All around the altar the candles were lighted, and there hung a cluster of gas jets over the head of the Christ figure on the edge of the south transept. So fine it was that Father Harra came out of his room into the aisle (when the people were gone, saying how fine it was, — and the sexton was

putting out the gas here and there), to walk up and down and think about it, especially how he should keep up with the virtues of Father Connell. Duskier and duskier it grew, as the candles went out cluster by cluster till only those in the south transept were left; and Dennis, coming there, stopped and grunted.

"What!" said Father Harra.

"It's asleep he is," said the sexton. "It's a b'y, yer riverence."

"Why, so it is! He went to sleep during the service. Hm — well — they often do that, Dennis."

"Anyways he don't belong here," said Dennis.

"Think so? I don't know about that. Wait a bit. I don't know about that, Dennis."

The boy lay curled up on the seat, — a newsboy, by the papers that had slipped from his arms. But he did not look businesslike, and he did not suggest the advantages of being poor in America. One does not become a capitalist or president by going to church and to sleep in the best of business hours, from four to six, when the streets are stirring with men on their way to dinners, cigars and evening papers. The steps of St. Catherine's are not a bad place to sell papers after vespers, and one might as well go in, to be sure, and be warm while the service lasts; only, as I said, if one falls asleep, one does not become a capitalist or president immediately. Father Harra considered, and Dennis waited respectfully.

"It's making plans I am against your natural rest, Dennis. I'm that inconsiderate of your feelings to think of keeping St. Catherine's open this night. And why? Look ye, Dennis. St. Catherine's is getting itself consecrated these days, being new, and of course — But I tell ye, Dennis, it's a straight church doctrine that the blessings of the poor are a good assistance to the holy wather."

"An' me wid children of me own to be missin' their father this Christmas Eve!" began Dennis indignantly.

"Who wouldn't mind, the little villains, if their father had another dollar of Christmas morning to buy 'em presents."

"Ah, well," said the sexton," yer riverence is that persuadin'."

"It's plain enough for ye to see yourself, Dennis, though thick-headed somewhat. There you are: 'Come unto me, weary and heavy-laden:' and here he is. Plain enough. And who are the weary and heavy-laden in this city?"

"Yer riverence will be meanin' everybody," chuckled Dennis.

"Think so? Rich and poor and all? Stuff! I don't believe it. Not tonight. It'll be the outcasts, I'm thinking, Dennis. Come on."

"An' the b'y, yer riverence?"

"The what? Oh, why, yes, yes. He's all right. I don't see anything the matter with him. He's come."

It was better weather to go with the wind than against it, for the snow drove in gritty particles, and the sidewalks made themselves disagreeable and apt to slip out from under a person. Little spurts of snow danced up St. Catherine's roofs and went off the ridgepoles in puffs. It ought to snow on Christmas Eve; but it rightly should snow with better manners and not be so cold. The groceries closed early. The wooden-legged saloon man looked over the curtains of his window.

"I don't know vat for Fater Harra tack up dings dis time by his kurch door, 'Come — come in here.' Himmel! der Irishman!"

Father Harra turned in to his supper, and thought how he would trouble Father Connell's reputation for enterprise and what a fine bit of constructive ability himself was possessed of.

The great central door of St. Catherine's stood open, so that the drift blew in and piled in windrows on the cold floor of the vestibule. The tall front of the church went up into the darkness, pointing to no visible stars; but over the doors two gas jets flickered across the big sign they use for

fairs at the parochial school. "Come in here." The vestibule was dark, barring another gas jet over a side door, with another sign, "Come in here;" and within the great church was dark as well, barring a cluster over the Christ figure. That was all; but Father Harra thought it a neat symbol, looking toward those who go from meagre light through the darkness.

Little noises were in the church all night far up in the pitch darkness of rafter and buttress, as if people were whispering and crying softly to one another. Now and again, too, the swing door would open and remain so for a moment, suspicious, hesitating. But what they did or who they were that opened it could hardly be told in the dusk and distance. Dennis went to sleep in a chair by the chancel rail, and did not care what they did or who they were, granted they kept away from the chancel.

How the wind blew! — and the snow tapped impatiently at stained windows with a multitude of little fingers. But if the noises among the rafters were not merely echoes of the crying and calling wind without, if any presences moved and whispered there, and looked down on flat floor and straight lines of pews, they must have seen the Christ figure, with welcoming hands, dominant by reason of the light about it; and, just on the edge of the circle of light, shapeless things stretched on cushions of pews, and motionless or stirring uneasily. Something now came dimly up the aisle from the swing door, stopped at a pew, and hesitated.

"Git out!" growled a hoarse voice. "Dis my bunk."

The intrduer gave a nervous giggle.

"Begawd!" muttered the hoarse voice. "It's a lady!"

Another voice said something angrily.

"Well," said the first, "it ain't behavin' nice to come into me boodwer."

The owner of the giggle had slipped away and disappeared in a distant pew. In another pew to the right of the aisle a smaller shadow whispered to another:

"Jimmy, that's a statoo up there."

"Who?"

"That. I bet 'e's a king."

"Aw, no 'e ain't. Kings has crowns an' wallups folks."

"Gorry! What for?"

"I don' know."

The other sighed plaintively. "I thought 'e might be a king."

The rest were mainly silent. Someone had a bad cough. Once a sleeper rolled from the seat and fell heavily to the floor. There was an oath or two, a smothered laugh, and the distant owner of the giggle used it nervously. The last was an uncanny sound. The wakened sleeper objected to it. He said he would "like to get hold of her;" and then lay down cautiously on his cushion.

Architects have found that their art is cunning to play tricks with them; whence come whispering galleries, corners of echoes, roofs that crush the voice of the speaker, and roofs that enlarge it. Father Connell gave no orders to shape the roofs of St. Catherine's, that on stormy nights so many odd noises might congregate there, whispering, calling, murmuring, now over the chancel, now the organ, now far up in the secret high places of the roof, now seeming to gather in confidence above the Christ figure and the circle of sleepers; or, if one vaguely imagined some inquisitively errant beings moving overhead, it would seem that newcomers constantly entered, to whom it had all to be explained.

But against that eager motion in the darkness above, the Christ figure below was most bright in his long garment, most quiet and secure. The cluster of gas jets over his head made light but a little distance around, then softened the dusk for another distance, and beyond seemed not to touch the darkness at all. The dusk was a debatable space. The sleepers all lay in the debatable space. They may

have sought it by instinct; but the more one looked at them the more they seemed like dull half-animate things, over whom the light and the darkness made their own compromises and the people up in the roof their own comments.

The clock in the steeple struck the hours; in the church the tremble was felt more than the sound was heard. The chimes each hour started their message, "Good will and peace;" but the wind went after it and howled it down, and the snow did not cease its petulance at the windows.

* * * * *

At six o'clock these windows glimmered a little. Here and there the colors were suggested. The man with the hoarse voice sat up, leaned over the back of the seat and touched his neighbor, who rose noiselessly, a huge fat man and unkempt.

"Time to slope," whispered the first, motioning toward the chancel.

The other followed his motion.

"What's up there?"

"You're ignorance, you are. That's where they gives the show. There's pickin's there."

The two slipped out and stole up the aisle with a peculiar noiseless tread. Even Fat Bill's step could not be heard a rod away. The aisle entered the circle of light before the Christ figure; but the two thieves glided through without haste and without looking up. The smaller, in front, drew up at the end of the aisle, and Fat Bill ran into him. Dennis sat in his chair against the chancel rail, asleep.

"Get onto his whiskers, Bill. Mebbe you'll have to stuff them whiskers down his throat."

There was a nervous giggle behind them. Fat Bill shot into a pew, dragging his comrade after him, and crouched down. "It ain't no use," he whispered, shaking the other angrily. "Church business is bad luck. I allus said so. What's for them blemed noises all night? How'd come they stick that thing up there with the gas over it? What for'd they leave the doors open, an' tell ye to come in, an' keep their damn devils gigglin' around? 'Tain't straight. I won't stand it."

"It's only a woman, Bill," said the other patiently.

He rose on his knees and looked over the back of the seat.

" 'Tain't straight. I won't stand it."

"We won't fight, Bill. We'll get out, if you say so."

The owner of the giggle was sitting up, as they glided back, Fat Bill leading.

"I'll smash yer face," the smaller man said to her.

Bill turned and grabbed his collar.

"You come along."

The woman stared stupidly after, till the swing door closed behind them. Then she put on her hat, decorated with too many disorderly flowers. Most of the sleepers were wakened. The wind outside had died in the night, and the church was quite still; but the windows glowed with the opal and red of stained glass. A man in a dress suit and overcoat sat up in a pew beneath a window, and stared about him. His silk hat lay on the floor. He leaned over the back of the seat and spoke to his neighbor, a tramp in checked trousers.

"How'd I g-get here?" he asked thickly.

"Don' know, pardner," said the tramp cheerfully. "Floated in, same as me?" He caught sight of the white tie and shirt front. "Maybe you'd give a cove a shiner to steady ye out. They don't give breakfasts with lodgin's here."

The woman with the giggle and the broken down flowers on her hat went out next; then a tall, thin man with a beard and a cough; the newsboy with his papers shuffled after, his shoes being too large; then a lame man — something seemed the matter with his hip; and a decent looking woman, who wore a faded shawl over her head and kept it drawn across her face, — she seemed ashamed to be there, as if it did not appear to her a respectable

place; last, two boys, one of them small, but rather stunted than very young. He said:

"'E ain't a king, is 'e, Jimmy? You don' know who 'e is, do you, Jimmy?"

"Naw."

"Say, Jimmy, it was warm, warn't it?"

Dennis came down the aisle, put out the gas, and began to brush the cushions. The clock in the steeple struck eight, and Father Harra came in.

"Christmas, Dennis, Christmas! Hm — anybody been here? What did they think of it?"

Dennis rubbed his nose sheepishly.

"They wint to shleep, sor, an' — an' thin they wint out."

Father Harra looked up at the Christ figure and stroked his red chin.

"I fancied they might see the point," he said slowly. "Well, well, I hope they were warm."

The colored lights from the east oriel fell over the Christ figure and gave it a cheerful look; and from other windows blue and yellow and magical deep sea tints floated in the air, as if those who had whispered unseen in the darkness were now wandering about, silent but curiously visible.

"Yer riverence," said Dennis, "will not be forgettin' me dollar."

FIDDLE AND JIMMIE.

By May McHenry.

FIDDLE and Jimmie were tramps: Fiddle, long and lean, of uncertain age, was the owner of a battered violin in a green calico bag and of a valuable cough that seldom failed to procure hot coffee; Jimmie, eleven and under sized, was mainly appealing brown eyes, fitted to subdue the most autocratic brakeman that ever kicked a deadbeat off a freight car.

The two met at a tramp rendezvous at the water tank outside of Lincoln, Nebraska, after Jimmie had been seven months on the road as a *prushun* for Lone Star Blackie. Before being picked up by the Texan tramp the boy had been in an Orphan's Home in central Indiana; and before that — but that does not matter.

It was a sunshiny spring afternoon when Fiddle, fresh from a compulsory rest cure maintained by the state of California, leaned against the Lincoln water tank and played jigs on three strings, while Jimmy shuffled his worn out shoes on the railroad ties and kicked and pranced with such spirit

and abandon that the assembled hoboes applauded vigorously.

Then later, when the others were busy watching two tramps from Oregon match pennies, the musician tucked the docked violin under his chin again and shut his eyes while he played something different — something that sounded like the wind in the trees at night and like birds singing and water rippling. It sent a chill along Jimmie's spine and reminded him somehow of a vague, far, far away time, a million years before, when he was not a tramp and not an orphan in an Orphan's Home.

When Fiddle started off down the railroad alone on his way to the lakes for his health, someone sneaked off through the bushes and followed.

"I'm goin' wid yer," said Jimmie, suddenly appearing in front of the tramp.

"Clear out. I hain't any use for a kid," growled Fiddle.

"I'm goin' wid yer," Jimmie repeated, cocking back his head and grinning at Fiddle with winning assurance.

The partnership thus consummated was highly successful. Fiddle's racking cough and Jimmie's tender years made a combination which sympathetic farmers' wives could seldom resist, and the two vagabonds lived on the fat of the land.

The strangest part of it was that before the summer was over they felt as strong an affection for each other as if they had been decent, creditable members of society; and people who think they know say a strong affection for anything, even a cat or a piece of striped calico with stars in the corner, is more likely than not to have a good effect on the character.

Before Fiddle realized what had happened, he was avoiding the usual tramp meeting places where the scum drifts thickest and where a youngster gets the strongest shoves along the downward path. Then a vague sense of responsibility urged him to ask a question:

"Kid, d'ye know your letters?"

"Bet-cher neck I know my letters!" Jimmie snorted indignantly. "Why, I kin read good when the words is short."

The tramp hunted up an old newspaper, and Jimmie gave an exhibition of his erudition. From that time on, polite education, as distinguished from the hobo lore so thoroughly imparted by Lone Star Blackie, became a purpose; and having a purpose in life, Fiddle and Jimmie ceased to be tramps in the true sense, though they continued to plume themselves upon being the "slickest pair of dead-beats on the road."

For text-books they had time-tables with maps, old newspapers, and the lettering on box cars. For the main part they pursued the Socratic method, Fiddle asking questions out of his head, also answering most of them out of the same.

In cold weather they went south for Fiddle's health. Fiddle's health was not good. Walking made him cough, and railroading, especially riding on trucks of freight cars, was bad for his heart. He was subject to spells of "lowness," when for days he would not smile or talk and would sit hours at a time with his head between his hands. These spells always followed attacks of a more violent nature, during which he was a "King of the Cannibal Islands," a "High Muck from Thibet," or "Swear Off Goff." One good thing about Fiddle's sprees, however, — he never got drunk enough to lose his violin.

Jimmie was much better off with Fiddle than he had been with Texas Blackie or, possibly, than he might have been in the Orphan's Home; but it was not exactly the companionship and example a careful mother would select for her little Lord Fauntleroy. Fiddle realized that himself.

One day down in Vicksburg, Fiddle's health threatened a collapse, and he started out in search of a tonic. He found Jimmie on the same quest — Jimmie in a low saloon, flushed and



"WHILE JIMMIE SHUFFLED HIS WORN-OUT SHOES ON THE RAILROAD TIES."

boisterous, dancing a break-down and singing a choice ditty he had learned from Fiddle:

"Three jolly old bums
Come up from the slums!"

Fiddle forgot his tonic. He wandered off outside of the town to a bluff overlooking the river. There he sat and looked out across the wide, muddy water, toward the setting sun, with troubled eyes. He took the violin from its calico bag; but he did not play, — he only patted and fingered it softly, as a mother does her sleeping baby.

"I've got to give it up; there's no other way. So long as I have it I can't and I won't go back," he muttered desperately. Then he stood up and hurled the violin far from him out over the bluff into the river. There was a wild twanging of strings, then a resonant moan, as the instrument struck the water. Fiddle echoed the moan as he stumbled blindly away from the swift, yellow river.

The next day the two tramps, silent and gloomy, were riding towards the north on an empty flat car, when Fiddle without warning exploded this bomb:

"Kid, we're going to reform!"

Jimmie failed to see the point, but, being naturally polite, laughed any-



"BET-CHER NECK I KNOW MY LETTERS."

way. But Fiddle was not joking; he was sober and he was in deadly earnest, as Jimmie was at last forced to realize.

"I intend you to grow up to be respectable, Kid," he went on. "It's all planned out. I'm going to take you back east, where I know they'll give you a chance and put you to work."

When the boy heard that, his rage and dismay knew no bounds, and some of the language he used is quite unprintable.

"I won't be respectable — I ain't going to!" he shrieked. "I'm going to be a bum like you always — yes, I am, Fiddle. I know what's the matter with you: you're mad 'cause you got to spreein' and lost your violin, — and you're taking it out on me. But you can't scare me with no such talk. Before I'd be put back in a Home and be respectable and work, I'd jump out this car while it's running and kill myself first, — yes, I would! You said you and me'd be pals and I might travel with you always; and now you're backing out and trying to get r — r — rid o' me!"

The tramp reached out a kindly hand and drew the excited boy down beside him, and talked as Jimmie had never heard any one talk before and will never hear any one talk again.

"I'll do what you say, Fiddle — yes, I will — I will!" Jimmie cried at last, throwing himself across the tramp's knees and clinging to them. But I can't do it alone; you know I can't. If I'm respectable, you've got to be respectable too. You ain't goin' back on me, are you, Fiddle? You'll go along, won't you? — Fiddle, *say* you will!"

There was an agony of entreaty in the boy's brown eyes; and Fiddle nodded without a word.

It was a hard trip from Mississippi to Maine, and took longer because they had to stop over so often for Fiddle to rest. Traveling by stealing trips on freight trains, riding on the trucks or blind baggage, or lying flat on top of a box car going forty miles an hour, with the car swinging and the wind trying to tear you off and red hot cinders raining on the back of your neck, is a different experience from going over the same road on a Pullman parlor car.

At a town in Pennsylvania Fiddle was laid up for three weeks in a hos-



"BUT HE DID NOT PLAY."

pital, and after that traveling was slower than ever. It was well along in June when they reached a little white village among green hills near the Maine coast. They passed along the one long, shaded street and started up a hill. At the top of the hill was a square, white house, among trees.

"That is the place," said Fiddle.

Jimmie had not noticed how his companion grew weaker and more haggard with each day's tramp; but he wondered that Fiddle's breath should come so short and his feet stumble so often going up that hill.

There was a flaming, orderly flower garden in front of the house, and a tall woman in a white sunbonnet was working there with a hoe. She saw the wanderers outside the gate and waved her hoe at them.

"I never give anything to tramps, so you may as well move on," she said sharply.

They moved on, but before taking many steps Fiddle staggered and fell. Jimmie pulled at him in alarm and tried to raise him. The woman stepped out from the gate, holding up her skirts gingerly.

"He has fainted; he looks like death," she commented, as she looked down at the man in the dust. At her call, a stout, red-cheeked girl ran from the house. Between them the women carried the tramp into the cool, prim, sacredly clean front room, and placed him on the hair-cloth sofa. They worked over him with camphor and burnt feathers, while Jimmie looked on in stupefied wonder. At last Fiddle opened his eyes and saw the tall woman bending over him.

"Jennie!" he said feebly.

The woman pushed back the hair from the tramp's forehead and stared into his face wildly. Then with a choking cry she went down in a heap, her face against the grimy neck, her arm across the rag-covered chest, drawing the wasted form to her, fiercely, tightly.



"THEY MOVED ON."

After a moment, the red-cheeked girl seized Jimmie and hustled him out to the porch. There she proceeded to sweep his clothes with such vigor that he was lost in a cloud of dust; and the boy was too dazed to resent such unprecedented action.

"What makes her act like that?" he asked, gazing toward the door behind which the tall woman was weeping over Fiddle.

"It's her man come back," said the girl, more to herself than in answer to Jimmie. "As I'm a living, breathing sinner, it's Jane Andrews' man that run away and left her and went to travel with some sort of a music show, fifteen year ago come next August. I knowed him right off by his picture in the plush album." And Jimmie was wafted to and fro like a feather before her excited broom.

That night an ex-tramp on the edge of a bed in a little room that was

flooded with moonlight, stared at his surroundings disapprovingly—a bare, white floor, thin white stuff at the windows, pictures in pine cone frames on the whitewashed walls, big white pillows like twin snowdrifts. It gave him the shivers to look at them! Jimmie had had a bath in a big wooden tub in an out house, a supper of chicken potpie, and he was forced to pinch himself to make sure he was not someone else. He was not happy; he wanted to be out somewhere in a straw stack curled up with his back against Fiddle and the stars, that stay out doors all night too, winking down at them companionably.

At last he took courage to open the door and creep down stairs to the room where he had seen the woman and the doctor put Fiddle to bed. The doctor was still there, watching his patient over the foot-board with a grave face; the red-cheeked girl held her apron to her eyes in the background; and the tall woman sat straight and motionless at the head of the bed. But Jimmie saw only the face that looked so strangely ashen and pinched among the bed-clothes.

"Fiddle! Fiddle!" he shrieked in a sudden frenzy of terror, throwing himself upon the bed and clinging to his only friend. The doctor made a motion to interfere, but Mrs. Andrews waved him back. Fiddle opened his eyes and moved his hand until it rested on the boy's curly hair. Then he looked at his wife — a look that supplicated, and commanded. For a moment the woman's face worked and her hands grasped the arms of her chair, as if she needed something to hold to in the struggle that was shaking her soul. In that long moment, while the clock ticked ominously and the labored breathing of the sick man filled the room, the gentle spirits of love and peace and forgiveness won a great victory, and, so far as Jane Andrews was concerned, Fiddle's past was blotted out and Jimmie's future was assured. She leaned over the two on the bed and her touch was wondrously soothing, her voice like beautiful music.

"I will do as you wish," she answered that insistent look. "I will take the boy and watch over him and be good to him always."

THE RELIEF TABLETS ON THE NEW CONGREGATIONAL HOUSE.

By Edward G. Porter.

A DISTINCTLY new feature in the decorative architecture of Boston has just been exposed to view. Until quite recently there has been little attempt at external sculpture on our buildings beyond the conventional ornaments which belong to certain styles, and which, it must be said, have been very sparingly used by our architects. Bartholdi's spirited figures of angels with their trumpets at the top of a lofty church tower on the Back Bay showed, years ago, the possibilities of such work; and the more accessible prophets and saints just finished on the great porch in Copley Square have been widely welcomed as veritable "sermons in stones." The numerous medallions, also, on the outer walls of the Public Library, containing the book-marks and mottoes of noted printers, are in more senses than one a relief to the eye. It has remained, however, for our oldest re-

ligious denomination to take the lead in representing scenes from American history on the façade of a Boston building.

In planning for the new Congregational House on Beacon street, next to the Boston Athenæum, the architects, Messrs. Shepley, Rutan and Coolidge, allowed four panel spaces in the entresol, which offered an excellent opportunity for original treatment. The committee decided that something more than names or dates, or even busts and flowers might well be carved on such a conspicuous place. They wanted something significant and instructive, something that would tell its own story and illustrate some of the fundamental principles of Congregational history, to which the new building, like the old one, is to be devoted.

The general thought at first was in favor of taking well-known scenes from different periods to show the stages of church growth. The difficulty about this was that there were not tablets enough to do justice to so many generations of the sons of the Pilgrims. The final decision was that all the subjects should be chosen from the first generation, and that each one of the four should embody a great idea, a characteristic trait, as potent to-day as it was at the beginning.

I. The first thing the fathers did, even before they landed on these shores, was to organize a government for themselves. This they did by drawing up and signing that memorable compact in the cabin of the Mayflower, November 11 (21), 1620. Here we have Law, or rather Liberty under Law, as the first expression of the Pilgrim faith. The scene is well portrayed. Within the narrow cabin the men gather around the table on which is spread the document for them all to sign. One is writing; another behind him is awaiting his turn. Captain Standish is drawing off his gauntlet before taking the pen. They look like thoughtful men engaged in serious business. We can see the massive ship's timbers and the mast and a part of the companion-way in the background.

II. The next subject to be honored in any account of the Fathers of New England is their Religion. Illustrations of this are very abundant. We might select the moment when they fell upon their knees to give thanks for the safe ending of the voyage; or we could represent one of their early assemblies for public worship in Boston, or the organization of the church in Salem. But, on the whole, the scene on Clark's Island, the day before the Landing on Plymouth Rock, was thought to offer all the elements for a picturesque presentation of the force of religious habit. Driven thither by stress of weather on Friday night, in their open shallop, with the mast broken into three pieces and the sail dragging in the sea, the exploring party barely escaped with their lives. Saturday was spent drying their clothes and mending the boat. On Sunday morning, December 10 (20), they were ready to continue their search to find a proper site for a settlement. The main land was close by, in plain sight and not more than half an hour's sail with a good breeze. Time was passing and their companions on the ship across the bay would be anxiously waiting for their return. But it was the Lord's Day; and these godly men would not touch an oar nor think of continuing their journey. We know all their names — Standish, Carver, Bradford, Winslow, Warren, Hopkins and a dozen others. "They prepared ther to keepe ye Sabath," says Bradford. "On the Sabboth Day wee rested" are the words from Morton's journal, now inscribed on the large rock near the middle of the island.

This scene is vividly shown on the tablet. Under the leafless trees are gathered the explorers, around a log-fire, in various attitudes. Each one has his cloak wrapped tightly about him. One stands with the Bible in hand, evidently leading their devotions; one appears to be a sentry, look-



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SIGNING OF THE COMPACT IN THE CABIN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

— LAW —

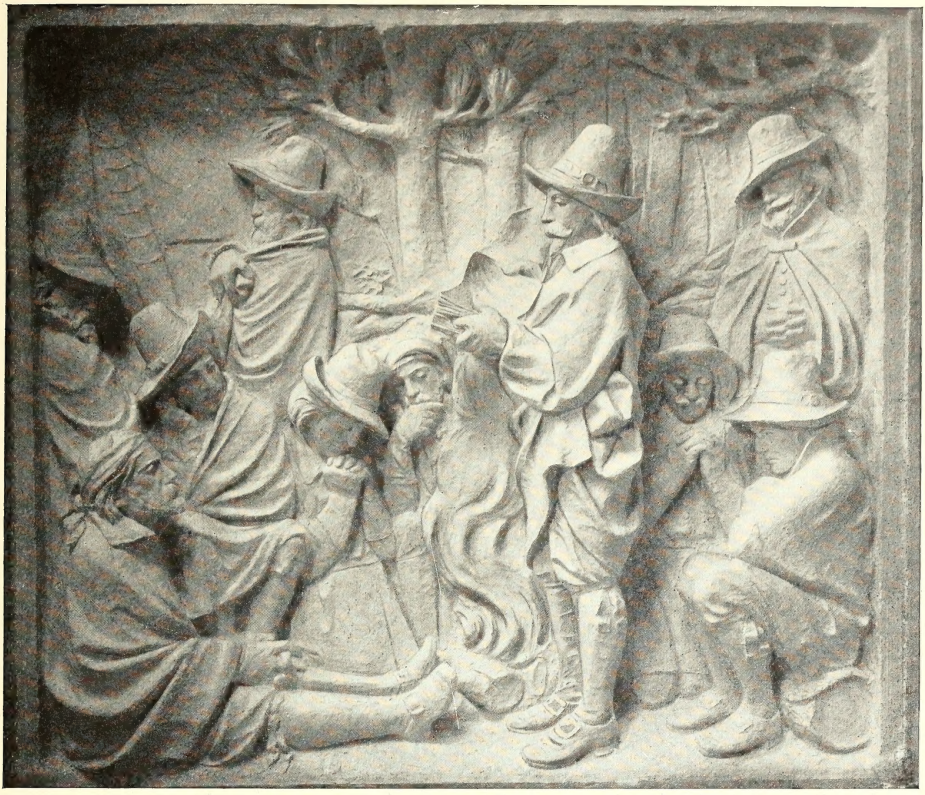
ing off toward the shallop; another is sitting on a log reverently listening; several are in the posture of prayer. They wear their pointed hats and are shivering in the winter air, but nothing prevents their solemn observance of the sacred day.

III. Hand in hand with their religion always came the idea of Education. The church and the school belong together in our Colonial annals, and the state befriends them both. The event chosen to commemorate this public interest in sound learning is the passage by the General Court in Boston, October 28, 1636, of the famous measure providing for the school which soon became Harvard College.

. . . "gentis cunabula nostræ,
. . . . uberrima regna."

"The Court agreed to give 400£ towards a schoale or colledge, whearof 200£ to bee paid the next yeare, & 200£ when the worke is finished, & the next Court to appoint wheare & wt building." So runs the official record.

We know who the members of this court were. Vane was governor, and Winthrop deputy governor. Dudley and Haynes and Coddington and Bradstreet and Pinchon and young Saltonstall and others are delineated in the notable group. Their legislation is the more remarkable when we remember that £400 was a sum equal to a year's rate of the entire colony, and that it was voted at a time when the infant settlements were disturbed by the Antinomian controversy and threatened with an Indian war.



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OBSERVANCE OF THE SABBATH ON CLARK'S ISLAND.

— RELIGION —

IV. American Congregationalists have always been conspicuous for their Philanthropy. Their evangelical doctrines have led them inevitably into large fields of benevolence. Their various missionary boards have been pioneers in such work at home and abroad. Many fine examples of this could be given. The one chosen for the fourth tablet is the scene at Waban's wigwam out at Nonantum, October 28, 1646, when John Eliot preached his first sermon in the Indian tongue. His appearance is that of a refined and scholarly evangelist delivering an earnest message. His right hand is raised toward heaven as he points out to his dusky hearers the way of life. The Indian figures are strong types of their race in posture and expression as well as in dress. Some are squatting on the ground; one holds the pipe of peace; a blanketed squaw and her naked papoose stand gazing at the preacher. The apostle's three friends — Gookin, Heath and Shepard — appear under an oak a little in the rear at his left.

It will be noticed that two of these scenes belong to the Plymouth Colony and two to the Massachusetts Bay, and no two to any one place. This divides the honors justly, and symbolizes that fraternal fellowship which the members of this communion have always emphasized.

There is a striking resemblance between the principles here illustrated and those which have characterized the whole course of our national life. America does not claim any monopoly of such things as Law, Religion, Edu-



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APPROPRIATION OF THE GENERAL COURT FOR "A SCHOOL OR COLLEGE."

— EDUCATION —

cation or Philanthropy; but she has always exhibited, and she is now exhibiting, these noble conceptions of a nation's duty with a degree of sincerity, toleration and generosity, such as the world has not seen elsewhere.

The panels are about six by five feet, and the figures are two-thirds the size of life, though of course they seem much smaller from the street. The stone is the delicate pinkish gray marble from the quarries near Knoxville, Tennessee. It is very compact and is expected to acquire a mellow tint by exposure to the air.

The building is eight stories high, and has some strong colonial features, if that term can be properly applied to so lofty a structure. The first two stories — as stories are numbered in this country — are faced with Milford granite, of the same tone as that used on the Boston Public Library. The walls are mainly of hard-burnt brick laid in the Dutch bond. The upper decorations are in white Georgia marble sculptured with fruits and laurel. Over the cornice runs a balustrade with a carved shield in the centre, bordered by the palm and surmounted by a globe.

The best available view of the building and the tablets is from Bowdoin street, where one can stand quietly in the shade, a few steps up from Beacon street, and get a good perspective. The Unitarian Building, being directly opposite, commands a fine view. An opera-glass is of service in bringing out the details of the sculpture.

The art-work has been done by John



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JOHN ELIOT PREACHING TO THE INDIANS.
— PHILANTHROPY —

Evans and Company, who may be said to have introduced these agreeable ornamental features in our Boston architecture. Italy long ago gave many fine examples of rich chiseling to the world; but the northern nations have with a few exceptions not been eager to imitate them. It may be safely predicted that we shall see more of such work on our public buildings in the years to come.

The artist to whose genius we are indebted for modeling these subjects is Mr. Mora — not a son of the Pilgrims unfortunately, nor an American, nor even an Italian, but a Spaniard from Barcelona. He had finished his scale sketches to the entire satisfaction of his employers, and was elaborating the full size groups in clay last April, when the war broke out. It was too great a shock to the tender feelings of this truly poetic sculptor. He could work no longer. His eyes swam, and his clever hand forgot its cunning. He had been for years in this country and knew perfectly well that no harm would come to him while he attended to his lawful business; but his heart was grieved. He had kinsmen in Spain and in Cuba, and he could not sit here under our flag, and give full play to his fingers, while his thoughts were far away. So he took his family with him and went all the way to Mexico — a neutral zone — where he still tarries, hoping soon to return to us, for he is ready to acknowledge after all that ours is the land of all others for him.

THE JOURNAL OF THE MINISTER OF BEDFORD.

By Abram English Brown.

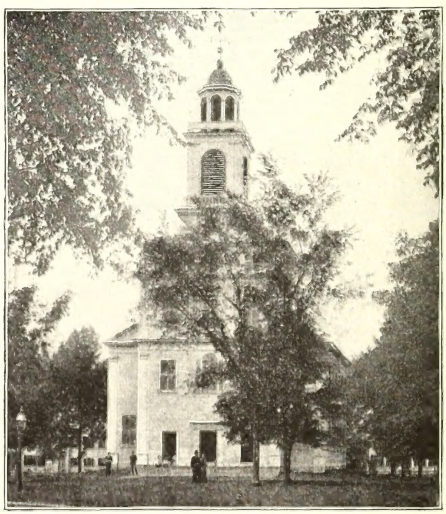


REV. SAMUEL STEARNS.

IT is a full century since Rev. Samuel Stearns began his life pastorate in the town of Bedford. He was an eminent scholar, young and energetic. He had natural predilections for the ministry, being son and grandson of noted clergymen of New England. The financial considerations for this life contract were a settlement fee of $850 and an annual salary of $333.33, together with twenty cords of wood delivered at his door annually. He was ordained to the work at Bedford in April, 1796; and after a full year of preparation, he brought his youthful bride to the parsonage. It was a colonial mansion of ample proportions, erected for the previous minister of the town. It stood in the midst of broad acres, and was really a farm house as well as parsonage. The bride, a daughter of Rev. Jonathan French of Andover, was well endowed with the qualities needful for the home and position, and met with a most cordial reception, on the part of the town. During the next twenty-one years, thirteen children were born to this honored couple, eleven of whom reached maturity. These children were given all the educational advantage of the time and made most commendable records.

This brief statement of facts, with nothing more in the way of explanation, confronting the salaries of clergymen of the present day, would stand as a mystery. With all credit due this exemplary minister and his wife for industry, frugality and superior judgment, there remains something to be said for the people of the town, which may be found in their pastor's journal. Taking this record as a sample of very many of that time, we are not at so great loss to know how the ministers met their demands. We can but be impressed that many people in the early years of the present century recognized the Jewish obligation to give a tenth of their income.

Rev. Mr. Stearns and his bride had no more than time to become familiar with the apartments of their new home when they were called upon by Dea-



THE OLD BEDFORD MEETING HOUSE.

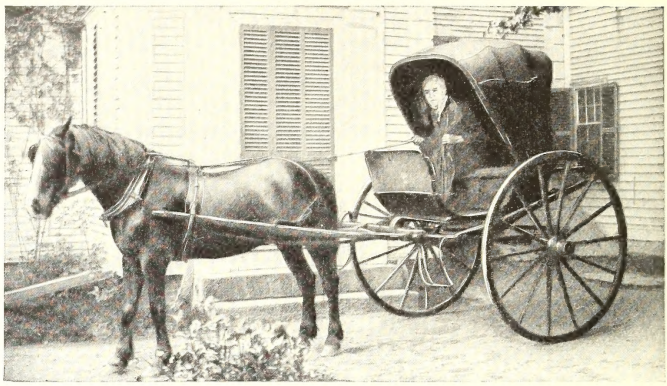
con Wright. It was in the regular order of things of the time, that this official should be the first caller upon the minister and his companion. The deacons were expected, like Aaron and Hur, to be ever ready to stay up the hands of the leader of the people. Deacon Wright was an official who served in more than one capacity in the church work. The town had voted to place the viol in his hands "for the purpose of assisting in taking lead in sacred music." He did not come empty-handed on his first call, and was doubtless accompanied by Mrs. Wright. The Minister's Journal gives credit to "Dea. Wright for 1 cheese, 3 lbs. of Butter, 3 fowls, and sundry small articles," such of course as a good housekeeper knew must be wanted at the parsonage. On the same date, May 30, we see to the credit of Mr. Fassett, "1 bushel rye and a cheese;" also to Mr. Nathaniel Page, "1 bushel rye meal and 1 bushel potatoes;" on the same date we read: "Col. Jones 4 fowls." Certainly the parsonage larder was well stocked at the outset, with seven fowls, two cheeses, two bushels of rye meal and one of potatoes, besides three pounds of butter and the small articles. These donors, besides the deacon, were the most "forehanded" men of the town, and Colonel Jones had the best house, and the only one regarded as ample enough for the entertainment of the Council that assembled for the service of the ordination of Rev. Mr. Stearns. Its being the only one of the town that contained a regular wine cellar may explain why it was selected for that great event.

On the following day came Mr. Solomon Lane with "1 spare rib of pork, Mr. William Page a bushel and a half of rye meal and the same quantity of Indian, and a bag of potatoes, Mr. Oliver Reed, 1 bushel corn and a large cheese." The first of these callers, Solomon Lane, was a cousin of the new minister, and not a little proud of the connection; he had been deferring the slaughter of the pig until the minister should bring his bride to town, and took the first opportunity to carry out his plan. On June 3 the record is: "Capt. Webber, 1 cheese, Mr. Eleazer Davis 1 bushel of Indian meal, Mr. Moses Fitch 3 lbs. butter." Capt. Webber was the keeper of the Shawsheen house, where the people had congregated to discuss the promise of the new pastorate. The other callers of the day were heroes of the Revolution. Moses Fitch had one arm hanging useless at his side, telling of the battle of White Plains, where he had received a severe wound. Eleazer Davis could tell of his experience at Con-



A CORNER OF THE PARSONAGE.

cord fight as lieutenant of the militia of the town.



THE MINISTER'S CHAISE.

On June 5, we read: "Mr. Lane, 3 codfish, Deacon Merriam, 15 lbs. of pork, Mr. Nat. Page, 1 bbl. vinegar, Mrs. Fitch, 1 Doz. Eggs." This is Deacon Merriam's first call; but it was planting time, and he may well be excused now that he has brought a bountiful strip of pork, — salt pork in all probability, — for no well stocked house could be without that article of food. Mrs. Fitch, unquestionably was the next neighbor of the parsonage, wife of the Boston merchant, Jeremiah Fitch. She took her egg basket in hand and made an early morning call.

"June 7th. Mr. Bowers, 1 salmon, weight 11 lbs." What a treat! — and how convincing that in the earlier days our small rivers were stocked with that most delicious fish.

"June 8th, Mr. Samuel Hartwell, 1 pot apple sauce, 2 1-2 lbs. butter, and a cheese." Mr. Hartwell lived at the extreme south part of the town, where he conducted a model farm; but the family supplies afforded nothing more desirable in June than some of Mrs. Hartwell's cider apple sauce, made in the previous autumn, and the very suitable accompaniment of some of her best June butter, while the cheese, making the fourth left at the parsonage within the first nine days, was not so timely a selection.

"June 9. Mr. Thomas Page, 1 bbl. cider." Haying time was near at hand, and a thorough farmer regarded a barrel of hard cider as indispensable at that season of the year.

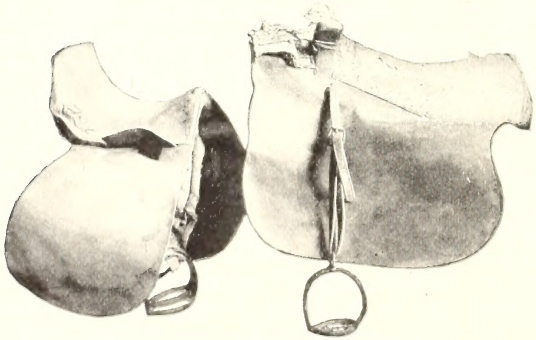
"June 13. A roasting pig, Mrs. Abbott." It is a relief to find that the minister's mother and sister had come to live at the parsonage; otherwise the best skilled housekeeper would pause in her sympathy for that bride, who would be called upon thus early to prepare a roast pig so that it would stand alone on the platter.

"June 16. Mrs. Oliver Reed, Jr., 2 lbs. butter, Mrs. Fitch 2 lbs. butter."

"June 23. Mrs. Lane, 1 lb. butter, Mr. John Webber, 2 qts. wine; piece loaf sugar, and a jug." John Webber is the same as recorded "Capt. Webber;" he kept good things to drink at the Shawsheen house, and did not want to have anything better than his minister had.

"June 24. Mr. Fassett, a large leg of veal." This is the man who called on the first day, but could not content himself to eat or sell his veal until he had tithed it with the minister.

"June 27. Mr. Benjamin Bacon, 3 lbs. butter, Mr.

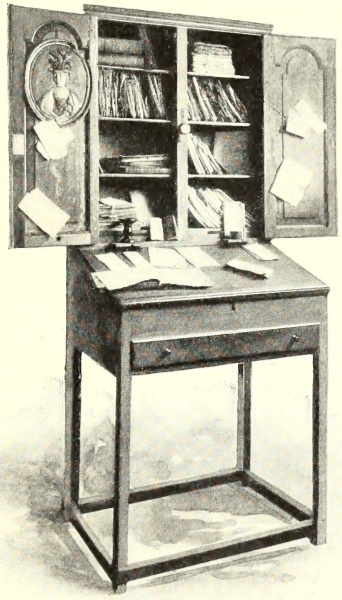


SADDLES BELONGING TO THE MINISTER AND HIS WIFE.

Elijah Stearns, 2 lbs. butter." They were from opposite parts of the town; and the latter was a cousin of the new minister. Seventeen pounds of butter have been left during the first month of housekeeping. As June was the best month for "putting it down," we may reasonably suppose that Mrs. Stearns had done her duty in that direction, and there was a stock in reserve for the less favorable season.

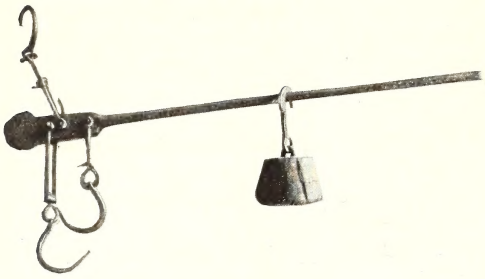
In just one month from the date of Deacon Wright's first call, he appears again with "1 loin veal." No matter how great the stock on hand, the lady of the parsonage was expected to smile her appreciation as well as express it in words.

July 4 had not then become so much of a holiday as in later years; but the minister was not forgotten, and he did not fail to record: "Mr. David Page, 3 lbs. butter. Mrs. Fassett, a plum cake." This is the first time "King David" has called on the new minister. He was one who was not foremost in the adoption of anything new, and even a new minister was to be well tried, "summered and wintered," before he was ready to accept him. Mr. David Page was one of the few of the town who clung to the continental costume; his bob wig, three cornered hat and short clothes were not exchanged for the republican costume, when King George III. lost his grip on the colonies. While Mr. Page entertained nothing like tory sentiments, he was known as King David, because of his dress and determined ways of management among his townsmen. He insisted upon hanging his three-cornered hat upon a peg on a post in the meeting-house, regardless of a vote of the town to the contrary; and his habit of carrying skim-milk cheese to meeting for luncheon during sermon time, although to the annoyance of the families of the neighboring pews, was a habit that he practised to the end of his long life.



WHERE THE SERMONS WERE WRITTEN.

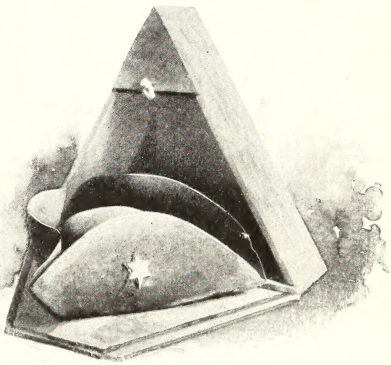
July 16, we read: "Mrs. Edward and Mrs. Elijah Stearns, 2 pigs, weight 40 lbs. Mr. J. Reed, Jr., a leg of bacon." The Stearns women were widows, cousins of the minister, and were conducting their farms as best they could, since the death of their husbands. They had put on their best bombazine gowns and black leghorn bonnets, and together called on the minister's wife. In the course of conversation they had learned that the minister, "Cousin Stearns," had not stocked up with pigs for the season's growth and fatting, so they came to a conclusion each to take one from her last litter and stock the parsonage pen. The minister's steelyards, sufficient for all donations thus far, were hardly equal to this trial; but Squire Stearns came along just as the parson was trying to decide what notch had been reached, and aided in suppressing the rebellious acts of the pigs until their weight was decided and they were duly installed as the parsonage pigs. "You'll have your own bacon another

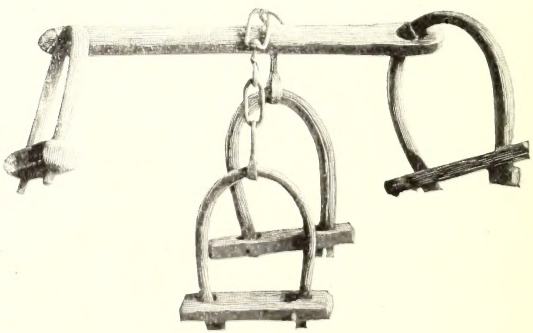


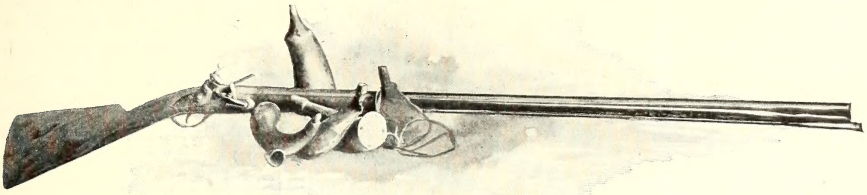
season," said Squire Stearns, espying the donation from Mr. Reed, Jr., just as he and the minister went to the sty to introduce the new occupants.

The good people evidently got the impression that the parson's wife had been overburdened with donations in the month of June; and there was a noticeable falling off in the month of July. In fact, so marked was the change that Mr. and Mrs. Stearns felt not a little anxious about the situation of things. But on July 30, they received "one cheese from Widow Lane," and the assurance that all was well in the parish. In fact butter was not so much needed now that the minister had bought a cow, by the advice of the deacons, who thought it a great waste to have so much good spring clover go to seed as they saw in the parsonage lots. The wife of the parsonage was not obliged to skim and churn now that there were other members of the family; but she soon learned to conduct every department of the dairy, and the well made churn is yet to be seen,—a reminder of the sweet golden butter made by "our new minister's wife."

During the month of August, appears the following: "Mr. Thompson Bacon, 1-2 doz. pigeons, Mr. Hutchinson, 1 1-2 bushels corn and a half cheese, Mr. Page, 1 rake, Dea. Merriam, 4 lbs. salt pork, Dea. Wright, 5 lbs. pork and some sauce. Mr. Bacon, 1 bushel rye, and ————, 19 lbs., Esq. Jones, 1 quarter lamb and some green sauce, Esq. —— 1 loin lamb, Mr. Fassett, roasting piece of beef, Capt. Webber, salt pork and some green sauce, Widow Merriam, 6 lbs. tallow, Mr. Hartwell, piece salt pork and 10 pigeons." August was a busy month at the parsonage. The minister had no vacation and, being young and of little experience as pastor, had but a limited stock of sermons. He was obliged to prepare two long sermons for each Sabbath, besides attending to the duties of the farm; but he was not left alone as far as the latter duties were concerned. Mr. Page saw the need of a rake and made haste to leave one at the parsonage and to suggest its timely use. Peter Trott, a freed slave of the minister's father and hired servant of Mr. Stearns, was quite well versed in farming and with such help as came in gratuitously from the people succeeded in making a very







creditable showing during the first season.

Peter was skillful in the use of the musket, and his eyes sparkled from delight, when, having spied a woodchuck in the clover he made haste to the study door, to receive from the hand of Mr. Stearns, the fowling piece with an allowance of ammunition which the careful minister kept in his study closet.

The people knew that there was no barrel of salt pork in the minister's cellar as in each of theirs; hence they frequently tithed a layer as they started a new one, took it to the parsonage, and while the minister was engaged in weighing the donation, stepped out to the pen to make predictions for the next year's supply. A piece of spring lamb of home raising was acceptable at any door, and was doubly welcome when accompanied with mint and other "green sauce;" but it was an occasion for regret that the two "Squires" should have killed their lambs in the same week, for it necessitated one kind of diet at the parsonage longer than was desirable. "Widow Merriam" knew that a gift of "6 lbs. tallow" did not sound as well as something more fanciful, but she was a very practical woman and, not wanting to go to the parsonage "empty-handed," took along a cake of tallow, "well rendered, and all ready to run or dip either," said Mrs. Hartwell, as she entered the side door of the minister's house, and ceremoniously passed to the hands of Mrs. Stearns her tithing of best tallow from the previous winter's killing, not failing to add: "My cow had sixty pounds of rough tallow, besides the kidneys." This thrifty widow gave a little advice as to running candles, and offered to lend her moulds if needed. Mr. Thompson Bacon and Mr. Hartwell were famous for trapping the wild pigeons, so plentiful in this locality in spring and fall; but the season of these gifts would almost lead to the conclusion that their donations were some of domestic raising.

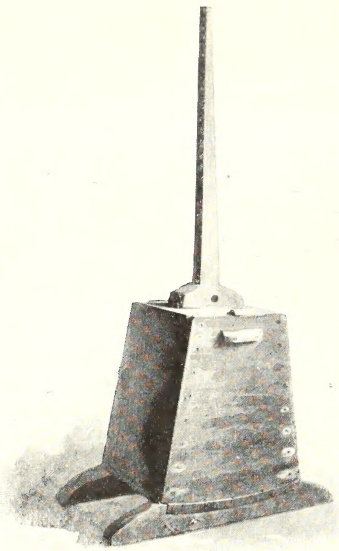


MRS. STEARNS'S BAND-BOX.

They were none the less welcome, and no better pigeon pie ever graced a parsonage table than the one of which Rev. Samuel Stearns partook when, descending from his study, he dismissed his theological enigmas, and sat down to his own table.

From September to Thanksgiving week was a period of commendable activity in the little town, as far as donations were concerned. Haying

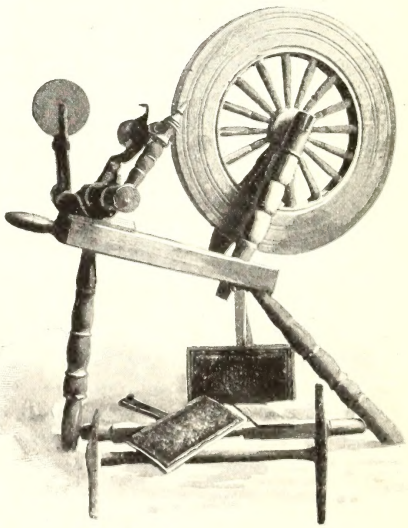
The various articles from the Parsonage represented on these two pages and the churn and spinning wheel shown on the following page are now preserved in the rooms of the Bedford Historical Society.



season was over, and the weather was more favorable for keeping family supplies. The record is as follows: "Esq. Reed, a quarter of lamb; Mr. N. Page, a quarter of lamb; Esq. Jones, a leg of lamb, apples and cabbages; Dea. Davis, 1 doz. pigeons, 1 cheese and some apples; Mr. Benjamin Bacon, 6 lbs. beef; Widow Lane, 2 lbs. butter; Mrs. Fitch, 1 lb. butter; Mr. O. Reed, 1 quarter pork; Esq. Jones, 1-2 bushel onions; Mr. Samuel Hartwell, 1 bbl. cider; Dea. Davis, 1 bbl. cider and a bushel apples; Mr. Lane, 1 lb. butter; Mrs. Fitch, 2 lbs. butter; Mr. John Lane, a piece of fresh pork; Mr. David Page, 3 lbs. butter; Capt. Page, 6 lbs. salt pork; Solomon Lane, 1 lb. butter; David Page, Jr., 40 lbs. beef; Mr. Page, 3 lbs. beef; Mr. Moses Abbott, Jr., 1 quarter lamb; Oliver Reed, 1 quarter lamb; Thomas Page, 1 quarter lamb; Esq. Reed, 1 quarter lamb; Edward Stearns, 6 lbs. beef; Mr. Fitch, 7 or 8 cabbages; Dea. Merriam, 6 lbs. of pork and a leg of lamb; Capt. Page, 8 lbs. beef and 6 lbs. butter; Dea. Wright, 5 lbs. butter, and 1 doz. cabbages; Mr. John Reed, 3 lbs. butter, 8 lbs. pork, 2 doz. cabbages; Mr. Oliver Reed, Jr., 1 bbl. cider and 4 lbs. butter; Capt. Webber, 7 lbs. pork; Mr. Ball, 1 doz. cabbages."

During this period of nearly twelve weeks it appears that about the equivalent of two whole lambs was left at the parsonage door, besides of other meat 63 lbs. of beef, 1 doz pigeons, with salt and fresh pork in liberal quantities. Mrs. Stearns was not making fall butter, hence the good people brought twenty-eight pounds from their supply. Three barrels of cider and six dozen cabbages were donated, besides various small articles. But this was not intended for a Thanksgiving supply.

During the week of that autumn festival the people of the town discharged their obligations in a most becoming manner, and the minister did not fail to make due record of each parcel left at his door: "Mr. Stearns, 1 bushel beets; Mr. Fassett, 5 lbs. butter, 1 cheese, and 2 doz. candles; Mr. Hartwell, some apples; Mr. Ball, 3 lbs. butter; Mr. Bowers, 1 leg pork, 15 lbs.; Mr. Lane, 7 lbs. pork and 14 candles; Mr. Samuel Lane, Jr., 9 lbs. beef; Mr. Hill, 6 3-4 lbs. beef; Capt. Webber, 6 lbs. butter, Capt. Page, 1 goose; Mr. Moses Fitch, 1 goose; Mr. Moses



Abbott, 1 goose; Col. Jones, 10 lbs. beef; Mr. Bacon, 8 lbs. beef, Mr. Henry Abbott, 2 qts. brandy; Dea. Wright, a large spareribb." How busy must the good women of the parsonage have been kept in answering calls, receiving and storing away the packages, and listening to the merits of each! Capt. Page, Mr. Fitch and Mr. Abbott, the latter two of the same locality, had watched their flocks of geese for weeks, and carefully branded the best as "the minister's Thanksgiving share." In fact, they had forewarned the clergyman what to expect.

This pastor was faithful in his parochial calls when there was no especial occasion for his presence, and was sure on a Monday morning to appear at each home from which on the Sunday previous there had been sent to the pulpit a note for prayers. These calls were fully appreciated, and often the minister's saddle bags were well filled, in addition to the donations left at his door; or if accompanied by his good wife, and the parsonage chaise, their means of conveyance, the box under the seat was well stocked. His opinion was authority on all subjects with very many of the people, some regarding him as having a range of vision beyond this life.

With such tangible evidence of regard and affection as the minister was ever receiving, and particularly on Thanksgiving, he could not do otherwise than his best when on Thanksgiving day he discussed secular themes from the pulpit, a thing which custom did not allow on other days. A sermon of a full hour satisfied the people that they had their money's worth, and they separated in haste to their several homes to partake of genuine New England Thanksgiving feasts.

From Thanksgiving to April the parsonage was not neglected, and we can read between the lines the gratitude of the minister, while we trace that which his pen has recorded: "Dea. Davis, a large hand of pork and a bag of apples; Mr. Samuel Hartwell, 1 turkey" (regretfully not fat enough for Thanksgiving); "Mr. L. Lane, 1 bushel rye meal; Mr. J. Webber, 1-2 bushel rye meal" (best when it is newly ground); "Mr. Nathan Fitch, 15 3-4 lbs. pork; Capt. Page, 7 1-2 lbs. beef; Mr. Hutchinson, 8 lbs. beef; Mr. Fassett, 7 1-2 lbs. beef; Mr. Davis, 14 1-2 lbs. pork and 3 fowls; Mr. Converse and Mr. Glezen, 2 bushels rye; Esq. Reed, 20 3-4 lbs. pork; Mr. Glezen, 12 lbs. pork; Mr. Wright, 10 lbs. pork; Mr. Fitch, veal, 15 lbs.; Mr. O. Reed, pork; Mr. Page, a quarter pork; Mrs. Fitch, 1 lb. butter." The season for pig killing in the town was a trying one for the digestion of the members of the family at the parsonage. But the daily rides on horseback were helpful to the minister, and occasionally he was accompanied by his good wife, who from her youth had been accustomed to the pillion. As the spring approached and Mr. Fitch slaughtered his early calf, there was a most agreeable change in diet, from pork to veal, at the parsonage.

The winter months were pleasantly anticipated by the young men, for then came the wood-cutting at the parsonage. This afforded them an opportunity to show their appreciation of their minister, before they had set up homes for themselves, when they were expected to share their income with the pastor. The wood, twenty cords, a part of the annual salary paid by the town, was supplied by the one who at vendue had agreed to furnish it at the lowest price. When piled in the yard it was officially surveyed, and the announcement of the "wood cutting" was made in public. It was the one occasion of the year, remembered and talked of by all who participated. The hard fisted, broad shouldered young men came up from every farm. They had neither saw buck nor hand saw, for these were not in common use, but some brought the great cross-cut saw that required two, one at each end, and each was supplied with an axe freshly ground and ready for the minister's service. What competition was there,

and how rapidly the great logs were put into pieces of the right size for the hearth!

This was the day for the store keeper's annual donation; and he never failed to make his record, by sending a full gallon of his best rum. This was well seasoned by the addition of a few fixings at the hand of the minister, and freely distributed by Peter Trott, the black man, who occupied a very important position on all public days, such as that of the wood cutting. No sooner were the axes set at work than the frying pan was brought into service by the minister's wife or one of his helpers, and rye pan cakes were made ready for early lunch. These with cheese from various homes, and some perchance of Mrs. Stearns' own manufacture, found ready market as Peter made his rounds among the busy workers. The approving smile of the minister was helpful, and the day was one of rare and pleasant memories.

April and May were busy months with the farmers; but the parsonage larder was not forgotten—as we may conclude from the record: "Capt. Page, 1 leg veal, John Reed, Jr., 5 lbs. pork, Mr. S. Hartwell, 1 doz. sausages, a cheese, and 2 lbs. butter, Deacon Davis, 1 lb. butter, 7 lbs. pork, doz. eggs, Mr. B. Bacon, 1 lb. butter, and cheese, Esq. Reed, 1 cheese, Mr. Wright, 10 lbs. pork, Stephen Lane, leg of pork, S. Hartwell, pork, 15 lbs., Moses Abbott, pork, Capt. Webber, butter, 12 veal, Esq. Reed, a day's work, oxen and plough, and a half a day's work of himself."

The minister, on this, his second spring at the parsonage, had concluded to break up some ground and go into farming in a more creditable manner. For this work an ox-team was needed, and no one was better equipped for this service than his neighbor, "Esq. Reed." The service was duly appreciated by the pastor, and entered in his journal with other donations.

But the minister did not always depend upon his parishioners for an ox-team. He soon began to raise his own cattle, and the training of steers was a part of the pastime of Peter, an expert in that line of husbandry.

Following the record of Mr. Reed's donation is that of "Moses Abbott, Jr., a quantity of sauce, Oliver Reed, 1 bushel rye, Wm. Page, 1 quarter of veal, 17 lbs., Mr. Wright, a spare rib of pork, Esq. Reed, 10 lbs. of pork and a calf harslet, Esq. Reed, 1 day's work of oxen, Mr. John Reed, Jr., 1 day's work with himself and cart."

We may infer that the Reed family succeeded in starting a garden for the minister so that he no longer needed the contributions of "green sauce." But he was not allowed to want for anything during his forty years of service in Bedford, although time wrought many changes during the ministry. People began to do more of their own thinking on all themes, especially that of theology, and assumed the right of deciding for themselves on many questions previously left for the minister to settle. Traditions of the old time life in parsonage and parish linger with the descendants of minister and people, while the customs long gone by are brought vividly to mind by treasures that once had a place in study, parlor, kitchen or dairy, or on the farm when the minister and his wife did their part most faithfully and maintained their dignity to the end of life.

OLD PLANTATION HYMNS.

By William E. Barton, D. D.

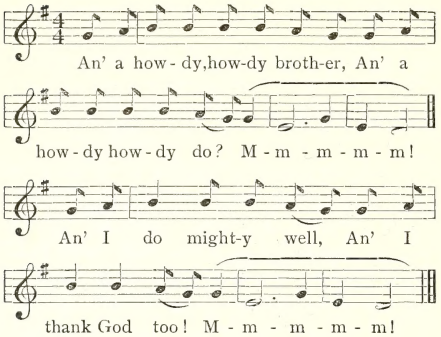
ONE of the most genuine surprises ever given to lovers of music occurred in 1871, when a company of students from Fisk University started North, to earn money for that school by singing the plantation hymns of their parents. When Henry Ward Beecher admitted them to Plymouth Church, the papers had not a little to say in a joking way of "Beecher's Negro Minstrels." To the surprise of everybody, the moderate success for which the promoters of the scheme had hoped and the dismal failure which the beginnings of the enterprise prophesied were both forgotten in a most brilliant campaign upon both sides of the ocean, resulting in the building of Jubilee Hall and in the publication of the "Jubilee Songs," by voice and press, wherever the English language is known and even beyond. The story of these negro boys and girls singing their quaint, weird songs before crowned heads reads like a romance. The continued popularity of the airs then first introduced is attested by their use at all manner of occasions, from funerals to yachting parties, and their republication in all manner of books, from collections of Sunday School melodies to books of college songs. Whatever the critic may say about them,—and what he says is usually divided between praise and astonishment,— there is no denying their power. Many of us have seen great congregations swayed by them as a field of grain before the wind. Dvorak calls their tunes our only characteristic American music, and his suite based on their airs is well known. To critics and to common people they are alike enjoyable.

There is a good deal of danger that we shall not discover many of these songs not already familiar. The growing conditions among the negroes are unfavorable to the making of new songs, and the ground has been pretty well hunted over for the old ones. It would be a thing quite worth while to discover a new or old one as sweet as "Swing low, sweet chariot," or as quaint as "Turn back Pharaoh's army," or as pathetic and powerful as "Steal away." If anyone knows any such, he ought to see that they are preserved, both words and music.

It was the writer's privilege to live in the South from 1880 till 1887, and to come into contact with a good many kinds of people. During the earlier years especially he made careful records of most that interested him, and he supplemented these records as the years went by with whatever came in his way. One of the things which never was allowed to escape was an odd song, secular or religious; and wherever possible the quaint air as well as the words was written down at the time. These have waited for eleven years, and it is time that they were printed if they are to appear at all. It is possible that some have been printed already; but even if so, the variations will be of interest. The most of them, however, are probably new to almost all who will see them here, and many, I am confident, have never been printed or even written before.

Conspicuous among the religious songs of the colored people, as of the white people in the Cumberland Mountains, is the large group of "Family Songs," in which the chief or only variation in the successive stanzas is the substitution of "father," "mother," or other relative in order. One of the most unique of these is,

HOWDY, HOWDY!



This is the entire hymn, except that it goes on to greet, and be greeted by, the sisters, mothers, fathers, preachers and mourners of the company. It is a song for the opening of service; and no type can indicate its warmth and fervor. The "M-m-m-m-m" is a humming sound with closed lips. Any one who will close the lips and hum this sound will discern something of the perfectly delicious expression of the joy of meeting.

There are several songs that tell of going down in the valley to pray. The valley seems to the colored Christian the proper place for all prayer save that of ecstatic fervor; and that fervor voices itself in song rather than in prayer. Prayer, to the negro, was so commonly associated with the thought of trouble that often had no other outlet, that all the drapery of the valley seemed to fit its mental association. Sometimes he rose to sing,

"When I git up on de mountain top,
I'll shout an' shout and nebber stop."

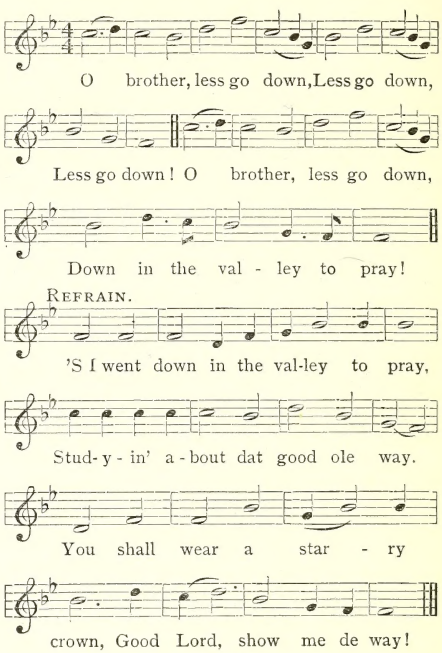
Or,

"I'll praise de Lord an' nebber stop!"

but this shout or praise was either song or hallelujah — it was not commonly prayer. One of these songs, with a very pretty melody, is given here.

The words are similar to those of a song used by the Jubilee singers, but the melody is different.

DOWN IN THE VALLEY TO PRAY.



This song does not usually follow through the family in order, but, being in the nature of an exhortation, addresses the "mourners," "sinners," "seekers," etc. The "mourners" of these songs, it should be remembered, are not necessarily those in affliction, but those who frequent the "mourners' bench" and have not yet "got through." Some of these songs inform these mourners that,
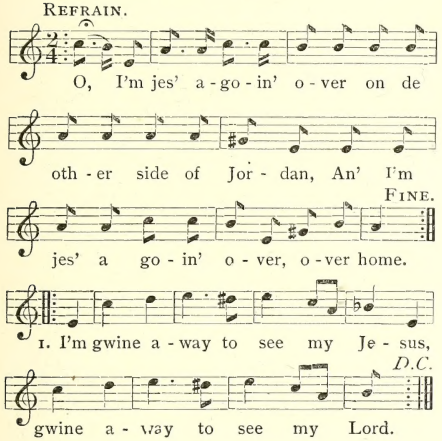
"When I was a mourner just like you,
I prayed and prayed till I got through.

Not "till I got through mourning" or praying, but till that necessary intermediate state, that limbo bordering upon regeneration, was passed. A period of "mourning" is counted a prerequisite for conversion.

The music in this piece is very expressive. The word "down" has always a descending note, and in the first and third lines covers three notes, *re, do, la;* the word "pray" falls as it were to its knees on the dominant below and is held for four beats.

So many of the negro songs are solemn and in 2:2 or 4:4 time, that when one trips along in 2:4 time with a lively step it is worth noticing. One of these, in which the Christian way is neither a struggle nor a climb, but a joyous progress with confident hope, and almost gleeful measure, is

GOIN' OVER ON DE UDDAH SIDE OF JORDAN.



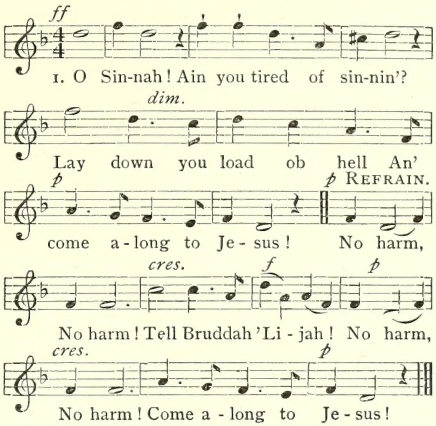
The *b* flat in the fourth line is meant to suggest a slight variation of tone which cannot be written.

In this, as in many such songs, the melody turns back to the refrain almost before the stanza is completed, so that the held "O!" belongs almost as much to the end of one line as the beginning of the next. The stanzas then take up "my sister," "my mother," and other godly relatives, but "my Lord" is retained in each.

One of the most effective uses of syncopation which I have ever heard is in the song "Tell Bruddah 'Lijah!" or "No harm!" Brother Elijah is probably the prophet, for there is no human character in the Bible too great to be counted a "brother," and some of the allusions to "Brer Jonah" and "Brer Simon Peter" are as unexpected as can well be imagined.

In this hymn the explosive stress upon the word "Sinnah" is startling; and the question, "Ain' you tired of sinnin'?" is wonderfully direct.

TELL BRUDDAH LIJAH.



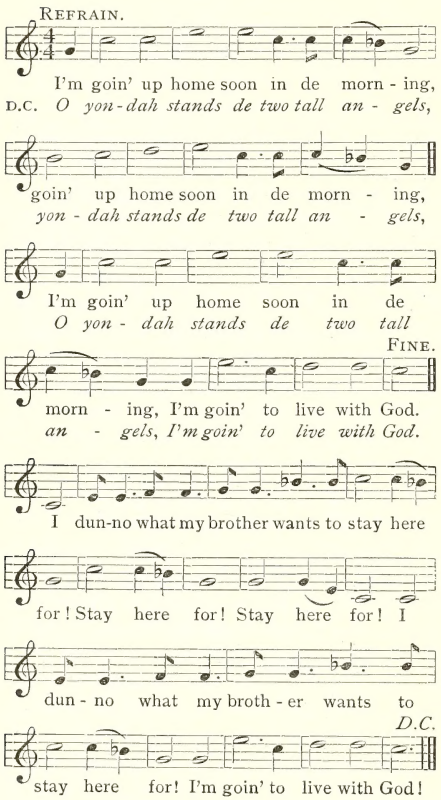
2—O mourner!
Ain' you tired ob mournin'?
Lay down your load ob hell
An' come along to Jesus!

3—O Christian!
Ain' you tired ob prayin'?
I've laid down my load ob hell
An' come along to Jesus!

4—O preachers!
Ain' you tired ob shoutin'?
I've laid down my load of hell
An' walk de road wid Jesus!

A corrupted version of a Jubilee song is familiar to many people, called "Sooner in de Morning." It should not be "sooner," but "soon," or early. Another song with the same burden, but very different tune, I have often heard in meetings of colored people. There is a marked contrast between the two parts of its melody, the refrain keeping the middle registers, and the verses swinging much lower, beginning an octave below the first part, about middle C. It is a major melody, and moves almost entirely in thirds. The few intermediate tones are quite as likely to be accidentals as to take other notes of the diatonic scale: indeed, the negro rarely sings the seventh note true, to a musical instrument, but generally flats it more or less as in the minor scales. Fondness for these slightly variable tones suggests a reason for the negro's love of a banjo or violin.

SOON IN DE MORNING.



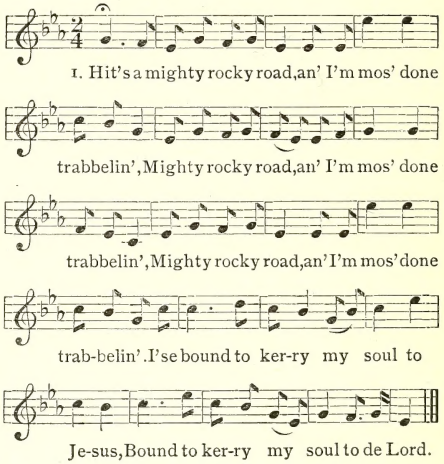
2—I dunno what the sinner wants to stay here for, etc.

3—I dunno what the preacher wants to stay here for, etc.

4—I dunno what the deacons want to stay here for, etc.

This song is quite in line with the view of the world which most of these hymns present. The world is a wilderness; the Christian has a hard time; and heaven is his home. The thought comes out in "Mighty Rocky Road." It is a melody in 2:4 time, and trips along over the rocks very lightly, rising a full octave at a flight at the thought of being "most done trabbelin'." It is an excellent illustration of the way in which the twin birth of these words and notes fitted them to each other.

MIGHTY ROCKY ROAD.



1—Christian's on de road, an' he's mos' done trabbelin', etc.

2—Mourner's on de road, an' he's mos' done trabbelin', etc.

3—Sinner's on de road, an' he's a long time trabbelin', etc.

4—Dis a rough, rocky road, an' I'm mos' done trabbelin', etc.

The tune to the last song has a swing not unlike the war-time melody,
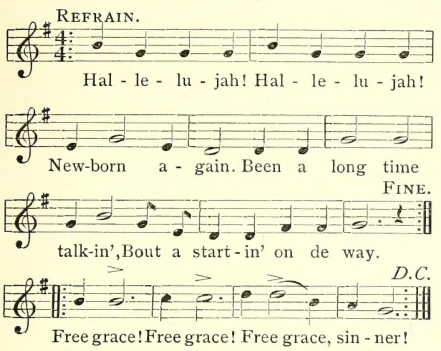
"Great big brick house, an' nobody libin' in't,
Nobody libin in't, nobody libin' in't,
Great big brick house, an' nobody libin' in't,
Down in Alabam,"

to which air are sung words whence a popular college song borrows the lines,

"Hain't I glad to git out de wilderness,
Leaning on de Lamb."

It was in Alabama, by the way, that I got the song, "New Born Again," whose rising and syncopated "Free grace, free grace, free grace, Sinner," make the grace more ample with each repetition. It has a certain dignity combined with light joyousness which our Gospel Hymns often strive for in vain. Indeed, there are several things for us to learn from these songs.

NEW BORN AGAIN.



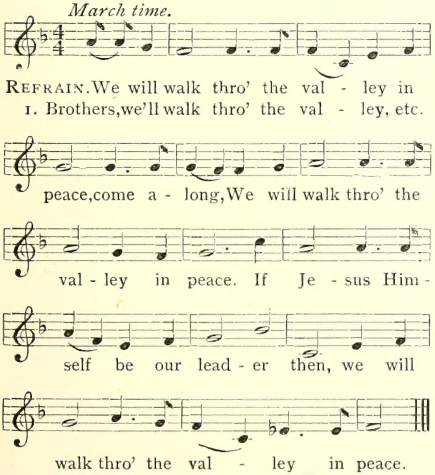
2—Free grace! free grace! free grace, brother!

3—Free grace! free grace! free grace, sister!

4—Free grace! free grace! free grace, mourner!

Another song represents the journey through life in another way. It is not a two-step nor a gay procession, but a solemn yet confident march. It is in stately 4:4 time, and has the suggestion of a quiet but effective drum-beat on its accented notes.

WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY IN PEACE.



2—Sisters, we'll walk through the valley, etc.

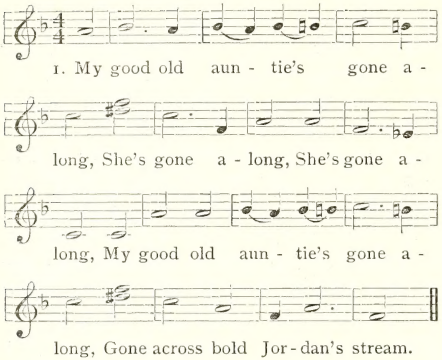
3—Peter done walked on the water, etc.

4—Daniel done walked through the lion's den, etc.

At a meeting which I used to attend frequently, one of the leading singers was Sister Bemaugh, who often started the tune. One night there came from another settlement a famous singer, a man, who quite usurped Sister Bemaugh's place. There was no denying that she felt it, as he stood up before the congregation whenever a hymn was called for, in a most comfortable frame of mind, his head turned well to the left and the thumb and finger of his right hand holding the tip of his left ear, as he sang song after song. Many of the songs were new to the congregation, and were sung as solos, and he liked them none the less on that account. Several times Sister Bemaugh attempted to start a song; but each time he was ahead of her. At first she joined in the singing; but at length, discouraged and displeased, she gave it up and sat silent. The meeting held late, and Sister Bemaugh, who usually stayed to the very end, prepared to go. She got her lantern, which she had left in one of the front corners, and was somewhat ostentatiously lighting a match, when a hymn was called for, — and the visiting brother could think of none. It was Sister Bemaugh's opportunity. She quickly lighted and turned down the wick, and began to sing, "My good old Auntie's gone along"; and all the congregation fell in with her. I can see her now, as in the dimly lighted tobacco barn where the meeting was held she stood holding her lantern and singing. She was slender and had high cheek bones, but her face was pleasant, and her voice had a certain soul-quality, with a ring of satisfaction. Almost every other note in the song is chromatic, and it is no small task to sing it well; but Sister Bemaugh sang it to perfection, standing and leading, as a woman does not commonly do, — and having sung it to the end, she went along.

If the reader will pick out the notes of this song on the piano, and then sing it, swaying slowly, I think he will like it.

GONE ALONG.



2—My good old mother's gone along.
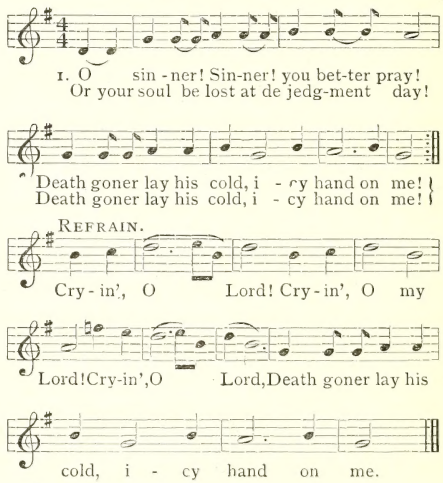
3—My good old father's gone along.

4—My good old brother's gone along.

5—My good old sister's gone along.

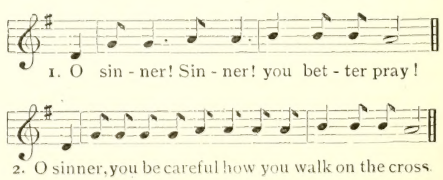
No classification of negro hymns is entirely satisfactory; but a very large class is made up of a refrain to which is sung a series of verses in variable order, often having no special relation to the refrain. Many of them are used with scores of different songs, and never twice in the same order. Some present a slight variation in the refrain, but have a uniform response. Of these I have a large number. One very rare one, and one that I count among the best, is "Cold Icy Hand." The burden of the song is the response, "Death goner lay his cold icy hand on me." An indescribable effect is given to the "cold icy hand" by a syncopation. The word "cold" has the accent of the downward beat, and the first syllable of "icy" takes a half note in the middle of the measure. The surprise of the shock which this gives to the nerves, together with the weird tune which prepares one for any uncanny effect, is not unlike the touch of a cold hand. The effect is not less uncanny in the third line of the refrain, in an accidental flat or natural given to the word "cryin'." It is a wail like that of a lost soul.

COLD, ICY HAND.



2—O, sinner, you be careful how you walk on de cross,—
Or your foot may slip an' you' soul be los'.

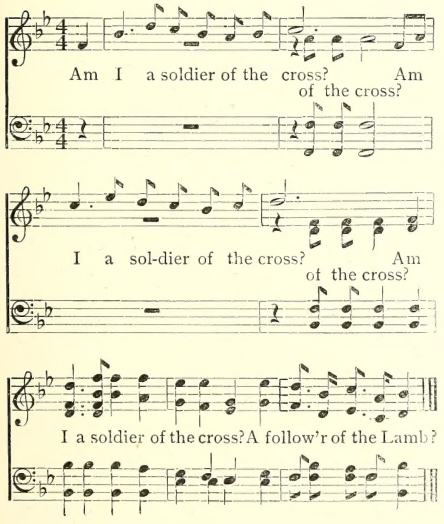
In all these hymns the notes must adjust themselves to variations in meter. The words of successive stanzas vary in length, and the notes must be varied also. In writing the notes one has to compromise. In singing, they must be adjusted to the different verses, as:



The foregoing song uses principally stanzas that have reference to death, and contain a warning; but among a great collection of them there is no certain order. Several hymns in common use furnish couplets for this purpose, — most of all, "Jesus my all to heaven is gone." Other hymns are used. I have the music — strikingly like that of one of our college songs — of one hymn which uses half a stanza of "Am I a soldier of the cross?" and it is quite effective used in this way, with the question of the first half unanswered. It is one of the few negro hymns which requires a bass clef. The body of the hymn is sung in unison — the response being sung in bass and all accordant parts.

In the published Jubilee songs, the harmony has been added for piano and quartette; but it is rarely found in negro songs.

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.



1—Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?

2—Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease?

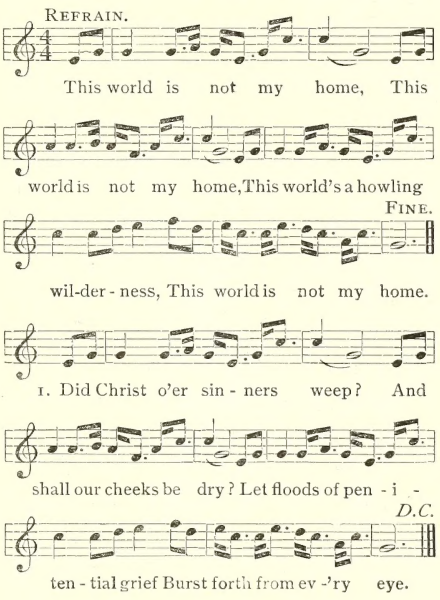
3—Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?

4—Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord.

In this particular song there is no refrain, the lines being repeated several times to make up a stanza out of half of one. Another hymn, which is sung also by the white people of the Cumberland Mountains, takes the hymn "Did Christ o'er sinners weep," and fits to its stanzas a refrain:

"This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world's a howling wilderness
This world is not my home."

THIS WORLD IS NOT MY HOME.
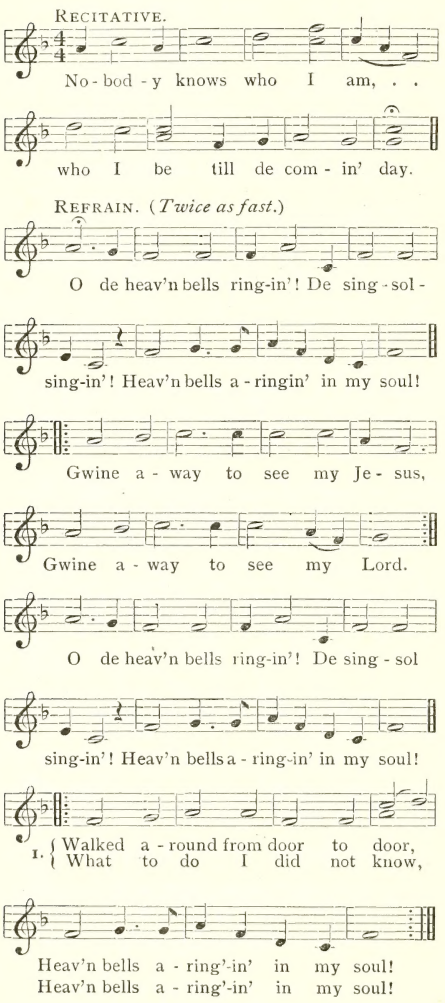


2—The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see.
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those drops for thee.

The melody above is smooth, flowing and restful, and while sad is not hopeless. It sounds well with the words to which it is wedded.

I have one song which starts in with an introduction which has little to do either in words or music with what follows and which belongs only to the opening stanza, or rather to the first use of the refrain. It is not unlike the recitative which precedes a formal movement, and with change of tempo.

HEAVEN BELLS RINGIN' IN MY SOUL.
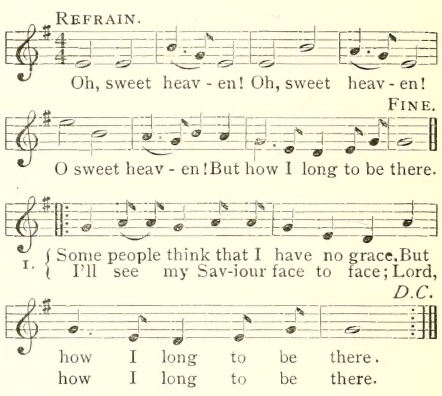


2—I'm a-comin' to de Lord, I'm a-comin' up too,
Heaven bells ringin' in my soul;
I'm comin' to de Lord till heaven I view,
Heaven bells ringin' in my soul.

3—Heaven is a high an' a lofty place,
Heaven bells ringin' in my soul;
But you can't git dar ef you hain't got grace,
Heaven bells ringin' in my soul.

Some of these refrains are litttle more than reiterated ejaculations, the monotony of which is somewhat relieved by the variable character of the couplets which make up the stanzas.

SWEET HEAVEN.



2—I have a right to the tree of life,
And how I long to be there!
With them that fought my Jesus' fight,
And how I long to be there!

3—The grace of God do reign so sweet,
And how I long to be there!
It spread abroad, both home and abroad,
Lord, how I long to be there!

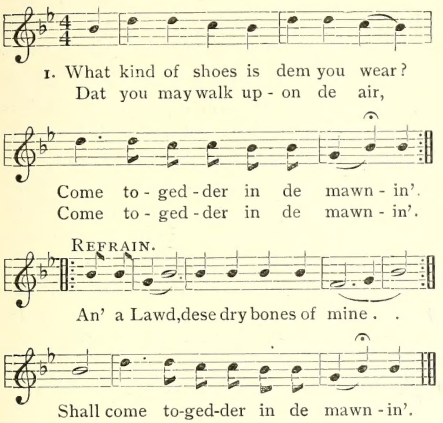
4—The tallest tree in paradise,
Lord, how I long to be there!
The Christian calls it the tree of life,
O, how I long to be there!

5—If you get there before I do,
O, how I long to be there!
Look out for me, I'm coming too,
O, how I long to be there!

In much of our modern preaching the emphasis has shifted from the life to come to that which now is; and sometimes good advice about diet and hygiene, and of righteousness as tending to longevity hold the place once given to immortality. It is not so in plantation theology. The thought of heaven is constantly to the fore.

The resurrection is a favorite theme in these songs, and its figures are well supplied by Ezekiel's vision. Among them is one that is very simple in its movement, starting with plain quarter notes in 4:4 movement, but growing irregular in the refrain, and using with effect a syncopation on, "An' a Lawd," and bringing in a strong upward swing on the long first syllable of "mawn-in'."

DESE DRY BONES OF MINE.
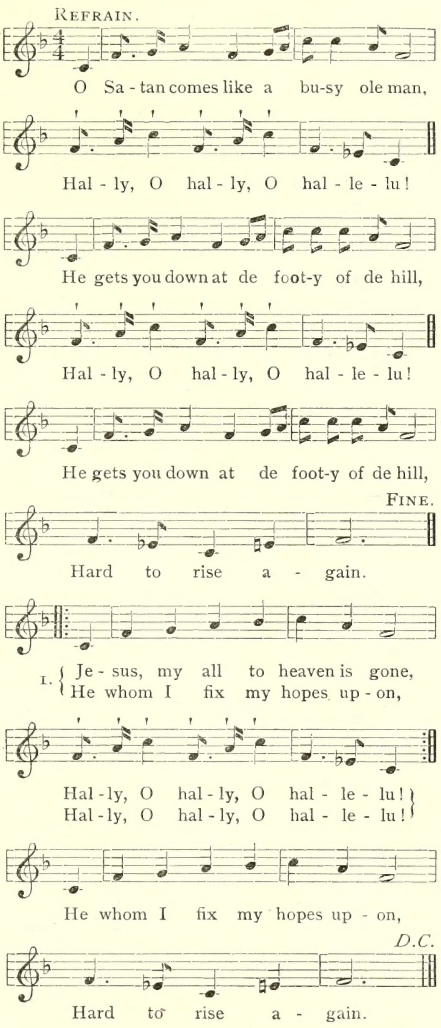


2—If you get dah befo' I do,
Come togeddah in de mawnin'!
Look out for me, I'm comin' too,
Come togeddah in de mawnin'!

The ease with which this rising is to be accomplished in the world to come, has its contrast in a song of rising in the present life. Here Satan appears, and is a familiar figure in negro songs. It is to be noted that while he is a very real and terrible personage, there is always a lively, almost mirthful suggestion in the mention of his name. The melody of this song could not be wedded to a very serious line of thought. The singers appear to feel little troubled over Satan's easy advantage, but cheerfully throw upon him the responsibility for the difficulty of their earthly rising.

The personality of Satan is, therefore, at once a terror and a source of enjoyment to the negro. The place he holds in negro theology is not unlike that which he occupied in the miracle plays of the middle ages.

There seems an inherent tendency to insincerity in negro demonology. Satan is a decided convenience. It is always possible to load upon him what else must be a weight upon the conscience. That Satan holds the sinner responsible for this has its compensation again in the fact that Satan himself is to be dethroned.

HARD TO RISE AGAIN.



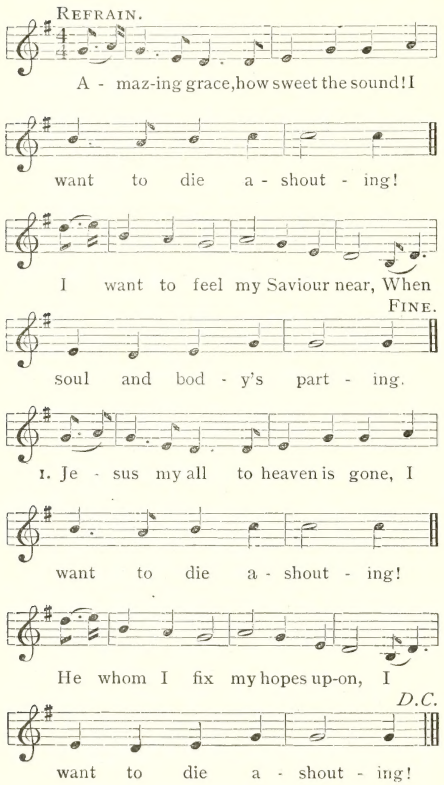
2—Dis is de way I long have sought
Hard to rise again!
And mourned because I found it not
Hard to rise again!

3—De debbil is a liar and a conjurer, too,
An' ef you don't mind he'll conjure you.

4—Oh, Satan he's a snake in de grass,
An' ef you don't mind, he'll git you at last.

One song is satisfied to snatch a single line from any convenient hymn, and pair it with one of its own in the refrain, while borrowing couplets right and left for the stanzas.

I WANT TO DIE A-SHOUTING.



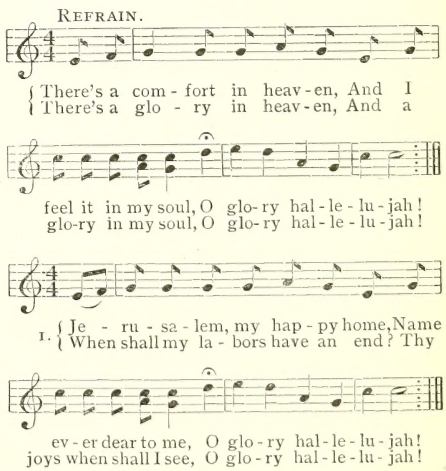
2—Am I a soldier of the cross?
I want to die a-shouting!
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting.
Must Jesus bear the cross alone?
I want to die a-shouting!
No, there's a cross for every one,
I want to die a-shouting!

3—Oh, Jesus loves the sinner-man,
I want to die a-shouting!
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting.
I'm sometimes up and sometimes down,
I want to die a-shouting!
But still my soul is Canaan bound,
I want to die a-shouting!

4—Oh, sinners, turn, why will ye die?
I want to die a-shouting!
I want to feel my Saviour near,
When soul and body's parting.
Then here's my heart and here's my hand,
I want to die a-shouting!
To meet you in the glory land,
I want to die a-shouting!

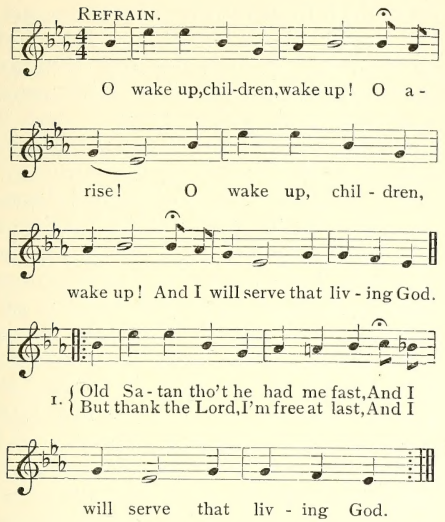
While the fitting together of couplets and refrains almost at random leads to some odd and incongruous combinations, upon the whole one is surprised to find with what good taste the mosaic is made, especially when the singing is led by an old-time leader with a wide range of couplets to choose from. Some of these men when confronted by an inquirer with note book and pencil can hardly recall half a dozen of these stanzas; but in the fervor of their worship they not only remember them by the score, but by a sort of instinct rather than taste or judgment fit together words from different sources without a second's reflection or hesitation. It comes to pass sometimes that the words of a certain hymn attach themselves to a given refrain so that one rarely hears them separately. Here is one which I do not remember to have heard except with "Jerusalem, my happy home."

COMFORT IN HEAVEN.



While a majority of the negro melodies are in minor keys, the use of the major is far from being unusual, and is often very striking. A song called "Wake up, children" is of this character. It is impossible to imagine a more appropriate musical setting for the opening words, or a clearer, heartier call to awaken.
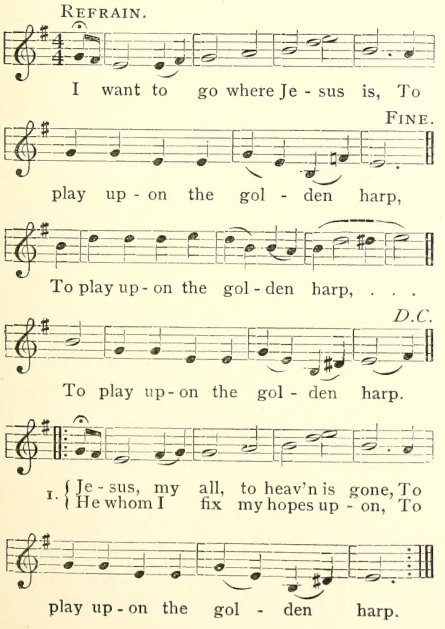
WAKE UP, CHILDREN.



2—Old Satan wears de hypocrite's shoe,
And I will serve that living God!
And if you don't mind he'll slip it onto you,
And I will serve that living God!
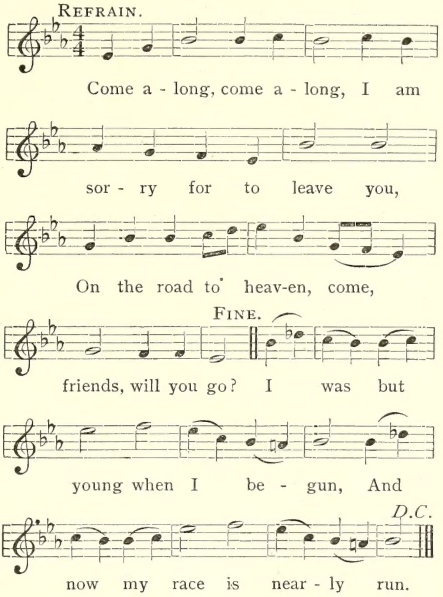
The joys of heaven, prominent among which is its music, afford material for several songs.

I WANT TO GO WHERE JESUS IS.



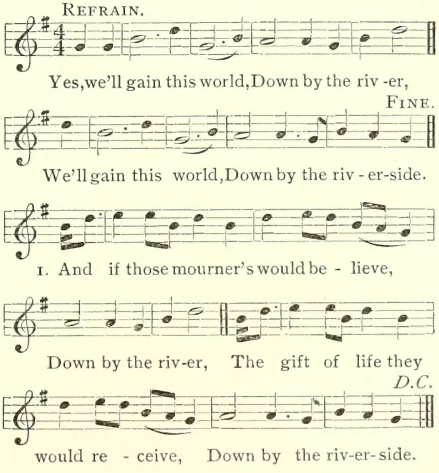
A good, ringing, hortatory hymn is entitled

COME ALONG.



A cheerful song, with a strong major melody is "Down by the River." The Baptists use it at immersion; but it is not confined to such occasions.
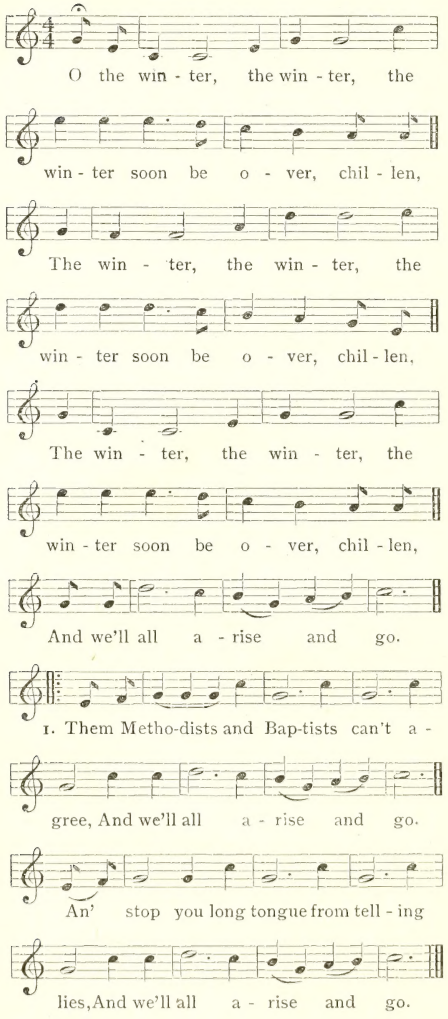
DOWN BY THE RIVER.



2—When I was a mourner, just like you,
I mourned and mourned till I got through.

Many songs have a line three times repeated, with a fourth but little changed, and thus build a song out of meagre material; but the tunes are usually distinct. A very good one of this sort, and with a good tune, is

THE WINTER SOON BE OVER.



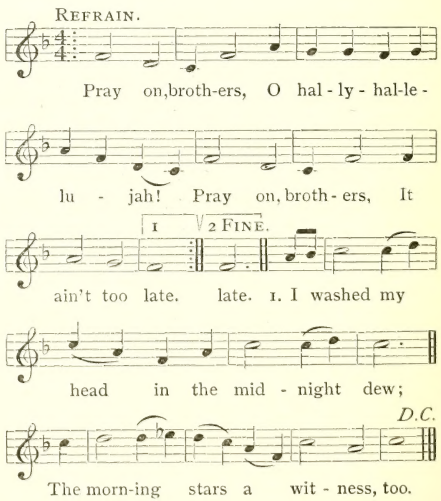
2—Oh, may I tell to sinners round
What a Saviour I have found.

3—Oh, may I tell to sisters all,
Stop your tongue from telling lies.

4—Sing glory, glory, glory to the Lamb,
I have held his bleeding hand.

I used sometimes to preach in a little church built by the colored people, the result of no small sacrifice and hard work. Besides the long Sunday services, held on stated Sundays once a month and whenever they had a preacher, they had innumerable night meetings at "early candle-lighting." For a bell they had a discarded circular saw from the saw mill, fastened to a tree before the door; and when I came in Uncle Joe would say: "Here comes Mistah Bahton now; I'll go out an' knock on de saw." The saw was a very good church bell, and brought the people straggling in from all about. We would spend some time singing while they gathered. The young people wanted book hymns, and had their way in part; but the older people were pleased that I liked the others, and I got many of them in written form. One that was often sung in those meetings was "Pray On." It is a hymn with a fixed refrain and variable stanzas, and is also a family hymn.

PRAY ON.



2—If you get there before I do,
Just tell them I am coming too.

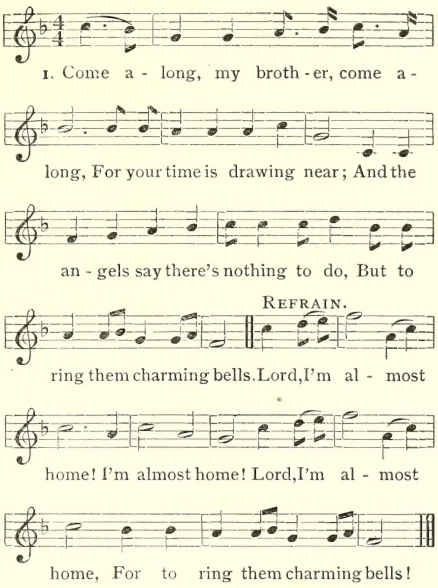
3—There grows a tree in Paradise,
The Christian calls it the tree of life.

There was a great revival in the tobacco barn, and the meetings continued late into the night. They were late in beginning, for those who attended were working people, and the "early candle lighting" proved very late for a start. However, those who came first sang, and there was something going on some nights from dusk till nearly daylight; for on the evenings when there was a good benchful of tough old "mourners" who had been there once a year or so for a long time, there was a siege. The faithful called it "marching round Jericho," when, clearing the benches away, they marched round and round the mourners' bench singing and stopping at intervals for prayer or to shout out, "Believe, mourners!" Thomas Hughes, the genial author of "Tom Brown," was making his last visit to this country at the time, and had never been at such a meeting. He made me a brief visit, and I took him there. He was a reverent and interested spectator, seeing the real spirit of worship that underlay some of the odd proceedings, and also having an eye to all that was new to him in the situation.

During this long revival, which lasted a good many weeks, a bright young lady lay dying of consumption in the large house on the hill. As she lay at night near her open window she enjoyed hearing the colored people sing, and there was one hymn that touched her heart with its sweetness and pathos. As she felt her own time "drawing near" and began to listen for the "charming bells," this hymn grew more dear to her; and as the colored people came to know that she cared for it, they grew accustomed to singing it each night, with all its stanzas, for her benefit.

Night after night I heard this song, —an invitation to the sinner, a glad anticipation of heaven, and a salute from the humble but kind hearted worshipers as they closed their meeting in the tobacco barn, to the dying girl in the big house on the hill, who listened nightly for this greeting.

DEM CHARMING BELLS.



2—Come along, my sister, etc.

3—Come along, my preacher, etc.

4—Come along, my deacon, etc.

5—Come along, po' mourner, etc.

6—Come along, O sinner, etc.

7—Come along, Sister Mary, etc.

8—Come along, Sister Martha, etc.

9—Come along, Brother 'Lijah, etc.
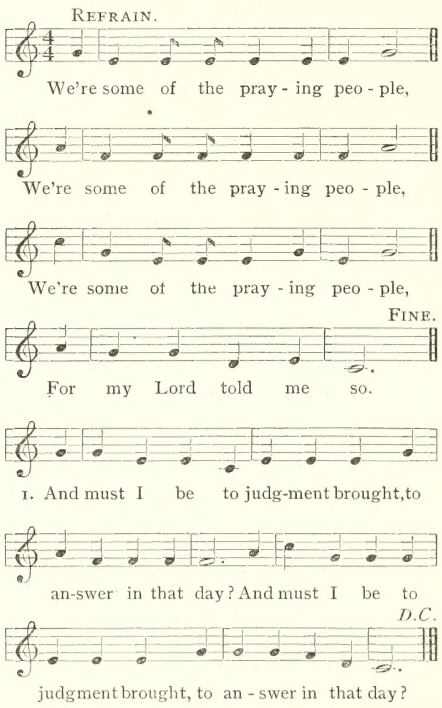
10—Come along, true believer, etc.

As cold weather came on, she passed away, and we sent her body to the Northern home whence she had come too late. We had a simple little service in the chapel, and a company of the colored people sang the clear, bell-like notes of the song, which ever since has seemed to me most beautiful, wth its ringing, confident, hopeful and inspiring words,—

"Lord, I'm almost home,
I'm almost home!
Lord, I'm almost home,
For to ring dem charming bells."

The negro hymns seldom make allusion to the Bible as a source of inspiration. They prefer "heart religion" to "book religion." In some places where an ordinary hymn would strengthen assurance by a promise of God in Holy Scripture, the negro appeals to his own revelation from the Lord. The following hymn is an illustration:

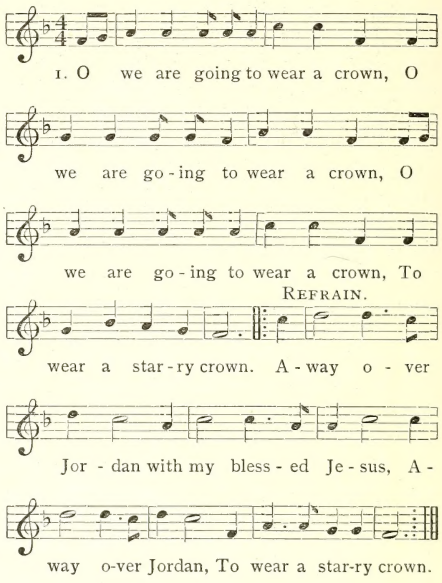
WE'RE SOME OF THE PRAYING PEOPLE.



I have another Alabama hymn which, like the above, is made up of a threefold repetition and a concluding line.

The melody of this hymn starts in a way that reminds us of the Gospel Hymn, but when we come to the refrain we find the familiar swing and syncopation of the negro.

WEAR A STARRY CROWN.



2—You must be saved to wear a crown.

3—You must live right to wear a crown.

4—My mother's gone to wear a crown.

5—My father's gone to wear a crown.

6—The sinner hain't agoin' to wear a crown.

These hymns are fairly representative of a once numerous, but now vanishing class. Some are commonplace enough, both in words and music. But others glow with genuine religious fervor, and afford valuable material for a study of the social and religious life of the negro, besides being an important contribution to American folk lore.

NOTE. Dr. Barton will contribute further articles, with a large number of hitherto unpublished songs, to the next two numbers of the *New England Magazine*. He will be glad to receive and preserve any additional unpublished songs from readers of these articles.—EDITOR.



CONCERT AT SANS SOUCI.

PRUSSIA'S GREATEST ARTIST.

By W. Henry Winslow.

HARDLY six months after the battle of Waterloo, while Europe was ringing with the echoes of Napoleon's last desperate campaign, Adolf Friederich Erdmann Menzel was born, on the 8th of December* in Breslau, Prussian Silesia. The same year, 1815, gave birth to his celebrated cotemporary and brother realist, Meissonier, whose imagination was possessed by the portentous figure of the French Emperor just as Menzel's has been by that of the great Frederic, so that their names will continue to be associated with those of their heroes as long as history concerns itself with the career of these men of blood and iron.

Menzel's father, who was principal of a girl's school, neither wished nor intended in the first instance to make his son an artist; yet by the time he was fifteen, his predilection for drawing was such that the elder Menzel, having abandoned his school and become a lithographer, removed to Berlin as being the most promising field for both of them.

The first treatise upon lithography by Sennefelder, its discoverer, appeared in 1819, and, while in Germany the process was at first used as a substitute for commercial engraving, in France it was rather welcomed for purposes of art; and it was Menzel's introduction to it which had not a little to do with its final acceptance as a serious vehicle for art in his own country.

His earliest published drawings were lithographic, many being in the humble form of bottle labels, menus,

*Dr. Waldstein inadvertently makes the date three years after the battle in his article.



LUTHER'S FUNERAL—FROM THE ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH.

programmes, vignettes and the like; and after his father's sudden death, in 1832, when the support of the family came upon him, his labors were incessant. This hard experience which put all his powers to the proof, trained eye and hand to that automatic sureness of perception and touch which definitely differentiates the artist from the amateur, making him also familiar with a vast range of subjects.

In 1833-34, the firm of Sachse & Co. published a series of little paper-bound sheets from his drawings on stone, under the title of "The Artist's Earthly Pilgrimage," suggested by verses of Goethe. The point and spirit of these juvenile compositions, mannered and immature as they are, cannot be overlooked; and they attracted immediate notice, leading to Menzel's admission to the Berlin Society of Young Artists.

The eagerness to put all possible thought and suggestion into his designs and the characteristic but restrained bent toward cynical caricature are observable.

"Luther's Life, a Picture-book for the Young," was published about the same time and by the same firm as "The Earthly Pilgrimage." One print, at least, of this unpretending series, being unsatisfactory, was redrawn by Menzel. The original of this and his reproduction are given here for a comparison, which is of singular interest. It is seldom that the opportunity offers to show in just this way an artist's precocious force and feeling. In the copy set before him, Luther's funeral train is seen on its winding way, — and a more mechanical, wooden-headed composition one might go far to seek. In the foreground on the left are a cross-bearer and boy choristers, followed by mounted cavaliers of rank and men-at-arms, and behind are the coffin and a line of mourners. The choir boys and horsemen are in formal rows. Sev-

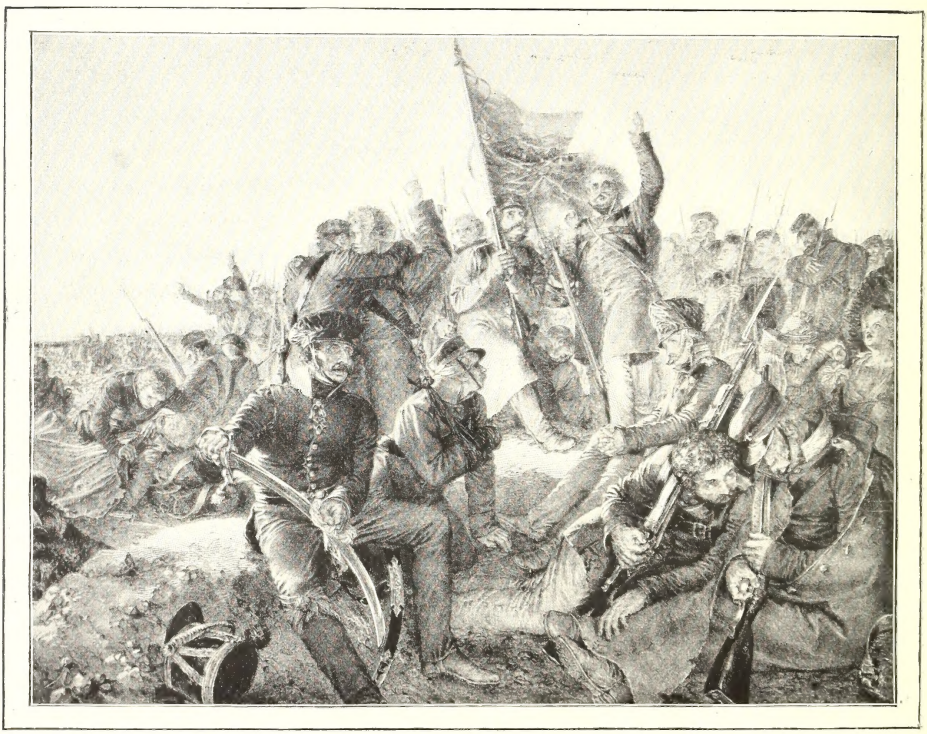


LUTHER'S FUNERAL, AS RE-DRAWN BY MENZEL.

eral stare self-consciously out of the picture; others follow like figures in a puppet-show. There is no landscape to speak of, only a few rounded hillocks, and the sky tint is represented merely by the tone of the paper. What is Menzel's version of the subject? He covers the ground and the few ragged trees with snow. The sky is lowering and wintry, with bleak wind-blown gaps in the clouds. Three cottages huddle together in the distance. His figures are animated. A chubby chorister blows on his hands. Near him a man gazes, serious and preoccupied, not at us, but at vacancy, as does the nearest richly-dressed horseman, his face and those of his two companions being individual portraits. Seven mounted men-at-arms in the middle ground, rigid nonentities in profile in the original, are reduced to six, swaying with their horses as they ride, two conversing and one looking back, steadying himself in a familiar attitude, with a hand on his horse's crupper. The coffin-bearers bend beneath their burden, the broad brims of their hats pressed up against it, an entirely new rendering of the original group. Behind them, though on a small scale, may be recognized the drawn face of the chief woman-mourner. The procession comes from between the hills, plainly following the lowest level, where a road would naturally be, not climbing over the highest elevation, as the earlier artist had it. The effect of verisimilitude in the faces, the suggestion of variety and texture in dresses and appointments and of vital movement everywhere have transformed so many copy book pot-hooks into the clear, intelligent message of a master-mind — boy's though it was.

A short time during the summer of 1833 was given to modeling in the Berlin Academy class; but this was soon relinquished as unprofitable. Two years afterwards oil painting was be-

gun, without any formal instruction, and with the disadvantage of congenital left-handedness, which, however, was by and by developed into remarkable ambidextrousness. Later, twelve drawings were made for lithographs of memorable incidents in the history of Brandenburg and Prussia, the central place in these historical tableaux being filled by the Hohenzollerns, who thus first enlisted the interest of him



VICTORY.

who was to be their artist laureate, and whose beetling brow and tenacious jaw proclaim a fellow-feeling for combative virility. The last of this sequence, "Victory," is given here.

To-day when every painter not only follows Mr. Ruskin's famous dictum and "goes to Nature," but too often returns laden with such prodigies as make the public doubt their eyes, it is hard to imagine what independence was required to break loose from the academic training and traditions of Menzel's youth, when a tedious apprenticeship to drawing from books and casts and inflexible rules for turning out artists were universal and by the time the well drilled aspirant came face to face with the outside world he could only see it through the spectacles fastened upon him by his professional task-masters. It was the day of Cornelius, Lessing, the Schadows and Overbeck; of muscular models wearing astonishing draperies, posed and composed in balanced groups, put together like a *chef de cuisine's* receipts, and having as little reference to an unsophisticated taste. The public buildings of Germany to this day are full of the straddling frescoes of that time.

For the very reason that Menzel had no academic instruction, the course of his self-education was uninterrupted,

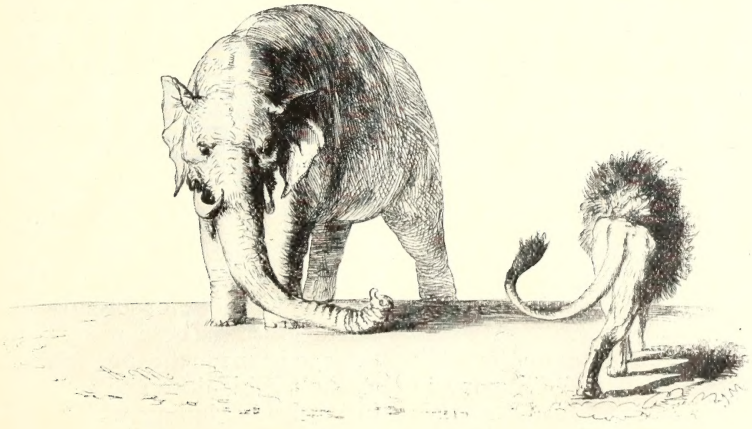
and he had nothing to unlearn. He was impelled to draw both through outward compulsion and inward necessity; and draw he did, day and night, acquiring endless treasures of memory, as well as his wonderful handicraft. It may be here noted that, though skillful with values, save where his overcrowded figure-subjects prove too much for him, as a colorist he is deficient and has a fancy for reds and yellows in excess. This may have to do with the esteem in which the oil picture of 1847 is held, the "Smelting Works," now in the Berlin National Gallery, — there being no positive colors in it, only their modulations in light and shadow.

In connection with the painting of the "Marketplace of Verona," which by the way is only two and a half feet square, containing an immense number of objects, a French critic says of his technique: "He employs too many figures for his broad handling. If one wishes to study them closely, he is surprised to see only little daubs and nodules of paint, and finds the photographs from them much more intelligible. Great as a designer rather than as painter, to delicate hues, tender harmonies and pure beauty of color he is indifferent. A man of his race and country, his definite imagination does not seek refinement of touch. Wielding his pencil as if it were a scalpel, his hand goes straight to the mark, penetrating through skin and flesh to the very heart and life of his models, whom he singles out from the great Human Comedy stage." Let it not be forgotten, however, that another writer describes his exceptional landscape in



Referred to on page 462.

THE GASTEIN VALLEY.



Symbolizing an approaching conflict between Austria and Prussia.



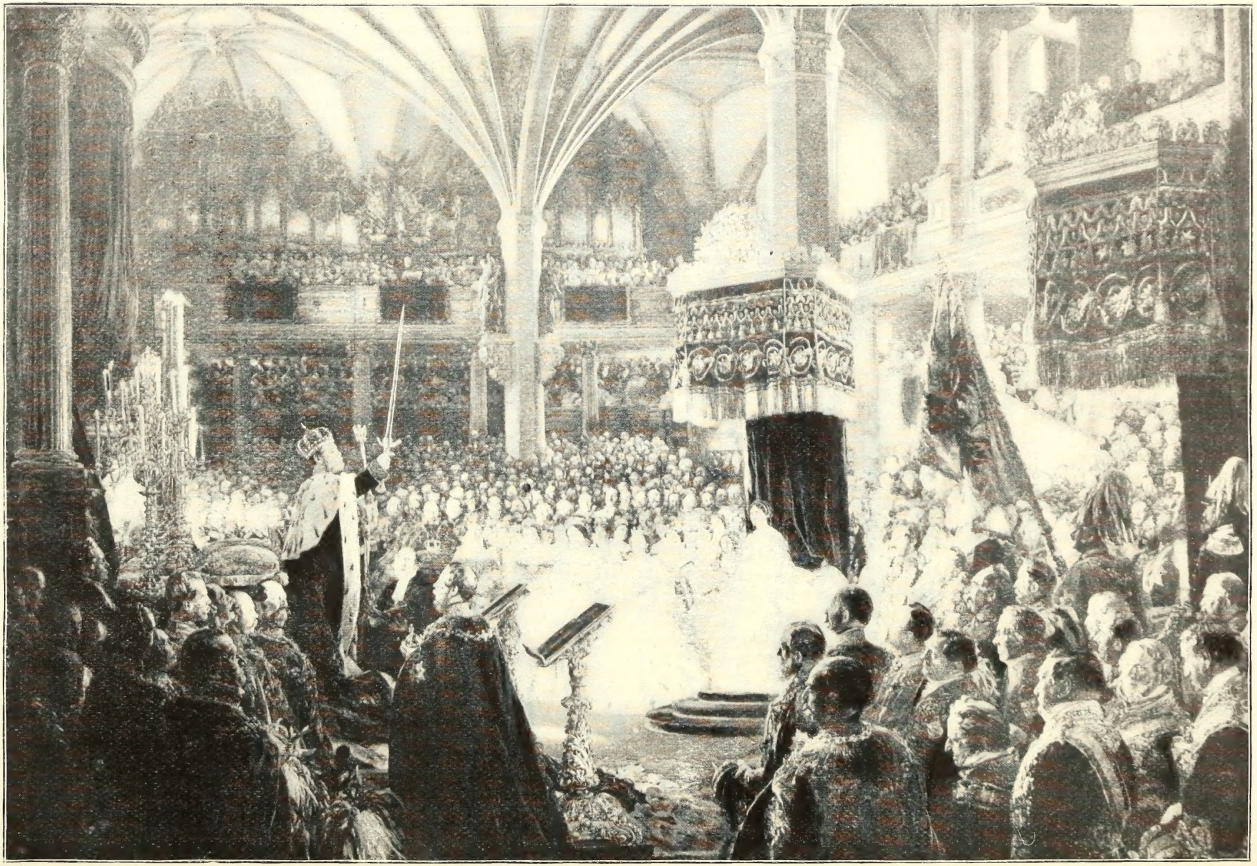
THE DEPARTURE OF KING WILLIAM FOR THE ARMY.

aquarelle, the Gastein Valley, with a bit of the village, as appearing to be done "with the delicate brush of a fairy."

To abbreviate and generalize, to paint in short hand, has been inevitable in Menzel's case, by reason of his ambition to delineate the whole world about him, not to say a past world, and that in detail, characterizing every one of his multitudes with the precise traits belonging to him. Because of the preciousness of his time, therefore, he has economized his canvasses, as compared with what he has chosen to crowd into them, beyond almost any other artist; and that he has measurably succeeded is a marvel.

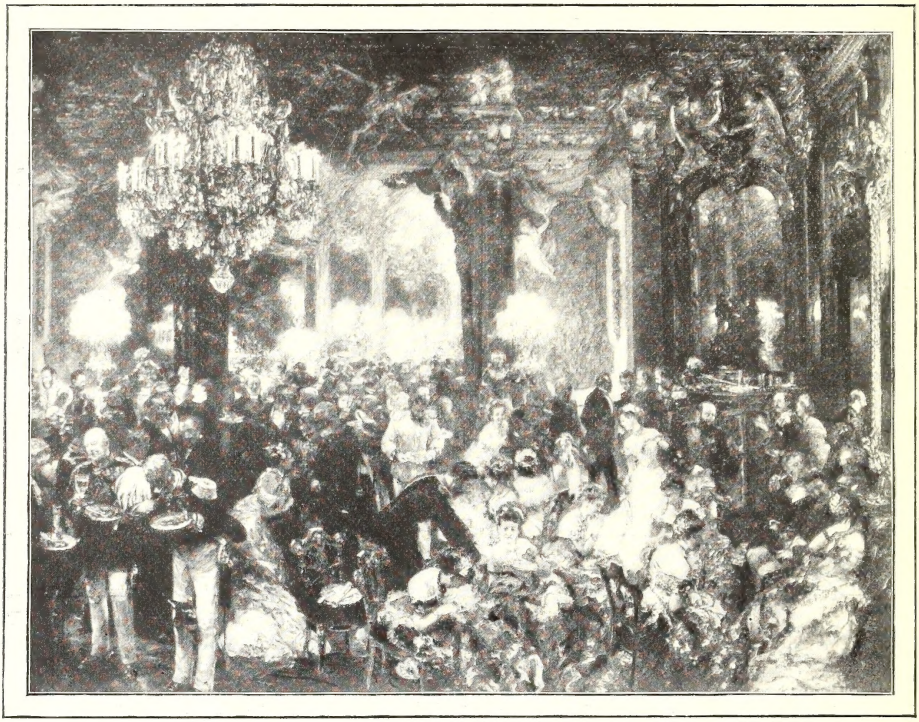
Besides his elaborate rococo church interiors and the "Market of Verona": the "Weekday in Paris," "Sunday in the Tuileries Garden," "An Open-air Sermon," the "Coronation at Königsberg," the "Ball-Supper," and the "Departure of King William for the Army" may be named as microcosmical *tours-de-force*.

The "Coronation of the Old King William," painted by command, is not a subject to commend itself to any artist, least of all to such a one as Menzel: a pictorial schedule of royalties, princelings and official persons, on their best behavior and in their stiffest clothes, which must be displayed instead of being judiciously hidden, especially the staring crinolines of the court ladies. There are a sea of heads like pills in a box, the emperor in an ermine tippet like an old woman, brandishing a sword at nothing, and a rambling interior of no particular architecture. These were the conditions to be made the most of, and Menzel bolted his dose and went to work furiously, beginning with numberless careful studies of scores of notables; that of the army chaplain for instance,



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THE CORONATION OF KING WILLIAM I. OF PRUSSIA, 1861.



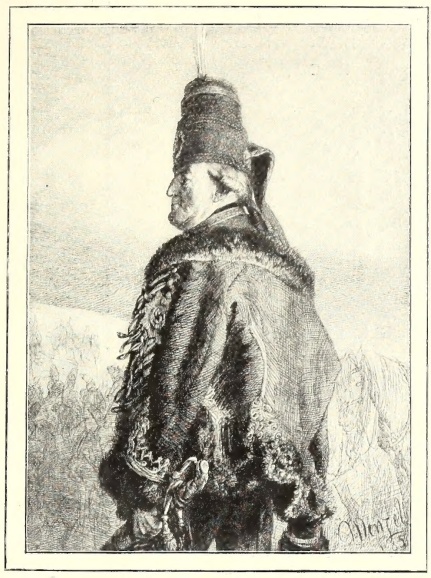
THE BALL SUPPER.

upon a sheet containing the full face and part of the figure, two profiles and two other poses. In the photograph after the picture, on a folio sheet with a good margin, more than a hundred heads are readily recognizable as portraits, among them Bismarck's and Von Moltke's, which can be covered with the end of an ordinary penholder. Over a hundred more yet smaller are made to look like portraits. One groans to think of all the wasted hours.

The "Departure of the King" for the seat of war in France shows the Unter den Linden, the king and queen in a carriage followed by a cavalry escort, flags waving from the windows, and the crowd shouting and cheering. Here the free play of individuality and the variety in the different groups are more after the artist's heart, and are vigorously characterized, the consummate touch being the serious, impassive king beside the weeping queen pressing her handkerchief to her face. Without any undesirable presentment of grief, emotion is suggested in the precise degree which satisfies every beholder. Here is the officer formally saluting, the man of station and substance bending deferentially, the fluttering sympathy of the lady who waves her handkerchief, the curious gaze, the thoughtless mob, and the complete unconcern of the larky street urchin selling news bulletins.

The "Ball Supper" gives equal scope for physiognomical contrasts. It is a court ball, and the problems of dazzling light and shadow falling upon embroidery and jewels, the complexities of movement and character, added to the usual difficulties of the artist, seem to have stimulated Menzel to new exertions. This has been called "a *chef d'oeuvre* of truthful irony, even of sharp satire, recorded by a pitiless

observer, where the reality appears before us, with its conflict of elegance and vulgarity and its elaboration of absurdities." Two officers on the left of the picture are chosen contrasts of manly ease and provincial awkwardness. The first, erect and talking with his neighbor, with helmet in the hollow of the left arm, and holding his plate with the left and his glass in the right hand, will, we see, drain the glass and, setting it down, with both hands easily manage the plate and fork; but the other, hanging over his plate, tries at the same moment to eat and drink, pressing his chapeau between his knock knees, the image of clumsiness. A smiling couple greet a lady who bows profoundly with mocking grace and says something absurd — a privileged *farceur*. Another couple pass slowly through the rooms, the lady leaning upon her partner's arm, and hanging back a moment as she throws a last word behind her. An officer offers a lady refreshment with the conventional *empressement* we know so well. A coquettish dame languidly sniffs her bouquet, and another, chatting with a gentleman, with the left hand makes sure that her "back hair" is as it should be. Still another phase of complicated life is here presented to us, with a truth which shames photography. Compared with Hogarth, to whom he has been likened, Menzel towers as a giant.



GENERAL BELLING.



Referred to on page 467.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.

In 1842 Franz Kugler, author of various art hand-books, had completed a history of Frederick the Great and Menzel engaged to illustrate it for the wood engravers. The Military Museum in Berlin was placed at his disposal, and as usual he went to his labor with all his might, amid historical uniforms, weapons and accoutrements, drawing till he was saturated with the knowledge of them; and, aided by an infinity of sketches, he brought the dead past to life, clothing the mouldering bones of a hundred battle-fields and church-yards with their very forms and habits as they lived.

Before me is the full length pen-and-ink drawing of one of Frederic's grenadiers of the guard ramming a charge into his gun; and on the margin of the paper, on a larger scale, are two drawings of his

sword-tassel, one of a part of the back of his coat, one of a cuff, one of a shoulder-strap and four of grenadier officers' caps, front and back. Meissonier, with whom I have compared Menzel, reconstructed his Napoleonic episodes with at least equal minuteness; but his models and accessories were built up for a single picture, while Menzel used his to restore the period of a life-time, and continually set himself such tasks, for instance, as the reproduction of the king's coat, with the exact pattern of its embroidery, noting its measurements with as much care as if it were to serve to make another.

Regretting that such skill should go to rehabilitate an epoch of ruthless warfare, one cannot but note that for cotemporary bloodshed our artist had no fancy.



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GENERAL ZIETHEN.



THE OLD FREDERICK.

Near four hundred and fifty blocks were drawn upon for the illustration of the history, among them Menzel's favorite emblematic vignettes, such as that of the bared muscular arms and hands, one pressing a bloody sword-blade upon a table, while the other scours it with a bunch of laurel, hinting at the artist's personal view of military glory, and his independence of royal prejudices.

But it was not only this history of Frederic the Great which occupied the fifteen years following 1842; for at the instance of King Frederic IV., a new and sumptuous edition of the great king's writings was decided upon, also requiring illustration. Add to these a series of drawings of the different arms and regiments of the service, consisting of numerous uniformed groups, and twelve three-quarter length folio portraits on the wood, of old Fritz and his favorite generals and advisers, to

say nothing of extraneous labors carried on during the same years, and we have work enough to fill many a man's life.

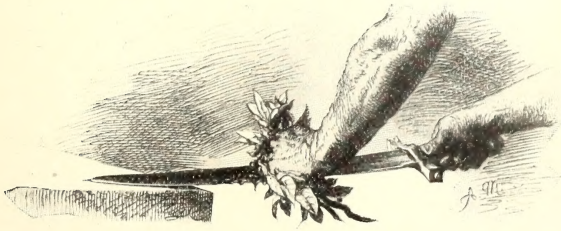
The army groups are not fashion-plates, but animated compositions, showing the Prussian soldier of the last century in camp or barracks, on the march, in bivouac, and preparing for action. In Knackfuss's monograph is the copy of a sketch of men of the third dragoon regiment of 1740, partly in outline. A horseman is fording the stream, and others are about to follow. The deliberate plunge and the splash as the horse finds footing in the water and the rider's easy seat as he gives the beast a free rein, with a wary eye for the enemy on the farther bank before him, are perfectly suggested, as well as the pipe-swollen under lip, powdered side locks and foxy expression. The earlier cutting on the block for the history was done in France, but was soon transferred to Germany, where a new era dawned for wood engraving at this time, with the execution of Menzel's drawings, those of Ludwig Richter and others.



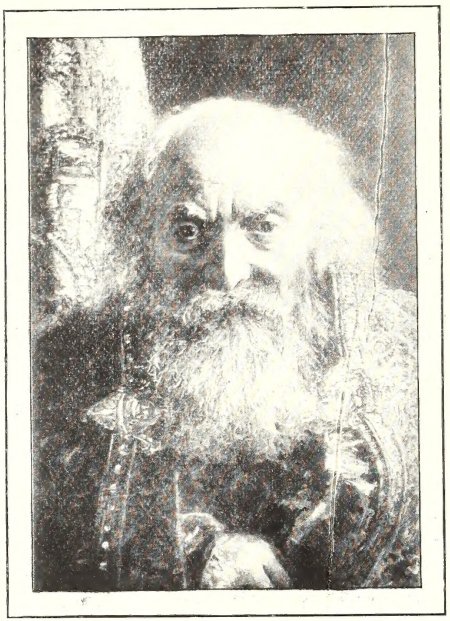


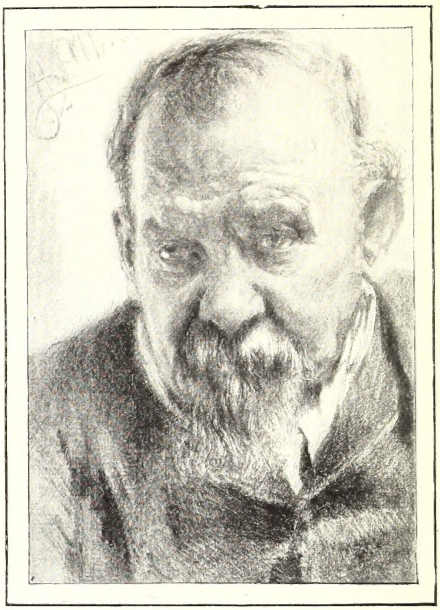
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE HISTORY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The variety and individuality of Menzel's perceptions were never more conspicuous than in the admirable portraits of Frederic's favorites, who are carefully discriminated, though nearly all presented in a military aspect. Those of bluff General Belling and the wiry hussar Ziethen illustrate my text, as well as that of Frederic himself, which is a prodigy of combined restoration and creation. It shows the "demonic element" in his character, the ominous eye, which he shared with the great governors of men, Cromwell, Napoleon and Bismarck, and which in its own language says: *"nemo me impune lacessit."* The repetitions of the king's figure from youth to old age all bear witness to this subtile quality, and might be so many life studies, instead of



Vignette referred to on page 466.





Referred to on page 469.

*STUDY HEAD OF A RABBI.

composite likenesses, made up of every available material and in the nature of the case, much of it incongruous.

Nothing more striking, not to say startling, has been published than the lithograph of the youthful "Christ in the Temple." It dates from 1851, and is one of a number of experiments in varying the ordinary lithographic process, by making lights upon dark tones, scraping away the stone with an iron tool, and thus strengthening the darks. But it is the artist's deliberate conversion to his own ends of the stock subject of sacred art which astonishes one. Of late we are familiar with the trick of placing New Testament personages in a cotemporary *milieu*, where the conventional figure of Christ breaks bread with Jean and Pierre in blouse and sabots; and the sentimentalism of the hackneyed groups of the old masters too often falls flat; but it was reserved for Menzel to present Joseph and Mary and the doctors, even Jesus himself, through intensified types of the national physiognomy, only saved from caricature by their thrilling literalness.



* The illustrations on this page (all of them studies) well illustrate Menzel's remarkable power of grasping the characteristics of the different types of human life he pictured so well.

The occasion of this composition was an exhibition in Berlin for the benefit of the Artists' Aid Society, when the subject was first seen as a painted transparency, done rapidly, it may be on the spur of the moment. What whim or anti-Semitic prejudice led to it does not appear, but the superb vulgarity of these faces, becoming something more in at least one of them, is incomparable. Joseph beams with complacent paternity, and Mary



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CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE.

is ready to cry out with delight at the shrewd retorts of her slip of a lad — a creature half way between a gamin and a seraph, — while every other figure plays his appropriate part in this unique concert of Judaism. The "Study of a Rabbi's Head" suggests what preliminaries were required before the artist felt himself equal to a subject like this. Probably the whole Jewish quarter of Berlin was ransacked for the material of eleven of the twelve figures, and apropos of studies, those of Italian types made from 1883 to 1890 are well worth most careful attention.

As our artist, like Byron in his heyday, seems to have sought continually "something craggy to break upon," it is not so surprising that he found a sort of pleasure in elaborating the complicated, decorative water-color sheets conveying freedom of citizenship to illustrious Germans. Failures as mere conventional decoration, which is alien to this robust delineator of life, they are remarkable for elaborate fancy and richness of design. In that presented to Herr Schwabe by the city of Hamburg, which is nothing less than a highly imaginative water-color sketch, the very thought of conventional design being thrown to the winds, a magnificently adorned woman, in the maturity of her charms, sits on a throne, with sceptre in hand and dia-



An Unfinished Sketch.

SALON OF FRAU VON SCHLEINITZ'S.

dem on brow, presenting a civic crown. Beside her a venerable magistrate in his official robes inscribes the name of the recipient of the city's freedom in a great clasped book. Above the misty waters rise countless masts of shipping.

In the "Children's Album" we are met by evidence of the knowledge of animal forms shown in the peacocks and hens, the woman's jewelled arm caressing a cockatoo, the elephant and lion, the old elephant's head from the *Jardin des plantes*, etc. If the soul can really speak through the eyes, it is Menzel who should be able to give valuable evidence in the matter, — he who seems to have penetrated from the surface to the very central being of so many living creatures, from the cock on the dunghill, to the late emperor of Germany, as he stands, "a form where every god did seem to set this seal," in Frau von Schleinitz's drawing room, half smiling at the last sally of that brilliant lady, little dreaming of what the near years had in store for him.

The Gouache "Blind Man's Buff" and another, "Guess Who It Is," are the artist's excuse for one of the combinations beloved of the craft, bringing together the sharp cut, ponderous substance and cool reflections of armor, and the rounded pliancy and warm, semi-transparent color of youthful flesh. The two mounted and armed horsemen, pausing near an inn under a canopy of leafage, entitled "The Thirsty Cavaliers," are of the same category.

But what is this scrawl upon coarse paper, made with a dull pencil? A little figure with a big forehead sits in a light chair before a lamp upon a table, scowling through spectacles at a book or manuscript balanced beneath his eye. Hands, feet and head are in energetic motion, one foot thrust under the chair seat rests upon

the toes, and the other stretched out before and resting on the heel beats time to what might be an Irish break-down. It is the "Niebelungen Trilogy," which is being conducted on the Bayreuth stage by Richard Wagner; and from the rude lines which stand for forest scenery, to the clutter on the table, careless as it all appears, every essential fact of facial expression, of form and movement, light and shadow is jotted down in the instant given the artist for his purpose. It is in fact an intuition of artistic selection. It bears date August 8, 1875.



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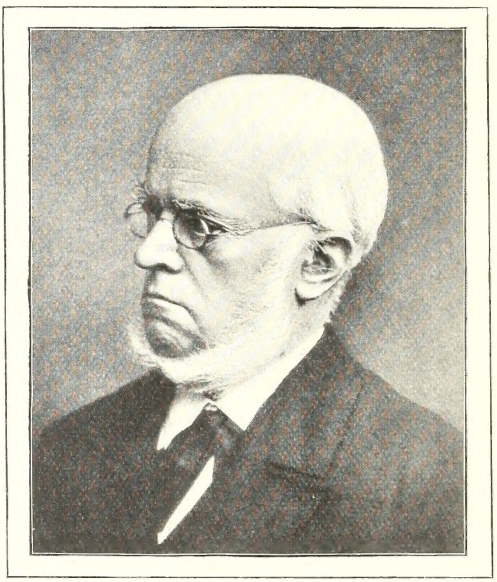
BLIND MAN'S BLUFF.

An oil picture of the year 1852, now in the Berlin gallery, containing sixteen full length figures, bears the title, "A Concert by Frederic the Great at Sans Souci;" and I believe it was reproduced by means of a living tableau by the present German emperor in the very salon of the painting, by cotemporary representatives of the pictured personages, so far as was possible. Frederic, standing in profile, plays the flute, with a music-stand before him; four stringed instruments and a harpsichord accompany him; the audience of six gentlemen, who stand, and four sitting ladies, compose the circle. Lest adjectives fail me, I will refer the reader to the reproduction, which will give some conception of the force with which, in the original, the scene is made to live in the mind of the spectator. The technical skill, the gain of two score years, is very different from that of the lad who imagined in his own way what Luther's funeral was like; but the keen perception and grasp of the matter in hand are the same.

With two works, as unlike one another as they are different from the rest of his productions, the present necessarily brief commentary may fitly be concluded. One of these is a large sheet dating from 1837, "The Lord's Prayer," consisting of very many figures arranged in small groups, illustrating in every phase of action the daily supplication of Christendom. These groups are framed and intertwined with graceful arabesques into one harmonious composition, and printed upon tinted paper, touched in the high lights with white. It is a curious offset or complement to the lithograph of "Christ and the Doctors," and is sig-

nificant of Menzel's many-sidedness.

The other undertaking shows him in an academic attitude very unusual, and yet who shall say inappropriate for his purpose. It is the wall decoration of the grand hall of the castle of Marienburg, in the year 1855, with two great figures of Siegfried of Fuchtwangen and Ludger of Brunswick in their Grand Master's dress. They were executed by him in fresco, covered with a silicious glaze; and the cartoons are to be seen in the Berlin National Gallery. The simplicity of these figures, the long robes hanging heavily in severe lines nearly to the ground over the armor, and the convincing portraiture of the faces, belong to the great period of early German art. The painter of tortured rococo ornament, of gold bullion and multitudinous detail has here undergone yet another extraordinary transformation. It is Dürer or Memling whom we seem to recognize in these stately figures.



Though the subject of this paper is still living, showing marks of age, yet not a valetudinarian, it is permissible to say a few words concerning his personality. The accompanying portrait shows the large dome of thought, the lowering eye-brows, stern, concentrated gaze, and firm, even obstinate mouth, but not the sturdy frame, the nervous fingers and the figure quite below the average height; nor can it bear witness to the wit and friendly humor which he shows among his familiars.

A clever journalist, describing him when he was in his sixty-sixth year, says that wherever he went he carried one of his white canvas-covered 5x8 inch sketch-books, of which he possesses the accumulation of many years. His vivacity and agility, his quick and powerful touch were very noticeable, as well as great brusqueness of manner. In public he was abstracted, absorbed in his own visions, running hither and thither, drawing incessantly: here a door-knocker, a lock, or some architectural details, there a church porch, a peasant woman or a stray animal; and he might even be seen in a ball-room or at a concert, with his big pencil, such as a carpenter would use, flying over the rough surface of his paper, making wild work with it, beneath his impetuous strokes.

Without a family of his own, Menzel's sister and her children have made their home with him. For these children his album sketches were from time to time drawn. His studio is or was in the Dorothean Strasse, a large, bare, room, but which suited him better than the luxurious bric-a-brac and extravagant fancies of some of his fashionable cotemporaries. Here, but out of sight, were stored innumerable portfolios and sketches; materials for pictures which will now hardly

be painted, and which it is said art-dealers are not encouraged to examine.

Various honors have been offered to the great octogenarian, but his personal pride and tenacious reserve have given no encouragement to popular adulation. On the fiftieth anniversary of his membership of the Berlin Society of Artists, at a fête to commemorate it, the semblance of Frederic the Great was successfully invoked in his honor. Upon his seventieth birthday, the late Emperor William complimented him with an autograph letter; and his eightieth, was the occasion of the publication of an album of numerous fine photo-mechanical illustrations from his chief works, with letter-press by Max Jordan.

I have called Menzel a realist by virtue of his scientific mind, his infinite painstaking with the literal facts of whatever subject he has had before him. Yet as the artist is something more than an animated camera, and must work at once with hand and head and heart, each line he draws and each color he lays on equally bears evidence of manual power, of intelligence and feeling. To call one man "realist" and another "idealist" is therefore only to hint very inadequately at their relative grasp of form and color and high imaginative expression. Every artist necessarily combines in himself realism and idealism; and so while we style Menzel realist, we must, by reason of his strong intellect and imagination, concede to him in no small degree the quality of idealism as well.

The writer would acknowledge the constant courtesy of the Boston Art Museum's Curator of Prints, and the kindness of Miss S. Minns, in connection with the accompanying illustrative material.

AN ENGAGEMENT AT SEA.

By Lewis E. Mac Brayne.

THE Trans-Atlantic steamer was four hours out at sea, and the weather was rough. The captain, pacing the saloon deck, was joined by the chief engineer.

"How is she running?" asked the captain.

"With all the steam she can carry," replied the engineer. "She never went faster in such a sea."

"And you can keep it up for seven days?"

"We'll have her in New York inside of six."

"Not with the course we are going to take," said the captain; and they parted.

Two stokers, stripped to the waist, and blackened with coal dust until they were nearly the color of Africans, climbed slowly up the iron ladders, round by round and flight by flight, from the depths below, where the furnaces were roaring, until they came to daylight and a bucket filled with water. They sat down beside it with a sigh of relief, and began to wash. The water at once became black, and took on a gray foam from their vigorous use of the bar of soap. The men had chosen the lee side of the ship, but even there the rain found them with more or less regularity, and every large wave that struck foul on the other side shot out a shower of spray that came over upon them. In spite of these conditions, they waited to cool off before turning in.

"What the de'il did we sail before time fur?" asked one.

"Fear of Spaniards," replied the other.

"Why didn't we wait at dock till the scrap was over?"

"Gov'ment bought the boat."

"What fur?"

"Cruiser."

"Goin' to ship?"

"Cert."

In quite another part of the steamer, in one of the first-class cabins, Billie Cameron, ordinarily a handsome man of twenty-six years, lay flat upon his back on the couch, still dressed as when he first came aboard. He was the color of brown wrapping paper, but much too limp to rustle when the movement of the boat rolled him about. One particularly sudden lurch tossed him out on the floor. With pained surprise—that astonishment of a healthy young man of the world when first he feels the world getting away from him — he tried to pull himself together and crawl back; but the couch had attained such a dizzy height that he gave up the attempt for the time, and sat forlornly upon the floor, rocking as in a cradle that he could not control. A groan from the berth opposite finally attracted his notice, and he was perplexed to see that it was occupied by a man old enough to be his father, who had removed his hat, collar and shoes, but who, like himself, was very ill.

"I beg your pardon if I have intruded in your room," said Cameron, feeling sure that the other man was the intruder, but clinging to the idea that he himself was a gentleman.

"The question is one for the courts," replied the man in a voice that was not unpleasant, and with what passed for the shadow of a smile. "I am not sure that this is my room. In either event, don't hurry."

The suggestion might have appealed to Cameron's humor under other circumstances, but his ideas were still cloudy. "Perhaps they were obliged to assign us to the same room," he suggested.

"I believe that there are only nine saloon passengers aboard."

The boat pitched again, and the speaker turned his face to the wall. Cameron succeeded in crawling back to the couch again; and the day outside faded without their knowing or caring. Sometimes during the night they slept fitfully, and awoke suddenly to find themselves standing upon the side of the room, with the door beneath them. This feat was always accompanied by a frightful groaning of chains, for the screws would be high out of the water and whirring about like insane Dutch windmills with lawn mowers attached to the sail arms. Sometimes they stood almost upon their heads, and Cameron viewed with helpless wonder his own shoes on his feet somewhere in front of him. He could never remember why he had worn his shoes to bed. After an interminable time he began to feel quieter, and at last fell comfortably asleep, soothed with the remembrance that he loved but one girl in the world and that she was on board the same boat, in need of comfort, as was he.

When Cameron awoke, the lamp in its turret of glazed glass was no longer burning, and there was daylight in the cabin. He rather enjoyed the motion of the boat, and began to feel a welcome gnawing at the pit of his stomach, and a vague desire for hot soup—soup for breakfast! There appeared to be a like improvement in the condition of the man in the berth opposite, for he was sitting up and removing his coat and vest preparatory to bathing his face. He said "Good morning" cheerfully, and they at once began a conversation as to the occupancy of the room and their helpless condition of the previous night.

"I was obliged to cross at this time because of my interests along the coast," said the older man. "My name is De Ruyter, of New York."

"I have heard the name before. My name is Cameron, of Philadelphia. I have been in Germany, polishing off a liberal education."

"Not an unpleasant occupation. If you have no objection, we might share

the cabin. Would you mind touching the bell there?"

Cameron pressed the button, and after a moment rang again. The steward was long in responding, and when he opened the door showed a face much agitated.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said. "We were all on deck. I think we are chased by a Spaniard. Shall I bring you something to eat?"

"Bring us oranges on deck," said De Ruyter. "We will go up."

"They did so after a very brief toilet. The storm had cleared, and the sea was now much calmer, but they stood at the top of the saloon stairs for a moment to get their bearings. Cameron soon found his on the deck a few feet away, for he made a slight exclamation that caused De Ruyter to look in the same direction. The older man saw a young officer in the uniform of the United States army standing at the rail beside a young woman, and on the horizon of the sea, toward which they were looking, a line of black smoke and a boat too far away to be plainly made out. This latter object was all that received his attention. The second cabin passengers were coming upon the deck, and showed in their haggard faces the worry of the storm just passed. The steerage had already crowded forward on the main deck, chattering excitedly and endeavoring to question the sailors who hurried by under orders. On the bridge the captain and a group of his officers were trying to discover the nature of the strange craft. The scene did not lack interest. A sailor in the crow's nest suddenly sang out to the captain. What he said was not intelligible to the passengers, but several of them heard the captain reply:

"I make her out. She is a steamer of the White Star Line." He took the glasses from his eyes satisfied, and left the bridge.

This had taken place in a moment's time, and Cameron hurried forward to where the young woman was standing, eager to speak to her.

"You are an early bird after such a storm, Miss Hunter," he said. "I did not expect to find you on deck."

She had turned to him a face that presented a picture of rare beauty, framed in the hood of her steamer cape, as she replied brightly: "I did not mind the sea at all, and I am almost famished for breakfast. Let me present Lieutenant Shrader. Mr. Cameron, Lieutenant."

Cameron, disgraced in his own mind because of his illness, welcomed the appearance of De Ruyter, whom he introduced. When the steward announced breakfast a few minutes later, the four went together to the saloon below, where three men, the only other passengers visible, were already seating themselves at one of the tables.

"I believe that I am the only girl here," said Miss Hunter, as they took their places. "I must ask you to chaperon me, Mr. De Ruyter, for mother has ordered her breakfast in the stateroom."

"I am a bachelor," he replied with a graceful bow, "but I accept the position, and will endeavor to justify the wisdom of the selection."

"You see," she continued, "we are going home under orders. Papa, who is General Hunter, cabled as soon as war was declared for us to return by the first boat. We never thought of disobeying, and so here we are, with the whole Spanish navy, perhaps, following us."

"I received the same order in effect," said the lieutenant, "but your father did not inform me that I was to have the pleasure of such escort duty."

"Then you have known Miss Hunter before?" asked Cameron with considerable interest.

"We met at the Legation," replied the officer, giving his order for breakfast.

The three men at the other table were also in conversation. Two of them, a Boston lawyer and a commercial traveler, had met before. The third one had introduced himself as Eben Mitchell of Connecticut. He

was a type of the traditional Yankee, a comical fellow, lank but not tall, who had a habit of ending nearly every sentence with a peculiar grunt.

"Strange how you will meet friends on board a ship!" said the lawyer. "Mr. Shaw here, who is a commercial man, crossed with me last year, and we played twenty-one games of chess together."

"Twenty-two," interrupted the drummer.

"Twenty-one," repeated the lawyer firmly. "I remember, because I wrote the number on one of my cuffs. I sent them to laundry when I was in London, but as I remained there only two weeks they were not done when I went away."

"By the way, you don't happen to know anything about English taxation?" asked Mitchell. "I became interested in it just as I sailed from England. U-m!"

"I believe that they tried to tax our tea once, a long time ago," suggested the lawyer.

At the end of the breakfast the saloon was beginning to feel the sunlight of companionship.

Not all the passengers on board the steamship had known why she was trying to break her record from Southampton to New York. It would have done no good to have told them at the time of sailing that the great boat was already the property of the United States Government, destined to be fitted out as an auxiliary cruiser, and that in all probability the swiftest craft of the Spanish navy were on her trail. Such news, however carefully guarded, becomes public property soon enough, and it was not long before every soul on board began to realize the significance of that race across the ocean, with the possible dangers that it had in store; and they waited, fore and aft, for the report of the first day's run. When night came no lights were shown and the lookout watches were doubled, while the steamer took all chances and plunged into the darkness at full speed. Some strange fascination of the night kept nearly all the passengers upon the deck after the sun had gone down. In the steerage men and women were gathered in groups in the sheltered places, while in the second cabin their steamer chairs were in one long silent row.

Miss Hunter sat on the lee side of that part of the boat reserved for the first cabin passengers, with the lieutenant at her right and Cameron at her left. Mrs. Hunter and De Ruyter were a few feet away; while the Connecticut man paced the deck, dragging behind him the ninth passenger, just discovered, a dapper little man, but a mighty Hungarian astronomer, sent over to inspect the Lick observatory in California. The lawyer and the commercial man were in the smoking room, with the curtains drawn, already deep in a game of chess. The lieutenant was speaking of the army, and the girl beside him was listening intently, her fine eyes flashing as she leaned slightly forward in her steamer chair.

"The country will be up in arms before we get home," he said. "People on the continent don't understand the volunteer spirit. And a new day is dawning for the United States. You will find the best blood of the country eager to fight. Don't you think so, Mr. Cameron?"

"I suppose so," replied the young man absently. The day had been an unsatisfactory one for him. He had not been prepared for an emergency like the lieutenant, and he realized for the first time that the world was not made for him alone.

So the evening passed away quietly. The astronomer had a relapse and went below early, at which the Connecticut man made an excursion into another part of the boat, and told the chess players, upon his return, that in England there was a pound tax upon a coachman's hat, and that a two-wheeler was taxed less than a four-wheeler. "Which," said he, "accounts for the two-wheelers. U—m!"

When the third day had passed, and

still no warship had been sighted, the tension on board the steamer began to relax. The steerage had a boisterous concert in the afternoon, which offered the combination of an accordeon, a violin and a bagpipe; and in the evening the second cabin passengers arranged a much different form of entertainment, to which they invited their more aristocratic neighbors through Mitchell, who unfortunately forgot to mention the fact until the next day. He had learned that it cost two pounds a year to display a coat of arms in England, and could remember nothing else for the moment. His forgetfulness was overlooked, however, for before the program was well under way all hands were on deck at the cry of Spaniards, and there was no need of further variety for that night. A searchlight had flashed far at sea, and the captain had been called to the bridge. From the deck the powerful light could be seen on the port side, slowly sweeping the sea in a great semi-circle; but it never found them, and in the morning there was not a mast nor a funnel to be seen. A young officer of the ship who had been scanning the sea with his glass finally allowed his eyes to wander and looked from the bridge to the deck below, where Miss Hunter was promenading with the lieutenant and Cameron, one on either side.

"There is a fine romance going on down there," said he to his companion, "and I will bet that the lieutenant comes off a winner."

"Are they in love with her?" asked the other man, who was older.

"Yes, they are, and, by George, I don't blame them. She is the handsomest girl who has crossed since I came on."

After that, the young officer took to watching the little circle of saloon passengers when they were on deck, and day by day he added to the romance that he was weaving until he grew to look for the girl as the event of his watch on the bridge,—until, in fact, the captain asked him sharply one morning what he had sighted. Then he blushed.

Thus the time went by, and each day brought the great steamship nearer to the land, where anxious men and women were already questioning her safety, but where guns were soon to boom a welcome to her coming. She left behind her no trail in the course she took, and a falling meteor was easier to follow by night.

On the evening of the seventh day, the captain gave the pleasant news that there was no longer any danger of pursuit, and that New York harbor would be reached in the morning. Already there seemed to be a warmer breath blown from over the sea, and the passengers of all grades gathered on the decks, a strange yearning for the home-coming upon them. Even the two chess players had called a truce with a particularly stubborn game unfinished, and were conversing quietly with Mrs. Hunter, while the Connecticut man, his heart welling with love for his own country, had tucked the little astronomer away under his rugs in a steamer chair, and was relating to him the blessings of American taxation as compared with the levies of the English exchequer and the right of the Crown to sell out a man who was in arrears for seven days.

Cameron and the lieutenant were sitting where they could see the sunset upon the water, when Miss Hunter came up from the saloon with De Ruyter and began to promenade the deck with him. The eyes of the two young men followed her as she passed.

"She is a wondrously beautiful girl," said the lieutenant musingly.

"Divinely fair," replied Cameron, still looking after her.

"I felt drawn to that girl when I first saw her," continued the lieutenant, "and I confided in her when we had met but three times."

Cameron stared hard at the deck. "What a fool I have been!" he groaned.

The lieutenant did not hear him, or

failed to understand. "She reminded me so much of the girl that I'm engaged to marry that I up and told her the whole story," he continued.

"What!"

"Hello yourself!" said the lieutenant, surprised by the sudden change in his companion. "Do you intend to wrench my arm off?"

"You are going to marry another girl?"

"What ails you, man?"

"And you haven't proposed to Mae Hunter?"

"Proposed to Mae Hunter? I say, Cameron, the excitement of this voyage has affected your brain."

"No, it hasn't, lieutenant. I don't blame you for thinking so. The fact is, I fell in love with that girl the first time I met her last summer. I was about to tell her so when she got that confounded order to go home. There was nothing to do but make an excuse to catch the same boat."

"Then why in thunder haven't you told her since?" asked the lieutenant, himself warming up to the situation.

"Because I found you here. You must know how much she thinks of the army. It would have been the most natural thing in the world had she preferred you; so I tried to keep still and bear it. What a glorious fool, — and a Cameron, too!"

He was up in a moment, for De Ruyter and the girl he loved were approaching.

"See here, Mr. De Ruyter," said he, "Lieutenant Shrader has a problem that he wants to present to you."

He exchanged places with the older man so skillfully that the lieutenant laughed softly. De Ruyter stood for a moment in silence, and then smiled also, as he said: "I have just promised that girl that I will give the Government my steam yacht when we arrive in New York. And she made me want to do it, too." He sat down and put a cigar in his mouth, but he did not light it

Half an hour later, the Connecticut man strolled with the astronomer toward the bow of the boat. He was intent on an account of the Government's plans for the war.

"The first engagement of the war will take place," he said, — and then paused, as he discovered that he had stumbled upon two young people, sitting within the shelter of one steamer shawl.

"Has taken place several miles off New York!" said Cameron cheerfully, finishing the sentence.

SCIENCE.

By Madison Cawein.

MIRANDA-LIKE, above the world she waves
The wand of Prospero; and, beautiful,
Ariel the airy, Caliban the dull,—
Lightning and steam,—are her unwilling slaves.

THE BATTLE OF THE MIGRATIONS.

By E. P. Powell.

IT is true as a general law that migrations follow isothermal lines—and the westward movement of the American States formed no exception. We did not begin to move forward as one people. So long as Statehood dominated the idea of nationality we pioneered as States. In the main, two paramount and strongly controlling movements advanced side by side — that of New England and that of Virginia and the Carolinas. The early colonists in both these sections were undoubtedly of much the same character and inspired by a spirit not at all dissimilar. Virginia was accustomed to import Massachusetts ministers; and both colonies were tenacious for the same creed. But the later influx of the cavaliers into Virginia, and the stronger hold taken by negro bondage, brought about a contrast not to have been foreseen when the name Virginia covered the whole country from Florida to Nova Scotia.

The Constitution enacted that we should be one nation; but still the pioneering that followed the Constitution was of two diverse peoples. No greater contrast could have been found among English speaking peoples than that which existed between the settlers of Kentucky and Ohio, of Missouri and Michigan. The latter made the center of every plantation the church and the school; the former had little of either. The New Englander went with the plough, the loom and the spindle; the southerner was slow to introduce any domestic industry. More than this, the one was essentially an agriculturist, the other a hunter; and as such they were typical of two distinct and successive stages of civilization. The colonies to the north were outposts of the town or "tun," that had steadily advanced across Europe, and rested a while on English soil before becoming the kernel of New England social life; but their southern neighbors by a curious chance did not know the town, having only a churchly heredity of parish. Positive institutions also had rendered the contrast more intensive; for the South with slavery had a domestic force that was all-masterly in controlling character. It made hard work disgraceful; while it was not too much that was said of the Yankee, that "in his hands were more brains than could be found in most people's skulls."

Such was the western frontage of the two distinctive classes of American settlers. The Ohio river, flowing almost on an isothermal, became very nearly the dividing barrier of peoples that with equal persistence marched into the wilderness toward the Mississippi. So nearly equal indeed was this advance, that when new states were admitted into the Union it was first from one section and then from the other; so that the irritation and deadly rivalry of slavery and freedom were not felt for thirty years. At last Maine and Alabama knocked at the door of statehood at the same hour; and then the great unknown land beyond the Mississippi became the national problem. Already the Northwest Territory had by Jefferson's foresight been given as a holy charge to freedom. Which of these advancing ideas should possess beyond the Mississippi? Slavery, at first a fact that no one approved, had, by helping to shape the character of the Southwest, become an aggressive force. Expanding as a basis of so-

ciety, it had become a fundamental need. If it must be yielded, the whole character of the people must be made over. Virginians often desired to emancipate their slaves, Kentuckians more rarely, Missourians never. A menial class had created a helpless and most bastard form of freedom. The poor white, unable to own slaves, was ashamed to labor like slaves. Robbed of industry, he soon became a drag on civilization. The real contest was not between slavery and no slavery, but between the habits bred by slavery and the habits bred by free labor, between the pride of ignorance and the pride of achievement. For to the North there was no one so despised as the person who was not an individual success in the world. The common phrase for a good citizen was one who could "get up and get;" but at the South, to own a negro or even half a negro was the essential title to respect.

Without the town, the southern emigrator lacked the town institutions. There was nowhere a common school system. When Jefferson at last secured a university for Virginia, it was found to be like a lake where there are no springs or rills or rivers. The common schools were needed to feed it. It was not till after the civil war that schemes for general education were adopted in Tennessee and Missouri. To force these on an unwilling people was a second war; and it taxed the energies of the ablest educators as well as legislators in the land. The slaveholder did not care for schools. His own children were educated by tutors, and then finished off at the North or in Europe. His great dread was lest the negro should learn enough to abhor his lot, and rebel or run away. The result was that poor whites were illiterate to a degree we can hardly conceive. Even to this day only one-seventh of this class can read. The first public schools in Asheville, North Carolina, a city of nearly ten thousand people, were opened four years ago. A southern college president sharply opposed the change, saying that "the common people are better without an education,—and that is what ails the north." This shows very little change since Governor Berkeley in 1670 thanked God that the printing press and free schools had not invaded Virginia. Every slave state before the war had laws making it a crime to teach a slave how to read. Kentucky flogged and imprisoned men for breaking the statute so far as teaching negroes to read the Bible. Virginia imprisoned women for teaching their own slaves the alphabet.

With ignorance went a certain intense wisdom; no people on earth had a more positive theology. Knowing little of this earth, they made it up by knowing much of the next. Only the most literal interpretation of the Bible was and is tolerated by the poorer sort. New England bigotry at its worst was scholarly, and up to the times. In the eighteenth century witches and material views of hells and heavens were as far as the world had gone; and persecution was righteousness. But Connecticut in the nineteenth century has gone a long range beyond its blue laws; and Roger Williams and Quakers can elbow Catholics and agnostics in Boston. The South, however, has not so fully outgrown its intolerance of free religious opinion. To be suspected of holding evolution views or crediting Darwinism still exscinds professors from colleges and preachers from pulpits. Moral standards differ more widely than theological and religious. Temperance reform was quite as potent at the North as abolition of slavery; but the moonshiner haunts the mountains of Tennessee and Virginia with a full conviction that he is serving God and defending his civil rights. The glory of the South was its hospitality, and its chivalry.

Poverty under such social conditions soon became chronic. There was a class born to property, and an-

other to poverty; and these seldom passed over one to the other. Instead of the northern village, where all the houses had a marked similarity, and even the fences were all of the same pattern—at the South there would be one slaveholder's dwelling surrounded by the hovels of his retainers. They voted for him, and did everything for him, but work; and they got the crumbs from his table. It was modified feudalism. The poor Yankee was always a man; the poor southerner was of no interest or influence. His only resort was the wilderness. He had no share with his neighbors. The town meeting never made him feel his equality; but the forest at least put out of sight all superiors. He ruled over nature. The rich Yankee was enterprising; the rich Virginian was chivalrous.

It took five slaves to do the work of one freeman. The average yield of grain by slave labor was six bushels, to twenty bushels for free labor. The hive was full of laborers to support a few drones. This was not a local question, but a national. One half of national territory could not be shut up against thrift, and leave the rest to thrive as well as it might. It became a question of machinery against hand labor, a question of the nineteenth century methods against the seventeenth. New England pioneers, starting after those of Virginia, soon outstripped them. There were in 1800 nearly three hundred thousand people in the South beyond the Cumberland Mountains. Kentucky alone had considerably over one hundred thousand. Ohio had hardly five thousand. But New England in the northwest soon overtook and outnumbered the South. While the latter was planning for government aid to construct roads, New York built the Erie Canal; and Ohio immediately added two other great water thoroughfares without asking or receiving a dollar. When Jefferson went to Washington, he had eight rivers to cross, five of which he wrote were without bridges or ferries; but New York and the Northwest built bridges as fast as they built turnpikes and canals.

Back of the township lay the family, in historic evolution. The New England family was showing no signs as yet of disintegration. The age of divorces had not set in. The family was a very complete self-working unit. Every boy knew not only how to till the soil, but was a skilled craftsman. In fact he was a rare exception who could not mend if not make his shoes, build his houses, butcher his own meat as well as raise it, build a good stone wall, and possibly shoe his own horse and tan his own leather. Every woman was able not only to make her own butter and cheese, but to spin the home-grown wool, weave it into cloth, and make every garment worn by the family. She also supplied the house with soap and candles, carpets, and bedding, besides being abundantly able, when it was needed, to milk the cows or drive oxen or chop the fire-wood. In the South the family was soon a wholly different affair. Jefferson and a few others trained their slaves to all sorts of industries and trades, so that a family might become self-reliant. This was however a rare occurrence. The temperament of the blacks was against it; and it caused too close oversight on the part of the whites. When Jefferson failed in his effort to exclude slavery from the Louisiana Purchase, a great slave market was created therein. It was soon found to be more profitable to raise children for market than to raise corn or wheat or tobacco. It is an almost incredible fact of our history that thousands of fathers sold their own children into the New Orleans market, and lived on the products. In New England pioneers looked over the borders to despise the unthrift. They abhorred and hated the injustice done the negro, and were horrified at the worse injustice done the cross of white and black.

Side by side, often crossing over the lines, these two streams of national life

were evidently preparing for a struggle. One or the other must possess the Union. The treatment of Indians did not on the whole differ. The southerner more quickly shot down a red man; but the northener got him drunk and cheated him. The pious deacon, acting as Indian agent, paid him his government annuity at one end of a whiskey barrel, and took it back at the other end. Indian atrocities were the excuse for Indian wars of extermination. If the red man had written history, it would have recounted a series of white men's atrocities; and it would have been more reliable history than that which we ourselves have written.

Progress went along lines of taverns everywhere; and these became the homes of vulgarity and tippling and brawling. All along the turnpikes were such stations, affording "accommodation for man and beast." The food was good and the whiskey was honest,—but it was debauching. Pioneers lost something of New England modesty. In the South the food was intolerable, and the shanties that passed for taverns were insufferable. Wilson says: "The taverns are the most desolate and beggarly imaginable, with dirty walls, while one or two old broken chairs and a bench form the furniture. You sit down to a meal the sight of which deadens the most eager appetite. You are surrounded by dirty, half naked blacks, male and female. The house is raised by posts four or five feet, and the space below is left open for the hogs." This description would not be worth quoting if it had been a mere incident of pioneering; but it was as true in 1850 as in 1800. The utter destruction of wholesomeness began early in our national career,—and the creation of deteriorated types of body. Cobbett wrote that drinking was our national disease; "even little boys at or under twelve go into stores and tip off drams." But while this was true up to 1825 of both northern and southern lines of migrators, it remained a fixed characteristic of the South. With it went furious passions and a love for brawls and fights. The North rapidly outgrew the rawness of a new settlement; at the South these conditions were counted desirable. Those who disliked or criticised were treated to abuse, or worse. Since the war I have attended school conventions in southern cities, and been compelled to sleep in rooms with six to twelve others. These were of all sorts, all tastes, all snores, and they kept all hours; if you got rest at all it would be after midnight. To criticise social conditions at the South has never seemed tolerable to the native. Slavery was no better defended than its associate barbarisms. To advocate change was to be an abolitionist. Savage retaliation was likely to be meted to the innovator.

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose this to be anything like a complete picture of these two parallel migrations. History has always been made up of the clash and coöperation of dual ideas, dual races, and dual forces. Nature found herself unable to bring out high life forms until she made male and female; and ever since it has been true that "one" can only come from "they twain." The Shemite and Aryan stocks have from their origin been curiously interdependent; and progress has never been made by either alone. The Christian Church stagnated till Catholic and Protestant wrestled together for truth. So we shall find in the keenest sense that American institutions could never have been shaped into their profound power for covering this continent, without the South as well as the North. A rewriting of American history will some day show that even African slavery has not been altogether a curse. It enabled Virginia to develop a class devoted to statesmanship—the best students and most independent thinkers of the age. England and France with their older civilization had no men to surpass Jefferson, Madison and Marshall. The

physical type was exceedingly fine, the moral key lofty.

There was a hardness about New England life at the best, that was lacking in Virginia. Hospitality was the first of southern virtues; economy the first in New England. Channing while traveling in the Southern States wrote in 1799: "I blush for my own people when I compare the selfish prudence of a Yankee with the generous confidence of a Virginian. Here I find greater vices, but greater virtues, than I have left behind me. Could I only take from the Virginians their sensuality and their slaves, I should think them the greatest people in the world." There is no denying that slavery itself, while depressing the poor, gave a chivalry, courage, pride, strength of intellectual grasp and culture to the higher class, that they could hardly have had otherwise. Travelers invariably felt as Channing did, that there was an educated charm about the Virginians not to be found in New England. But alas! the former were on the down hill road; the latter on the up grade. In 1830 Boston was the hub, and Richmond had become provincial; and Channing lived to see it. The society that created Jefferson, Marshall, Mason, Clay, was an oligarchy; it stood on primogeniture, a state church, and slavery. But these statesmen themselves legislated away primogeniture and the state church. There was nothing distinct for society to rest on after that but unrighteous human bondage, with its poisonous vices.

The Declaration of Independence we owe to the South; but the first blow for freedom was struck by the North. Although the northern states abolished slavery of their own accord, it was Jefferson's firm hand that kept slavery out of the Northwest Territory. Again and again did New England settlers coincide with those born in the West, to urge Congress to allow of a temporary use of slaves in Indiana, including Michigan and Illinois. It was firmly forbidden. In 1785 Jefferson revised the statutes of Virginia to adopt gradual emancipation; but the legislature failed to ratify.

New England went westward with her common schools and her colleges; but she never was able to create a unit of these; the lower schools belonged to the state, the higher to the churches. It needed a Jeffersonian, sent from Washington, Judge Woodward, in Michigan, to plan a system of education large enough in spirit and broad enough in conception to make a unit of the work, from the kindergarten to the university. The South grasped most readily the federal system of independent states, and saved the young republic from the powerful drift that set in toward a centralized aristocracy. Federalism as it was called, but which now we should term Centralism, lasted only from 1789 till 1800. Its greatest leader, Hamilton, advocated an executive for life, a senate for life, selected for wealth and intellect, and the abrogation of the states. Jefferson put an eternal quietus to this doctrine. New England was more conservative, the South more initiative. Hamilton surpassed as an organizer, Jefferson as an idealist. If at last the South seceded it must not be forgotten that New England under Jefferson discussed a Northern Confederacy; and during Madison's administration refused fully to coöperate in the war with England, and practically withdrew from the united action of the nation.

The theology and religion of the southern West had had their origin somewhat diverse from that of politics and social economy. The latter came mainly from Virginia, the former from South Carolina. Here there was a sort of southern Puritanism dominant in society, a social rigidity unlike Virginian society, and much more resembling that of Massachusetts. It was Puritanism that had never gone out of the Episcopal church. While New England Puritanism made John Adams, that of South Carolina made

Calhoun — equally inflexible and chaste and devout. As this spirit crossed over into the newer territory, it stamped the forming states with a religious zeal. This was immensely increased by the influx of Scotch Presbyterians, who in the middle of the eighteenth century began to come from Great Britain to escape persecution. The latter for the most part took possession of the mountain districts and, while remaining poor, became a very important part of the population of the newer southern states. During the civil war those mountain whites were found loyal to the Union, almost to a man. A totally different class were the "Crackers," who filled up the Sand Hills of western Carolina and eastern Tennessee and adjacent districts. This was a degenerate stock, for which there was no office but to cumber the land and by stupidity to render it more desolate. On the east side of the mountains, Episcopalian Puritanism made Calhouns; on the west Presbyterian Puritanism made Andrew Jacksons. The former were scholarly, classical and proud of culture, the latter were ignorant of books, but inherited an instinct for law and law-making, as well as for liberty. Such men as Jackson and Houston were not only most orthodox, but most loyal.

When we needed a Lincoln, we found him to be a cross of North and South. On the one side, he had the free individualism of North Carolina and Kentucky, the coarse, bold, defiant temper ready to fight for his rights, thoroughly charged with the state rights spirit of Calhoun and the religious sentiment of Jackson; on the other, he had the love for law and respect for institutions bred in Illinois. Lincoln wedded the Union in his own temperament and education, before he was called on to hold the Union together by force of arms. Chase or Seward or Sumner in Lincoln's place would have irretrievably split the Union into fragments. More than this, Lincoln had an element of superstition from his southern ancestry—a strong heredity of faith in fate. He believed God was with him—that he was led by God. He went to Washington with a belief, or a belief forming, that he was raised up by the Almighty to do His will. His executive action was at first dilatory, waiting for the Lord to lead the way. He prayed when in difficulty. His confidence in God was infinitely useful to sustain him; and as statesmanship it worked well. On the other side General Stonewall Jackson was getting the same heavenly illumination and guidance, the same stay in battle and light in counsel. A cold skeptic would have been worthless as President in 1860. It needed a man charged with belief that Supreme Power was behind him. Seward's Higher Law was not enough. Lincoln had the Higher-Law Giver. That which made Calhoun a fanatic against the Union made Lincoln a fanatic for it.

The southerner, without the town, naturally became a stronger lover of his state; and state pride grew into immense proportions. If the tide of migration had settled down at any point, and ceased altogether, each state would have been even more dangerously ready for asserting its individual sovereignty. As it was, everything was preparing for that peculiar outburst of sentiment that caused the civil war. Northerners looked on with amazement when men of the noblest qualities and lovers of the Union pronounced deliberately for their states by preference to the United States. Robert E. Lee said: "I shall go with my State." Alexander Stephens fought against rebellion, but declared himself obligated to his state above his country. The man of northern heredity and training could see in the war only a passion for slavery. It is true slavery had become inextricably fused with the sentiment of state rights; but the bottom difficulty was that the southerner began without the town, and his unit of political life was the state. In

New York it was easy enough to see that, if a state could secede from the union, a county might secede from the state or a town from a county; in Virginia and Georgia this was not the way people argued or saw things. So the invaluable doctrine of independent but federated states became a lax and dangerous doctrine of states temporarily leagued. But it must never be forgotten that a true reading of history finds that the greatest inherent evils often work to the production of the greatest good. So it came about that the meanest traits of both North and South fused for blessings. Without southern slavery and northern sycophancy we should not have begotten Oberlin in 1836; and without Oberlin who can say how long the coëducation we have had for the last half century would have been delayed?

Could the two sections have gone straight on without collision, the social problem of America would have been different. But the southerner came North with long retinues of slaves, to spend his summers. The irritation was constant and increasing. Laws were required making the children of New England act as slave hunters. It was their duty to catch runaways and return them to bondage. Complicity in such a social state was repulsive and intolerable. The clash grew inevitable, and it would have come sooner only for our tendency to follow isothermal lines. It was clear that slavery could not stay inside its boundaries. The crack of the whip was heard in Congress. Sumner was bludgeoned for free discussion. Virginia statesmen of 1790 and 1800 abhorred slavery. In 1835 Madison declared it was the only danger to the perpetuity of our government. But the descendants of these men became apologists and then defenders of human bondage. A new church grew up in the place of the old state church; and it ransacked the Bible for arguments in favor of the great evil. The contest grew more and more to have a moral aspect. It was a terrible fight of righteousness that never can be taught to respect state boundaries. The school houses of Maine whetted the argument. The prayer meetings of Vermont plead with God to send the Bible, and the right to read it, to the five millions of negro slaves. Apologists in the pulpit and doughface deacons "churched" the suppliants; which was a sort of Yankee dragooning.

But instead of war, the North gradually formulated a purpose to settle the question by migration. The isothermal line should no longer control the westward tide of settlement. Massachusetts formed a Kansas Colonization society. It was termed the New England Emigration Aid Society. Its purpose was to bend the line of migration southward, and take possession of the land that lay beyond slavery; and there plant free institutions. It was to be a purely peaceful move. Pioneers should be poured in with rapidity, and forestall the South. But the South was soon roused to a comprehension of the purpose and a determination to thwart it. It was a death struggle of two civilizations. Slavery had done its work; it had ceased to be anything but a curse; it was breeding vice that rotted to the core; it had paralyzed industry; had barred out free schools and manufactures; had degraded labor; multiplied poverty and ignorance; and created a religion of its own temper and calibre. New England had outgrown its narrowness. Its children were more vigorous than itself. Illinois and Ohio and Michigan and Wisconsin and Iowa were great panoramas of thrift. The North had an immense love for the Union and the Constitution; but it had come to believe the Higher Law. The combatants were in no respects well matched. The South was nearer Kansas; but the North was vastly more populous and wealthy.

The South was quick to feel its disadvantage and appeal to force. Like a flash it was accustomed to resent an attack with bowie knife or rifle. Its

popular sports were matches in which the combatants spared neither limb nor life. "Border ruffians" was not altogether a misnomer as applied to those who met the free-state settlers. They intended to burn, to destroy, to kill, and wipe out their rivals. New England was cool and resolute, but peaceful; it came to plant towns and organize a state; it carried ploughs and pens. The first clash was not understood. It took time to study this new social life that came in with firebrand and pistol. But the time was not long wasted. Beecher's church raised a contribution to buy rifles to send to the free-state party. Heated conferences were held everywhere throughout the North. Those who would not have favored an attack on slavery, and who held it to be robbery to aid runaway negroes, resented the assault that denied free settlements of new lands under national laws. The plan was shrewdly devised and wisely conducted. Free-state men simply claimed their right to settle homes; settlers claimed their right to establish social order, to make laws by majority vote, and create an honestly organized state. The sympathy of the North went over in a strong tide to those men who, under this cover, were really settling the question of slavery in America. The world had never before seen a parallel contest. It hurried forward abolition a whole half century. "Free-soil" and "free-state" were taking terms where "abolition" was detested. The little Liberty party could rally but 156,000 votes; the new Republican party leaped into existence, 1,341,264 strong—just short of a popular victory.

The slavery question was taken out of Congress; it was now a life and death struggle between the emigrating powers of the North and the South. No northern party dared fail to stand by the rights of settlers to self-government. The only hope was in overawing the northerners, or in defrauding them. A dough-face President sent governor after governor to aid in the effort to force a slave constitution on the territory. Congress tried to bribe the free-state settlers. The Supreme Court, packed for the service of slavery, did what it could to aid in the perfidy. Kansas had seven governors in five years. One of these, although a southerner, resigned, because his manhood would not allow him to be base enough to break his oath of office; another was removed because not a sufficiently pliant tool. When the political parties began to form their platforms in 1860, the struggle was narrowed down to this question: Have the people of the territory the right under the Constitution to prohibit slavery from being one of its domestic institutions? Douglass comprehended the issue and bitterly attacked the Emigrant Aid Society; for it was really a battle of emigrants—not of states or citizens. Georgia and Alabama legislatures proposed bills to aid emigration. They failed; money was less plentiful than at the North. Colonel Buford, of Alabama, sold his slaves and gave $20,000 to raise a company of three hundred to go to Kansas as settlers. He promised them each forty acres of land. But the pinch was that southerners dared not take their slaves outside of assured slavery territory. Stringfellow begged that two thousand slaves be brought into the territory; but the owners took care not to risk it. Buford's men were taken to a church, ostentatiously blessed, and each presented with a Bible, "a weapon more potent than Sharpe's rifles." But they carried rifles all the same, and bowie knives. At New Haven a company was started out with a gift of rifles, Beecher pledged twenty-five from Plymouth church. Professor Silliman and other Yale professors gave each a rifle. It turned out that Buford's men could not plough or plant. The northerners could take care of themselves. Slaves brought in were helpless; and their owners had to work to support them.

The struggle was not left wholly to

New England. Some of the southern poor whites realized that their salvation from degradation lay in throttling slavery. Others had felt the hand of the border invaders. No men were more resentful. Andrew Johnson, afterwards our President, hated the slaveholder with a hate inconceivable to us. Jim Lane, afterwards senator, was a poor southerner. They did not abhor slavery, but hated the slaveholder. Lane said he would as soon own negroes as mules; but he fought as a leader on the free-state side.

There were four efforts to organize the territory into a state. The first constitution was known as the Topeka; and was made by the Free State citizens, who after the spring of 1855 were in a majority. Congress refused to accept this document. President Pierce ordered the army to disperse the state organization. The Lecompton constitution was the work of the Slave-labor party; and the people voted it down in 1858, while Congress accepted it. The territorial legislature then ordered a constitutional convention, in the spring of 1858. The result was the Leavenworth constitution. It was submitted to the people, and the Lecompton constitution resubmitted at the same time. The result was 11,300 votes for the former, to 1,788 for the latter. Congress failed to act on this constitution. Finally the Wyandotte constitution was framed and adopted by the people in 1859. In a total vote of 16,000 the majority was about 9,000 in its favor. The United States refused to act until 1861. South Carolina was followed out of the senate chamber in January of that year by Florida, Alabama and Mississippi. Then, with depleted numbers, the senate took up the question of the admission of Kansas into the Union, and acted promptly.

It is not within my purpose to write a history of the Kansas struggle. It was the close of the career of New England as a colonizing power. The natural flow of population out of Connecticut and Massachusetts had settled western New York, Ohio and Michigan, had contributed a quota to other states,—and then its force was largely spent. Already the foreign element was making itself felt in the empty places of New England. Boston was no longer Puritan; it was hardly sure at the polls that it was Yankee or American. Connecticut had dropped off its blue laws. After 1833 the church was no longer sustained by state taxation in Massachusetts. But between 1850 and 1860 New England had roused itself to one more great migratory battle. This time the struggle was not with Pontiac nor with Tecumseh, but with Stringfellow and Atchison and their white followers. The two civilizations that had contributed each its share to the character and glory of the republic had come to blows. They had grown more and more unlike. Hatred had taken the place of tolerance. When Kansas was admitted as a free state, it became a political necessity to abolish slavery elsewhere. The South was logical. It determined on secession. Slavery no longer had a place in the Federal Union created by Washington, Franklin and Jefferson.

Such was the clash of self-reliance and of slave-driving. On the one side had grown up a sentiment that to be idle was a sin against God. Every one was born to accomplish something. No one could retire from business without hiding his head. Mrs. Trollope, in 1831, wrote of us: "Such unity of purpose and sympathy of feeling nowhere else exists except perhaps in an ant's nest." As the tide rolled westward it saw the mammoth proportions of our national problem, and worked the harder. It hated sloth, it hated aristocracy, it hated shirking; it detested shiftless ways, and bad economy, and poor tillage, as much as it detested slavery. The collision was inevitable with a system that despised labor, and was content with social habits based on shirking the equal bearing of the common burdens of life.

A REMARKABLE BOYS' CLUB.

By Edith Parker Thomson.

WE are accustomed to look to great metropolitan centres for representative forms of organized charity. The city of Fall River, however, which is apt to be associated only with cotton manufactories or possibly with a certain famous line of steamboats, has recently stepped into the foremost place as regards a peculiar phase of philanthropic work. On January 12, 1898, occurred the dedication of a building which has opened a new era in the history of boys' clubs everywhere, and which honors the working boys of the "City of Spindles" as they are honored in no other city of this country or of the world. Many of our cities contain boys' clubs of various kinds in flourishing condition; but nowhere has there been so remarkable a growth in the attendance and in general results of the work as at Fall River. Deeply impressed with the good accomplished in this way among boys of the working population, one of the large mill owners of that city has identified his name with the cause by becoming its most generous benefactor.

The building of the Fall River Boys' Club, lately erected at a cost of no less than $85,000, together with the land on which it stands, is the gift of Mr. Matthew C. D. Borden, a native of Fall River, although now a resident of New York. This building is unique. Located in the midst of the mill district, it is within easy reach of hundreds of the boys whom it is intended to benefit. Its beauty elevates the character of the whole locality. It not only secures to the Boys' Club of Fall River unequalled advantages in the appointments of its club rooms, but it is, I think, the only building in the country devoted solely to such an object. Neither money nor labor has been spared to adapt it in every way to the needs of its young occupants. The excellence of its equipment, however, is best appreciated after some acquaintance with the methods and aims of the work.

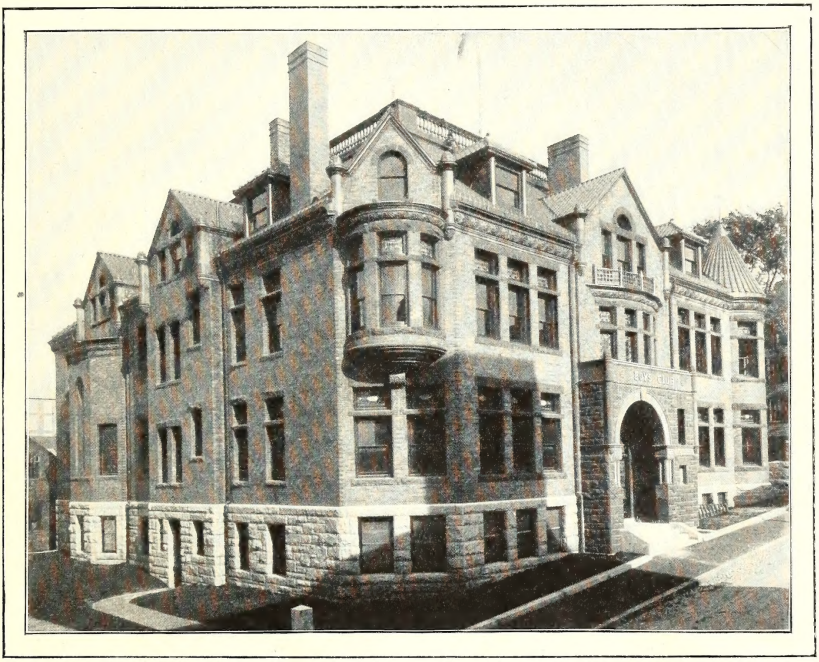
The boys' club movement was inaugurated in this country by Rev. John C. Collins of New Haven, Conn., in 1884. He believed that through the attractions of a club organization effectual means might be found of keeping poor boys off the streets in the evening and of securing to them many home advantages, as well as an intellectual, moral and physical training which would convert possible criminals into good citizens. The club which he started in New Haven proved a success, and similar clubs were soon introduced elsewhere.

In 1889, the founding of such a boys' club was undertaken by Rev. E. A. Buck of Fall River, who has now been in charge of mission work in that city for more than thirty years. He secured the assistance of an agent from the State society interested in this movement, and the club was organized in January, 1890. From the outset, the Fall River Boys' Club has stood on the most liberal basis. It is wholly independent of other organizations, and citizens and benevolent societies of every phase of religious faith have contributed gladly to its support. No distinction of race, creed or color can debar a boy from enjoyment of full club privileges. The idle, the worthless, the thoroughly bad boy receives a ticket of membership if he wishes it, and stays as long as he makes no disturbance within the club. "Our warmest welcome," said the superintendent, "is for the barefooted, ragged and dirty boy." It is for just such as these that the club exists, and it has

little room to spare for the boy of cultivated parents or of comfortable home.

On its first night, early in 1890, the club met in a large, double store, with a hundred and forty-six boys present. As might have been expected, there was considerable curiosity on the part of the would-be members, much boisterous fun and a great deal of disorder. The books, games and other means of entertainment were as nothing to the fun that might be had by teasing the superintendent. He has since laughingly confessed that he believes "one boy could plague a hundred and forty-six animals at once, but the torture a hundred and forty-six boys can put upon one man is very great."

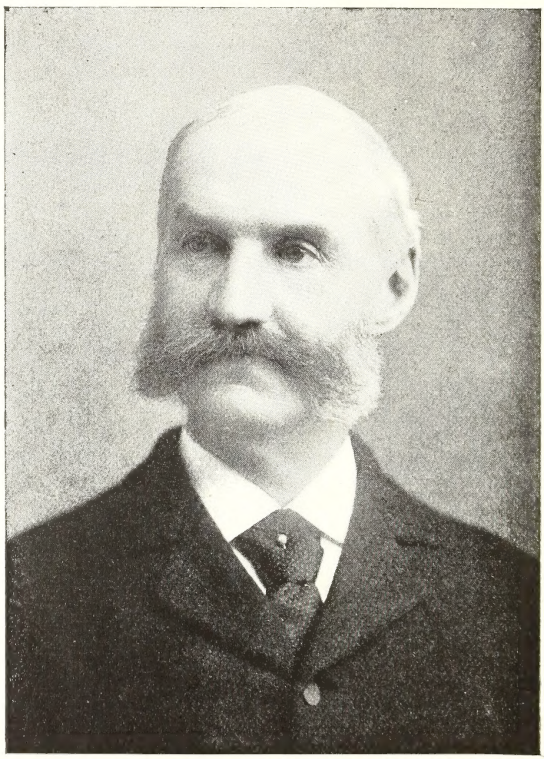
Whatever doubts may have existed in their minds as to the immediate prospects of success, the superintendent and the board of directors, with Mr. Buck at its head, persisted in their course with the utmost courage and energy. Obstacles were gradually overcome. When the boys who continued to make trouble were forbidden entrance, they suddenly awoke to the value of their lost privileges, and while the attendance increased rapidly, good order in the club rooms soon became the rule. One by one, new features were added to the club's attractions. A class in carpentering taught boys how to make useful articles for their homes. The printing class, under a regular instructor, gave practical demonstration of its good workmanship in type-setting in a four-page paper, "Our Boys," which has been issued monthly since 1895. The superintendent hopes soon to enlarge this paper to eight pages and to give the editorship into the hands of some of the older boys. Although the club does not yet possess a press, the type-setting for membership cards and other necessary printing has been done by the boys of this class. Classes in cobbling have repaired many pairs of shoes at low price for club mem-



THE FALL RIVER BOYS' CLUB.

bers, while clothing has been kept in good repair in the club sewing room.

Perhaps nothing in the past history of the work has had so marked an influence for good as the penny savings bank, which was started soon after the club was founded. The first year saw 754 different deposits, the total sum deposited amounting to $112.94. Since then the deposits have averaged $200 a year. When an individual deposit becomes large enough, it is transferred to a city bank. Thirty dollars, the largest of these amounts, was recently so transferred for one of the boys. Funds once deposited are seldom withdrawn except for the purchase of clothing or necessary articles. One copy of "Our Boys" called attention to the fact that two boys were not depositing because "helping their mother to pay for a new wringing machine." This is an instance of the thrift and helpfulness developed in boys who once seemed incapable of such qualities.



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MATTHEW C. D. BORDEN.

In November, 1895, came a notable addition to the work, in the shape of a farm in the outskirts of Fall River, donated by one of the citizens. This is of peculiar value in caring temporarily for homeless or invalid boys, and in the summer it has furnished a vacation home for very many. At the close of 1896, more than three hundred boys had passed a day there, while one hundred and twenty-six had spent a week on the farm. The club corporation now holds 223 acres of farm land, with several buildings, which accommodate about twenty-five boys at a time. While on the farm, the boys live under a very interesting system of city government in miniature. They elect a mayor, clerk and four aldermen, and a messenger is appointed to go for milk daily to a farm some distance away. The rules drawn up voluntarily by the youthful citizens include the following:

Any boy refusing to do work assigned him may be fined two cents.

Swearing, the same.

Smoking cigarettes fined two cents.

The household work is done by the boys, each taking his turn at washing dishes, chopping wood, making beds, etc., and their ability and readiness to work was well tested by the construction and laying of a sewer pipe of 200 feet, which they accomplished very successfully.

No one can see the happy faces that gather in the new bulding every evening without a thrill of enthusiasm. If the new club house does nothing



REV. E. A. BUCK.

else, it is sure to make Fall River a cleaner city; and we have not yet lost faith in the old adage that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

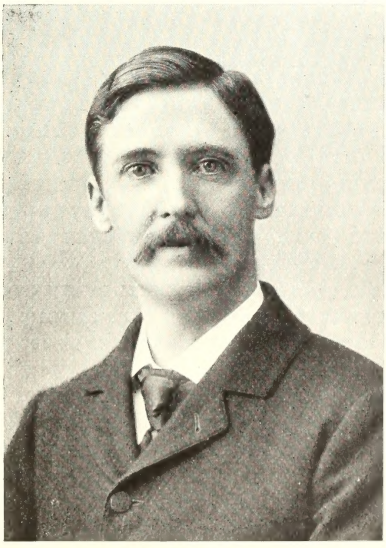
"Boys," the superintendent said on their first evening in their new quarters, "what is going to happen if any one comes in here with dirty face or hands?"

"Put him out," shouted a chorus of voices.

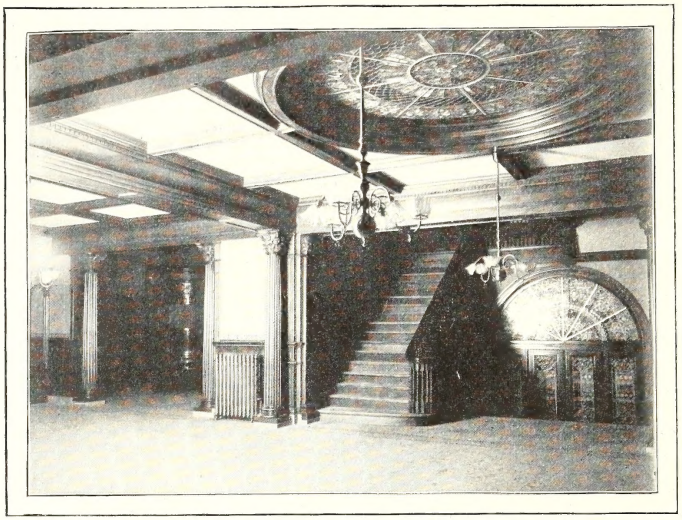
Indeed, nothing so impresses the visitor looking over that great company of boys, every one of whom has come from the poorest sections of the city, as the fresh, clean faces that greet him on all sides, and the general neatness of each one's personal appearance. Nor does anything in all that beautiful building prove the centre of so great attraction as the swimming pool.

Since the new building was opened, the boys pay five cents a month for their membership tickets, which admit them to the lectures, reading and game rooms and to other ordinary privileges; but additional tickets at one cent each are issued for admission to the swimming tank. Means of earning money will be found for boys who cannot pay. The swimming tickets hold good for a single evening and for one hour only. Thus a red ticket admits boys to the pool from seven to eight o'clock, a blue ticket from eight to nine, and a yellow one from nine to ten. The pool is twenty-eight by thirty feet, with sloping bottom, affording from three to five feet depth of water. The temperature is usually kept at about 80 degrees F. An expert swimmer is always in charge ready to give instruction. Every boy must bring his own towel,—he may buy them at the club for three cents each, — or he may hire one there for one cent. The appointments in shower baths, lavatories and dressing rooms are all of the best. During the first three weeks after the building was opened, 1506 swimming tickets were purchased. The largest number of boys yet in the pool in a single evening is 180.

Next in popular favor stands the gymnasium. Here, too, the boys are admitted by ticket during three successive hours, their tickets costing five cents a month in addition to the regular membership fee. Two competent trainers conduct the classes,



THOMAS CHEW.
Superintendent of the Fall River Boys' Club.



MAIN ENTRANCE.

and every necessary appliance is at hand, including a running track, which occupies a gallery. On one evening recently seventy-five boys made use of the gymnasium, and 847 tickets were issued during the three weeks above mentioned. The room accommodates comfortably a class of thirty on the floor at one time.

An excellent bowling alley, working on the same plan as the gymnasium and swimming pool, is another feature of the new club-house which attracts the boys in large numbers, the three weeks showing an attendance of 650. Tickets here are three cents each, the one cent fee which was at first tried drawing too many to accommodate. It was found, too, that the boys appreciated most those privileges which were paid for.

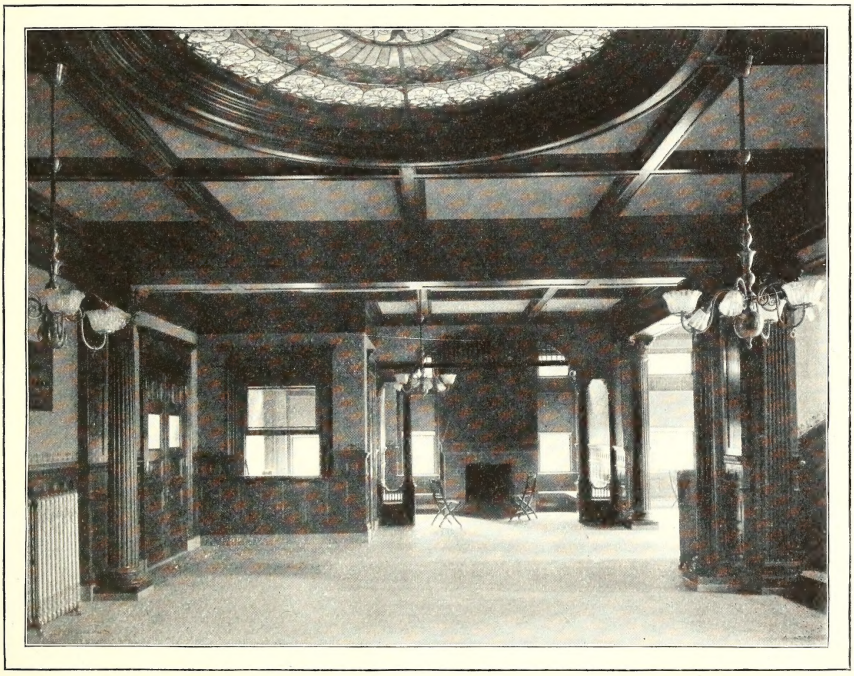
The club-house is open every evening from 6:30 to 10 p. m., during the day on Saturdays, and for a short period on Sunday afternoon, when a singing class of about 250 members is trained by a professional teacher. The club has numbered 1800 members; but the membership is renewed from year to year, and within the season of 1898, which began with the opening of the new building, 1206 names have been recorded. The total attendance for the first three weeks was 10,136. About 500 are entertained on an ordinary evening, the number on Saturday nights being much larger than this. Boys under fourteen are expected to leave ordinarily at nine o'clock.

Everything about the building is most attractive. The handsome portico of the entrance, the beautiful mosaic on the main floor, the large fireplace with its inviting seats in the east hall, and the fine wood-work and daintily tinted walls make it a model work of its kind. The stairway windows and the transoms are all of costly opalescent and tinted glass, which gleams with a soft lustre in the electric light; but most striking of all is the circular ceiling light over the main hall. When brightened in the evening by the electric lighting above, its rich tints and harmonious blending of color add to the building a finishing touch of exquisite effect.

Some of the older boys are chosen to receive the tickets and distribute books or games as the others arrive. The reading room is always well filled, and the pleasant game rooms with their crokinole and checker boards present an interesting picture. On an upper floor the club orchestra of about fifteen members meets regularly for practice, and the really good music which these boys can give in the audience hall on a Saturday night is well worth the hearing. Classes in history and in elocution and oratory are about to be started under the care of college graduates; and the best results are expected from a class in parliamentary law, where the boys take

turns in presiding over formal meetings.

Saturday night is the gala night at the club, when all come in anticipation of some general entertainment. That phase of the work is well provided for in the new building, which contains a prettily decorated audience hall of 527 seats. The brick wall of this little theatre can be pushed up like a curtain, so throwing open the gymnasium, where extra seats may be placed

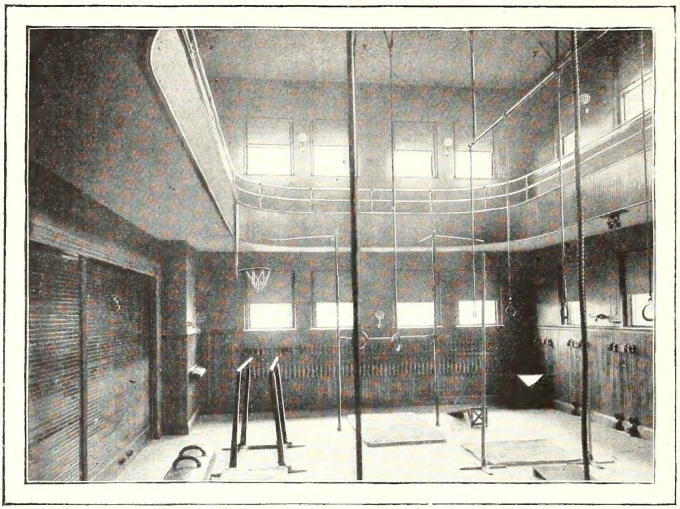


THE RECEPTION HALL.

in case of over crowding. In this way more than 900 boys were seated on the opening night. As they are usually admitted to the hall by small detachments, and dismissed in similar manner, there is no confusion. Lectures, a magic lantern belonging to the club, and musical performances of various sorts generally furnish the entertainments.

Not long ago the superintendent of schools in Fall River requested that the scholars of certain grades should write compositions on the subject: "The Happiest Day of My Life." On one of these papers the heading was duly written out, and then followed the single pathetic sentence: "I never had a happy day in my life." Remembering the multitude of children whom the little boy writing those words represents, the amount of happiness infused into so many young lives by a club like this is of itself ample ground for its existence.

But it is not for this reason alone that the Boys' Club claims the sympathy and support of the public. Such a club is first of all a society that prevents crime. One out of every seven members of the Fall River Boys' Club is fatherless, one out of eleven motherless, and one in twenty orphaned. Many are the children of drunken parents. Prison statistics prove that in the case of nearly half the prisoners home influences were either wholly lacking or of the worst character. A



THE GYMNASIUM.

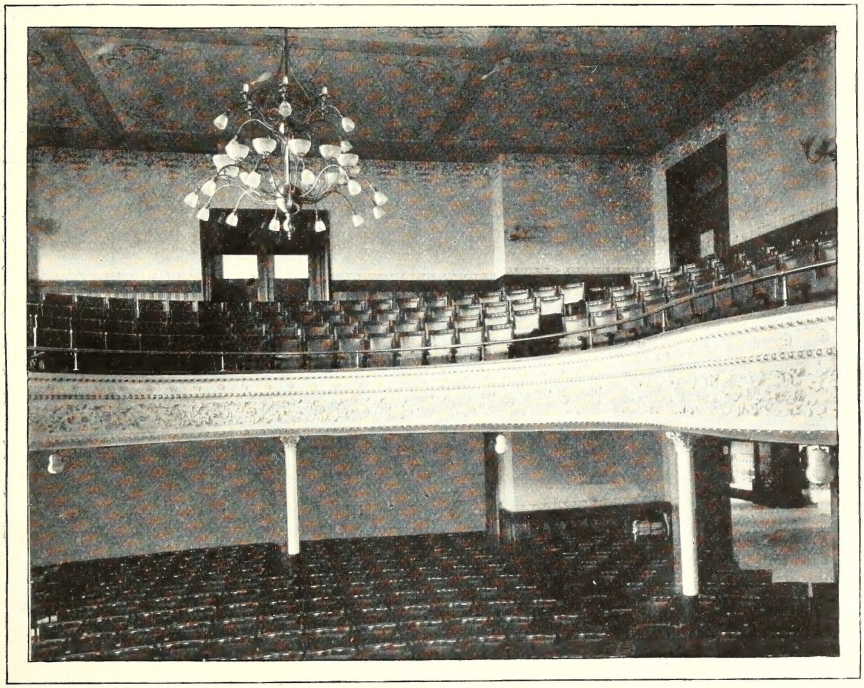
large proportion even of those considered "reformable" have grown up without homes. The majority of the prisoners have never had reliable means of self support. The Boys' Club not only offers shelter and educational opportunities, but its superintendent keeps a careful watch over the welfare of each of the boys. In the Fall River Club, as elsewhere, record is kept of the name, age, birthplace and occupation of every boy, as well as of the occupation of his father and mother. His physical condition is made a matter of importance; and now that increased facilities are at hand, a boy's natural bent, if he has one, will become a subject of study, and he will receive all the encouragement or assistance necessary to his advancement.

Abundant proofs are at hand that the improvement aimed at is no mere theory, but a thoroughly accomplished fact. Two of the Fall River school teachers have testified that some of their worst boys are completely changed since joining the Boys' Club. One teacher, noticing the ready answers obtained on questions beyond the range of school studies, asked how the boys knew. "Why, there's a book in the Boys' Club tells all about it," was the reply. When, not long ago, four rough boys were arrested for breaking into a store at night, a fifth, their former chum, confessed that, had he not become interested in the Boys' Club, he would have joined them and been arrested also. The work is as yet too new to permit of any complete set of statistics as to the



THE READING ROOM.

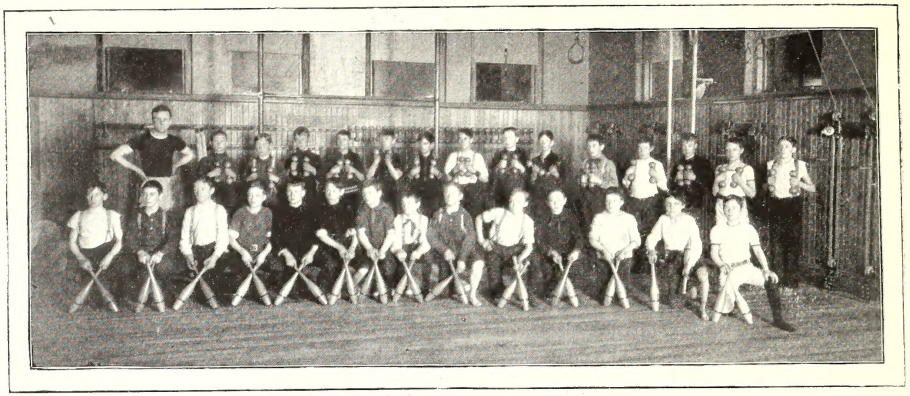
actual results achieved; but a most interesting plan, with this in view, is now under way. The first thousand names registered after the opening of the new building have been laid away in the vault of a city bank, that the record of the development of these boys at the close of ten years may give positive and thorough information as to the value of a boys' club. The best results, according to Superintendent Chew, are obtained from boys taken in skillful management of Mr. Thomas Chew, who has held the position of superintendent of the club since its formation. The experience of that first evening in 1890 became long ago a thing of the past. As we walked through the great playroom crowded to overflowing, the air was filled with the sound of feet on the bare floor and with noisy chatter and laughter. Conversation in ordinary tones was next to impossible. The small boys



THE AUDIENCE HALL.

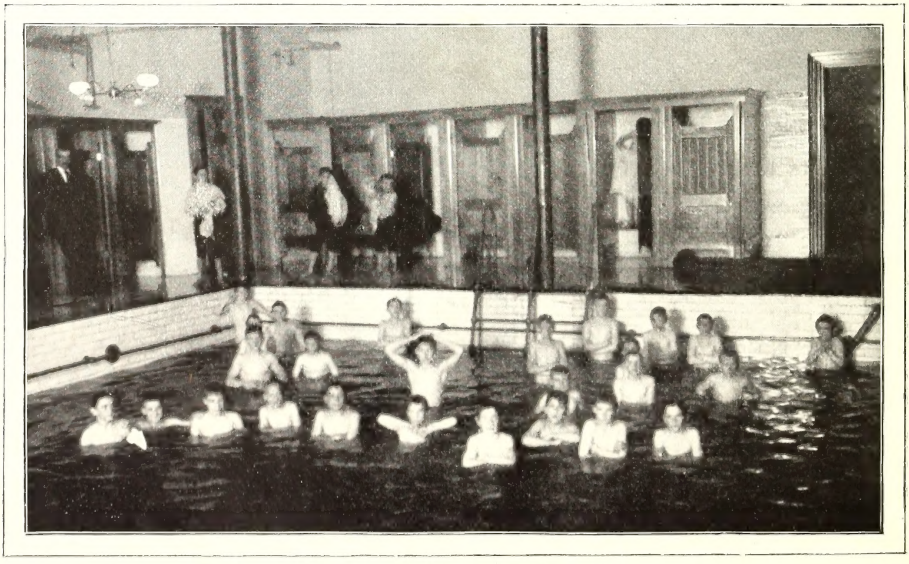
when under fourteen years of age, and the management greatly prefers such applicants. The club, however, contains many boys of larger growth, who entered when young and who have grown up in the club. Some of these often prove efficient helpers, one having been employed for a time as assistant at a salary of $3.50 a week.

The perfect order that is maintained is one of the most remarkable signs of the success of this enterprise; and it is due almost solely to the patience and were preparing to leave the room at the end of their hour, to make way for another set. Suddenly the superintendent took from his pocket a small whistle and blew upon it. In an instant there fell a silence fairly startling by contrast. The clock's solemn ticking never seemed so loud, and we could have heard a pin drop. Every eye was turned toward him. Then he quietly dismissed them, and the little fellows filed out in good order. One who has had many dealings with



CLASS IN THE GYMNASIUM.

boys of this class, who know nothing of home restraint, can appreciate the struggle and the triumph represented by this apparently simple little act. Even more striking is the good behavior of the eight or nine hundred boys who gather in the audience hall for the weekly entertainment. On one such occasion recently, forty or fifty boys were observed crowded about the fast closed door of the club-house long after the entertainment had begun and despite the fact that more room was to be found inside. On inquiring what they had done to be so shut out, the superintendent replied, "They were pushing." How unfortunate that his control is limited to the Fall River Boys' Club! Later, during an intermission, the doors were opened and the boys passed meekly in, but one was heard to exclaim as he caught sight of the brightly lighted hall, "Goin' ta get a smell of it, anyway." No single act of disobedience is allowed to pass, even if good order requires the sending out of half a gallery full of boys, as once had to



THE SWIMMING POOL.

be done; and as a result the most vociferous laughter and applause, if unduly prolonged, is instantly hushed by the superintendent's whistle. At the bottom of all the success lies the fact that the boys are made to feel the club their own, and the building also theirs, and that they alone are responsible for the honor of the one and the good condition of the other. Their only punishment is suspension from the club, and this is seldom necessary for more than a few days.

With the good work done by such a club in the past, and with the grand opportunities lately opened up by this magnificent gift, Fall River surely has every reason to hope for a body of worthy citizens in the future. Much that has been related of the Fall River club might be said with equal truth of the clubs in Worcester, Bridgeport, Holyoke, Newton and many other New England manufacturing towns, where such work has thus far taken the firmest foothold. In New York various charitable organizations are making this a feature of their work. May these brave efforts in training boys for citizenship inspire many a worker throughout our land; for the boys' club carries us one step onward in the solution of the great social problems that confront us.

THE SHARPSHOOTER.

By Minna Irving.

A soldier went riding away to the war,
With a sword and a sash and a jacket of blue;
The notes of the bugle were sweet on the air,
And the drummer was beating a merry tattoo.
But his sweetheart was left in the dawn and the dew,
With the tears of love and of fear on her face,
While the cluster of roses she wore at her breast
Was broken and crushed by his parting embrace.

The soldier came riding home from the war,
To the cheers and the music that welcome the brave.
The ivy had hidden the latch of her door,
And green were the grasses that covered her grave.
For the sharpshooter Death through the trenches had passed,
And left him unharmed in the tempest of lead,—
To stop at the little white house in the North,
And take for his target a pretty brown head.



THE PRESAGE OF WINTER.

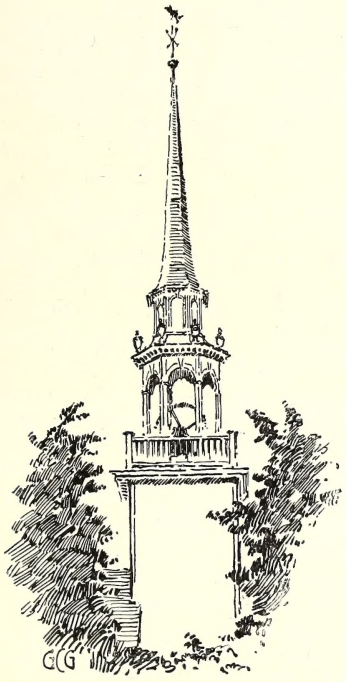
By Frank Roe Batchelder.

THE glory that was Autumn's wanes apace;
The month of somber clouds and sullen skies
Brings sad, still days, when every bird that flies
Is headed southward; in dear Nature's face
Lines of foreboding and of care we trace.
The last belated crow complaining cries
From the deserted pines; the herbage dies;
Dull hues the Summer's gorgeous tints replace.
The unruffled lake lies in depressing calm;—
Substance from shadow scarce can be discerned.
Set nude against the sky, the leaf-shorn trees
Lack even the impulse of a passing breeze;
And all things seem to wait some certain harm
Since southward o'er the line the sun returned.

COLONIAL ARCHITECTURE.

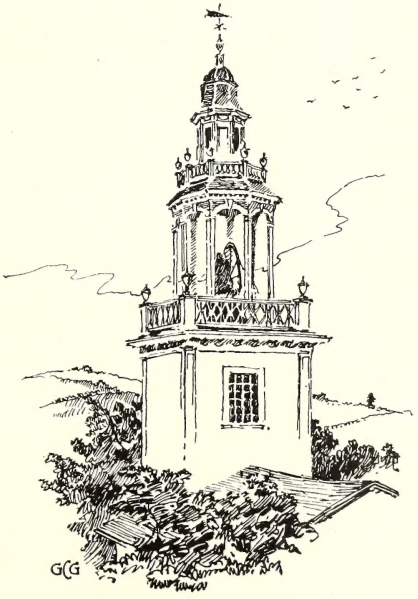
By E. C. Gardner.

Illustrated from sketches by the author, and plans from Norman's and Benjamin's old hand-books.

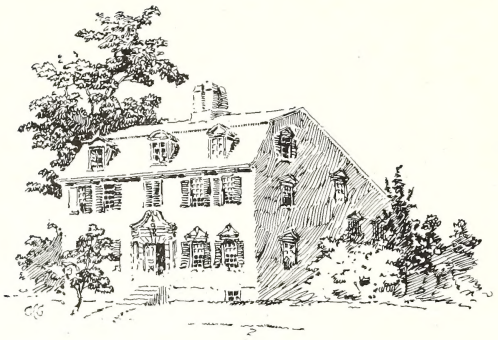


SPIRE IN FARMINGTON, CONN.

THE buildings of the first English colonists in America were extremely simple. According to Mr. Ruskin in some of his more reasonable moods, and according to the uniformly wise and logical opinions of Viollet le Duc, from what might be called the anatomical point of view they were good architecture. Those who built them, supplied their needs by the candid, unpretentious use of the materials and resources at their command. At first they converted the trunks of the forest trees into log houses, plainly fashioned to protect their inmates from the unkind elements, including the aboriginal savages and other wild beasts. They built block-houses, which were not merely domestic abodes, but also military posts and garrisons, — the latter in a small way, it is true; but everything was small in the beginning of the nation except the country itself and the courage and faith of the people. As soon as they had sawmills, which were among the first manufacturing establishments, they built plain rectangular houses, one or two stories high, with two or four rooms on each floor, the roofs being common gables or gambrels. These were built, partly at least, of sawn timber and covered with clapboards and shingles, the latter commonly rived and more or less shaven. There was sure to be a big stone or brick chimney in the center of the house, or perhaps one at each

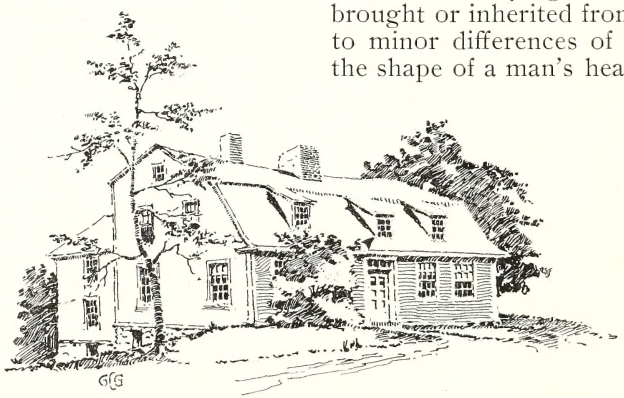


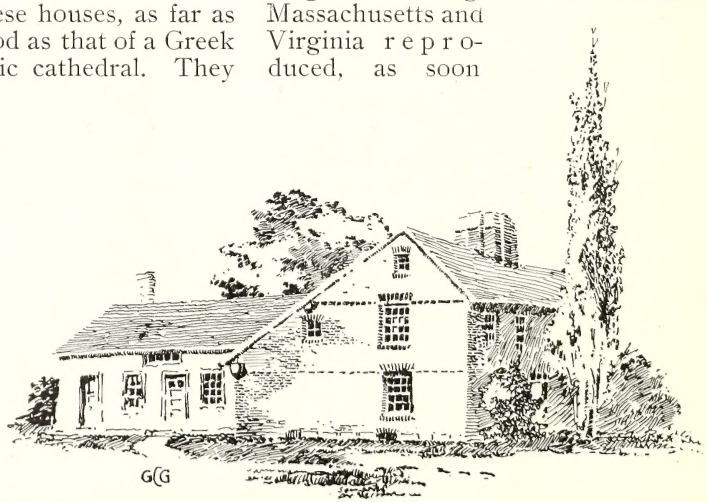
SPIRE IN ASHFIELD, MASS.



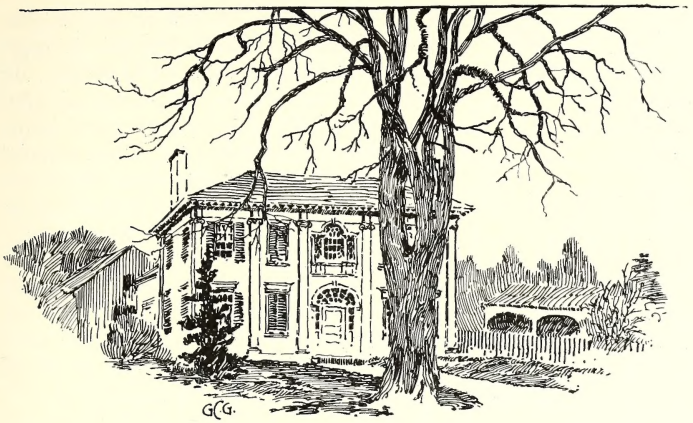
end; for, whatever else our forefathers left undone, there was no stinginess in their notions of warmth either in this world or in the world to come. As I have intimated, from a certain point of view the real architecture of these houses, as far as it went, was as good as that of a Greek temple or a Gothic cathedral. They were strictly utilitarian. There was no attempt to make them beautiful; but, planting themselves gradually all over New England, shaded by sweeping elms and the solid verdure of the sugar maples in the valleys, or clinging with an appearance of humility, but tremendously stubborn humility, to the rocky, windswept hillsides, they had at least the charm of quiet simplicity and graceful adaptation to the landscape which they civilized and adorned.

The roof treatment of these primitive types varied in the different colonies, and changed as the years passed by. In fact, the variation of roof lines was the most prominent characteristic of species, both as to origin and chronology. Differences of climate and varying domestic usages brought or inherited from Europe, led to minor differences of plan; but, as the shape of a man's head is apt to be an indication of his character, so the phrenology of the roof indicates with more or less accuracy the age and family to which the house belongs. The English who colonized Massachusetts and Virginia reproduced, as soon





COLONIAL HOUSES IN SPRINGFIELD.

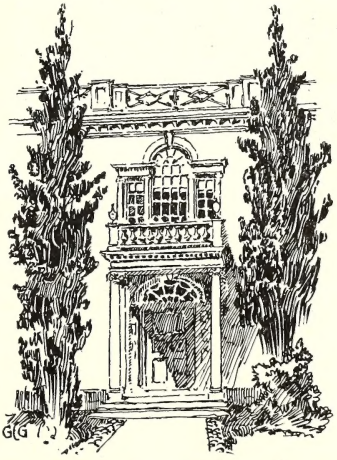


HOUSE IN AGAWAM.

as they could, the moderately pitched hipped roofs under which their fathers had lived; and the prototypes of the old brick houses along the Atlantic coast of New England and in the valley of the James are serving the present day and generation in England. Wherever Dutch influence prevailed, there was a tendency to breadth rather than height, — so prone is man to self-repetition; although the most striking characteristic of the distinctly Dutch colonial buildings is the high pitched roof with the battlemented gables. But these gables belong rather to the town than the country. Where there was plenty of room, the Dutchman flattened himself.

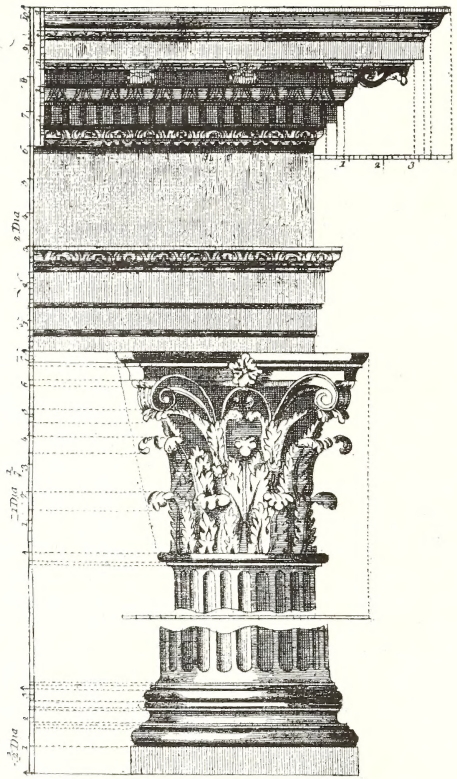
The distinct types of colonial roofs are few and easily remembered. The plain, symmetrical gable, both slopes of the roof being of the same length, is the simplest. The variation of this type so often found in New England, where the roof at the back side is extended to cover additional rooms on the ground floor, and perhaps truncated chambers in the case of a two story house, is sometimes considered an original fashion; but in most if not all cases I think it was an amendment, indicative of the former New England tendency to enlarge the family and at the same time provide for its growth by added room, rather than by closer packing. The house in which the two Presidents Adams were born is of this style, and confirms the fact that great men are commonly born in small houses.

The humpbacked gambrel roof is a familiar type; and this, too, is sometimes found with the upper and flatter slope pulled down behind to cover more room on the first floor. Another family is distinguished by a hipped roof, which on a square house culminates in a mathematical point over the centre of the building, and upon an oblong plan produces a ridge of some length. A fourth type is the truncated hip, which is in fact the



IN GREENFIELD.

mansard. The high-stepped battlements of the Dutch houses merely give a different termination to what is in reality a plain gabled roof; and the roofs called "flat" are hipped roofs of so slight a pitch as to be invisible except from a distance. For archi-

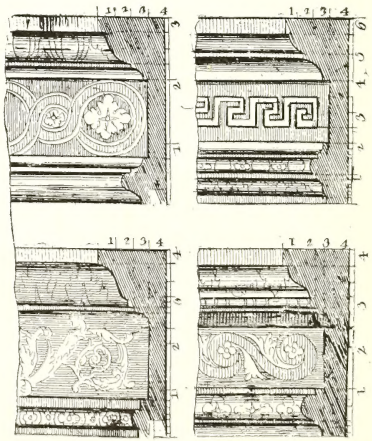


CORINTHIAN CAPITAL.

The designs on this and the four following pages are reproduced from "The Town and Country Builder's Assistant" by J. Norman, published in Boston in 1786.

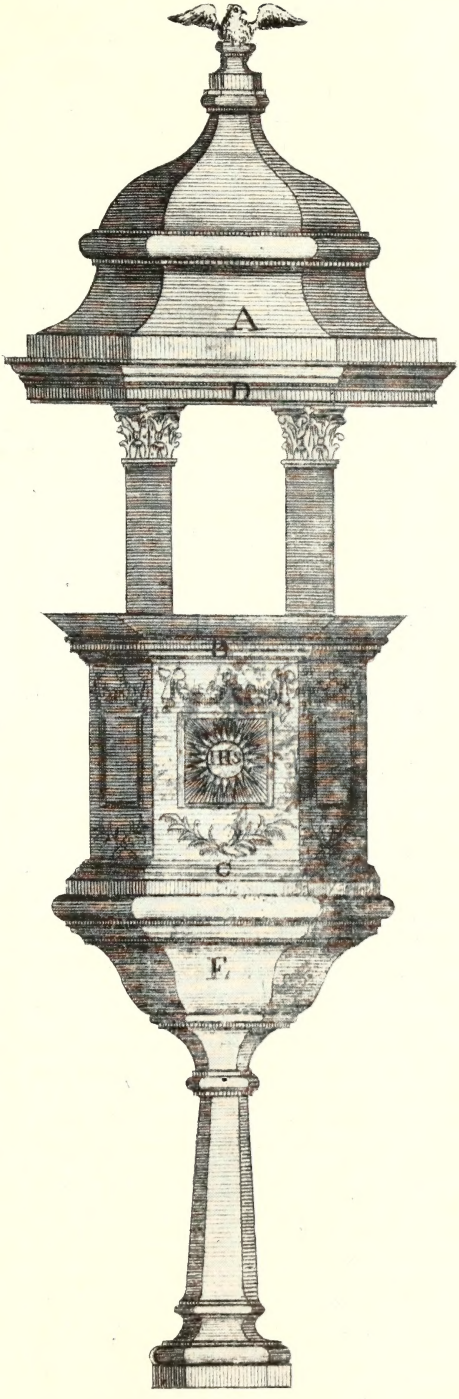
tectural effects such roofs might as well be omitted, especially when they are surrounded by balustrades.

So it appears that there were not more than half a dozen different styles of roofs in the good old times, each one of which had a logical reason for its shape; now there are as many roofs as houses, and each one is more unaccountable than its neighbor. A brief list of important colonial houses in New England showed that of twenty-four built before the war of the Revolution eighteen had gambrel roofs, two were gables and four were finished with truncated hips or mansards. Of sixteen built in the last quarter of the last century, only one had a gambrel roof, three were according to Mansard, and all the rest were, not modern "flats," but covered with flat roofs. Another list might show different results, but this is suggestive of the changes of fashion. It is by no means true that the majority of American houses have ever been flat headed at any period. The pitched gable has always prevailed over all others and is likely to do so for many years to come. But when architecture became fashionable, it inclined to classic authorities, and in classic work, although the roof is still at the top constructively, it is a secondary consideration architecturally, at least in domestic work; and until near the beginning of the present century there was little but domestic building that was worth studying or remembering — naturally so, for I suppose there is no other part of the earth where the value of the individual home has been so clearly recognized as in America, no country in which domestic life has been such a controlling element in the growth and development of the great mass of the people from the very first. But aside from this fact, the colonists had little use for public buildings for legislative or municipal purposes, the Church being practically the State, and the meeting-house accommodating the town meeting and the caucus. For the Puritans to have built meeting-houses, large or small, that resembled in the remotest degree the ecclesiasti-

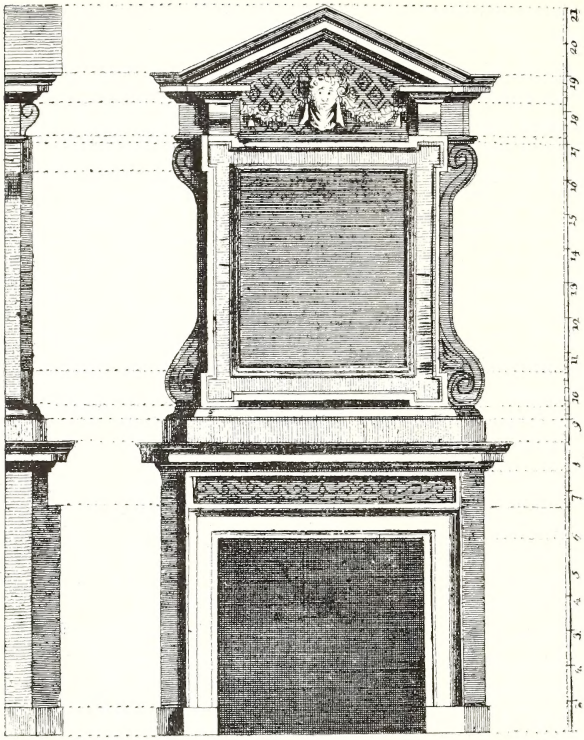


cal architecture of mediæval Europe would have been not merely impossible, but a thousand times worse than that, — sinful. So when the time came for what Mr. Ruskin considers the principal part of architecture, i. e., ornamentation, its first display was upon domestic buildings.

Many devout citizens gradually accumulated worldly wealth, by the manufacture of New England rum, by shrewd traffic in persons of African birth, and by other legitimate industries and commercial ventures. Such wealthy citizens would seriously incline to more expensive dwellings. It was not to be expected that the artistic instinct, which is not imitative, but rather creative and inventive, had been stimulated by the harsh and struggling experiences that were foreordained for the men and women who colonized America. We often wonder at the large quantity of ancestors and furniture that came over in the *Mayflower*. There was also an amazing amount of condensed piety, but if there was any artistic cult stowed away in the hold, it was either carried back to England or blown away by the gales from the northeast, long before the forest primeval was cleared, the soil subdued, and the red men exterminated. For a good many generations, our ancestors found enough for their hands to do without philosophizing on the essential elements of beauty. They were sufficiently concerned, though sometimes mistaken, about the Good and the True, but the Beautiful was not treated as a means of saving grace, either in their preaching or in their practice. If, along with their highly developed religious and business tendencies, they had possessed even a small fraction of the esthetic intuitions of the heathen Greeks, or of the superstitious monks of the 11th and 12th centuries, the architecture called "colonial," — though "Georgian" is a better name — would never have been born. That divine recognition of the eternal fitness which seems to have been the

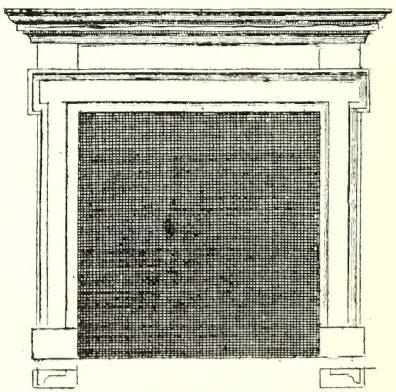


DESIGN FOR PULPIT.



birthright of the Greeks, at least in their material activities, would have enabled the people who founded this nation, in the fear of the Lord and the resolute determination to do as they pleased, to give their buildings a perfection of form and a wealth of original decoration, worthy of their unique opportunity, worthy to be inscribed on that magnificent blank page that was opened before them; something indigenous to the soil and climate and naturally developed from their unlimited resources.

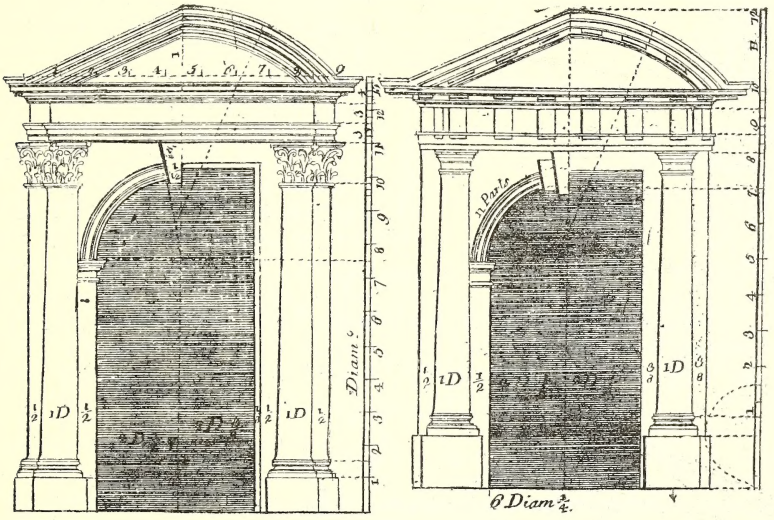
How it may have been in other directions I will not venture to affirm; but in their architectural methods our forefathers appear to have been Roman rather than Greek. The Roman, first of all things, determined the plan and construction of his buildings with reference to the uses for which they were intended—which was quite right; so did the Greek; but the Roman rarely had any other than a utilitarian motive. He knew, none better, the value of art commercially, socially and perhaps politically, — indeed nothing was worth much in his opinion that had not political significance; but it never seemed to occur to him that his construction, magnificent as it was, might be frankly revealed and still be beautiful, dignified and refined. The Greek never lost sight of that fact, and the world has never lost sight of his work. After the majestic dome of the Roman Pantheon had been raised with such marvelous skill, Greek architects applied to the interior various columns, pilasters and cornices, which form no part of the walls themselves, and attached a grand portico like a fragment of an Athenian temple to its convex outer surface. In similar way the Baths of Caracalla and Vespasian's Coliseum were most grandly built, apparently without any regard to the decoration which they were destined to receive. Then those inimitable Greek architects, with the genius which was never wholly extinguished by conquest and oppression, applied and adapted to those



vast and wonderful structures, the beautiful orders which were to them the very alphabet of art.

The old time merchant princes of Salem and Boston and Portsmouth and the prosperous planters of the Genesee Valley and of Maryland and Virginia were not Roman emperors, and they had no Greek architects to ornament their square, comfortable and altogether homelike dwellings; but they had intelligent builders who were comparatively honest; and the builders had books, both home-made and foreign. These books alone sufficiently account for the origin, development and characteristics of American colonial architecture. There was one book published in Boston about the time of the Revolution: "The Town and Country Builder's Assistant," by J. Norman, Architect, the introduction to which is worth quoting. After the encouraging assurance that the plates and text are "made familiar to the meanest capacity," the author says:

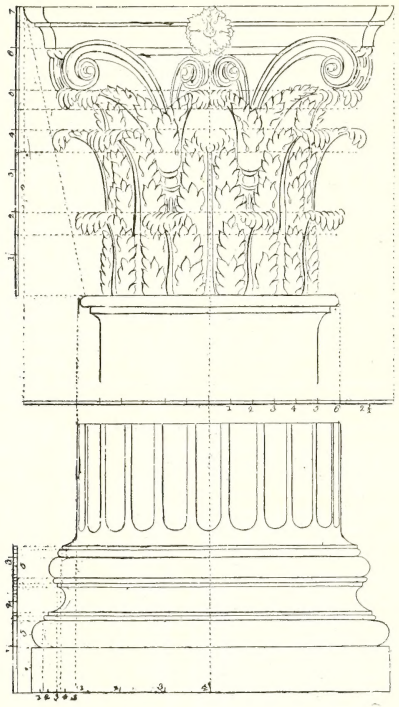
"The greatest Pleasure that builders and workmen of all kinds have of late years taken in the study of Architecture, and the great Advantages that have accrued to those for whom they have been employed, by having their work executed in a much neater and more magnificent Manner than was ever done in this Country before, has been the real Motive that induced me to the Compiling of this Work for their future Improvement. Besides as the study of Architecture is truly delightful in all its processes, its practise is evidently of the greatest Importance to Artificers in general, and its rules so easy as to be acquired at leisure times, when the Business of Day is over by way of Diversion. 'Tis a Matter of very great Surprise to me how any Person dare presume to discourage others from the Study thereof, and render them often less serviceable to the Public than so many Brutes. But to prevent this infection from diffusing its poisonous effluvias any further, and in consideration that amongst all sorts of people there are some in whom



nature has implanted that noble Faculty of the soul called REASON WHEREBY WE JUDGE OF THINGS, I have therefore at very great expense compiled this work for the common good of all Men of Reason" &c., &c.

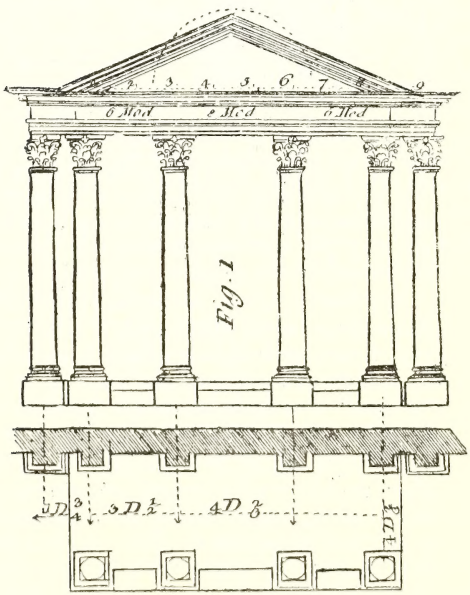
Evidently then, as now, architects were sometimes fired with a missionary spirit, and Boston had begun to be Bostonian.

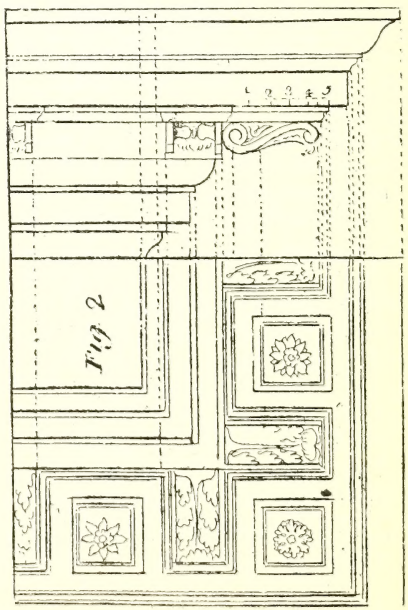
There was a small book published at Greenfield, Mass., just a hundred years ago, by Arther Benjamin. To this, which was a thoroughly practical treatise, and to its author, who was a no less practical builder, is due by far the greater part of the good colonial architecture in western New



England. How much farther its influence extended no man can say. It would be well if our cotemporary practitioners would study and sometimes follow it.

There is something almost pathetic in the first attempts at ornamentation of the earlier colonial houses, something suggestive of the way in which a child of poverty pins a bit of gay ribbon or accidentally found ornament to her coarse attire; and again, as the first delightful dawning of intelligence in the form that holds a human soul appears in the smiling face of the child, so the first manifestation of an artistic spirit in the building of the home appears on the most conspicuous feature of its countenance. Long before there was any thought of changing the former construction of the plain, rectangular house, long before fashion had set the downward pace in the shaping of the roofs, both the front door and the window over the door, if the house was two stories in height, were modestly or otherwise decorated by some feature, the details of which were originally designed by architects whose tools "are rust, whose bodies dust, whose souls are with the saints, we trust." Sometimes it was a shelter-





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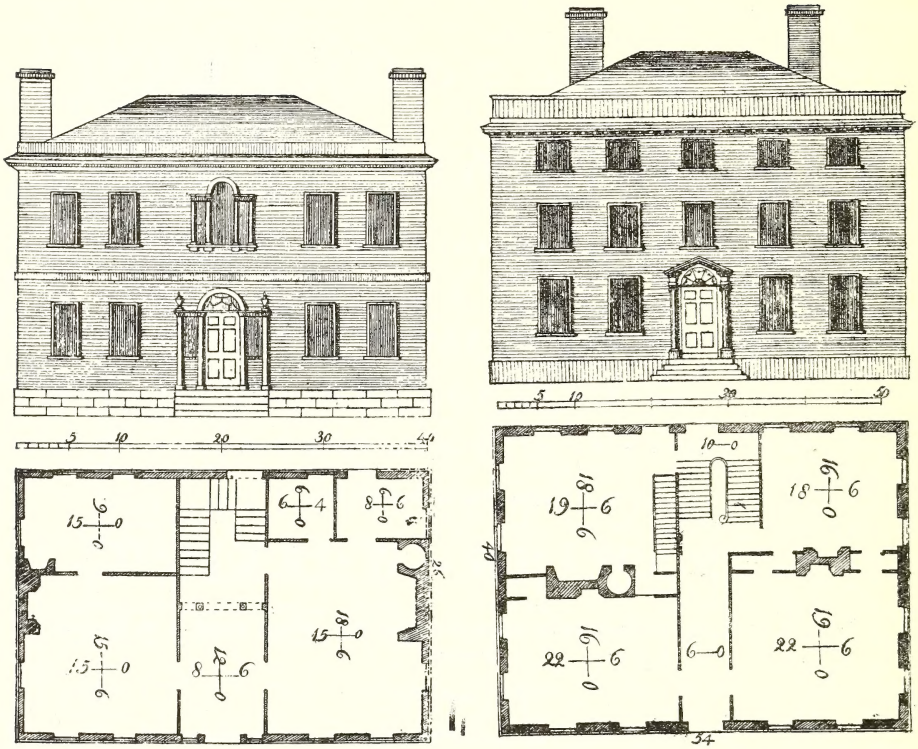
The various methods of forming the Heads of circular Eliptical Niches and Buffets, the ſeveral kinds of Staircaſes, to form the Arch, or Mould, to the Hand-Rail of a Pair of Stairs, which is the circular, Part of the two firſt Steps, ſo as to make it ſtand perpendicular over the Ground, or Plan, and the Manner of Squaring the Rail without ſetting it up in its Poſition. With Pulpits, ſpires for Steeples, Chimney pieces, Chinese Lattice-work for Gates, Pailings &c.

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PLANS OF COLONIAL MANSIONS.

These designs and those which follow are reproduced from Ashr Benjamin's "The Country Builder's Assistant," published at Greenfield, Massachusetts, 1797.

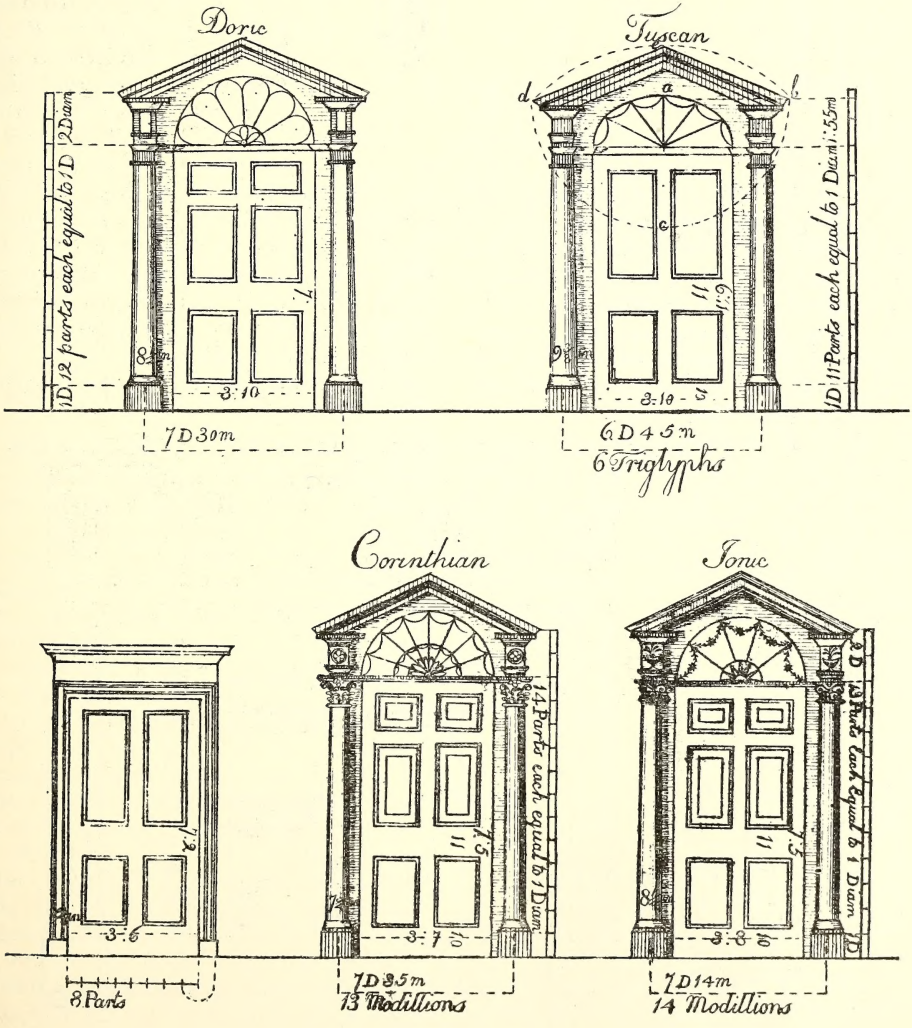
ing hood supported on brackets more or less carved and molded, sometimes a graceful portico, often a Palladian window, a sort of Lilliputian reminder of the grandeur of old Italian palaces. All of these details were affected by heredity and the period in which they were built. The English would be English still, and the Dutch, Dutch, whether in the decoration of their door ways, in their religious formalities, or the fashion of their wives' bonnets.

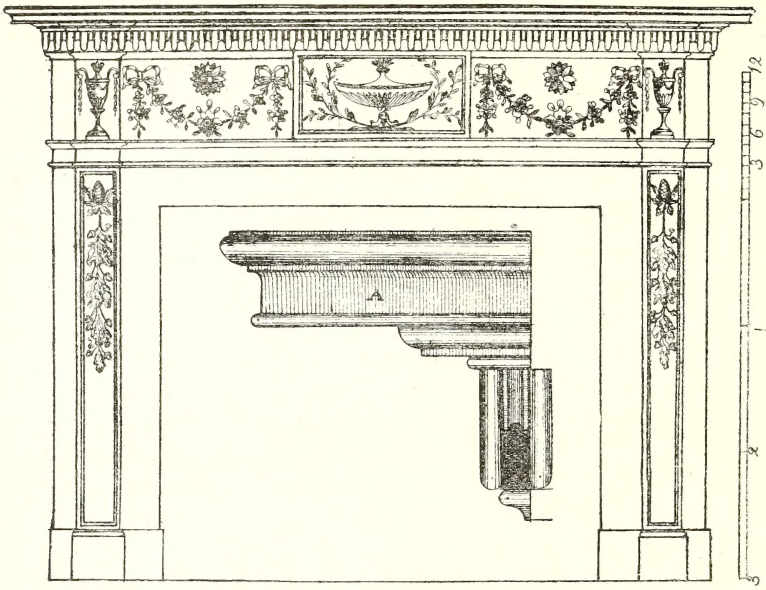
Edward Eggleston's remark, that "it is difficult to originate, even in a new country," has been quoted as applicable to the colonial habit of vain repetition in the matter of architecture. The substance of the remark is at least as old as Solomon, barring the "new country" clause; and of all people in the world, the pioneers of an unsubdued continent should be excused from other inventions than those born of necessity. As a matter of fact, our colonial ancestors, like everybody else, invented when they must, and imitated and appropriated when they could. But the adaptations to their needs and conditions of the forms which they chose to imitate sometimes amounted almost to original design, confirming the truth that, whatever the material, mental or moral condition of man may be, he constantly strives to gratify his love for the beautiful, — it may be in architecture, sculpture, painting, music or literature.

What the earlier colonial architects did, — for there seem to have been a few real architects even in the last of the seventeeth century, — and especially what the builders did, was to take such details as were delineated in their books and adapt them to the

materials in which they were compelled to work, bricks, granite and pine, chiefly pine; for the esthetic possibilities of the proverbially square brick, are slight, and granite, unless laboriously wrought, is scarcely suitable for the lighter forms of classic design. So they embellished their brick walls by means of some diversity in the arrangements of the visible mortar joints, and kept to simple shapes in such stone as they employed. Then, to this substantial construction, they applied wooden cornices, porches, pediments, porticoes and balustrades,—the designs for which were taken from the "Builders' Guides" and "Architects' Assistants," which supplied the architectural law and gospel of the period.

The earliest attempts appear to have been imitations of the classic orders, in something near their original proportions; and these as applied, usually misapplied, to their simple, homely, utilitarian buildings had, in the vernacular, a "stubbed" or squatty effect, to say nothing of the incongruity of attaching a fragment of a "heathen" temple to the abiding place of a



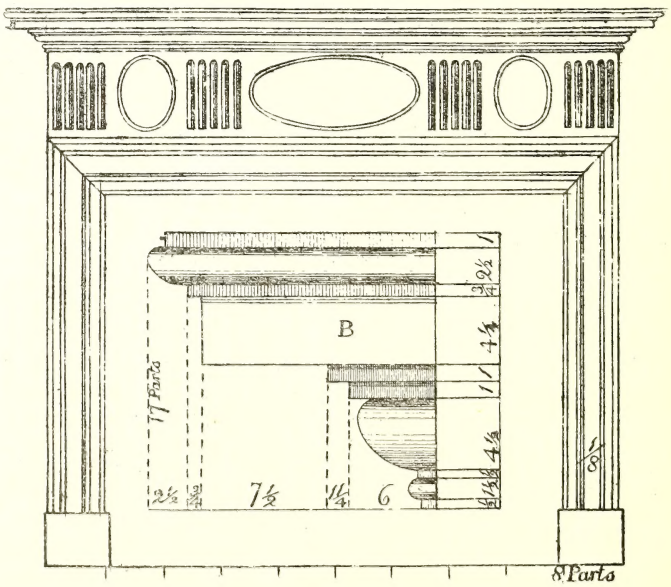


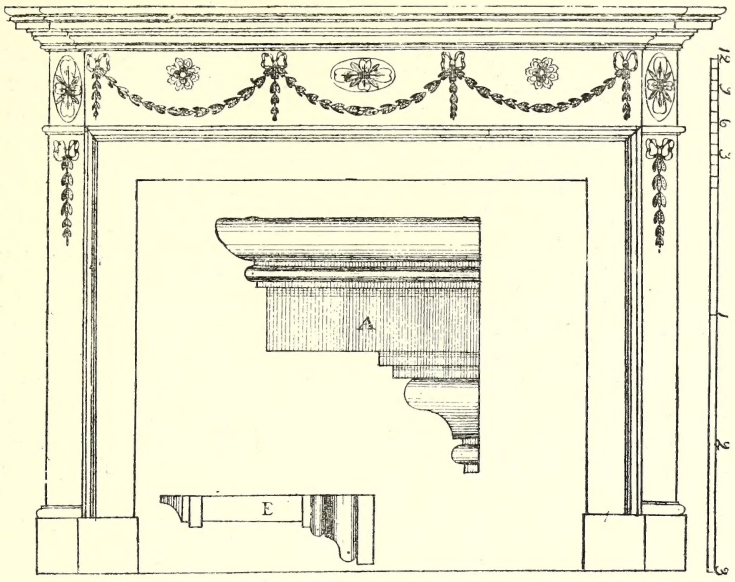
consequence of their preference for the Ionic and plainer orders to those more highly decorated. These variations were in the line of natural evolution, which doubtless accounts for their excellence. In the main they resulted from the material employed, which was mostly thin, soft boards, from the rarity of skilled labor, and from the numerous difficulties in the way of successful imitation in wood of what was originally a massive stone construction, — difficulties that become disastrous when the wood is exposed to an inclement and variable climate.

New England Puritan. But a little later, during what may be called the "mediæval" period, the most permanently valuable work was done, the work that is entitled to our respectful and affectionate consideration. With excellent discrimination the builders modified the proportions of the columns, pilasters and entablatures with which at first they framed and embellished their front doors and afterwards the entire façades of their more ambitious structures.

Speaking in a general way, the variations from the formulas of classic proportions were in the direction of more delicacy and attenuation in the pilasters and columns, an exaggeration of the entasis, and the omission of elaborate ornamentation. The latter, perhaps, in

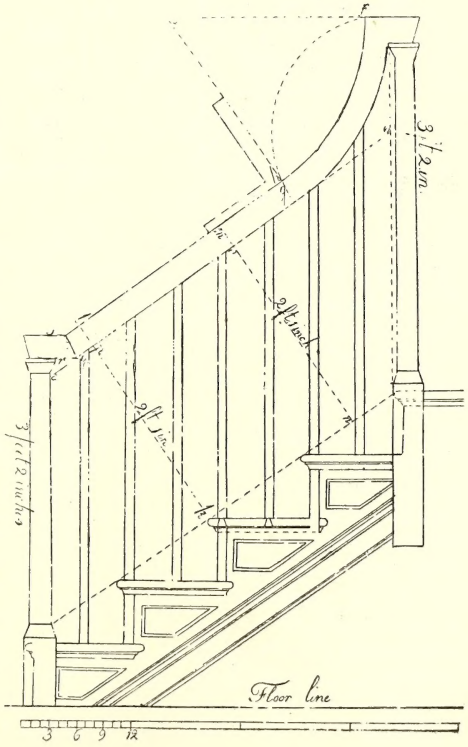
Some of the church spires designed

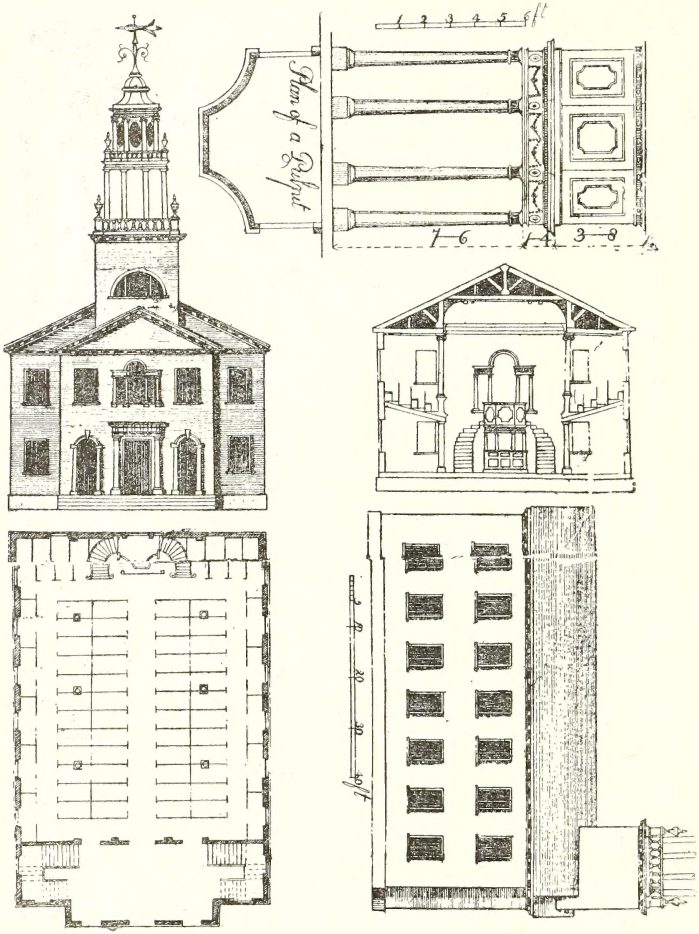




and built in this best period, or while its influence remained, are scarcely less beautiful than many of the old European mediæval campaniles, whose builders had no other motive than to serve God, and expected no other reward than His approval. Happily, many of these spires are still standing, and unless destroyed by lightning from heaven or by fires from the new-fashioned furnaces in the earth, there is no reason, artistic or utilitarian, why they should not serve their consecrated purpose for many generations yet to come. It is true that in many cases the steeple has but little family likeness to the body of the church, — neither for that matter has the preaching of the pulpit to the practice of the people; it is not the logical culmination of the architectural composition, the main building being still of the primitive type, a rectangular, oblong structure, one or two stories in height, with a plain gabled roof. Previous to the present century, the minor secular buildings in their general form and construction were not unlike the churches, except that the cupolas of the court houses, of which there were a few in the middle and southern states, were usually placed symmetrically in the center of the building instead of at the end. Possibly that is one reason why the law of that time was better balanced than the theology.

Of all that goes under the name of Colonial architecture, the interior finish and fittings that were developed during the hundred years beginning with the second quarter of the last century are undoubtedly the most





worthy of study and imitation. Many of these old stair balustrades, with their daintily carved and twisted balusters and graceful newels, the door and window trim, chimney pieces with delicate ornamentation in putty and wood mouldings, the paneled wainscots, cornices and ceiling decorations, are not surpassed in elegance and appropriateness by the corresponding work of any country or time. There are several reasons why this should be so. It followed, at a respectful distance, as became dependent colonies, the period of the best work of this style in the mother country. Some of it was brought bodily from Europe, like the best furniture of that time, and its successful imitation and adaptation were comparatively easy. Feminine influence would naturally be more potent in the inner fittings of the home; and it has always been a marked trait of the Englishman to leave the outside of his domicile simple and unostentatious whatever luxury and elegance might be contained within. In comparison with modern American homes this is also characteristic of all Europe. Where Americans learned to turn their houses wrong side out in the endeavor to astonish their neighbors by the external gorgeousness of their wooden abiding places I am not able to say.

The "decline and fall" of good colonial architecture in America, like the decline and fall of other good things in times ancient and modern, came apparently from the following of the letter to the neglect of the spirit. What the earlier architects and builders did in the simplicity of their ignorance or through their willing acceptance of ancient authority was done by the later degenerates, in what appeared to be an endeavor to counteract architectural heresy, by a return to the strict orthodoxy of the schools. This speedily led to so many inconsistencies and absurdities, that colonial architecture in its debased form began to be considered "old fash-

ioned" in the second quarter of the present century, and soon became obsolete. The Greek revival in Europe, contemporary with the Napoleonic era, may also have had an influence in America, leading as it did to a close reproduction of classic design both in detail and in composition, — the best example of which in this country is the Treasury Building at Washington.

As I have perhaps too many times, intimated, all that is good in Colonial architecture is derived from the "lying Greeks," who are not to be blindly followed, even when bearing gifts. There would have been nothing resembling it without the column, the capital, the lintel, the entablature and the pediment of the Hellenic temples; and as the small leaven of real Christianity, by whatever name it may be called, in whatever form of loaf it may be hidden, though flavored with many foreign spices, cooked in sundry ovens and served with manifold sauces, is the one sustaining force of Christian civilization, so the art of ancient Greece has never ceased to illumine the occidental world, and its spirit, rightly understood, is still the inspiring motive of all that excels in modern architecture. It has come to us by the way of Rome and Byzantium, the cloisters of Cluny, the Renaissance of Italy, central Europe and England. The tall white many-storied wooden steeples, built in the last part of the last or the first part of the present century, all the way from Portsmouth to Charleston, are direct but often degenerate descendants of Sir Christopher Wren's London spires of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, — even as the creeds of the churches of that time were the concentrated and more or less clarified extracts of the theological juices of the uncertain ages; and as there has never been but one kind of righteousness, so the essential spirit of all art is the same in all times and places. To attempt to devise a new alphabet in architecture would be as wasteful as to burn all the dictionaries and invent a new language in order to improve literature.

While it cannot be affirmed that the greatest vitality in art has been found whenever and wherever the *vox populi* is most clearly recognized as the *vox dei*, it does appear that the greater the independence of the artist, the higher will be the development of art; and this independence is most likely to exist where there is a widespread, intelligent, popular appreciation and criticism. The immortal Greeks were not merely free men, but men with plenty of leisure to discuss, criticise and analyze everything. Venice and the Tuscan cities in their most productive periods were virtually democratic, so far as the upper and middle classes were concerned; and the religious enthusiasts of the middle ages, in the development of that almost divine architecture which by an amazing ignorance was named Gothic, were to a great extent unfettered in following their inspirations.

The notion that architecture or any other of the fine arts must have powerful personal patronage does not seem to be sustained by the testimony of history. Unless that patronage has consisted mainly in guaranteeing the largest liberty to artists and artisans, the results are sure to be narrow and liable to be pernicious. There are many reasons why fine art in any form did not at once take root in this new world of ours, and cannot fairly be said to have done so yet. We are simply cumbered to the ground with much serving. We feel ourselves compelled to be careful and troubled about such a multitude of material things that most of us have no time to seek or even desire, the intangible realities. It requires a good tree to bring forth good fruit. There are surely to-day some grounds of hope for better things. As to our ancestors, — keenness of esthetic perception, physical and mental sensitiveness, imagination, the love and need of beauty, and the capacity for

beautiful creation were not the dominant qualities of the men and women who converted a howling wilderness, covering half a continent, into a nation of the most marvelous material activity, irresistible might, the most audacious freedom and sublime potentialities. And vet there was much true and simple architecture in the early time, much refined and noble work to which we may well turn today for profitable lessons.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHEN the war of the Revolution was over and the independence of the United States was secure, the mind of Washington turned immediately to the great West. Before the Revolution indeed his mind had turned to the West and the question of its development and its relation to the East more seriously than that of any other man in America. At the time of the outbreak of the war no other man in America controlled so much land west of the Ohio as he. The moment that the war was ended, even before the terms of peace with England had been definitely arranged, his interest came back to this commanding subject of the West. He knew now, as he had known when, years before the Revolution, he had written of channels for "the trade of a rising Empire," that the great question for America was the opening of the West and the binding of East and West together; and he knew that it was a far greater question now than then. He left his camp at Newburg on the Hudson and made on horse back an exploring expedition of three weeks through the State of New York. He proceeded up the Mohawk to Fort Schuyler, surveyed the water communication with Ontario, and then traversed the country to the eastern branch of the Susquehanna, considering the subject of the best lines of communication with the West. "Prompted by these actual observations," he wrote to the Marquis of Chastelleux, "I could not help taking a more contemplative and extensive view of the vast inland navigation of these United States, and could not but be struck with the immense diffusion and importance of it and with the goodness of that Providence which has dealt his favors to us with so profuse a hand. Would to God we may have wisdom enough to improve them! I shall not rest contented until I have explored the western country and traversed those lines, or a great part of them, which have given bounds of a new Empire." "The honor, power and true interests of this country," he wrote at the same time to Lafayette, "impatient with the petty jealousies and ambitions of the states, must be measured on a continental scale."

A year later came the more important ride up the Potomac and over the Alleghanies, in pursuance of the same great interest. This had been the dominant interest of his mind in his retirement at Mount Vernon, following the resignation of his commission, and the theme of earnest correspondence with Jefferson. He was absent from home more than a month on this new western tour, riding nearly seven hundred miles, through a country

where the Indians were still dangerous, the country known to him so well in his youthful days. As he lay down to sleep at night by his camp-fire in the woods, under the silent stars which, looking down on him, also looked down on the Atlantic and the Pacific and the Mississippi, he thought of the thirteen disordered states waiting to become a nation, and of the great West waiting to be born. There still exists a map of the country between the Potomac and the Ohio waters, as sketched by Washington himself while on this expedition in 1784; and his journal minutely records his conversations with every intelligent person whom he met respecting the facilities for internal navigation afforded by the rivers. The routes to the Ohio which Washington selected at that time as the best routes are to-day substanially the lines of the great railroads from Washington and Baltimore to Pittsburg, Parkersburg and Wheeling.

The first fruit of this expedition was the famous letter to Benjamin Harrison, then governor of Virginia, upon the whole question of communication between the East and the West, which was one of the most remarkable letters that Washington ever wrote, and which proves him the most far-sighted and sagacious man in America at that time so far as concerns American expansion and development. The next fruit was the Potomac Company, of which Washington was the president, for the opening up of a route to the West by way of the Potomac. Washington's interest in this important enterprise—an enterprise whose benefit, as he wrote to Jefferson just before his inauguration, "would not be confined to narrower limits than the whole western territory of the United States"—was his most engrossing interest during the whole period between the Revolution and the Constitutional Convention. Indeed it was at a little meeting of the Virginia and Maryland commissioners at Mount Vernon—for the Potomac Company was chartered by the concurrent acts of Virginia and Maryland—to concert commercial regulations for those two states, that the suggestion was first made, probably by Washington himself, of a national convention, to concert uniform commercial regulations for the whole country,—which convention, meeting at Annapolis in 1786, gave birth to the great convention at Philadelphia the next year, which gave us our present Constitution.

Washington's work as president of the Potomac Company was largely that of overcoming jealousies and making men look at things in a large way instead of a small way. Virginians were jealous among themselves, lest one part of the state should obtain an advantage over another. He showed them that the benefits of trade were diffusive and beneficial to all. He showed that his own interest in the Potomac scheme did not interfere with his patriotic interest in every similar scheme. He praised the enterprise of New York and Pennsylvania. "The more communications we open to the western country," he said to a citizen of Maryland, "the closer we bind that rising world—for indeed it may be so called —to our interests, the greater strength we shall acquire." "I wish," he said to a member of Congress, "that every door of that country may be set wide open and commercial intercourse rendered as free and easy as possible. That is the best if not the only cement that can bind these people to us."

Washington was the great promoter of the settlement of the West by the best men, the most influential friend of Rufus Putnam and the New England men who went to Ohio. It was he who first pointed out the Ohio valley to the pioneers as a favorable location, and he who was the chief mediator between them and Congress. He knew many of the founders of Ohio personally. "No colony in America," he wrote, "was ever settled under such favorable auspices. There never were men better calculated to promote the

welfare of such a community." Were he a young man, he declared, he knew of no country where he would himself rather go than to the Ohio country. He was interested in the success of General Putnam and those who followed him to Marietta, because they were men of character and their settlement was of the sort he wished to see in the West. He did not wish, he said, to see the great West overrun with "land jobbers, speculators and monopolizers, or even scattered settlers"—"a parcel of banditti," he called them, "who will bid defiance to all authority while they are skimming and disposing of the cream of the country." "Compact and progressive settlement" was what would give strength to the Union.

The more we study Washington's relations to the great West, the extent of his services in opening it up, his anxious interest to bind it closely to the East, his endeavors to have it settled and controlled by men of character, his perception of the commanding place it was soon to hold in the country, his prophetic words, more than realized to-day, concerning its great future, the more deeply we feel that, of all the far-seeing men of that critical and heroic period, he was the most far-seeing, the man of most sagacity and shrewdness, the most practical man, the man of most vision, the man of most constructive power. And this is what we feel as we study his work as president of the Constitutional Convention and as president of the United States. Here at last was an American, a man who calculated his politics and measured the true interests of this country on a continental scale. Men had said America before. It was sturdy Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina—a voice by strange irony from precisely that state which was destined to deal the worst blows to the nation—who in the Stamp Act Congress at New York in 1765 spoke that memorable word: "There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on the continent, but all of us Americans." America to Christopher Gadsden was a little strip along the Atlantic coast. America to George Washington, riding over the Alleghanies into the West, was a continent. He lived in the future. No Virginia could bound his vision or accommodate his patriotism or his organizing power. He needed a larger unit. Madison and Jefferson might write Virginia and Kentucky resolutions. "Think of your national Union," was Washington's farewell word and the great legacy of his life, "as of the Palladium of your safety and prosperity." His vision and his virtue, more than conventions or than laws, made America a nation; and that contagious vision, measuring our power and our true interests more and more upon a continental scale, pushed the nation on and on to broader horizons, to larger tasks and to a more perfect union. The French philosophers of the last century declared that there could never be a large republic, because that close relation, common feeling and common public spirit necessary to a strong and vital republican life were not possible over large areas. But large and small are purely relative terms; and the inventions and incalculable changes of the century have brought it about that for all political purposes our American republic is vastly smaller than the republic organized by the convention of 1787, Boston and San Francisco far closer together than Washington's Philadelphia and Mount Vernon. Each period of expansion and of progress has found us more neighborly, more intimate and more organic, a better family, than the period before; the larger; the closer; the farther circumference, the more dynamic centre; the broader life, the more perfect union and more general welfare. The English historian Freeman has written of Washington as "the expander of England,"—because it was he who taught England in a way she did not forget the necessity of that attitude toward her

colonies which has made her subsequent expansion and her great empire possible. He was the true expander of America, because he first and most influentially conceived our empire on a continental scale, because he had the insight into the federal principle and the genius for organization which commanded the republic into being and made the conditions of its great progress possible and sure.

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To-day, a century after Washington, we are called to a vision as inspiring and imperative as that which came to him as he rode up the Mohawk, and to a greater organizing work than that which he performed with such wisdom, courage, patience and success.

He was commanded to organize a nation; we are commanded to organize the world. He saw that the time had come when our power and our true interests must be measured on a continental scale; we are warned that the time has come when we must conceive of our power and our true interests by the measure of mankind. Let no man think of himself any longer in the first place as a New England man, as a New Yorker, as a Virginian, but all of us Americans, — that was the vision and message of Washington; and that insight and that law, coming to petty, prejudiced, jealous and disordered states, put an end to chaos and brought peace, prosperity, strength, largeness of life and an ever broadening horizon. Let no man think of himself any longer in the first place as an American, as an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, but all men in the first place citizens of the world, — that is the message which has been thundered in the ears of Washington's America in this eventful and surprising year as it was never done before. It took a civil war to teach Gadsden's Carolina and Washington's Virginia that the interests of the nation are above those of the state, and that a state can only then be true to itself and its duty when it remembers that there is a lower and a higher, and knows well what that lower and that higher are. Virginia and Massachusetts have no less genuine and worthy pride as states, they do not put to smaller or less vital use their sacred history and heritage, their great sons are no less their sons, when they bow their heads to baptism in the vision of Washington and Webster of a nation which must measure its powers and duties on a continental scale, and know that national life into which they are incorporated as the nobler and more commanding life, determining the other. The nation is organized. Its logic was shaped finally in the fiery forge of war.

The nation is the largest thing we have yet got organized. We must organize the world. Unending jealousies, commercial clash, friction of law, paralysis of industry, financial disorder, the misdirection and miscarriage of good energy, mischievous ignorance and prejudice, incalculable waste, chronic alarm and devastating wars are before us until we do it. That is the lesson of the hour. The relations and interdependence of the nations of Christendom have become, by the amazing advance of civilization in the century, closer, complexer and more imperious far than the relations of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and Georgia when Washington from the heights of the Alleghanies looked into the West and thought of the continent. Yet France and Germany, England and Russia, America and Spain, in their great burrs of guns, jealous of each other, distrustful, envious, afraid, go on in their separate, incoöperant, abortive ways, keeping God's earth in chaos, when a great wisdom and great virtue like Washington's a hundred years ago would convert them into a family of nations, into a federation and fraternity, with a comprehensive law, an efficient police and a purposeful economy.

The trouble with us is that we have not organized ourselves. Our institutions are not up to our best feeling and best thought. The new wine of our larger and better humanity finds no new bottles; and the old ones are bursting. The nations are in the condition of men before the days of courts, who had to settle their differences by their fists and by seeing who was strongest. If we quarrel with England about Venezuela or with Spain about Cuba, there is no court to which we can go. Nations improvise boards of arbitration for particular emergencies — it is the glory of America that no other nation has been so forward in this as she has been; but particular emergencies are precisely the occasions when there is need of general principles and regular procedure. As the supreme court of the republic settles differences between individuals and states and between states and states, so when we pass beyond our present crude condition, when we organize the world, will the regular and permanent world tribunals adjust our international disputes and, upon proper complaint and proper evidence, put an end to nuisances and wrongs, such as Europe did not stop in Armenia, and such as we did stop in Cuba.

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If the Spanish war and the problems springing out of it have made the people of America realize that they live in a very different time and different circumstances from those in which the Monroe doctrine was born, we are glad of it. Their readiness to plunge into the politics of the Philippines without any reference to the Monroe doctrine, although not very creditable to a people who, under the shelter of that doctrine, made such an outcry three years ago against the English epiphany in Venezuela, shows how superficial and fictitious the ground of that outcry was and how effectually we are now transcending that view of the world which for political purposes sees it primarily as two hemispheres instead of as one great whole. The world of 1898 is not the world of 1823. The one cardinal part of the Monroe doctrine, that this republic will not permit the lodgment on this continent of any institutions or influence hostile to free government, we trust the republic will always be true to—and we believe it will; therein lies the glory and the mighty power of the Monroe doctrine. The faster the rest of it is stabbed to death, the better for America and for mankind; and we are glad that the attitude of our government and people this year toward the Philippines, whatever the final outcome there, has forever placed us out of court should we venture the poor plea again that a European power or people may not have anything new to say or do upon this continent simply because it is European. That parochialism at least is over; and perhaps the result is worth all it has cost. America's international issues are no longer to be settled by geography, but, each on its own merits, by justice and by right.

It is right and justice, honor and wisdom, common sense, not the atlas, which to-day forbid the forcible annexation of the Philippines to the United States. It is not that this republic is not as competent as any nation upon earth to govern and educate people behind us in their political development—to lift up men who are lower down than we. That, as we have before declared in these pages, were a pusillanimous thing to say. That were a shameful impeachment of America. That were to accuse democracy with an accusation which, if it could be sustained, were fatal. Let the republic, from her present point of vantage, insist that violence and vengeance in the Philippines shall cease; let her insist, if Spanish sovereignty continue, that such liberties be guaranteed the people as were promised last spring in Cuba, and that every barbarous trade restriction be removed. Let her, if so only are liberty and justice

possible, insist that the Philippines shall be independent — freed from a sovereignty which has no credentials but conquest and force, none which pass muster in the court of heaven; let her call upon the enlightened nations of the world to unite with her in guaranteeing this unhappy people order and opportunity; and then, if her people be still consumed with zeal, let them pour in missionaries and schoolmasters, trades and tradesmen, health experts and political philosophers, to their hearts' content. But not guns, not soldiers, not new credentials of greed and force and conquest, to supplant the old.

The duty is not alone to the Philippines, not alone to America's own honor nor to that health which is the first condition of good service, but to the world and the future, to that high principle of international concert and of consideration in the first place for the world's peace and progress instead of our own gain, in whose ascendancy alone lies the world's hope and the lasting and true gain of any nation. We entered upon this war with solemn disclaimers of the world's old motives of war, with express repudiation of the thought of conquest, of that "original sin of nations," as Gladstone called it, "the lust for territorial aggrandizement." Europe said that our fine protestation was hypocrisy. We could afford the action which to the European mind will prove it so—although even a strict and formal consistency, novel and startling in this field, would have a heroism and salutary virtue in it, for which much good might well be given up — if the protestation were ignored for some plain interest of mankind. We cannot afford the action, thus to fortify those hoary old aims and methods of conquest and expansion which in the century have sullied England's honor and corrupted England's life, hindered English liberty and multiplied English sin to an extent for which England's undeniable world service, service which other methods would have made not less but greater, furnishes, as the working-out must show ever more make weight. It is no new question which confronts us; we cannot plead that we have not full instruction from history. It is the question of Gladstone against Disraeli; it is the question whether America will praise Gladstone with its lips and do the works of Disraeli with its hands. We cannot afford it, thus to strike mankind in the face and cloud the dawning new policies of progress, to push back again the borders of reason which is pushing back so painfully the dominion of force, to militarize this great republic, with which it has been our pride to confront army-ridden Europe, at the very hour when the gospel of peace has reached even the mouth of czars, to multiply the chances of confusion and war when the best minds of the nations are working for the order and the organization of the world.

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We dream of the federation of the world; and we will dream of it, and work for it. But we shall not soon see a world federation like this American federation. There can be no mechanical federation that will be lasting or that would be very useful. We want to study chiefly the chemistry of federation, not its mechanics. This federal republic demands and guarantees that every state within it shall also be a republic. No federation of the world, says Kant, save with self-government in every nation. That is the order — democracy, unity. The key of the federation is the key of the average; and the federation of tyranny with freedom might well be the fatal form by which tyranny should tyrannize over freedom, leaven and neutralize it, and check its conquest of the world. But the federation of the world will come; and in its spirit let us live, as age by age we extend its institutional borders. And whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same

rule and mind the same thing: — that is the law of new attainment and of advance into larger and yet larger circles of unity.

The wars of Christendom would cease to-morrow if the nations of Christendom would make rules commensurate with their attainments and organize what can be organized in fidelity to freedom and every principle of progress. Only selfishness, jealousy and false ambition delay longer the establishment by the half dozen great enlightened powers of a permanent international tribunal. With such a tribunal, the Venezuela agitation of three years ago, the wrongs in Cuba and this summer's wasteful and demoralizing war would have been impossible, while every reform and every right would have been easily and instantly secured. With such a tribunal, the recent strained relations between France and England could not have lasted an hour. The fact of a court is in common life the chief and usually sufficient pledge of legal and orderly habits; and the mere existence of the international tribunal will in the better future be the world's protection from a thousand collisions and conditions which now provoke the cannon or might then demand the judge.

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In the first place, men, not Americans or Englishmen or Russians — let us as such go in the first place into court. That may end war — and that is much indeed; but that does not make an organic world. The world is to be organized, not to keep nations peaceful in orderly arbitrament and protected separateness, but for constructive and coöperative life. That life will come as nations see that they are not their own, but all of them members one of another, with common inheritances, with common obligations, and with a common destiny. They will not see it alike, and they will not see it simultaneously. Some great enlightened, chosen nation — shall it not be this federal republic — will see it, and the vision will make it a centre of union; and to this another nation, by some commanding affinity, will join itself; and another and another will thrill responsive to the call, the leavening word spreading and spreading; and so the state of nations, the organization of the world, will come. It shall be Anglo-Saxondom; it shall be Teutondom; it shall be Christendom; it shall be mankind.

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In the Parliament House at Westminster, among the scenes from English history painted on the walls, the American is most stirred when he comes to the Departure of the Pilgrim Fathers to found New England. England — the England descended from the England which "harried them out" — will not let that scene go as a part of American history only, but claims it now as one of the proudest scenes in her own history, too. So the American will no more view Wyclif and Shakespeare and Cromwell and Milton and Gladstone as chiefly Englishmen, but as fellow citizens — as he views Victor Hugo and Kant and Tolstoi and Mazzini. The American is to be pitied who does not feel himself native to Stratford and to London, as to St. Louis or St. Paul — native to Leyden and to Weimar and Geneva. Each narrower circle only gains in richness and in sacredness and power as it expands into the larger and the larger; each community and state and nation, as it enters into a broader and completer organic life. This is the Christmas message to the world. Let there be peace; let there be order; and that there may be, let us know what manner of men we are. "Peace on earth!" — that was the first Christmas greeting; and the first Christian argument upon the hill of Mars, "God hath made of one blood all nations of men,"



From the Painting by C. Ooms.

READING FORBIDDEN BOOKS IN THE NETHERLANDS.

See the article by Rev. William Elliot Griffis on "The Pilgrim Press in Leyden."

THE

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THE PASSENGER TRAFFIC OF BOSTON AND THE SUBWAY.

By George G. Crocker.

DURING the first third of the present century, for long or short journeys on land the stage coach was the regular public conveyance. In 1825 it cost twenty-five cents to ride in one of these stages from Boston to Roxbury. When the roads were good, on the most enterprising lines, the aim was to travel at the rate of ten miles an hour. In winter and spring it was considered peculiarly creditable if the coach was on time; and it was not unusual for trips to be altogether omitted. A person intending to take a trip down East, for instance to Portsmouth, to which the fare by mail coach was $4, would go to the Eastern Stage House in Ann Street and be booked in advance. On the appointed day, very early in the morning, he would be called for at his residence and carried to the stage house from which the coach started. In those days it took a day and a half, traveling night and day, to go by coach from Boston to New York. In 1829 a favorite route to New York was the following:—the stage left Boston at half-past five in the morning; the passengers breakfasted at Dedham at half past six; the stage was due at eleven in Providence, where a steamboat was taken for Newport and New York, arriving at the latter place, if the weather permitted, some time during the following day. By this route the fare was $8.



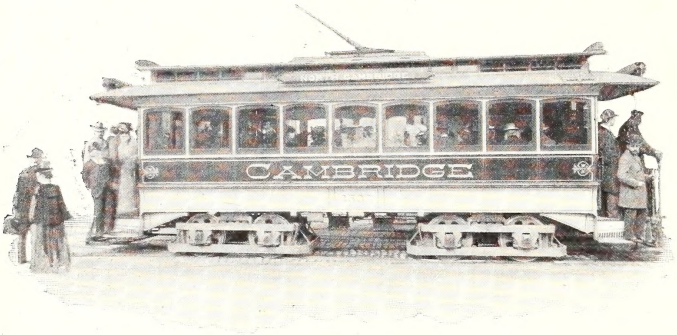
THE SCOLLAY SQUARE STATION OF THE BOSTON SUBWAY.

The work of the stage coach is to-day done by the steam railroad train and the electric street railway car.

On the 7th of October, 1826, the granite railway, built to carry granite for Bunker Hill monument from the quarries in Quincy to tide water, was put into operation. The builder was Gridley Bryant, and the man who

furnished financial means for the undertaking was Thomas Handasyd Perkins. This was the first railroad in this country. The grade was a descending grade most of the way from the quarries to the wharf on Neponset River. Horses were used as the motive power, being needed principally to drag the empty cars back to the quarry.





In the same year, 1826, Colonel Loammi Baldwin made, for a commission appointed by the legislature, an estimate of the cost of a canal across the state on two routes. He recommended the more northerly route, which included a tunnel through the Hoosac mountain. His estimate of the cost of this tunnel was less than a million dollars. Fifty years later, a tunnel, not for a canal, but for a railroad, was opened through the mountain at a cost many times greater than this estimate. The standards of public morality of those days did not prevent the commission under whose authority Colonel Baldwin's report was made from proposing as a method for raising the necessary funds that a lottery should be run by the state.

During the next few years there was an animated discussion in the legislature and in the public press as to the relative merits of canals and railroads. In 1829 a commission known as the Board of Directors of Internal Improvements of Massachusetts made a favorable report upon the practicability and expediency of building a railroad from Boston to the Hudson River and from Boston to Providence. The board consisted of such leading and enterprising citizens as Governor Levi Lincoln, Nathan Hale, the editor of the *Advertiser* (sometimes on account of his persistent advocacy called the father of the railroad), Stephen White, David Henshaw, Thomas W. Ward, Royal Makepeace, George Bond, William Foster and Edward H. Robbins, Jr. The report is a most interesting document, and is accompanied by surveys and statistics furnished by James F. Baldwin and James Hayward, engineers, and by Solomon Willard, the architect of Bunker Hill monument. After stating that the most approved railroads in Great Britain are formed of solid bars of wrought iron, rolled into a form best suited to give them strength, and presenting on the upper edge, which is slightly rounded, a thickness of two and one-quarter inches, forming a surface of that width on which the wheels of the carriages run, and that these rails weigh thirty-five pounds to the running yard and are kept in place and supported every three feet by cast-iron chairs bolted to the foundation stone, the board recommended that, on account of the high

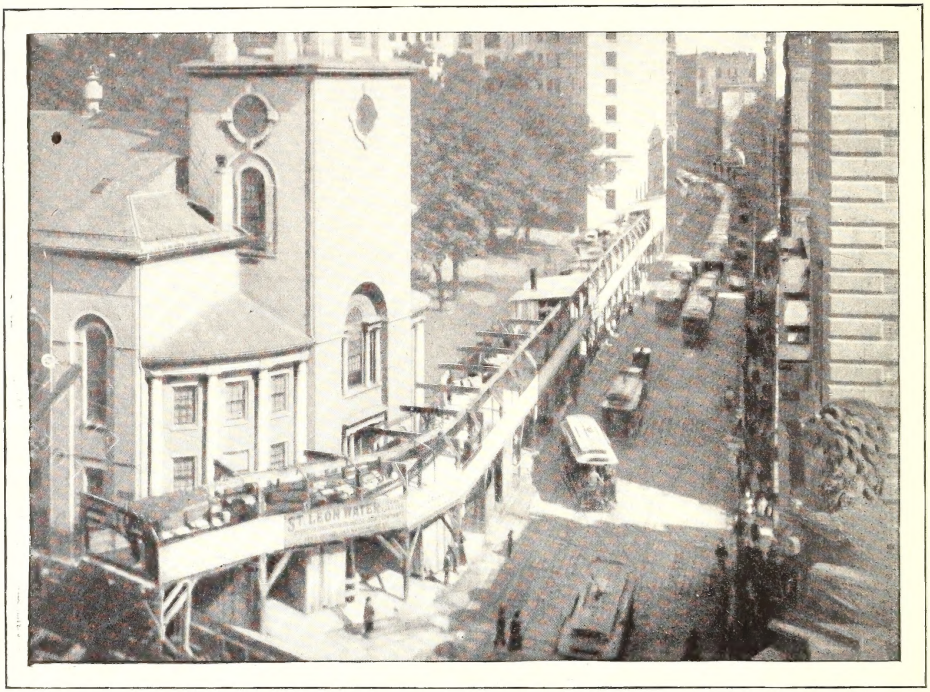
cost of iron in this country and the great abundance and cheapness of fine granite, a different form of construction be adopted, namely: "A continuous stone wall, laid so deep in the ground as not to be moved by the effects of frost, and surmounted by a rail of split granite of about a foot in thickness and depth, with a bar of iron placed on top of it of sufficient thickness to form the track." These stone walls with the rail of granite on top of them and the bar of iron on top of the granite were to be placed "at the uniform distance of five feet from each other, as nearly horizontal as possible, with the space between them filled to within six inches of the upper surface with earth and gravel, so as to form a path for the horses employed in drawing the carriages."

The board reported that on railroads recently built or then building in England and France it was proposed to use locomotive engines. It recognized that where coal was abundant and cheap and where the subsistence of horses was dear, steam power might be advantageously used; but the conclusion was reached that, inasmuch as the cost of coal here was three times as great as in England, horses in this country would furnish power more cheaply than steam engines. It was expressly stated that a different result would be reached if it was necessary to move large loads of from fifty to one hundred tons at a rapid speed. The board therefore recommended that the motive power to be used on the proposed railroad should be horses. The suggestion was made that it was not necessary to have the railroad absolutely level, as experience had shown that a steady and long-continued exertion of strength by a horse is more fatiguing to him than even a greater exertion occasionally remitted. In a foot-note appears the following:

"The labor of the horse may be still further relieved by providing a platform, placed on small wheels, on the long



SCOLLAY SQUARE BEFORE THE SUBWAY WAS COMPLETED.



TREMONT STREET DURING THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SUBWAY, SHOWING THE METHOD OF CARRYING AWAY THE EXCAVATED MATERIAL.

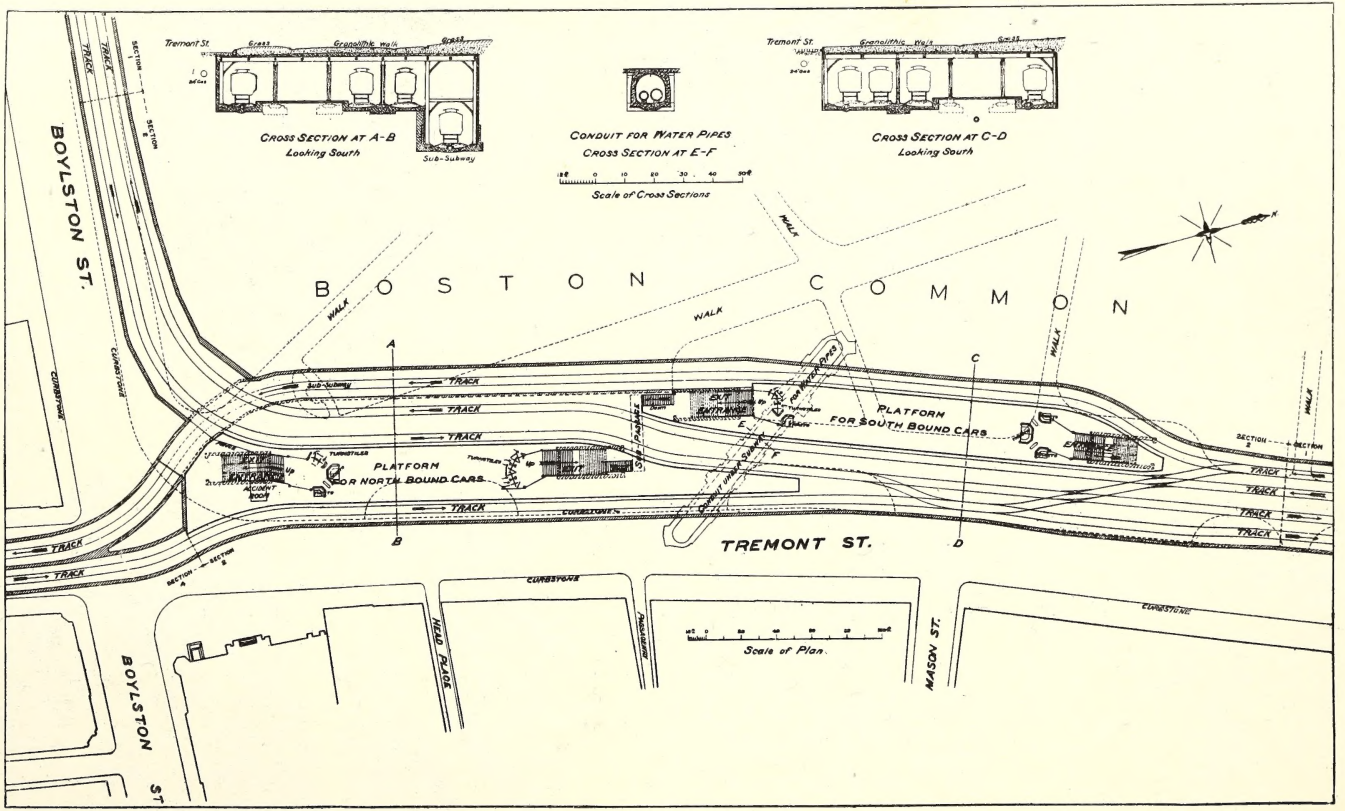
descents, on which the horse himself may ride. This expedient, singular as it may seem to persons unaccustomed to observe the ease of locomotion on a railroad, is adopted with success on the Darlington and Mauch Chunk railroad, and the horses eat their provender while they are returning to a point where their labor is to be resumed."

In the fall of 1829, George Stephenson made his famous experiments with the "Rocket" at Rainhill, near Liverpool. On the fifteenth of September in the following year, adelphia. A well-known publisher of the Manchester and Liverpool Railroad. The success of this line demonstrated the superiority of the locomotive over the horse as a motive power.

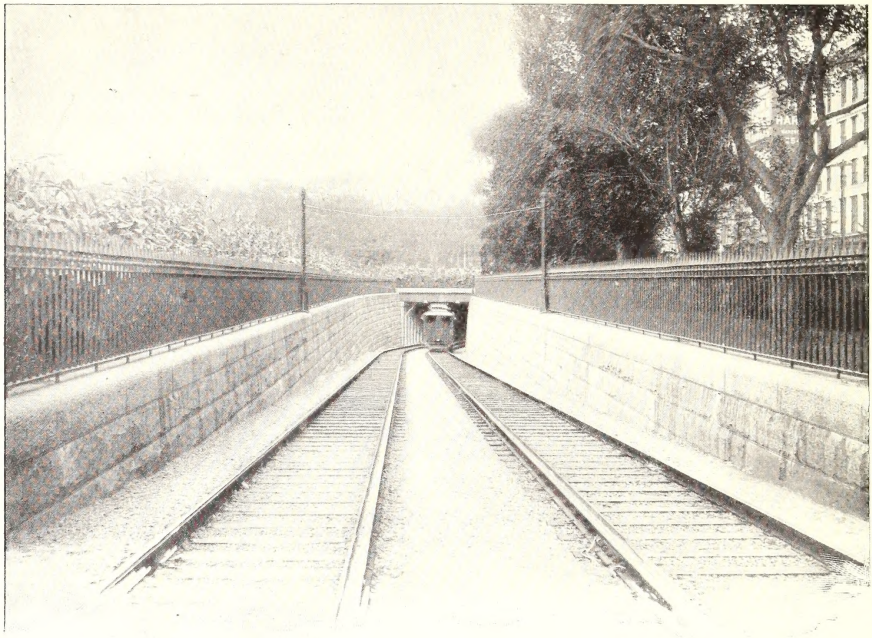
There was an example of a horse railroad between New York and Philadelphia. A well-known publisher of Boston, who died eleven years ago at the age of ninety, writing home from Philadelphia in 1833, he being then thirty-seven years old, thus describes his journey from New York:

"I arrived here yesterday about three in the afternoon, having left New York at half-past six, arrived at Amboy by steamboat at nine, thence by railroad thirty-five miles to Bordentown, where we arrived at half past twelve, thence by steamboat again to this city. The railroad cars carry twenty-four and are drawn each by two horses. There were four cars that came, or ninety-six passengers. We met eight cars returning, or about two hundred passengers. I cannot say that I am used to it or that it is more pleasant than stages. On the contrary, I prefer the latter; there is not the monotonous continual rumbling in stages there is on a railroad. The latter, however, appears to be perfectly safe, more so, if anything, than stages."

It was not until the sixteenth of May, 1834, sixty-four years ago, that the first regular passenger train, drawn by a locomotive, was run in Massachusetts. This was a train between Boston and Newton, and the service then consisted of three trains



MAP OF THE SECTION OF THE SUBWAY UNDER BOSTON COMMON.



THE PUBLIC GARDEN ENTRANCE TO THE SUBWAY.

a day each way. The fare was thirty-seven and one-half cents.

To-day there are in Massachusetts three thousand miles of steam railroad track, reckoned as single track, and this is only one-eightieth of the whole trackage in the United States. The railroads of Massachusetts carry over one hundred million passengers yearly, an average distance of sixteen miles, at an average fare of 1.8 cents per mile, and they also carry thirty-three million tons of freight, an average distance of eighty-five miles, at an average rate of one and one-quarter cents per ton per mile.

The growth of the steam railroad, marvellous as it has been, is in some respects excelled by that of the other successor of the stage coach, namely, the street railway. It was not until 1846 that traffic on Washington Street within the city limits had grown to such proportions as to lead to the organization of a line of omnibuses or, as they were more generally called, "buses," which ran from Dock Square to Canton Street. This line was subsequently known as the Citizens' line. It was also known as the Hathorne line, taking that name from Jacob H. Hathorne, who managed and controlled it from 1851 until its discontinuance thirty-eight years later. This method of conveyance proved to be much more convenient than the stage coach; and within the next ten years omnibus lines were established running to Charlestown, East Cambridge, Cambridge and Brookline.

After several years of agitation and much opposition, which went even to the tearing up of tracks, the first Boston street horse-car was run from Cambridgeport to Charles Street, on March 26, 1856. This line was soon opened from Bowdoin Square to Harvard Square. In September of the same year, a line from Roxbury to the corner of Washington and Boylston Streets was also established. In comparison with this rival, the omnibus was noisy, rough and uncomfortable. In summer the windows and the wheels kept up an incessant din, and

much jolting resulted from uneven and defective paving. In winter the cradle holes caused the omnibus sleighs to plunge down and bump and rear with a motion similar to that of a flat-bottomed boat in a heavy sea.

Horse-car tracks were rapidly laid to accommodate all parts of the city and suburbs. The volume of traffic increased so rapidly that in thirty years so many cars were needed on Washington and Tremont Streets to accommodate the passengers at the hours of greatest traffic, that these streets became blocked with long lines of cars crawling along veritably at a snail's pace.

In 1888 electricity was first used as a motive power for the street cars. As Dr. Holmes quaintly wrote:

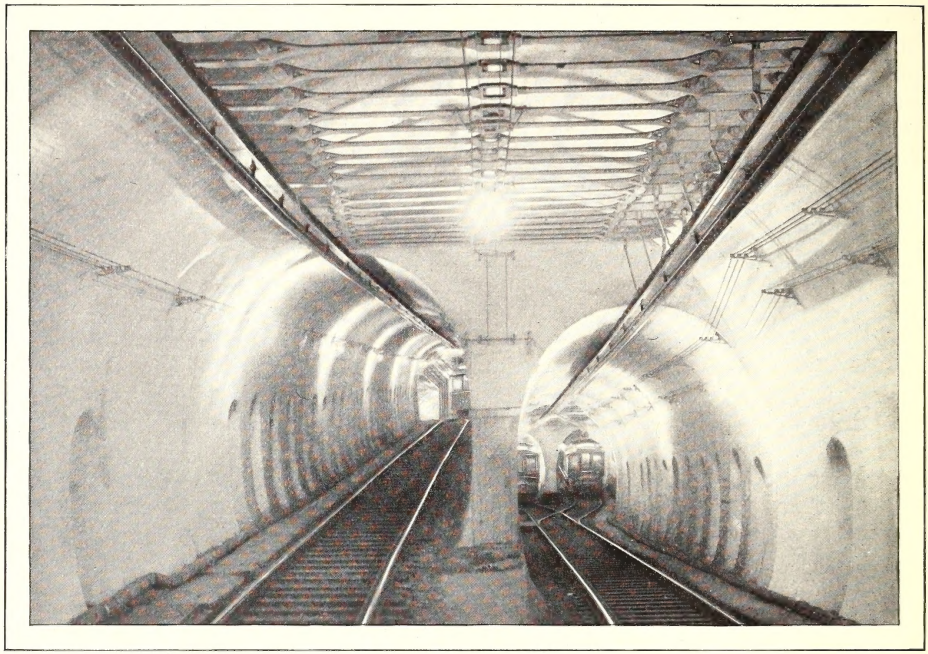
"Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;
On every stick there's a witch astride,—
The string you see to her leg is tied."

The space in the streets which had been occupied by the horses was saved. Per running foot of space occupied, electric cars carried sixty per cent more passengers than the horse cars. The electric car, therefore, in some degree gave relief. It was, however, found to be more comfortable and it traveled at a greater speed than the horse car. The consequence was that the volume of traffic increased with increasing rapidity, so that in a few years the congestion was as bad or even worse than ever.

It was not surprising that traffic should be congested on Washington and Tremont Streets. These streets are practically no wider to-day than they were at the beginning of the century. In 1800 the population of the metropolitan district of Boston, embracing an area within a circle with a radius of ten miles, was about 50,000. To-day, it is about 1,000,000, or twenty times as great. The congestion naturally resulting from this increase



THE LOOP BY THE UNION STATION.



THE SUBWAY NEAR HOLLIS STREET, SHOWING THE SUB-SUBWAY.

of population was aggravated by the invention of the elevator. The first elevator was put into the American House by Otis Tufts in the year 1856. It rendered possible great concentration in business centres. In the ten-story building of to-day, with its swift elevators, at least five times as many people do business as in the three-story building of the first half of the century, with its steep and tiresome stairs.

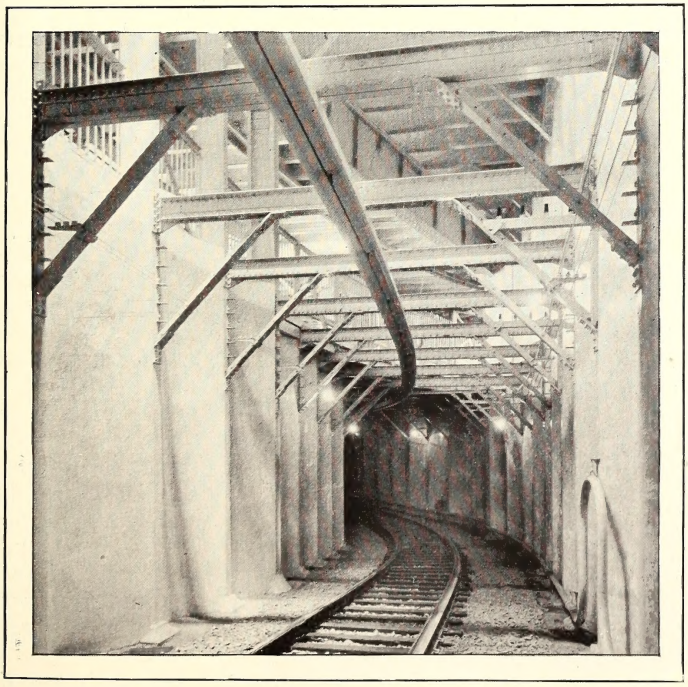
Besides the increase of population and the elevator, certain conditions peculiar to the city of Boston have contributed to bring about the remarkable density of traffic on the Tremont Street route. If a street is for any reason closed, the traffic is thereby diverted to the streets upon either side. This result is brought about in Boston by Beacon Hill and Boston Common. Boston Common is forty odd acres in extent. It lies in the heart of the city, and there are no streets across it. There are streets over Beacon Hill, but the steep grades operate as a barrier to many kinds of traffic. Consequently the traffic going north and south or east and west is diverted by the Common and by Beacon Hill, and seeks a route along the side of the Common and the base of the hill on the one side or the other. The business centre of the city is on the east side of the hill, and on the line of State Street the distance from the base of the hill to the water front is only half a mile. Tremont Street, which at its narrowest point, near School Street is only forty-seven feet wide, bounds the Common and the hill on the east or business side, and is therefore the route to which a large amount of traffic is diverted from its straight and shortest course.

By 1890 the congestion had become so grievous as to be a subject of constant lamentation. There was no dispute as to the nature of the malady affecting the body politic, but there was a great difference of opinion as to the most effectual treatment. Some people wanted to have the streets widened; some to have new

streets laid out; some to have tracks laid on the Common; some thought that the cars should be prohibited from entering the congested district; some advocated the building of an elevated road; and some the construction of a subway. If either one of these methods at any time appeared to be in the ascendant, the advocates of the other methods combined against it. No one plan was able to withstand this combined opposition.

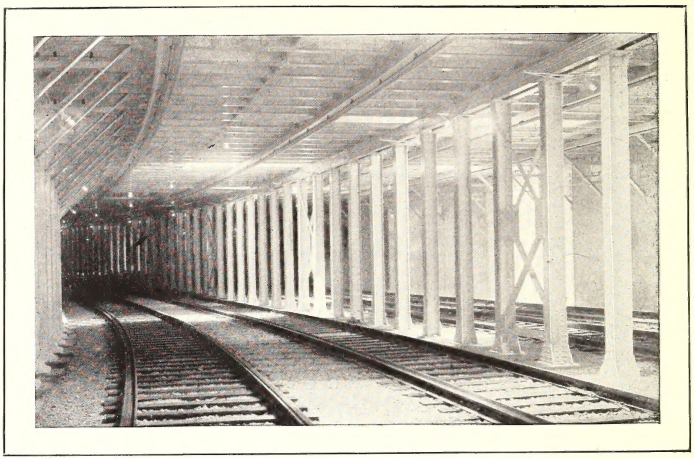
In 1891 a commission of eight members, of which the mayor of the city, Hon. Nathan Matthews, Jr., and the city engineer, William Jackson, were members *ex officiis*, was appointed, to consider the whole question of the transportation of persons and things in Boston and vicinity. The following year this commission made to the legislature an exceedingly able, thorough and discriminating report. One of its many recommendations was that for the relief of the Tremont Street traffic a subway should be built. This recommendation was in general terms.

In 1893 the Subway Commission, so called, was organized under the authority of the legislature and authorized to build a short subway along the Tremont Street route, and to expend a sum not exceeding $2,000,000. The following year, 1894, this commission reported that the powers given to it were too limited for the building of a suitable subway, and that the appropriation was insufficient. In a general way, a subway similar to that which has been built was outlined, and it was stated that the estimated cost thereof was $5,000,000. At the session of the legislature to which this report was made certain parties were seeking a charter for an elevated railway. Their influence was thrown against the subway idea, and the friends of the subway were opposed to the construction of an elevated road. Each side seemed able to defeat the other, but not strong enough to win success for itself. Finally, by a combination which gave rise to some criticism, there was passed in the very last days of the session an act, of which the first half provided for the incorporation of an elevated railway company, and the last half provided for the organization of the Boston Transit Commission, to consist of the three members who had served on the Subway Commission and two additional members to be ap-



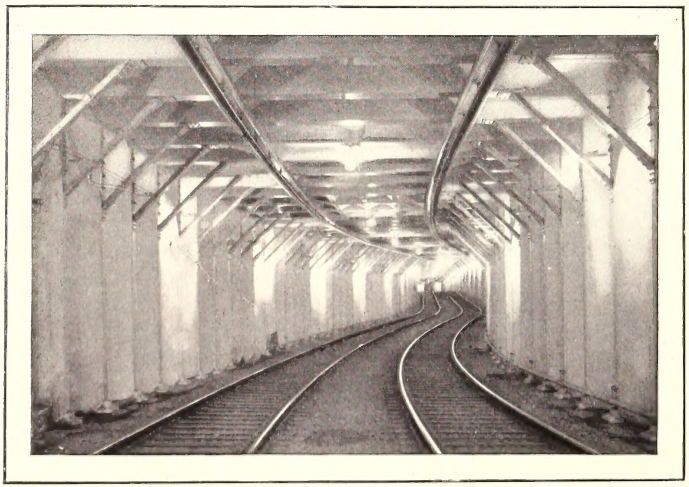
THE SUB-SUBWAY NEAR BOYLSTON STREET.

pointed by the governor. This commission was instructed to build a bridge to Charlestown, without limit as to the amount to be expended therefor, and was given authority to do certain other things, the chief among which was the building of a subway along the Tremont Street route. The expenditure for these latter purposes was limited to $7,000,000.



THE FOUR-TRACK SECTION UNDER THE COMMON.

It is to be noted that the commission was not instructed to build a subway, but was authorized to do so if it deemed it expedient. After a careful study of the problem, continued for several months, and after surveys and plans and an estimate of cost in detail had been made by a large engineering force under Mr. Howard A. Carson, who had been chosen as chief engineer, the commission decided that it was wise to construct the subway. It was found that the probable cost of the subway would be much less than the cost of widening the streets or laying out new streets. Estimates also showed that a subway along the Tremont Street route would be less expensive than an elevated road, if to the cost of the construction of an elevated road should be added the damages which might reasonably be recovered for injuries to the abutting estates. It was clear that in a subway as well as on an elevated road speed of transit and safety could both be secured. On the surface speed was incompatible with safety. The subway had an advantage over the elevated, in that it absolutely relieved the streets from every incumbrance growing out of street-car traffic; while if an elevated road were built, the posts would to some extent obstruct the street, the structure itself would darken the street, and the noise of the passing of cars would not be removed.



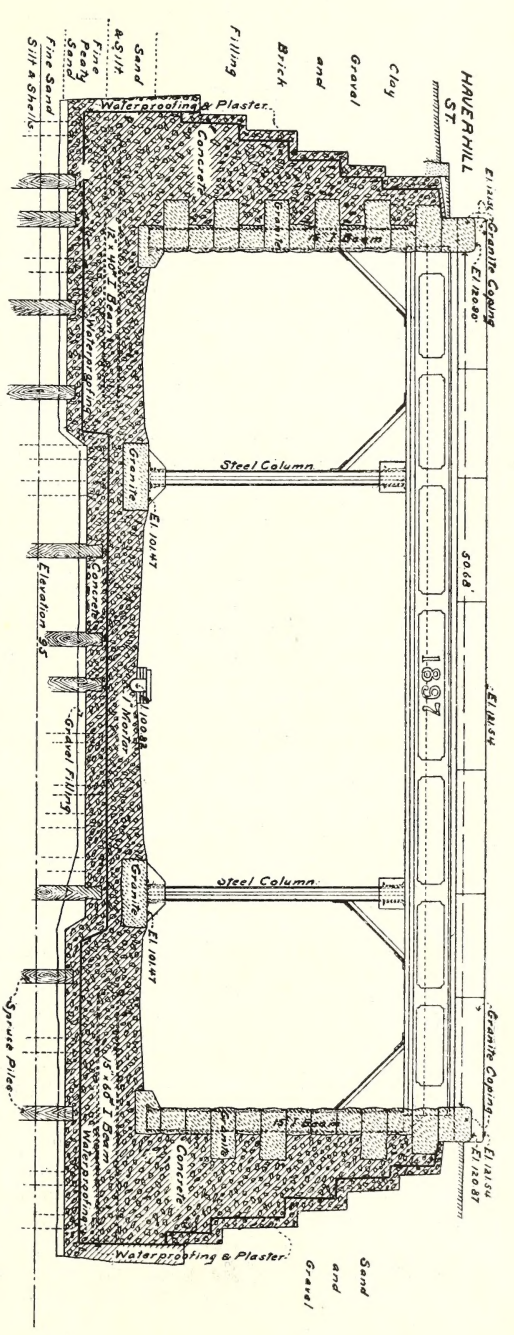
THE TWO-TRACK SECTION UNDER BOYLSTON STREET.

The building of the subway was

begun on the twenty-eight of March, 1895, and was finished on the fifteenth of August, 1898. Its total length, including the branches to the two southerly terminals, is one and two-thirds miles. Some portions of it are built for two tracks, being twenty-four feet wide, and some portions for four tracks, being about forty-eight feet wide. The clear height above the rails is fourteen feet. The four-track sections have a middle row of columns to support the roof. In accordance with the requirements of the statute, the work of construction was so conducted that the streets over the subway during construction were kept open for traffic between eight o'clock in the forenoon and six o'clock in the afternoon. As a matter of fact, the streets were never closed so that they could not be used for the passage of the fire department apparatus.

In European cities there are several examples of underground railways for city traffic. Those in which electricity is used as a motive power are with one exception single-track tubes, these tubes being not more than twelve feet in diameter. The single exception is the subway in Budapest, which is a two-track electrically operated subway. This subway is only four-sevenths as large as the two-track sections of the Boston subway, and it has a row of columns in the middle, while the two-track sections of the Boston subway are free from columns.

The Boston subway is the only tunnel in the world which is adequately lighted between stations. It affords, at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets and near the Pleasant



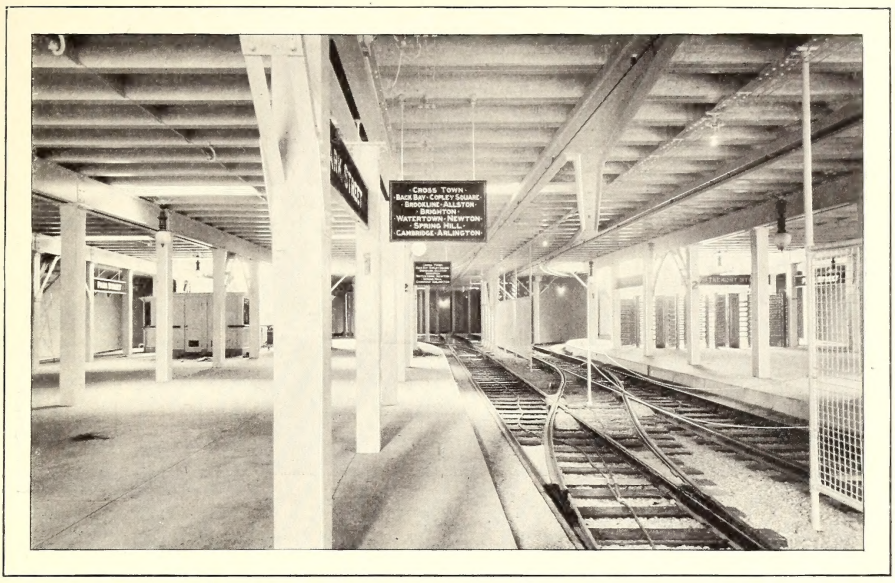
SECTION OF THE SUBWAY AT HAYMARKET SQUARE, SHOWING THE MANNER OF CONSTRUCTION.

Street exit, interesting examples of the avoidance of grade crossings by placing the tracks at different levels.

To ventilate suitably a tunnel which is lighted with oil or gas and in which smoke-venting locomotives are used is almost impossible. It has been estimated that a locomotive such as is used on the elevated railway in New York will vitiate the air of a tunnel as much as would the presence of 25,000 people; or, in other words, the people in a train drawn by such a locomotive would breathe air as much polluted as it would be if they were preceded by a crowd of 25,000 persons. In the Boston subway, electricity being used both for light and power, the only vitiation of the air is caused by the presence of the passengers in the cars and on the platforms. At the present time, the subway is used by about 150,000 people each day, and the average time spent in the subway is probably not far from six minutes. Ventilation is furnished by the three terminal entrances to the subway and also by some eleven entrance and exit staircases, and it is perhaps facilitated by the fact that the central portion of the subway is on a higher level than either of the ends. As a result of these conditions there is in the subway a practically continuous movement of air, the strength and direction of which are determined by the wind outside. This movement seems to be sufficient to keep the air satisfactorily pure. Means for artificial ventilation have, however, been provided. At several points midway between the stations ventilating shafts have been constructed. In some of these shafts fans operated by electricity have already been installed. The fans are constructed to exhaust the air from the subway, and their capacity is sufficient to change the air of the subway once every ten minutes. While these fans are not necessary to keep the air sufficiently pure, they are of value in controlling the temperature. The variations of temperature within the subway are less than those outside. The temperature does not go so low in winter nor so high in summer as



SUBWAY ENTRANCES ON BOSTON COMMON.



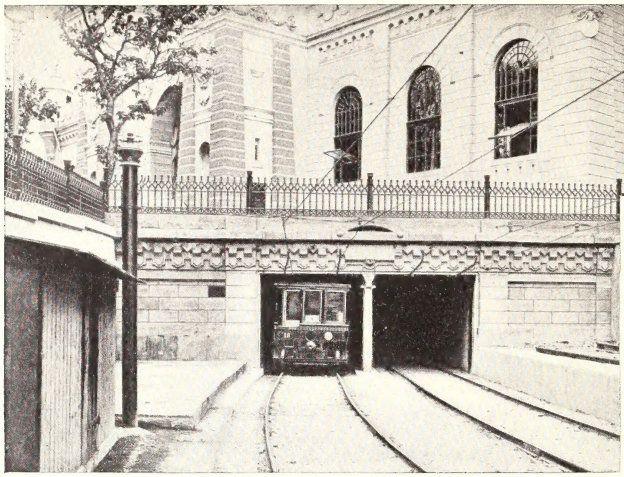
SUBWAY STATION AT PARK STREET.

that of the outside air. This is an advantage in winter, but in summer a materially lower temperature inside is dangerous for people coming in from the sun-heated air. It has therefore seemed advisable to operate the fans at times in summer in order to raise the temperature by drawing in the hot outside air.

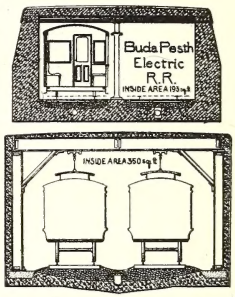
When the subway was undertaken, there was much dispute as to whether it would prove to be of any real utility. People who had had the most experience with tunnels were perhaps the most sceptical. It was confidently asserted by men whose experience had been such as to give weight to their opinions that no street railway company would use the subway unless compelled by law to do so, and that certainly no street railway company would ever be able to pay anything for it. These prophecies were not sustained. When the subway was only half built, and before any portion of it was put into practical use, it was leased to the West End Street Railway Company for the term of twenty years at a rental of four and seven-eighths per cent on its cost, whatever that cost might prove to be, provided it did not exceed $7,000,000. The lease is quite an elaborate one, covering fourteen printed pages. All equipment, such as ballast, tracks, electrical apparatus, etc., is to be furnished by the lessee corporation, which also is to keep the subway in repair unless damage is caused by acts of God, or the public enemy, by the falling of buildings, the bursting of pipes, and explosions outside of the subway. Since the execution of the lease, the Boston Elevated Railway has succeeded to all the rights and property of the West End Street Railway, and its cars and those of the Lynn and Boston Railroad, its lessee, are now using this basement street.

The estimated cost of the subway, as made up before work was begun, was $5,000,000. The work is completed, but the bills are not yet all settled. It is believed that the total cost will not exceed $4,250,000.

The following figures will give an idea of the density of traffic within the subway. The Boston Elevated and the Lynn and Boston Railway Companies together operate in Boston and vicinity four hundred miles of track, reckoned as single track, and for the



BUDAPEST SUBWAY.

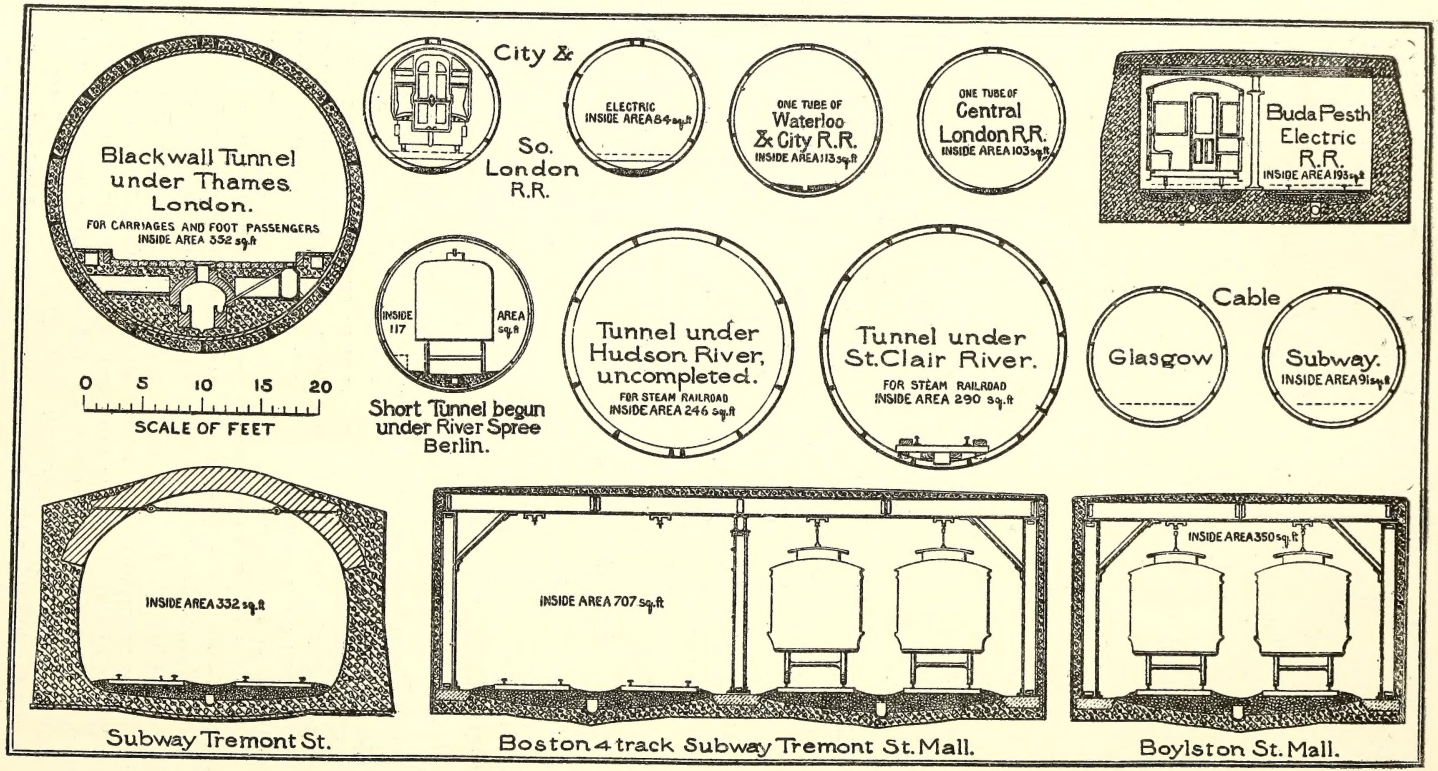


Sections of the Budapest and Boston Subways, showing their relative proportions.

year ending September 30, 1897, carried two hundred million passengers. In the subway there are five miles of track, reckoned as single track. This then is one-eightieth of the total trackage of the two roads. The traffic now being carried in the subway is at the rate of from forty to fifty million passengers per annum, so that, although its trackage is only one-eightieth of the whole trackage of the two companies, it is used by one passenger out of five and possibly one passenger out of four of the total number of passengers carried.

The passenger traffic of the steam railroad lines making report to the Massachusetts Board of Railroad Commissioners is about one hundred million per annum; of this total it is estimated that about eighty-two million are carried on the three thousand miles of track within the state. Therefore on the five miles of track within the subway are carried each year fully half as many passengers as are carried on six hundred times as many miles of steam railroad track within the state.

The area of the station near the corner of Park and Tremont Streets, including platforms and tracks, is about one acre. Its shape and dimensions were controlled in part by limitations imposed by law to prevent unnecessary encroachments upon the Common, and in part by a desire so far as possible to avoid the destruction of trees. There are two island platforms, that is, two platforms each with a track on either side for cars going in the same direction. The length of the easterly platform is two hundred and fifty feet, and that of the westerly two hundred and seventy-five feet. The loop at one end and the converging lines at the other give to these platforms an irregular shape, each having a width in the middle of its length of about forty feet. The area of the easterly platform, being the platform for northbound cars, is seventy-five hundred square feet. The area of the westerly platform, being for southbound cars, is nine thousand square feet. Access to each platform is by two staircases, each fifteen feet wide, located near the ends of the platforms. The distance from the foot of one staircase to the foot of the other is one hundred and eight feet, and the platform area between staircases is for the easterly platform four thousand two hundred square feet, and for the westerly platform four thousand six hundred square

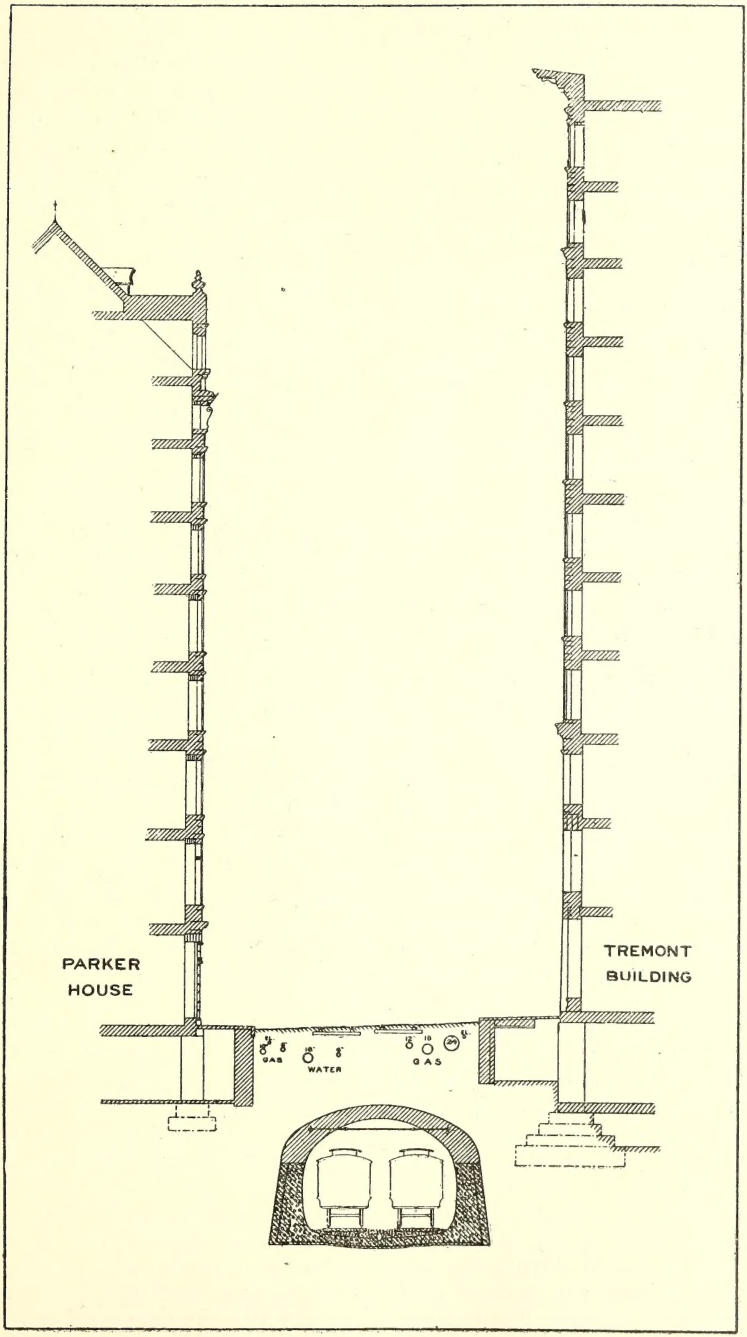


SECTIONS OF THE DIFFERENT SUBWAYS OF THE WORLD.

feet. The present traffic indicates that the number of people per annum taking and leaving the cars at this station, including those using the platforms in transferring from one car to another, will be over twenty-four million, which is, in round numbers, the total of the passengers entering and leaving the city at the great northern steam railroad union station. The traffic at the new southern steam railroad union station will not be so large as that at the northern union station, both because the Boston traffic of the railroads which enter the city on the south side is not quite so large as that of the north-side roads, and also because a material portion of the Boston traffic of the roads entering the city on the south side will make use of the new stations at Dartmouth Street and Columbus Avenue.

In England and in Europe, where trains are made up of cars of three different classes, passengers, especially at way stations where a short stop only is made, experience difficulty in finding their proper cars, and not infrequently are seen running along the platform passing car after car in the attempt to find vacant seats of their class. For the would-be passenger it is a moment of tribulation and nervous strain. In the operation of the subway there is encountered a much more complicated difficulty, which can best be illustrated by describing it where it appears in its most aggravated form. At the Park Street station the maximum hour for traffic taking the cars is between five and six in the afternoon. In this hour on the average day the number of people taking the cars on the loop track on the east side of the westerly platform, is between five and six thousand. On this track the company runs during the hour from one hundred and eighty to two hundred cars, which come to the platform empty and go on twenty-three different routes. Under the present method of operation, five of these cars are allowed to be standing at the platform at a time. The problem then is to load six thousand people per hour on two hundred cars running not in trains but singly, going to twenty-three different destinations, and having no fixed order of arrival. If, for instance, a person wants a Watertown car, of which there are eight during the hour, the car, when it comes, may stop in any one of the five berths. The distance from the rear of the first car to the front end of the last car is about one hundred and ten feet. These conditions at first created excitement among the passengers, who in their eagerness to get the first view of the cars crowded forward to the edge of the platform. This crowd at the edge of the platform not only blocked the way for those wishing to take the cars, but there was danger that the people in front would be pushed on to the track by those behind. To meet these difficulties, a card indicator, showing in advance the next cars to arrive and the positions at which they are to stop, has for some time been used experimentally and is soon to be replaced by an indicator illuminated and operated by electricity. The operator sits in a position where he can see the cars before their arrival at the platform. The indicator cannot be seen to advantage from the front part of the platform, and the inducement to stand there is therefore removed. A person standing in the central part of the platform and watching the indicator learns some thirty seconds in advance when his car is coming and where it is going to stop, and has plenty of time, without hurrying, to get into position to board it when it arrives. In thirty seconds a person walking at the rate of two and one-half miles per hour travels one hundred and ten feet.

The end of the nineteenth century has seen the beginnings of elevated and underground streets. Undoubtedly the street of several stories will become a familiar feature in the twentieth century. In the Boston subway,



THE POSITION OF THE SUBWAY UNDER TREMONT STREET RELATIVE TO THE PARKER HOUSE AND TREMONT BUILDING.

at the corner of Boylston and Tremont Streets, and also near the Pleasant Street terminal, the street already has three stories, the surface-way, the subway and the sub-subway. In London at one place, on Queen Victoria Street, there are four stories of traffic, namely, an elevated steam railroad, the street itself, or the ground floor, below which a space of twenty feet is utilized for electric wires and gas and water pipes, then comes the two-track tunnel of the underground steam railway, below that the main sewer, and still below that, at a depth of seventy-seven feet, the tracks of the City and Waterloo Railway. This latter line is a two-track railway operated by electricity, each track being in a separate steel tunnel about twelve feet in diameter.

The material and mental and even the moral development of a community are largely dependent on and almost in proportion to its facilities for public transportation. Freedom of intercourse broadens the mind, cultivates charity and awakens activity. In speaking of the evils of bad roads in England, Macaulay said that inventions which abridge distance are second only to the printing press in improving the condition of the race. Such inventions, to accomplish their purpose, must not only save time and wear and tear, but, most important of all, they must render the means of transportation so cheap that they can be generally availed of by the public at large. Our steam and street railway systems fulfil these requirements to a notable degree.

The speed of transportation is being constantly increased. The steam railroad train travels more than four times as fast as the stage coach of our grandfathers' times, and the speed record of each year breaks that of its predecessor. On the street railways the increase of speed during the last ten years, through the use of electricity instead of horses, has been so great as to have most far-reaching and beneficent results.

The subway was built to save time. It furnishes only one item of the savings secured by the various improvements in steam and street railway traffic, but this one item alone is not unimportant. It is probably not too large an estimate to assume that on the average each passenger on the Tremont Street route can get to his destination in four minutes less time than was formerly taken upon the surface. As the number of passengers who ride in the subway is about fifty million per year, a saving of four minutes per passenger means a saving of two hundred million minutes, or over three million hours, or three hundred thousand days of ten hours each, or the working hours of a thousand people for a year.

Travel on our railroads to-day is undoubtedly safer for health, limb and life than was travel by stage coach in the first third of the century. The horse car was safer than the omnibus, and though the electric car of to-day attains speed more than twice as great as was possible for the horse car, the record for the year 1897 was that in the operation of the Massachusetts street railways only one person was killed for each ten million passengers carried.

Statistics in regard to the amount of travel on our steam and street railways prove unmistakably that these public methods of conveyance are used by the whole community, by the rich and the poor alike. Upon the steam railroads within our state, the average fare per mile is 1.8 cents, and the average number of rides per annum for each inhabitant of the state is over thirty. Taking the United States as a whole, the average number of rides on steam railroads per inhabitant is seven and one third.

It is, however, the street railway traffic that enters most immediately into the everyday life of our citizens. The figures relating to this traffic are even more satisfactory. The population of the metropolitan district of Boston, embracing an area within a

radius of ten miles around the City Hall, is about one million. The cars of the street railways which operate within that district travel about forty million miles and carry over two hundred million passengers each year. Thus, on the average, each man, woman and child of this metropolitan district takes two hundred rides in a street car each year. The average for the state is one hundred and twenty-three, and for the United States thirty-two.

It would have been simply impossible at the beginning of the century to predict this wonderful development in transportation. It is equally impossible for us at the end of the nineteenth century to predict what will happen in the twentieth. There is certainly reason to expect that the speed of transportation will increase and at the same time the risk to life and limb both for passengers and the public will be diminished; that this increase of speed and increase of safety will be accomplished not simply without any increase in the cost of transportation, but with an actual decrease in such cost; and that the use by the public of public means of transportation will both be greater and more general.

By the electric telegraph space has been practically annihilated in the transmission of signals; by the telephone the same thing has been accomplished in the transmission of sound. We cannot conceive that in the transportation of human beings the future has in store for us a similar annihilation of space, and yet even that is no more inconceivable to us to-day than the instantaneous transmission of the human voice from Boston to Chicago would have seemed half a century ago.

MAN.

By William Ordway Partridge.

MYSTERIOUS thought of God, and part of all,
Framed in a double mould,—so finely dressed
And yet so feeble and so prone to fall,
His heart the kingdom of love's holiest rest
Or torn with passion and unending throes,—
Playing with life as childhood plays and mars,
Not caring whence he comes nor where he goes,
Yet conscious of a call beyond the stars.

Immortal, mortal man, who then can paint
Or read him, who can measure his domain?
Though pinned to earth, his soul brooks no restraint,
But leaps from world to world—come peace or pain;—
A blot or smile upon the face of God,
He clings to heaven while earth piles high her sod.

A CANAL-BOAT EPISODE.

By Annie E. P. Searing.



THEY were making up a tow at Kingston Point. In front of the long pier the varied assortment of boats lay lashed together, and a little ahead was the towboat, sneezing at intervals and clearing her throat like a prima donna about to sing. A little tug came teasing and fretting out of the creek with a relay of two more barges, emerging from the shadows of the moonlit darkness like an intrusive interruption. These inert masses, like great water-soaked logs, she pulled and pushed and poked into place in the long procession awaiting the word of march. The quiet of the night was broken now and then by all sorts of river noises. There was the distant thud of a propeller; off in the shadows a man was calling orders to his mate as they anchored a schooner; and down the path of the moon, in the line of the vivid flash of the ripples, a distant black speck was moving. That was a skiff, and it carried a banjo player with a good baritone voice, shouting disjointed scraps of song and laughter to the measured ting-tang of an accompaniment. On the pier is a casino where people go on summer evenings like this to walk or rest, to eat ices and drink unwholesome "soft drinks," to gossip a little and look out over the reaches of the river toward Rhinecliff opposite, or away toward Esopus, watching the lights come drifting near, red and green. Sometimes a whole flotilla flash out and disappear. It is a fine place to be after a hot day in streets or housed up in office or factory; sweet to the senses of sight and smell and touch, as the little cool breezes blow up fresh from the water.

So thought the party of young men and girls sitting at a table eating what they called "cream," drinking sarsaparilla and watching the tow make up. They were all in bicycle dress, as they had wheeled out, and they had been dancing over in the pavilion. They had been hard at work all day in factories, and the sense of freedom to cramped muscles and repressed nerves made them somewhat boisterous and noisy. The fun was of a personal nature, and consisted mainly of rather heavy-handed sallies, directed at last toward one of the girls, who sat sullenly silent. She had not touched her "cream," but contented herself with chewing gum vigorously and looking off toward the river with averted head.

"Em's jealous, I guess," one of the girls had said, and Em never took the trouble to deny it. She was looking at a little scene over on the tow, that somehow filled her heart with a curious yearning and gave her at the same time an aversion for herself and her life. Next to the dock, so close that she could have tossed her handkerchief down on the deck, lay a stone barge, the slabs of blue flagging propped up on edge like card houses, only a path left across from side to side. Beyond was a canal boat, and out over that loomed up the deck-house of an ice barge. On top of that upper deck where the windmill pump swept lazily round, a woman and her three children were playing in the dim moonlight. The oldest was a girl of ten or so, and the youngest a baby of two or three; and in all the frolic the mother chased here and there, holding the end of the

little skirt tightly, for the upper deck was high and undefended. There were merry shrieks and peals of laughter, all rushing together sometimes pell-mell in an indiscriminate hug; and once the mother took them over to the side and told them something, pointing up the river,—and she stood with her arm over the shoulders of the girl. There was an influence of domestic peace and love about it all, that reached out and touched Em's lonely heart and brought a choke into her throat. She was one of the superfluous. She had no family, unless an uncle, with whom she boarded in semi-squalid discomfort, and whose wife as well as he regarded her as nothing but a source of revenue to be well tapped, could be called a family. She had within her a nice instinct that revolted from the habits and motives that governed most of her associates, and the antagonism sometimes made her petulant and out of temper, though she could not have told why. The sight of the woman and her children had put her more out of sorts than usual. She felt a sudden revulsion like hatred for those boys and girls behind her as she sat swinging her foot in silence. She wished she might never see any of them again.

"Em's got one of her worst spells to-night," said one of the girls, quite as if Em were stone deaf.

"Say, Em, don't feel bad about it; you can ride with Gus goin' back. I'll give him up!"

At this sally they all laughed, and the girl answered not a word. She seemed not to hear. She was watching the little tug as it teased the last boat into place and went kicking and spluttering back into the creek. The mother gathered her children together and walked them all toward the stern of the barge, and then, lifting up a trap door in the deck, she went down the ladder, and could be seen below near the rudder, helping them down one by one. Then they all went gayly into the cabin, where Em could see their shadows now and then pass the lighted window as they were made ready for bed.

"Looks to me," said one of the young men solemnly, "as if Em was contemplatin' drownin' herself."

The girl got up and walked away down the pier to where the towboat ahead was coughing and spitting wildly in preparation for immediate departure. She watched the steamer swing out into the river, felt the grind of the boats beneath her like the stir of a moving world, and then watched them slide slowly past where she stood in the shadow of a pillar. First a brick barge, heavy and soggy, that sucked the water in a great eddy as it groaned on the hawser; then bluestone and more brick; then a coal boat; then cement; and now the stone boat whose path opened across towards the ice barge. Em strained her eyes through the faint light toward that small yellow circle where the cabin gleamed, and then her heart gave a bound that sent an impulse to her feet, and she stepped quickly down from the string-piece of the pier across the crack of black water to the bulwark of the moving boat and lightly to the deck, where she sat down behind a pile of stone to recover herself and realize what she had done. Presently she stood up and looked; and a wonderful and beautiful thing it was to see. The tow, made up to head up stream, because the tide favored them better so, was curving round like a giant snake with a big circle toward Rhinecliff, the steamer at the head, with gleaming eyes and fiery snorts and belchings, pulling them against the tide toward New York. Behind was the casino with its lights on the pier, the tow director with his lantern disappearing around the corner, and distant strains from the band in the pavilion and laughter reaching out after them. That was another life, left behind; and this was strange—a foreign land, and interesting to the point of wonder.

The lights here and there over the boats twinkled encouragement, and Em turned at last and passed over to the canal-boat deck and so across to the ice barge. Here she stepped down and went and stood before the cabin door. She could hear voices within, a pleasant Irish brogue and now and then a sound from the children. Her heart suddenly misgave her. What was she to say? Why had she come? Nevertheless one must do something —let's brave it out! It was like the happenings in cheap novels. She knocked boldly.

"Coom in, Tim Doolan, coom in an' welcome!" called the woman's voice. "I know'd ye'd be in for a pipe—wance we was aff!"

Em opened the door. The woman was putting the youngest into a bunk bed that was partly hidden by a curtain that hung in the doorway of the small rear cabin, and as the door opened without the expected response, she finished her operations and straightened up in surprise, coming forward to see better. Her husband, sitting smoking, took out his pipe and stared.

"Well!" said Mrs. Kilduff, as she finished a disapproving inspection of Em's bicycle skirt, "I s'pose ye're the lady aff the *Sally Maria*. Be settin' down av ye plase."

"No," said Em ruefully, realizing that society on tows may have its own traditions and exclusions, "I don't belong on the *Sally Maria*. I got on off the dock. I run away. I thought —that is, I didn't think much about it—but I'd like if you'll let me work my passage." Then she added, at a look between man and wife, "I'm honest and respectable!"—and the red blood surged up in her face as she pushed back her pretty hair and lifted her shapely brown head with a proud gesture. It was at this juncture that through the open door a tall figure came, shutting out for a moment the glimpse of moonlit darkness and the gleam and shine of the river. Tim Doolan sat down without a word and took out his pipe, behind where Em stood, an incongruous but graceful figure in her shirt waist and short skirt and gaiters, holding her hat in her hand tremulously.

"I don't s'pose you'll understand," she went on, betraying in a forlorn note of her voice the coldness and distrust she felt so disappointingly in Bridget Kilduff's broad face. "I was watching you and the children from where I sat on the pier with the other boys an' girls, an'—well, I've never had a mother as I know of, and no home neither, an' so I just stepped aboard the tow. I dunno why—I couldn't help it."

The Kilduffs softened visibly, and Bridget pushed forward a chair. She had a warm Irish heart, but she had also the shrewd feminine headpiece that so often goes with it.

"Ye may be all ye say,—but what in all was I to do wid yez, did ye think?"

"I can work," said Em humbly. "I'd do anything, anything, if you'd let me stay on board a while."

Pat Kilduff pulled his gray Galways and wagged his head in acquiescence. Em was tall and muscular, and as she sat straight and strong on the chair Bridget had tendered, she looked the corroboration of her words. But the woman laughed; perhaps her husband's nod was ill timed.

"Let ye stay, is it? An' wheriver could we put ye aff to, lest ye cud shwim,—there bein' no bridge as I know on 'twixt the land and a movin' tow!"

"I can swim," said the girl, "and I'd ruther, than to stay and make trouble for you. I guess nobody'd care if I drownded, either." She looked up through tears, and stood with sudden resolution. "You don't believe a word I say to you!"

"Sit down, girl, sit down," said Tim Doolan; and Em turned and saw him for the first time where he sat, red-shirted, booted and cross-legged, his handsome head enveloped in the

smoke of his pipe as the soft summer breeze blew it back into his face. "This little girl's all right, Mrs. Kilduff,"—waving his pipe like a necromancer toward that matron. "She's good stuff all through; she looks it, an' I believe every word she says. Now you let her stay with you; she can do a lot of things and I'll bet on it!"

At this gallant championship, Em broke down completely and sobbed, at which the men, obeying a masculine instinct, escaped to the deck, and Bridget Kilduff, being no hard-hearted woman, at once interposed her broad shoulder as the place where the girl must give a complete account of herself in return for its comfort and protection.

The upshot of it all was that the sleeping children were doubled up and a place made for the stranger. This place Em proceeded straightway to justify and fill at the first peep of day. She literally pushed her way into Bridget's duties. She dressed the wondering little ones, she helped with the breakfast, and then she demanded sewing for the morrow, that being her trade in the factory. This was on Sunday, the tow having started on Saturday night. When Bridget found that Em understood the mysteries of a shirt, her conquest was complete. Pat should be arrayed for once in good "sthuff," well made and lasting, and no more go faded and patched in the variegated products of the sweat shops and factories. So loudly did she soon come to sing her praises, that if the small world of boats and barges could have sailed on indefinitely lashed together, Em might have set up a floating sewing establishment. On the Monday, however, they first got the wash out, hanging the clothes on the high upper deck, where Mrs. Kilduff observed with satisfaction, as she stretched the garments on the line, that no one else on the tow was ahead of her this time. It was not very long before each boat had a line of gay flapping banners, and voices were calling back and forth in sallies of wit and rivalry and sometimes of vituperation.

Tim Doolan came over from his bachelor quarters on the coal boat next door and brought his mending; and afternoons they all sat on his boat under an awning, the women sewing, the children playing or listening, while the men smoked and told endless tales of past towing adventures, stories of high winds and boats lost off in the darkness when the worst luck of "parting" comes to a tow, and stories of being caught in the ice on a last trip up or down. The canal boat must winter where it can sometimes; and Pat Kilduff and Tim Doolan had each a budget of experience well worth the hearing, of ice-bound winters and long summers on river and creek and canal. There was the terrible night of '93, when after long rains along the valley of the Rondout, the ice went out at midnight with a fearful rush and roar that came on through the darkness like a demon, carrying barges and canal boats and big river steamers from their moorings like cockle shells, grinding and pushing and at last stranding them along the flats and down by the river in a mass. Some were wrecked, and men lost their lives out on the dark river trying to save their boats. There was the time Tim Doolan lost one of his mules in the canal and came into Lackawaxen towing behind old Jim McGee's boat with two bony horses, Tim's remaining mule and Tim himself in a mixed team. There was the time Pat's ice barge got lost off a tow in a sudden August tempest and ran on the Tappen flats, where they could not get her off till they threw overboard her load of ice. There were a hundred experiences of breezy outdoor doings and activities of new and fascinating interest to Em, who felt as if she had just emerged from a cage or a prison. This was life indeed, the life of muscle and pull and push, of hard fights with cold and rain and

wind, and then long hours of sweet rest and relaxation under the awning on deck in the cool evenings with the great sky overhead full of stars.

And then Tim Doolan! He was a man indeed, big and strong and handsome, coarse-handed and tender-hearted. He had no mincing attempts at fine manners like the young fellows Em and her girl companions were used to admire and strive for; he wore no store clothes; he paid no pretty compliments; and he had never been taught even to take his hat off to a lady properly; but he was true and gentle and helpful, he was full of a kind of rough respect for women, and he would have thought it a base thing to make sport of a girl or to treat her lightly.

It was all too short a trip, though it took nearly a week to get the great tow down the Hudson, a matter of usually not more than three or four days. A south wind set in, and the steamer far out ahead at the other end of the great hawser was a slow one, and though she panted and puffed and worried along, the boatmen swore at the slow progress. To Em at her work or frolicking with the children or sitting on the deck to watch the long sunsets with Tim Doolan, the time slipped by on wings. Bridget Kilduff told her of their friendship with the canal-boat neighbor, and her stories were always of his kindness and goodness. Sometimes, she said, they did not meet for months, as his journeys were longer than theirs, continuing through the canal. They went down the river "full," in boating parlance, sometimes lashed in the same tow, and went back to Rondout "empty" or "light;" and then their ways parted, for Tim's boat went on from there through the canal by mule team to the Pennsylvania coal mines, and Pat's barge took its load from the ice-house at Kingston Point.

There were three happy days in New York for Em, when, in a skirt of Bridget's, readjusted to her different proportions, she went sight-seeing with Tim, whose coal boat had been dropped a few piers away from their own; and then came the start up the river. The journey back was a repetition of the experiences of the past few days; and if Em proved useful and won her way with her new friends, they did far more important service for her. In the sunshine of Bridget's warm heart and the winning ways of the children, to whom she was drawn by a natural instinct of child love, the girl changed like an opening flower; and when they sighted the light off Kingston Point, she felt herself to be a new creature, but distantly related to the sullen, unhappy girl who had stepped off the pier just two weeks before and left her friends to think her dead at the bottom of the river. She felt that to go back to the old life of bickering and semi-squalor was impossible. The factory was well enough for those girls who liked it; but as for her, she had been transplanted to a new life of kindly relations, homely affections and work that is sweetened by the consciousness of being done for others.

She made several trips with the Kilduffs on the ice barge before they heard again from Tim Doolan; and then there came a letter to herself, the contents of which were no less startling than explicit. Tim's ideas of matrimony were summed up in the conclusion, which is the only part of it with which we have any concern.

"The Bewcenter's a Bran new boat. She's got a fresh cote of Paint, a good cook stove and a fustrate team, mules. its equal pardnership i offer you in Her an me, and the Mules. a letter would ketch me at Napanoch, or at Port Jarvis or later at Lackawaxen, if you was willing, a telegram would fetch it best to rosendale. i'd pay charges, as i feel naterally ankshus. Yours till deth, Tim Doolan."

Em was a young woman of common sense, though of an orthography somewhat superior to Tim's; so she

took Bridget's advice and "fetched it" with a telegram to Rosendale that relieved his "naterally ankshus" condition. Thus it came about that when the "Bewcenter" went out on its next trip it carried a bride, whose wedding tour was more full of wonder and admiration over novel experiences and fine scenery than the journeys of those who go farther and see less.

Through the valley of the Rondout the canal winds along wooded reaches and climbs slowly through the locks. To Mrs. Tim Doolan on the deck of her new possession, it was like a slow triumphal progress, a kind of fairy-like pageant of color and bird songs. Shut in to house and factory work heretofore, the new outdoor life was a constant delight and interest. No tasks were too hard for her ambitions; and she sometimes helped Tim more than he liked. At her insistence he dismissed his helper, and they ran the boat between them in alternate shifts. The boat required little attention after the morning work was done and the rudder lashed to keep her blunt nose in midstream. Often Em took her turn at driving the mules out at the end of the long hawser on the tow-path. Then Tim hitched behind them a pair of wheels he had rigged up with a seat on it, and she produced the smart effect of driving a sulky. At this work she soon grew so expert that to pass a boat required no assistance, and Tim was only called for when they came to a lock or made manœuvres at a snubbing-post.

No highway for traffic that the world has yet invented is so beautiful as a canal, and none is lovelier than the Delaware. It has none of the drawbacks of a country road. No dust, no noise of wheels, no jolting; just a smooth, slow glide over a gleaming ribbon of satin that unrolls its shining length straight away through swampy sedges, where color runs riot among the reeds and flaunting flowers, or that curves in splendid sweeps around wooded, rock-hung hillsides, where delicate ground growths of fern and juniper and draping vines make hiding places for all the tiny wood-folk surprised by the stealthy oncoming of the boats. Sometimes the ribbon of silver turns with a sudden whim and runs right through the barnyard of an old Dutch farm or washes against the very foundations of the great stone house. Then the farmers' ducks and geese sail in white flotillas that divide noisily before the approaching bows, or perhaps the cattle come down to drink and stare at the passing interruption. Here and there are country hotels along the route, and sometimes noisy drinking-halls, and there is a place where one sails past the lock-tender's second-story windows, looking in through a shadowing vine at his gay-quilted bed and his boots stood in a row at the head. There is no lack of life along the canal, and now and then dark shadows of cruelty and degradation cloud the sunshine of its course,—but there is more of beauty, and freedom, and of nature in her varying moods.

Mr. and Mrs. Doolan are middle-aged now, and a fine family of young Doolans are growing up around them. The "Bewcenter" is one of three, all owned by Tim and his "equal pardner," and manned by the family. Favoring fortune still sometimes locks them in tow with the Kilduffs, to whose warm hearts Em ascribes all her happiness. Those friends are growing old; but stalwart sons and good daughters and growing grandchildren are compensations for white hairs and wrinkles. When the old ice barge and coal boat find themselves lashed in company at Kingston Point, when the light of the tow-starter swings through the gloom of a summer night the signal to go, and the steamer begins to sneeze and pant and strain at the hawser, as the big village of boats slides away down the river, Tim Doolan puts his head in at the cabin door and says to his wife: "I'm off now, Em, for a pipe with Pat Kilduff!"

THE NEW HUMANITY.

By John White Chadwick.

Suggested by the Congressional proposal to deport the Chinese from Hawaii as "unlawfully in the United States."

"An' whose free latch-string never was drawed in
Against the poorest child of Adam's kin."

SO Lowell sang,—but now it is not true:
Long since we drew the shortened latch-string in
From men of Asia guilty of no sin
But willingness for little much to do.
Yet many found asylum mid the blue
Of Western seas till we, with hellish din,
Making for Asia, their last refuge win
For our dear country. Now, alas! they rue
The stars and stripes above it. Stripes alone,
Poor yellow-skins, for you, who, being annexed
To Freedom's heritage, are sore perplexed
To find you must get out again—move on.
"But your free latch-string!"—Never name it more;
Stolen your hut, we kick you from the door.



EARLY NEW ENGLAND ALMANACS.

By Annie Russell Marble.



ONE of the most interesting themes in the history of American literature is that of the evolution and influence of early almanacs. These little pamphlets are not only unique, worthy a place among Griswold's "Curiosities of American Literature," but they are valuable revelations of mental tastes during the first century of colonial history. Almanacs were among the first issues from the primitive presses at Cambridge and Boston. They were for many years the only secular *current* publications found in a large proportion of New England homes. They preceded, by more than fifty years, newspapers, primers and nearly all the secular volumes printed in New England. This book-stifled generation can scarcely realize the zealous interest and respect given to these early almanacs, whose literature, first limited to astronomical calculations, was gradually expanded to include astrology, geology, history, epigrams, riddles and prose and poetical efforts, often apposite and stimulating. Professor Tyler has paid

forceful tribute to this early branch of literature in his "History of American Literature" (Vol. II, p. 120): "No one who would penetrate to the core of early American literature, and would read in it the secret history of the people in whose minds it took root and from whose minds it grew, may by any means turn away, in lofty literary scorn, from the almanac,—most despised, most prolific, most indispensable of books, which every man uses and no man praises; the very quack, clown, pack-horse and pariah of modern literature, yet the one universal book of modern literature, the supreme and only literary necessity even in households where the Bible and the newspaper are still undesired and unattainable luxuries."

The first half of the eighteenth century witnessed the acme of successful almanacs, not alone in New England, but in New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. While these later almanac compilers deserve credit for the versatile skill which characterized their compendiums of knowledge and wit, yet they were indebted to the early publishers not alone for their models but also for the steady demand for almanacs which had been created among the people.

In the library of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Massachusetts, the bibliophile will find an excellent collection of early New England almanacs, many copies contributed by the revered founder of the library, Isaiah Thomas. This paper will be confined to an account of some of the pioneer almanacs of Cambridge and Boston from 1639 to the close of the seventeenth century. It is a familiar fact that the first printing press used in New England was shipped from England by Rev. Joseph Glover in 1638 and was established at Cambridge in the house of Henry Dunster, the first president of Harvard. According to Winthrop's Journal, the first document issued by Stephen Daye, the imported printer, was the "Freeman's Oath," followed the same year, 1639, by "An Almanack, Calculated for New England, by Mr. Pierce, Mariner." Thus the almanac preceded by a few months the publication of the famous "Bay Psalm Book." From the volume on the "Pierce Family," edited by F. C. Pierce (Albany, 1889, pp. 11-17), some data have been found regarding the compiler of this first almanac. Probably no copy of the issue is extant to-day.

Capt. William Pierce was one of the most celebrated mariners and ship-captains in early New England. He was a friend of Bradford, Winslow, Winthrop and other noted colonists, and held command of several ships between 1622 and 1641, including the *Anne, Charity, Lion, Rebecca* and *Desire*. In 1623 and 1624 he brought Winslow and his cattle across the ocean in the *Charity;* and in 1629 he made a voyage in the famous *Mayflower*. His trips were not confined to transatlantic voyages; he sailed often to the West Indies, bringing thence in 1633 cotton to New England, while in 1636 he introduced sweet potatoes from the same place. At this crisis in current history we note with special interest the circumstances of his death. In 1641, in the *Desire*, he carried a party of Dissenters to settle in the West Indies. Because of Spanish opposition he failed to land as he expected, and retreated to New Providence for more passengers. The Spanish were already in possession, and when Captain Pierce showed determination to land, they fired with cannon upon his ship. Sending his passengers into the hold for safety, he remained on deck with a single sailor, and both brave men were fatally injured by the Spaniards. On the sad return voyage Captain Pierce died and was buried at sea. His New England friends mourned one who was loved "as a skilful navigator and a Christian gentleman."

Isaiah Thomas, in his "History of Printing," asserts the probability that

Stephen Daye printed an almanac yearly from 1639 until he was succeeded by Samuel Green, about 1648 or 1649. Among the almanacs bearing the imprint of Stephen Daye or Matthew Daye, are the earlier Danforth Almanacks, about 1645 to 1649. A copy of the Danforth Almanack for 1649 is in the Lenox Library, New York. These almanacs contain valuable chronological tables in addition to astronomical and nautical predictions. Samuel Danforth of Roxbury, tutor at Harvard and colleague of John Eliot, was a close student of astronomy, and wrote a valuable treatise on the comet. Cotton Mather, in his "Magnalia," commends the essay not alone for its scientific merit, but also because "he improves the opinion of a comet's being *portentous*, endeavoring, as it became a devout preacher, to awaken mankind by the portent, out of a sinful security."

In the year 1648 there issued from the Cambridge press "Astronomical Calculations by a Youth." This treatise was the work of Urian Oakes, then a student at Harvard, later to become its famous president. With characteristic grandiloquence, Cotton Mather begins his eulogy in the "Magnalia:" "Make room then for Urian Oakes, ye records of New England!"

Some of Danforth's almanacs bear the appellation, φιλομαθεματ, or φιλομαθης This characterization of the author as a "lover of astronomy" is found on the title-page of many almanacs printed by Stephen Daye and his successors, Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson. An interesting series of these Philomaths, as they are called, in the Thomas collection includes copies for several years between 1656 and 1694. The printing is irregular, the lines often uneven, but the size is nearly uniform, consisting of sixteen pages, about six by four inches each. The almanac for 1656 is one of the most typical. The identity of its compiler, "*T. S.* Philomathemat," has not been definitely settled. Preceding the calendar of months, beginning as do all the Philomaths with March, is a prediction of three eclipses for 1656, followed by a chart showing the time of the sun's "ingress into the four cardinal signes." Practical advice regarding the "Use of this Almanack" is followed by "A Brief Explication of the most Observable Circles in the Heavens."

Stanzas appropriate to each month form a distinctive feature of a few early almanacs; such are found in the copy of 1656. Like all colonial efforts in verse, from Anne Bradstreet and Michael Wigglesworth to Peter Folger and Jane Turrell, these stanzas appeal mainly to the reader's sense of humor. They combine many classical allusions with crude realism. Seldom religious or didactic, they have been characterized as the first examples of secular verse in our literature. This is the stanza for April:

"The stout Celestial waggoneer
Now with the sturdy bullock strives,
And in a flaming swift carreer
For thirty days together drives.

"No wonder then (with plowing spent)
He makes our earth so moist and soft,
If all his drops of sweat be sent
Down from the water-spouts aloft."

The stanza for September is as follows:

"The glorious Monarch of the Sky,
Time's moderator, keeps his court,
The Scoales of Justice hanging by
The golden Mean; and here resort

"Pomona bringing mellow fruit
And Ceres corn upon her back,
And kind Silvanus spreads this bruit,
His budget's full of nutts to crack."

A touch of local atmosphere ends the stanza for February and the year:

"Opinions will increase and spred,
And Quakers everywhere abound."

In addition to astronomical data, the monthly calendars contain notices of artillery meetings, elections and court sessions at Boston and Plymouth.

The almanac for 1657 bears the initials, "S. B. Philomathemat." The suggestion has been made that S. B. was probably Samuel Brackenbury. This conjecture is due to the similarity between this almanac and the Philomath for 1667 with Brackenbury's name on the title-page. Both almanacs have marginal adornments of moons in varied stages. In both almanacs are very detailed astronomical signs and locations. On the other hand, research discloses the fact that Samuel Brackenbury was born in 1646 (Sibley's Harvard Graduates II, 154), and hence, according to this theory, he must have compiled the first almanac when he was eleven years of age, a mark of greater precocity than seems credible even in those decades of youthful prodigies. There are no monthly stanzas in either almanac. In 1667 the author thus expresses his scorn of readers' whims:

"A word of advice to those whom it may concern,
My Friends, you look for Verse, be pleas'd to know
You'l miss, Urania would have it so;
Here's how the Sun his course in's Circle goe's,
I write Celestial harmonie in prose;
Also your Fancies 'twould be hard to hitt,
You may then judge according to your witt,
The Planets set good faces on the matter,
Then take it how you will, I cannot flatter.
Now use't, and if Erratas you do find,
I give you leave to mend them to your mind;
If such there be, it is by oversight,
Believe me, I'd as live it should be right.
Thus right or wrong, pray take it as it is,
But use't aright, and then you'll never miss."

Samuel Brackenbury married the daughter of Michael Wigglesworth, and was physician at Malden and Boston, preached at Rowley for two years, and died of small-pox in 1667 or 1668.

Israel Chauncey, son of President Charles Chauncey of Harvard, compiled the Philomath almanacs for 1663 and 1664. No stanzas are introduced, but the author shows much knowledge regarding "Cœlestial Circles and Planetary Orbs."

Three young men of the class of 1664, Harvard, edited the Philomaths for 1665, 1666 and 1667. Alexander Nowell, who died at the age of twenty-seven, prepared the almanac for 1665, with a dissertation upon comets and their "preternatural effects." Nowell was well educated, in accordance with his father's will that "my son Alexander, if he incline to learning, be brought up a scholler, if ye estate be able to beare it and he prove towardly and capable." Josiah Flint, who characterizes himself φιλοιαθης, showed his theological bent in his almanac of 1666. He was later minister at Braintree and Dorchester. On the title-page are appropriate verses from Job 26; 13 and Psalm 19; 1. Each month, mentioned chronologically, is introduced by a scriptural stanza,—thus:

"The fourth moneth contains xxx dayes.
The City of Defence was laid wast,
Her walls demolish'd and her Basis rac'd
The glorious Jehovah in dislike
Seem'd to convert the streams of Love & strike
A rending Blow, that by the aking Dart
Of Sorrow, the Church might feel Follies smart.

called by the Jews Thamez, signifies consum'd. Jer. 39; 2."

Akin to the awe-inspiring stanzas, follows a metrical "Discourse about 1666," signed "N. N." with these closing lines:

"The Lord a Furnace is preparing ready
To cast the Heavens and Earth anew, and speedy."

Joseph Dudley, the noted colonial governor, chose for himself the title "Astrophil," in the almanac of 1668, a work of his early years, with detailed astronomical data.

Among the Philomath almanacs from 1669 to 1694, two or three merit special mention. "J. B. Philomathemat," compiler for 1669, introduced divers records of events for each

month, thus: "March 13, 1614; Bermudas planted." "May 3, 610, Mahomet broach'd his vile opinions." In an appendix also is found "A Chronological Table of Some Memorable Occurrences which have happened in New England." Especially admonitory and didactic are the almanacs for 1676 and 1677, with initials "J. S." In pencil on the Antiquarian Library copies one reads, *S(herman)*, probably Rev. John Sherman of Watertown.

Occasionally the title-page has the word Ephemeris substituted for almanack, as "An Ephemeris for 1672, by Jeremiah Shepard, *φιλομαθης*." This word, preserved in our current ephemeral and ephemerides, is explained by W. Brattle in his Philomath for 1682 as "a Day-book, wherein the Heavenly-minded Ephemeridist does keep an account of the Cœlestial Motions," etc.

William Brattle and his brother, Thomas, are too well known in early New England history to need identification here. In addition to his theological skill, William Brattle was a noted astronomer and logician, testified by his "Compendium Logicæ," long used at Harvard. The ephemeris for 1682 was compiled two years after his graduation from Harvard, and thus defines, in tabulated form, the year of publication:

"For the Year of the Christian Æra, 1682.
Being from
Creation of the World 5631.
Floud of Noah 3975.
Constitution of the Julian Year 1726.
The Suffering of Christ. 1649.
Correction of Calend. by P. Greg. 100.
Laying the foundation of Harv. Coll. 40.
Leap Year (in our account) 03."

Very crude stanzas are found in this almanac, with occasional facetious touches, as in July:

"Young Blades with beards (this month) there will appear
Whom for to shave, the country-men won't fear."

For August, appropriately to the event of Commencement, August 9, he poetizes:

"Commencement's come, but (friendly) I Advize
All sorts of Rabble now their Homes to prize,
For if to it they come, so Blind they'll bee
That Really no Body they will see."

Slight changes in title-pages are noted in some later almanacs, printed by S. Green, as: 1685, "Cambridge Ephemeris by W. Williams, Philopatr;" or: "The New England Almanack for 1686, by S. D. Philomath" (Samuel Danforth). At the foot of each page, in this later issue, is a summary of history and necrology for corresponding months of earlier years.

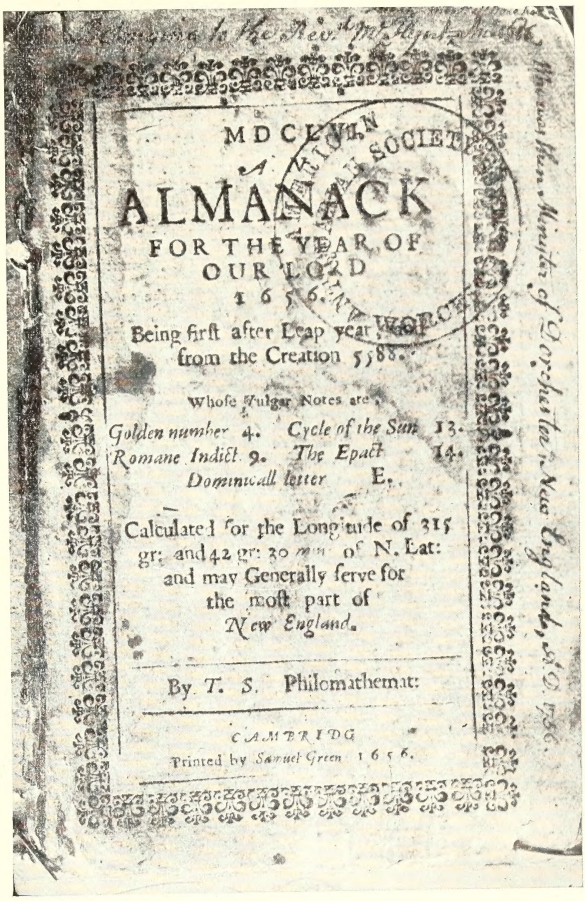
Strict adherence to astronomy and scorn of astrology and like artifices found expression in many almanacs between 1686 and 1694, possibly directed against Tulley's coeval astrological almanacs, to which later reference will be made. The compiler of the almanac for 1686 declared:

"*Judicial Astrologer* I am not;
That *Art* (falsely so called) I loath, I hate,
Both *Name* and *Thing*, I much abominate."

Yet more emphatic is the disclaimer of Philomathemat in 1694 against "Astrologicall Predictions:" "serving onely to Delude and Amuse the Vulgar," "not fitting to be Joyned with Astronomicall Certainties." Probably the Philomathemat of 1694 was Thomas Brattle, whose career as merchant was preceded by his publications on Eclipses of the Sun, and Comets. Reference in one of Tulley's letters to Brattle's Almanack for 1694 gives credence to this supposed authorship. The almanac for 1694, like other later copies, was interleaved with blank pages, and had larger, clearer type than that in earlier issues.

On the last page of William Brattle's Ephemeris for 1682 appeared the following notice: "Advertisement of Suitable Verses Dedicated to the Memory of the Ingenious Mathema-

tician and Printer, Mr. John Foster." Synchronous with the almanacs printed by Samuel Green and Marmaduke Johnson at Cambridge, 1675 - 1681, appeared the famous Boston Almanacks, compiled and printed by John Foster. May 26, 1674, the General Court "granted that there may be a printing press elsewhere than at Cambridge." In accordance with this privilege, in 1675, John Foster of Dorchester began his services as printer, at "The Sign of a Dove;" and the same year he issued a sermon by Increase Mather, though his Almanac for 1675 was printed at Cambridge by Samuel Green. On his foot-stone is the laconic motto, "Skill was his Cash." Very typical of colonial elegiac verse is the eulogy on Foster by Joseph Capen, 1687. The closing lines suggest Franklin's epitaph for himself:


MDCLXXVI.

ALMANACK

FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1676.

Being first after Leap year,

from the Creation 5588.

Whose Vulgar Notes are,

Golden number 4. Cycle of the Sun 13.
Romane Indict 9. The Epact 14.
Dominicall letter E.

Calculated for the Longitude of 315 gr: and 42 gr: 30 m. of N. Lat: and may Generally serve for the most part of New England.

By T. S. Philomathemat:

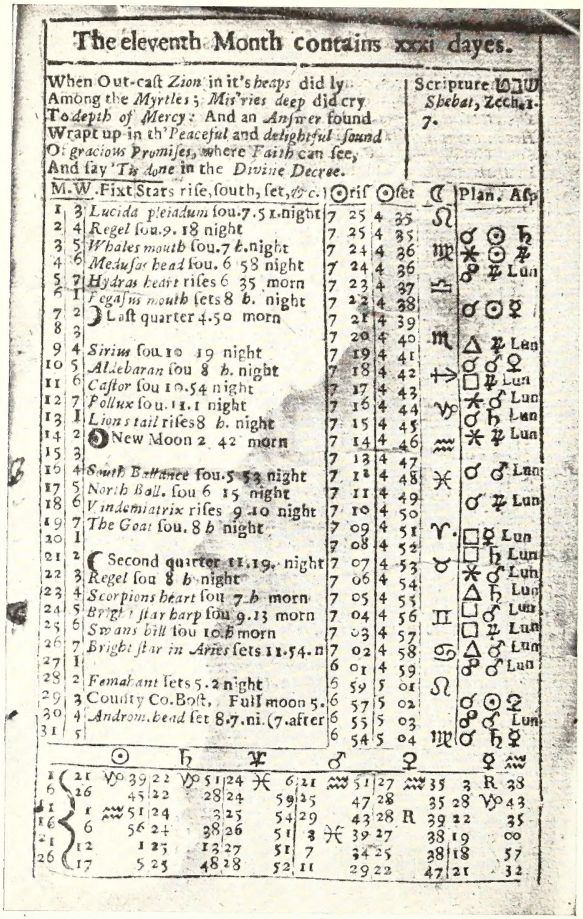
CAMBRIDG

Printed by Samuel Green 1676.

"Thy body which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old Almanack;
But for the present only's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state,
Yea, though with dust thy body be soil'd,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair EDITION, and of matchless worth,
Free from ERRATAS, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from GOD the great CREATOR,
It shall be done when he saith 'IMPRIMATUR.'"

Later issues bear Foster's name in large letters at the top of the title-page, while he sometimes inscribes himself "Astrophil." The almanac for 1678 contains thirty-two pages, and records Courts, Commencements, Dog-Dayes and like varied events. A careful explanation of the nine columns on each month's calendar elucidates the astronomical and nautical data. Among the elementary directions is this: "The time of (Sun's) setting may be found by substracting the time of rising from twelve, what remains is the time of the sun's setting."

John Foster, as printer, was succeeded by Samuel Sewall, and later Boston printers were James Glen and Samuel Green, Jr. These names explain the initials found on the Boston Ephemeris for 1683, "Printed by S. G. for S. S." This almanac bears no name of the compiler; by Judge Sewall it was attributed to Cotton Mather, and is so included in Sibley's Mather Collection. Less scientific astronomy and much expostulation, couched



The eleventh Month contains xxxi dayes.

When Out-cast *Zion* in it's *heaps* did ly
Among the *Myrtles*; *Mis'ries deep* did cry
To *depth of Mercy*: And an *Answer* found
Wrapt up in th' *Peaceful* and *delightful Sound*
O! *gracious Promises*, where *Faith* can see,
And say '*Tis done* in the *Divine Decree*.

Scripture ♎♏♐ *Shebat*, Zech. 1. 7.

M.	W.	Fixt Stars rise, south, set, &c.	☉ rise	☉ set	☾	Plan. Asp.
1	3	*Lucida pleiadum* sou. 7. 51. night	7 25	4 35	♌	
2	4	*Regel* sou. 9. 18 night	7 25	4 35		☌ ☉ ♄
3	5	*Whales mouth* sou. 7 ♄. night	7 24	4 36	♍	✶ ☉ ♃
4	6	*Medusa's head* sou. 6 58 night	7 24	4 36		☍ ♃ Lun
5	7	*Hydras heart* rises 6 35 morn	7 23	4 37	♎	
6	1	*Pegasus mouth* sets 8 ♄. night	7 22	4 38		☌ ☉ ☿
7	2	☽ Last quarter 4. 50 morn	7 21	4 39		
8	3		7 20	4 40	♏	△ ♃ Lun
9	4	*Sirius* sou. 10 19 night	7 19	4 41		☌ ☌ ☿
10	5	*Aldebaran* sou 8 ♄. night	7 18	4 42	♐	□ ♃ Lun
11	6	*Castor* sou 10. 54 night	7 17	4 43		✶ ☌ Lun
12	7	*Pollux* sou. 11. 1 night	7 16	4 44	♑	☌ ♄ Lun
13	1	*Lions tail* rises 8 ♄. night	7 15	4 45		✶ ♃ Lun
14	2	● New Moon 2 42 morn	7 14	4 46	♒	
15	3		7 13	4 47		☌ ☌ Lun
16	4	*South Bathance* sou. 5 53 night	7 12	4 48	♓	
17	5	*North Ball.* sou 6 15 night	7 11	4 49		☌ ♃ Lun
18	6	*Vindemiatrix* rises 9. 10 night	7 10	4 50		
19	7	*The Goat* sou. 8 ♄ night	7 09	4 51	♈	□ ☿ Lun
20	1		7 08	4 52		□ ♄ Lun
21	2	☾ Second quarter 11. 19. night	7 07	4 53	♉	✶ ☌ Lun
22	3	*Regel* sou 8 ♄ night	7 06	4 54		△ ♄ Lun
23	4	*Scorpions heart* sou 7 ♄ morn	7 05	4 55		□ ☌ Lun
24	5	*Bright star harp* sou 9. 13 morn	7 04	4 56	♊	□ ♃ Lun
25	6	*Swans bill* sou 10 ♂ morn	7 03	4 57		△ ☌ Lun
26	7	*Bright star in Aries* sets 11. 54. n	7 02	4 58	♋	☍ ☌ Lun
27	1		6 01	4 59		
28	2	*Femahant* sets 5. 2 night	6 59	5 01	♌	
29	3	County Co. Bost. Full moon 5.	6 57	5 02		☌ ☉ ☿
30	4	*Androm. head* set 8. 7. ni. (7. after	6 55	5 03		☍ ☌ Lun
31	5		6 54	5 04	♍	☌ ♄ ☿

	☉	♄	♃	♂	♀	☿	♒
1	21 ♍ 39	22 ♍ 51	24 ♓ 6	21 ♒ 51	27 ♒ 35	3 R	28
6	26 45	22 28	24 59	25 47	28 35	28	♍ 43
11	1 ♒ 51	24 3	25 54	29 43	28 R 39	22	35
16	6 56	24 38	26 51	3 ♓ 39	27 38	19	∞
21	12 1	25 13	27 51	7 34	25 38	18	57
26	17 5	25 48	28 52	11 29	22 47	21	32

PAGE FROM ALMANACS BY JOSIAH FLINT, 1666.

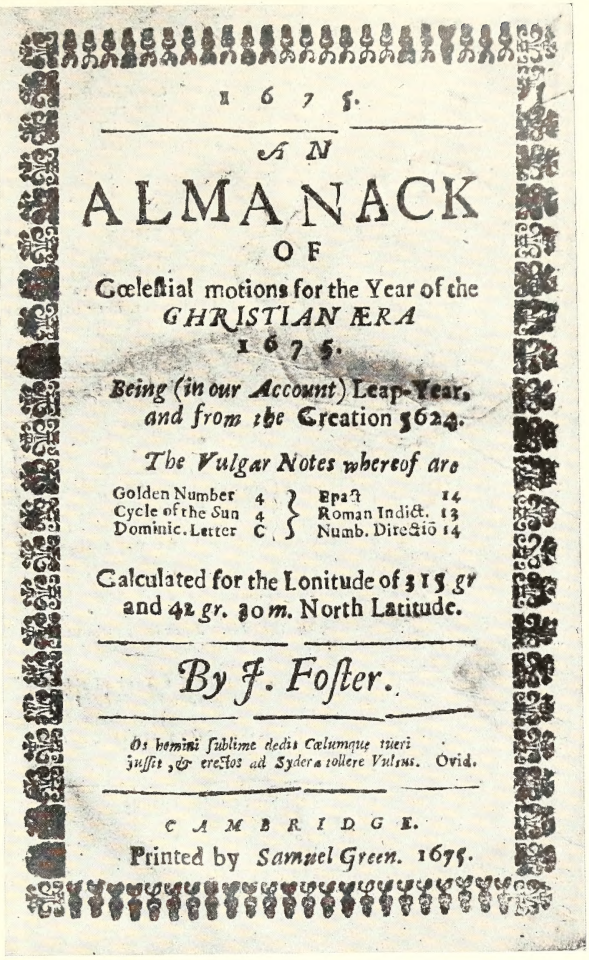
in classical polysyllables, may indicate Cotton Mather's pen. He offers the probable derivation of the word almanac from "Almonaugh," or "Heed of all the Moons." An account of the writing of the Bible is followed by "a Serious Reflection on Man's Mortal and Momentary Life." A characteristic figurative sentence is this: "The Shrub that is now writing, had not stept out of his Road, & devoted a few of his Horæ subcesivæ, to try what he could do in the foregoing mathematical compure, if he had not therein foreseen an opportunity to approve himself a Friend to thine everlasting Welfare."

The Boston Ephemeris for 1686 leaves no doubt as to authorship, for it is inscribed Nathanael Mather, and was printed at Boston. It contains an interesting dissertation upon "Late Marvellous Discoveries in the Planets," with special reference to Saturn's rings. Nathanael Mather was the precocious brother of Cotton Mather. He died in 1688 at the age of nineteen years, and his wonderful maturity was recorded in his epitaph: "An aged person who had seen but nineteen winters in the world."

The early almanacs already referred to were designed only to instruct in the elements of astronomy as then known. Some compilers indulged in the signs of the zodiac and their influences upon the human body. With jealous yet superior attitude, the Astrophils and Philomaths denounced the few astrologers and "conjurers" who were already beginning to truckle to popular fancy.

Preëminent among early astrologers and almanac-makers in New England was John Tulley, also written Tully. In the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* (III, 157) for April, 1849, are some interesting traditions and facts regarding the Tulley family. John Tulley was born in England in 1638, and after his father's death his mother, with two children, came to New England and settled at Saybrook, Connecticut. As a young man, Tulley devoted himself to studying and teaching arithmetic, astronomy and navigation. Endowed with keen observation and intuitive sense, he so used his scientific knowledge that he was honored and somewhat feared by the common people because of his "prognostica-

tions." Among the few interesting relics of John Tulley is a letter. (Mass. Hist. Soc. Coll., vii, 11). The date is Saybrook, May the 7th, 1694. It is written to Benjamin Harris, the Boston printer, whose name is associated with the early editions of the New England Primer. The letter begins: "Kind Sr. These may let you understand that about a moneth since I rec'd a quire of papour, & one bound almanack and one of Mr. Brattle's Almanacks that you sent me by the post, for which I returne you many thanks for your care therein." This reference to Mr. Brattle's almanac has been cited in the mention of the Philomathemat of 1694. The letter also contains reference "to a sheete of large papour that you sent me to write the Almanack upon, but it hath received some damage by reason of the wet weather the last weeks."



1675.

AN

ALMANACK

OF

Cœleſtial motions for the Year of the CHRISTIAN ÆRA 1675.

Being (in our Account) Leap-Year, and from the Creation 5624.

The Vulgar Notes whereof are

Golden Number 4, Cycle of the Sun 4, Dominic. Letter C
Epact 14, Roman Indict. 13, Numb. Directiō 14

Calculated for the Lonitude of 315 gr and 42 gr. 30 m. North Latitude.

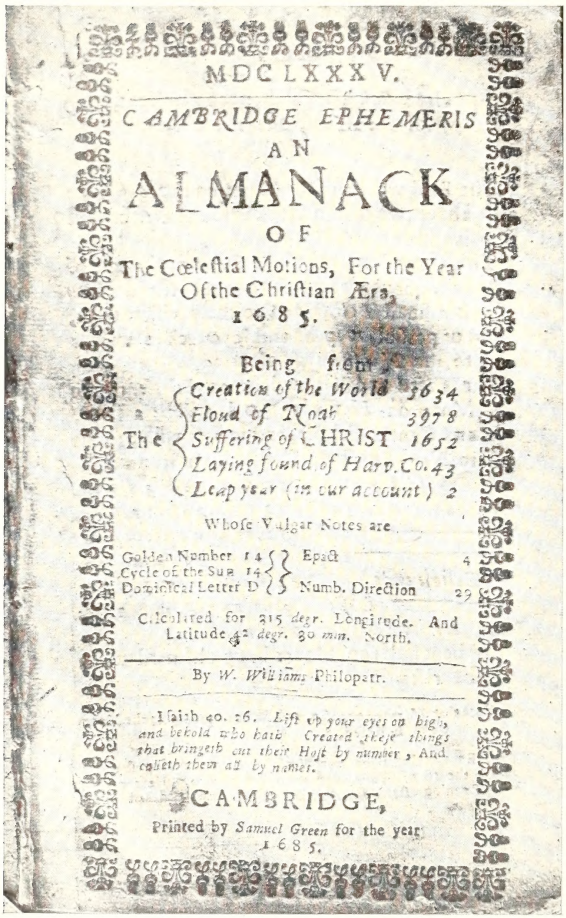
By J. Foſter.

Os homini ſublime dedit Cœlumque tueri
juſſit, & erectos ad Sydera tollere Vultus. Ovid.

CAMBRIDGE.

Printed by Samuel Green. 1675.

A very complete series of John Tulley's almanacs, 1687--1702, at the American Antiquarian Library, have his name in large type and the year at the top of each title-page. The most marked change in the calendars is the adoption of January for the first month, instead of March, as given in coeval almanacs. Tulley was one of the first to make this substitution in New England. The second innovation consisted of weather predictions, —a daring venture which elicited scorn from pure Astrophils. His almanacs lacked no necessary astronomical calculations, but new features were added to the calendar. The almanac for 1687, for example, noted such fête-days as Valentine's, New Year's Day, Shrove Sunday, Easter and Saints' Days. Such fearless disregard of Puritanism showed the independence of Tulley, and also marked the gradual emancipation from the theocratic régime. A list of English kings formed a valuable prologue to the almanac of 1687. A few weather prognostications are found for this year: "Jan. 11-12, Snow and dark weather and cold. Nov. 24, rain or snow." In the vague vernacular of later "Old Farmers' Almanacks" is the following: "Dec. 10-12 —About this time rain or snow, winter like weather." That he may



MDC LXXX V.

CAMBRIDGE EPHEMERIS

AN

ALMANACK

OF

The Cœleſtial Motions, For the Year Of the Chriſtian Æra, 1685.

Being from

The { Creation of the World 5634 / Flood of Noah 3978 / Suffering of CHRIST 1652 / Laying found of Harv. Co. 43 / Leap year (in our account) 2

Whoſe Vulgar Notes are

Golden Number 14 } Epact 4
Cycle of the Sun 14 } Numb. Direction 22
Dominical Letter D }

Calculated for 315 degr. Longitude. And Latitude 42 degr. 30 mm. North.

By W. Williams Philopatr.

Iſaiah 40. 26. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath Created theſe things that bringeth out their Hoſt by number, And calleth them all by names.

CAMBRIDGE,

Printed by Samuel Green for the year 1685.

Tulley's almanacs, often notices of books. In 1690 is an "Advertisement of Antidote against all manner of Gripings, called Aqua-Antitorminalis." Surely, some New England "Cagliostro" preceded by a few years the famous English quack, Francis Moore, and his Ephemeris. To the almanac of 1695 is appended an "Account of the Cruelty of the Papists acted upon the Bodies of the Godly Martyrs." The last Tulley almanac bears date 1702, and is adorned with a heavy mourning border. The title reads: "Farewel 1702. By John Tulley, Who dyed as he was finishing this Almanack; and so leaves it as his last Legacy to his Country-Men."

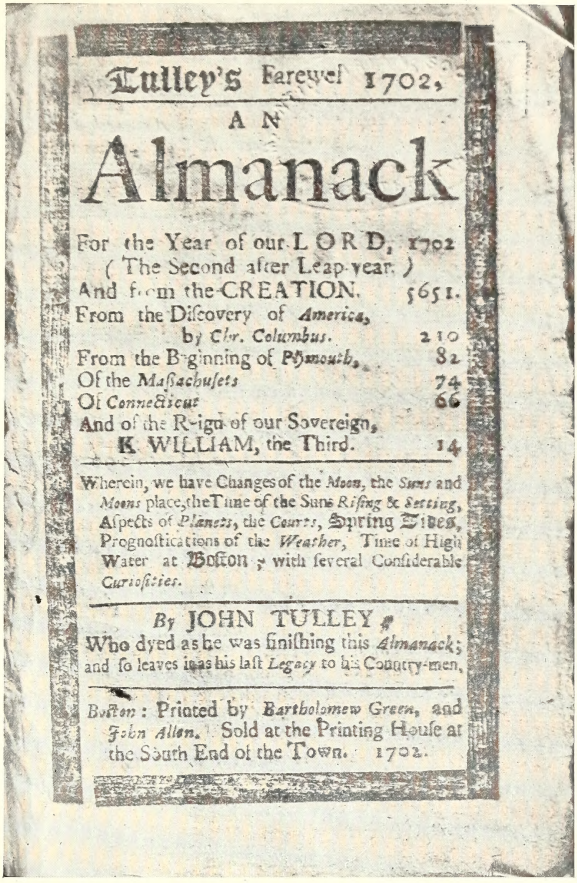
The "History of Printing" records the strict oversight upon all presses during these decades. Instances are recorded like that of Benjamin Harris, where censure was incurred for printing without permission of the governor and council. In view of this strict surveillance, one notes the words, *Imprimatur, Edw. Randolph Secr.*, on Tulley's almanacs for 1688 and 1689. Yet more formal is the issue of 1699: *Licensed by Authority.*

Tulley's almanacs indicated a decided progress over the earlier astronomical sheets. The "prognostications" became a fixed feature with Tulley's successors. The New England Almanack of Samuel Clough, 1700-1708, supplied these predictions for farmer and seaman. Among Clough's prophecies was this in colloquial diction for April 26: "Misling weather with some dripling showers."

To realize the natural development

not seem an exclusive "conjurer," Tulley offers "prognostica Georgica," or "The Country-man's Weather-Glass." For prognostics of tempests he says: "The obscuring of the smaller stars is a certain sign of tempest approaching, the oft changing of the winds is always a fore-runner of a storm." He gained courage and encouragement to increase his prognostications, until in 1691 and 1692 he gave weather predictions for nearly every day. As usual these are vague and wholly conditional prophecies,—as, Dec. 26-31, 1692: "Perhaps more wet weather, after which cold winds and frosty weather may conclude the year."

Many advertisements are found in



Tulley's Farewel 1702,

AN

Almanack

For the Year of our LORD, 1702
(The Second after Leap-year.)
And from the CREATION. 5651.
From the Discovery of *America*, by *Chr. Columbus*. 210
From the Beginning of *Plymouth*, 82
Of the *Massachusets* 74
Of *Connecticut* 66
And of the Reign of our Sovereign, K. WILLIAM, the Third. 14

Wherein, we have Changes of the *Moon*, the *Suns* and *Moons* place, the Time of the Suns *Rising* & *Setting*, Aspects of *Planets*, the *Courts*, Spring Tides, Prognostications of the *Weather*, Time of High Water at Boston; with several Considerable *Curiosities*.

By JOHN TULLEY,
Who dyed as he was finishing this *Almanack*; and so leaves it as his last *Legacy* to his Country-men.

Boston: Printed by *Bartholomew Green*, and *John Allen*. Sold at the Printing House at the South End of the Town. 1702.

of the later almanac as a journal of history, necrology, etc., one needs only to study the preserved copies of early issues. Long before the press supplied weather predictions, local history, saws and couplets, the owners of early almanacs had affixed such data to the outside pages and marginal spaces. Ministers and scholars kept record of events, while farmers noted the weather and propitious dates for harvest. Thus, in a copy of "Philomathemat" for 1694, are such varied pencilled footnotes as these: "Apr. 30. Plenteous Rain after much dry weather. . . . Contract for ye 4 acres of Mash. . . . July 27. Groton assault. . . . Aug. 29, 1694, Earth-quake at Naples. . . . Oct. 1. Gather our apples. . . . Nov. 21. Sarah nata est." Many epigrams and stanzas were also written in these individual copies. In the Thomas copy for 1669 is the following quaint anagram:

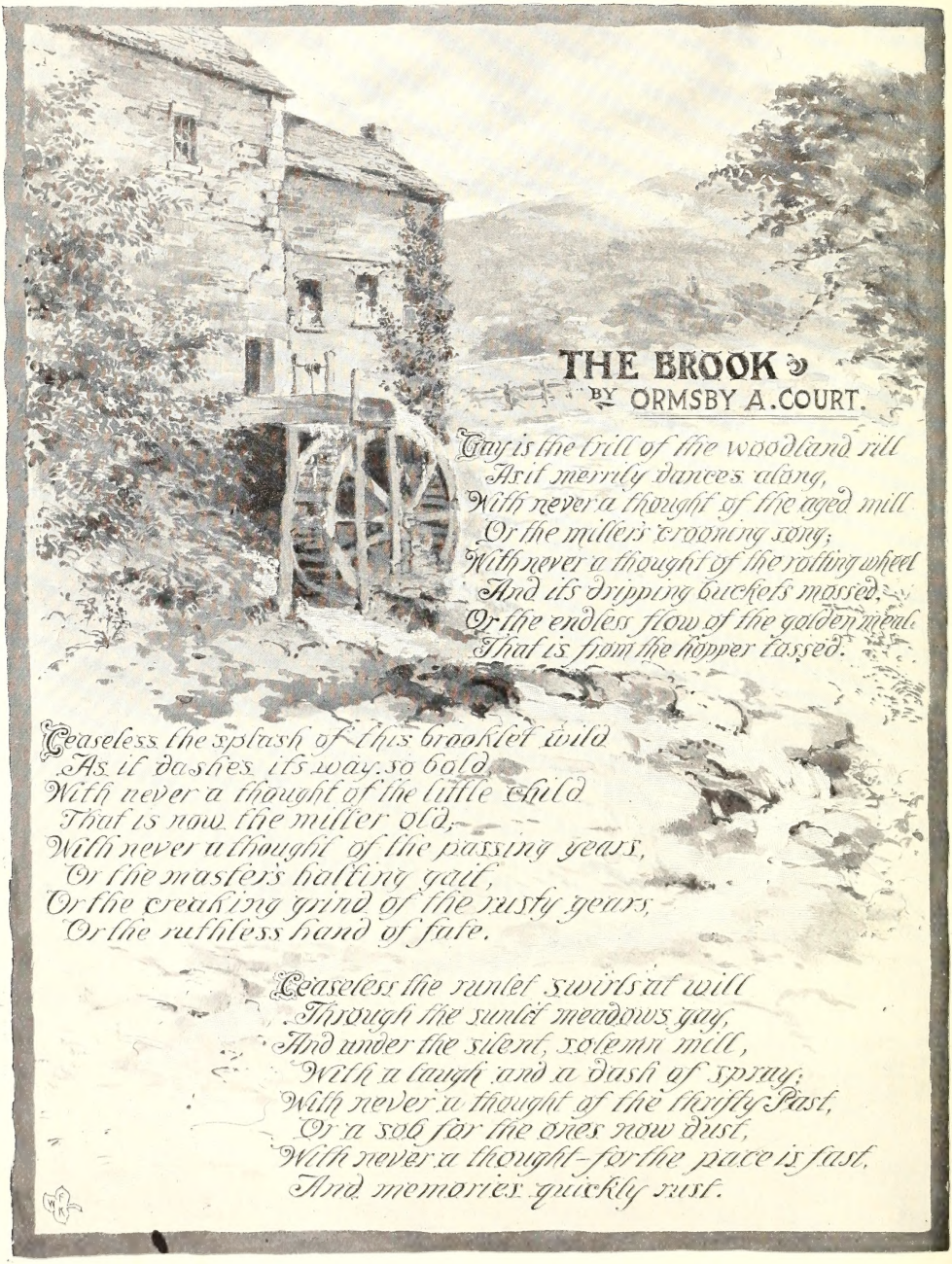
"Now the people of our land will crouch
unto one that
Will swagger although he be but of the
sixes
But they will crow over a man that's
gentle
Though he be of the large thirteen."

The same copy contains many religious maxims and antitheses, as:

"God is a God of order,
The divell is king of confusion,"

"God is the God of union,
The divell is master of Division."

These written comments, both practical and poetical, were noted and assimilated by later almanac-makers. The popularity of the almanac grew apace, as is testified in Philip Freneau's semi-satirical verses, "The Almanac-Maker." The crude stanzas of early Philomaths formed models for improvement and expansion. The occasional practical maxim gave incentive to epigrams, riddles and witty and pithy proverbs; events in history and biography were arranged in more succinct and tabulated form. Daniel and Titan Leeds, Christopher Sower, Nathaniel Ames, Benjamin West, Roger Sherman, Isaiah and Robert Thomas, Benjamin Franklin, —such names recall the perfected eighteenth-century almanacs. These skilful masters of the "Art of Almanacs," however, were but the legitimate successors of the pioneer New England Philomaths, Astrophils and Tulleys.



THE BROOK

BY ORMSBY A. COURT.

Gay is the trill of the woodland rill
As it merrily dances along,
With never a thought of the aged mill
Or the miller's crooning song;
With never a thought of the rolling wheel
And its dripping buckets massed,
Or the endless flow of the golden meal
That is from the hopper tassed.

Ceaseless the splash of this brooklet wild
As it dashes its way so bold,
With never a thought of the little child
That is now the miller old;
With never a thought of the passing years,
Or the master's halting gait,
Or the creaking grind of the rusty gears,
Or the ruthless hand of fate.

Ceaseless the runlet swirls at will
Through the sunlit meadows gay,
And under the silent, solemn mill,
With a laugh and a dash of spray;
With never a thought of the thrifty past,
Or a sob for the ones now dust,
With never a thought—for the pace is fast,
And memories quickly rust.

THE PILGRIM PRESS IN LEYDEN.

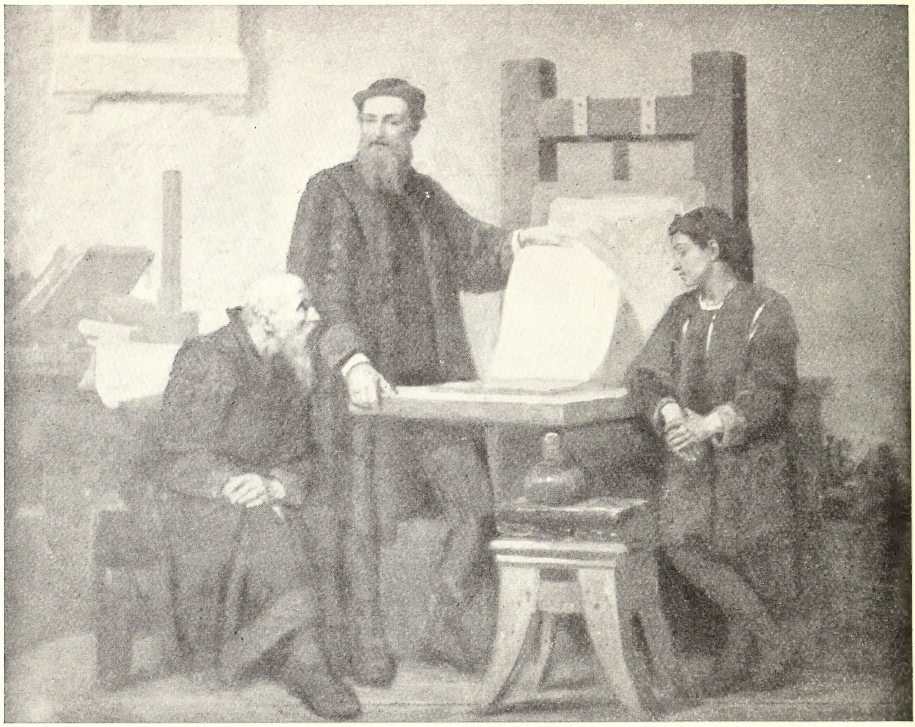
By William Elliot Griffis.

THERE seems no longer any sound reason for believing that the art of printing with movable types is a European invention. The controversy, lasting through a whole generation, between the Dutchman, Van der Linde, who lives in Germany and pours vials of ridicule on the claims and statue of his countryman Coster of Haarlem, and Hessels, his fellow national, who abides in England, but does not believe in either Coster's or Gutenberg's claim, has demonstrated this. Movable, or as the Japanese say "living" types are not of European origin. Those who have studied the subject in the Far East, who know Korean literary history and who have examined ancient Korean books, especially that collection of them now in the British Museum, printed by means of movable types a hundred years before anything of the sort was known in Europe, hail the land of Morning Calm as the first home of separable types. Maurice Courant of Paris, in the concluding volume of his magnificent *Bibliographie Coréenne*, published lately in Paris, in summing up the whole subject of Korea's long and interesting literary history, says:

"The perspicuity of the Korean mind appears in the fine printing of the books, in the perfection of the alphabet, the simplest which exists, in the conception of movable types, which he was the first to think of. Korea's part in the civilization of the Far East has been considerable; if the situation there had been analogous to that in Europe, Korean ideas and inventions would have stirred all the neighboring countries; but the barriers raised by pride were higher, and respect for the past imposed immobility.....A poor country, difficult of access, for several centuries Korea had no dealings with foreigners but to be pillaged and enslaved; she has lived within herself."

These Korean types were made of wood, terra cotta, iron and lead. Most probably brought into Europe by the conquerors of Korea and China, the Mongols, some unknown European experimenter added antimony. This new and wonderful metal possesses the unique property of expanding at the moment of solidification and thus filling the matrix to the full, and so producing a hard and sharp clean face. Then this result was called a European invention. All the researches concerning Gutenberg do not prove him or any other European the inventor, but only establishes the fact that by the middle of the fifteenth century printing by means of separable types was in vogue in Europe.

Whoever first in the Occident may have made regular use of the "living" types, it is certain that the Low Countries quickly became the chief "printery" of Europe. The first masters of the art in England, Winken de Worde and his compositors and pressmen, were Netherlanders. Yet there was a vast difference as to the liberty enjoyed in the two countries. Whereas printing was free among the Dutch and Flemings, in Great Britain it was as much of a government monopoly as coinage is now. To print in England without "*cum privilegio*" was the same as to make and emit counterfeit coin. As Professor Arber says: "The Liberty of the Press simply did not exist in the British Isles. Printing was then only possible in London, Edinburgh and Dublin, and at the university presses at Oxford and Cambridge, but it was chiefly carried on in London. Even there if a man were so rash as to buy type and a printing press, he would



GUTENBERG SHOWING HIS FIRST IMPRESSION.*

be immediately sent to prison for that offence." Only a few of the privileged company of stationers were allowed to print books, though all of these favored ones were allowed to sell or bind them. As late as the ninth of May, 1615, there were but nineteen printing offices in London, possessing thirty-three presses. A free printing press in England was then looked on as dynamite is now.

In the Netherlands, on the contrary, there was comparatively little restriction. Here William Tyndale printed the English Bible, for which, when lured by the treachery of the king's spies, he was caught and promptly garroted at Vilvoorde. The first copies of the holy book in our mother tongue were smuggled into England in Dutch grain ships from Holland and peddled secretly by Dutchmen in the English ports and London.

Most probably the famous Martin Mar-prelate tracts were written in the Clink prison by Greenwood and Barrowe, men afterwards hanged for that "free thinking" which is now "orthodoxy." The prisoners dropped their scraps of manuscript into the jug from which they drank, and these were conveyed day by day by "Cicely," a faithful maid of Mrs. Greenwood, and sent beyond sea to Dordrecht, and there printed and conveyed to the Separatist brethren. Robert Browne, compelled to fly from Norfolk, England, to Middelburg in Zealand, where his fellow "Anabaptists" had won toleration under William the Silent, made this city the basis of his propagation of Independency in England. His aiders and abettors, Thacker and Coppin, when detected, were executed at Bury St. Edmunds.

William Brewster, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, went with Davison in 1585 into the Dutch republic, where he noticed the great liberty allowed to printers—a knowledge which he

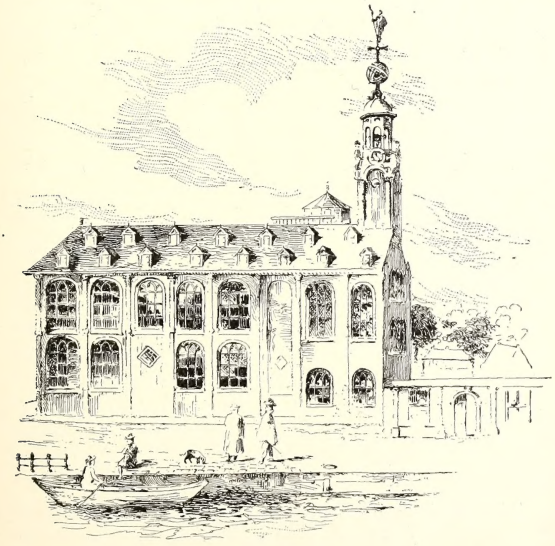
utilized in due time when opportunity offered. For declaring the doctrine that a Christian church had a right to manage its own affairs, the Scrooby Separatists were harried out of their nomeland—the England that had not yet heard Milton's seraphic plea for the liberty of unlicensed printing. The Pilgrim company then fled to the land where conscience and the press were free. They settled first in Amsterdam, and then in Leyden,—the seat of the famous Elzevirs and of some less famous typographers. Several of the church company were printers. On the marriage lists in the city archives, we read of John Reynolds "drucker," who came from London and married Prudence Grindon. The next printer was no other than the future Edward Winslow, who married Elizabeth Barker. Curiously enough, Governor Winslow does not mention the Pilgrim Press, and Bradford makes but one brief reference to it in his life of Brewster.

One darling hope and set purpose of these upholders of the primitive democracy of the Christian Church and future founders of New England was that they might propagate their doctrines. Christianity is, by the very



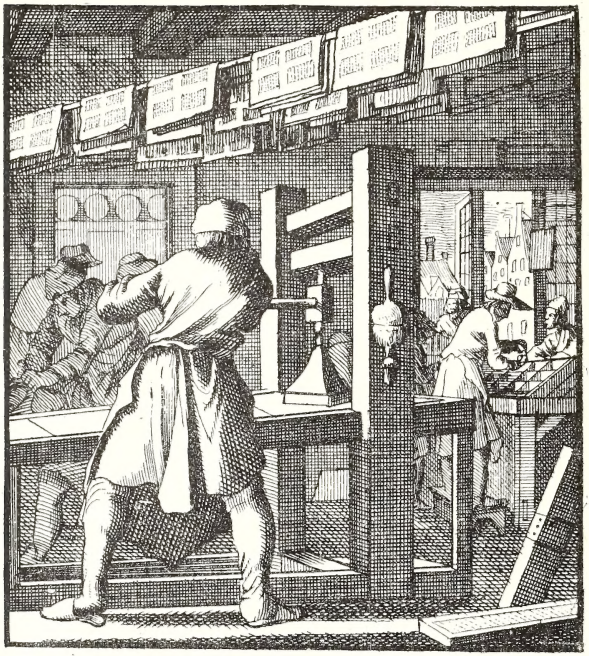
DR. WILLIAM AMES.

terms of its foundation, missionary and militant; and the Pilgrims lived up to their faith. The city of Leyden gave them their opportunity. Dwelling in a community where printers and printing materials abounded, they had a shining opportunity to fulfil their mission by means of the types. There was no absolute liberty anywhere in Europe in the early seventeenth century; but perhaps the largest measure of it was in the Dutch republic, and of this liberty the Pilgrims took advantage. Since the Dutch were as Gentiles, these gospellers would preach first to those of their own household, in the English homeland.



LEYDEN UNIVERSITY.

It is not surprising, therefore, that as early as October, 1616, Elder Brewster, who had heretofore supported himself comfortably by teaching the English language to Danes and Germans, began printing books containing sentiments which were in advance of his time, but which are now widely accepted. Thomas Brewer furnished the money, and William Brewster



A DUTCH BOOK-PRINTING OFFICE.

set up the type, though he probably had no press. As Professor Arber suggests, he may have arranged with some Dutch master printer to run off the sheets from the forms sent him filled with English type. The engraving showing the interior of a seventeenth-century Dutch "printery" suggests this method of doing business.

This printing office was somewhere in the old Chor Steeg, or Choir Alley, which one can easily find to-day by stepping off the horse or "tram" car on the Broadway, at St. Peter's Koor Steeg. Its work infuriated King James of England, who set his envoy at the Hague, Sir Dudley Carleton, on a chase after Brewster, which led to a lively game of hide and seek. This, with not a little anxiety, gave no end of fun to those who could enjoy the joke of seeing England's royal bigot so vexed. We have not the slightest doubt that there were many in Leyden, English as well as Dutch, who enjoyed richly the humors of the situation.

Brewster was himself not only opposed to the abominations of conformity, but was ready to assist his fellow Christians in Scotland in resisting the British king's attempt to make the Scottish churches a part of the Anglican establishment. One of the most stalwart opponents, who feared James Stuart no more than any other unrighteous politician, was David Calderwood. He was strenuous and persistent in opposition to James Stuart's tyrannical scheme. Under an assumed name he wrote a book, the title of which in English is "The Altar of Damascus; or, the Pattern of the English Hierarchy and Church Obtruded upon the Church of Scotland." This is his best known work. Later, while at Leyden, he engaged Brewster to publish two little pamphlets which demonstrated "the nullity of the Perth Assembly."

These "seditious libels" were as red pepper in the eyes of King James and his unscrupulous minion, Laud. They destroyed the royal pedant's peace; but they also led to the ruin of the Pilgrim Press, which, during the thirty-three months of its existence, between October, 1616, and June, 1619, printed and issued fifteen books and quite possibly more, by which the principles of the Pilgrims were widely disseminated. I have read some of these so-called "pestilent" books, which seem very harmless now, but they were then like thorns that pierced painfully the flesh of the English political churchmen of that time.

How Brewster helped to fight the battle for freedom in Scotland, from which country so much that is good in American church life and government has come, may be easily seen.

The issue was between the British king in London and the Scottish nation, the field being the floor of the General Assembly of the Kirk. The session at Perth, August 25-27, 1618, was noteworthy, because James the First was with Laud personally present. Both were violent in attempting to force a particular polity upon a people that hated it. Calderwood wrote his pamphlet called "Perth Assembly," to be printed in Leyden, and this was done so promptly that copies were back in Scotland in April, 1619, and put into circulation in June. Sir Dudley Carleton, British Ambassador at the Hague, did not meet with a specimen, however, until the middle of July, 1619; but when he did, he immediately saw an opportunity of being very useful to his master.

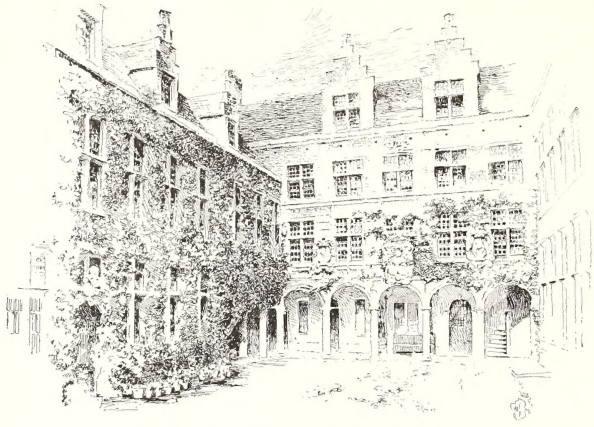
During all the time of the Assembly, Calderwood was hidden away, moving from place to place, though spending most of his time in the secret chamber at Cranstoun near Edinburgh. From the Pilgrim Press in Leyden, copies of the incendiary pamphlets were packed in kegs, which looked as if they contained French wine or brandy, and were smuggled over into Scotland. Even then they did not escape the suspicion of the parish minister at Burntisland, who was prevented from searching the packages by the collector of the customs. When brought to Leith, as they lay upon the wharf among other French articles of traffic, they were looked at, but happily without suspicion, by John Spottiswood, Archbishop of St. Andrews.

Cathskin, the Edinburgh book-seller, who was suspected of doing the work that Brewster had done, was arrested in June, 1619, at London, and examined by the king himself. The royal inquisitor at one time lost his temper and cursed the people of Edinburgh, saying, "The devil rive their souls and bodies all in collops and cast them into hell." After being imprisoned three weeks, Cathskin was discharged, there being no evidence against him.

Calderwood escaped from the land of rocks to that of swamps, and kept up the fight. His second pamphlet, about a short relation of the Scottish ecclesiastical régime, printed while he himself was in Leyden, added fuel to the fires of royal hatred. It kept Sir Dudley Carleton constantly busy, and made Elder Brewster a hunted man, concealed from the fury of the king, as were the prophets in the cave under King Ahab, until the indignation was overpast. Had James laid hands on Brewster while in England, there is little doubt but that he would have had him hanged, even, possibly, as he once did a man in Nottingham, with-



A DUTCH BOOKBINDERY, SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

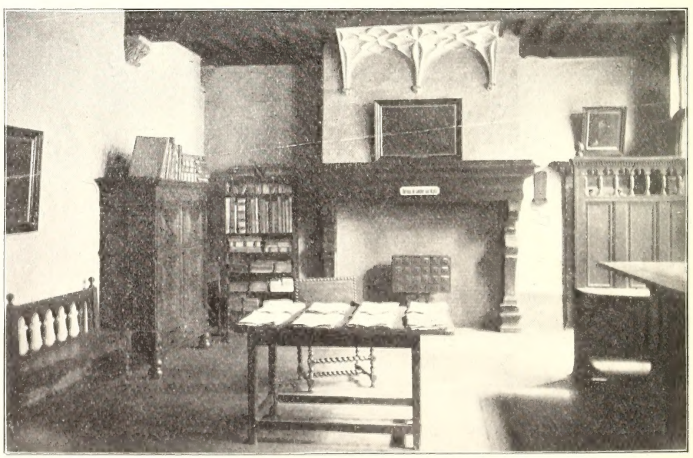


COURT OF THE PLANTIN MUSEUM.

out trial. What made James madder than any March hare in his realm was that, although he and the bishops would gladly have crushed the freedom of printing in Britain, he was unable to touch these British citizens in the Dutch republic. The Pilgrim Press nobly helped, for all time and lands, the battle of freedom, and strengthened and encouraged the Scottish people, who continued the fight in behalf of law and right, even against Charles I, whose abominable work in trying to force Episcopacy on Scotland was the proximate cause of that great civil war which raised up Cromwell.

Besides being irritated at the opposition of his own countrymen to his wicked designs, James was particularly ready for a quarrel with the Dutchmen, because Barneveldt, a plain citizen, but subtle statesman, had outwitted him in a diplomatic bargain. Davison and young Brewster had come to the Netherlands in the year 1585 to attend to the business of the Dutch alliance; but James made a mess of what thrifty Queen Elizabeth had so adroitly arranged, and lost his grip on the three "cautionary towns," which had been held by the English government as security for the loans. As the matter was compromised by Barneveldt, the Dutch paid only about one-third of the amount which, in the year 1616, they owed,—that is, £250,000 instead of £750,000. The English flag was then hauled down at Flushing, Brill and Rammekens, and the red, white and blue banner of the Dutch United States went up; whereupon, the three places were evacuated, June 11, and the British troops who had garrisoned the trio of fortresses were formed into two regiments, which became part of the army of the republic. By this measure, most probably, Miles Standish, who with his company may have been on duty in Leyden, came into contact with the Pilgrim men.

It was after this losing bargain that Sir Dudley Carleton, one of the ablest diplomatists in Europe, possibly the



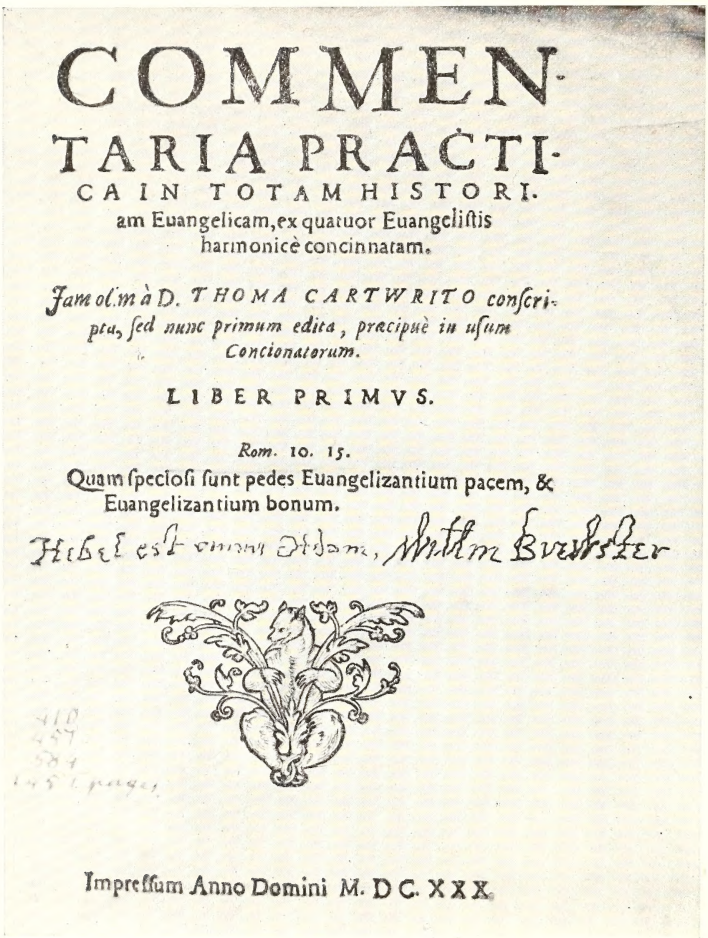
CORRECTING ROOM, PLANTIN MUSEUM.

hot enemy of Barneveldt, but more probably the cool politician with an eye single to personal success, was recalled from Venice. By sending his best servant as ambassador to the Dutch congress or States-General, the British king hoped to regain his lost prestige. In his instructions to Carleton, James wrote, most blasphemously as it now seems, "You shall not forget that you are the minister of that master whom God hath made the sole protector of his religion." Carleton was a man to magnify his office. Having got hold of a copy of the "Perth Assembly," and while hunting for the printer of it, he soon found, as he imagined, the printer of another edition of the "Ecclesiastical Scotch Régime,"—that is, one "William Brewster, a Brownist." He also learned that this Brewster had printed other books, copies of some of which Carleton sent to the king. Then began a hunt lasting over one year,—a wild-goose chase, so far as James and Carleton were concerned.

The envoy's letters, published in 1757, and the researches of Professor Arber showed how absorbed Carleton was in this detective business. By September, 1619, he had lighted, as he thought, on his quarry, or at least driven his game from cover. He at once wrote a prematurely gratulatory letter to the king. Having got the magistrates of Leyden to help him, he had his prisoner put into the university prison; but instead of Brewster it was another man, Brewer. Evidently alarm had been taken, for the printing materials were removed from Choir Alley. When the types were seized by the Dutch officers, they were found stored in the garret of Brewer's house, which was near Robinson's, in the Klok Steeg, or Belfry Lane. The Dutch functionary nailed the garret door, in two places. Then the seal of the master of the schepens, or chief alderman, was impressed in green wax over paper and placed upon the lock and tacked fast. From Burgomaster Orler's famous book, "The Description of Leyden," we learn the names of all the functionaries prominent in this whole busi-



THE COMPOSING ROOM.



COMMEN-
TARIA PRACTI-
CA IN TOTAM HISTORI-
am Euangelicam, ex quatuor Euangeliſtis
harmonicè concinnatam.

Jam olim à D. THOMA CARTWRITO conſcripta, ſed nunc primum edita, præcipuè in uſum Concionatorum.

LIBER PRIMVS.

Rom. 10. 15.
Quam ſpecioſi ſunt pedes Euangelizantium pacem, & Euangelizantium bonum.

Hebel eſt omnis Adam, Wilhm Brewſter

Impreſſum Anno Domini M. D C. XXX.

TITLE-PAGE OF BOOK PRINTED BY ELDER BREWSTER AT LEYDEN.*

ness. These were of the Stadholder Maurice's recent appointment, this high officer being friendly to King James and also the enemy of Barneveldt.

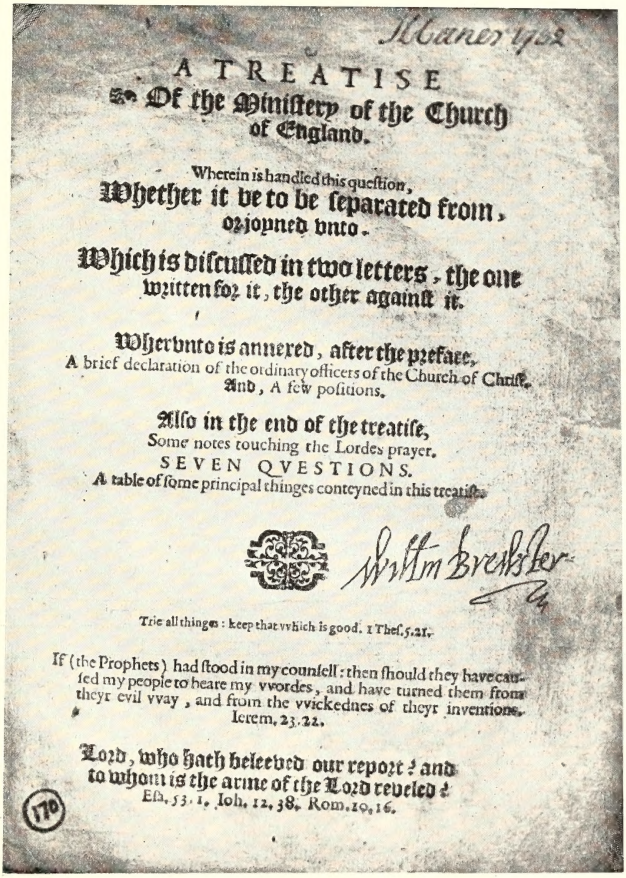
Carleton had enclosed in his despatch to the king a copy of the warrant of the University of Leyden for the seizure of Brewer's type, which seizure was to be made the day following his exultant letter. He supposed, of course, that Brewster would be caught also; but on that next day, Sunday, September 12, Carleton, rather crestfallen, had to write in the mood of the fox that pronounced the inaccessible grapes "sour,"—in other words, that the Scout or Scout's deputy was "a dull drunken fellow" and, blundering, had "taken one man for another," having caught not Brewster but Brewer. For better keeping, the seized type was brought to the university rooms.

While Brewer, the "silent partner" and capitalist of the Pilgrim Press, lay in the university prison, Brewster was not to be found, being probably in England attending to business connected with the projected emigration of the Pilgrims to America. Carelton hoped to make Brewer confess a great deal which the king wanted to know; but by this time the whole church and company were mightily stirred up. John Robinson especially was highly excited over this high-handed attempt of the British envoy to interfere directly with the Dutch liberty of printing and thus indirectly to molest his congregation. Carleton's actions savored too much of what the Pilgrims had suffered at home; and now that they could lawfully and righteously resist evil, they were not slow to do it.

*The reproductions on this and the following page are made from books printed by Brewster now in the Yale Library at New Haven, Connecticut.

and take all the advantage possible of Dutch law.

On the other hand, Carleton by this time was even more sure than at first of his prize. If he could present him under bonds to his sovereign, such a success would bring himself a peerage or promotion. He hired a Dutch lawyer who knew English, and sent him with one of his own clerks to examine the seized books and papers and to question and cross-question Brewer in the presence of his examiners. He took the trouble to have the legal gentleman's inquiries translated into English, and these with Brewer's answers he sent to King James.

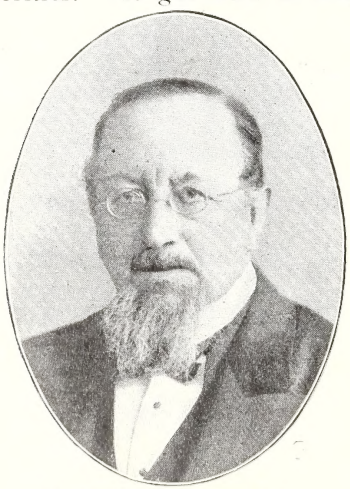

A TREATISE
Of the Ministery of the Church of England.
Wherein is handled this question,
Whether it be to be separated from, or ioyned vnto.
Which is discussed in two letters, the one written for it, the other against it.
Wherevnto is annexed, after the preface,
A brief declaration of the ordinary officers of the Church of Christ.
And, A few positions.
Also in the end of the treatise,
Some notes touching the Lordes prayer.
SEVEN QVESTIONS.
A table of some principal thinges conteyned in this treatise.
Wrttm Brewster
Trie all things: keep that which is good. 1 Thes. 5. 21.
If (the Prophets) had stood in my counsell: then should they have caused my people to heare my vvordes, and have turned them from theyr evil vvay, and from the vvickednes of theyr inventions. Ierem. 23. 22.
Lord, who hath beleeved our report? and to whom is the arme of the Lord reveled? Esa. 53. 1. Ioh. 12. 38. Rom. 10. 16.
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Thomas Brewer, who was a gentleman of rank, knew well the weaknesses of kings like James. Certain of Dutch protection, he enjoyed, as it seems to me, all the way through, the fun of badgering the most pedantic of monarchs for his meddlesome disposition. James Stuart was one of those rulers, not unlike one or two of our American Presidents, who sought to govern the country of which he was the servant as if it were his private estate. Carleton wrote that Brewer's "answers . . . are so indirect that they give no man satisfaction that sees them." Carleton, therefore, in his wrath secured authority from the Stadholder, Prince Maurice, who personally spoke to the rector of the university, "not to give the prisoner any liberty until his Majesty's pleasures be known concerning him, which the rector doth promise shall be fulfilled."

The Pilgrims were now so roused up that they strained every nerve to baffle the royal harrier in London. This seemed a test case. If King James could seize and punish one of their number, why could he not, why should he not, destroy them all? They therefore eagerly watched the course of law, both in the city and in the republic. They went to the university authorities and offered security for Brewer, so that he could have his personal liberty while in the Netherlands. They stirred up the student body also; and the result was a great rising of undergraduates and fellows who determined to protect Brewer

and in so doing to guard their own rights. If foreign rulers could defy the authority of the republic and the privileges of the university, then the immunities which they enjoyed in this republican country were at an end. Carleton's words are: "The whole company of Brownists doth offer caution [security] for Brewer. And he being a university man, the scholars are likewise stirred up by the Brownists to plead privilege in that time when caution is offered."

Carleton expected, and justly too, that if he pressed the matter too hard the students and the Pilgrims would violently resist the extradition. Hence Carleton left no stone unturned to influence, fairly or unfairly, the Dutch authorities. He got hold of one of



PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER.

the books which of a certainty had been printed by Brewster on the Pilgrim Press. It had been written by the celebrated Rev. Dr. William Ames, professor in that university of Franeker which had been founded on the day of the Dutch Declaration of Independence. Translating the Latin on the title-page, we may say that this publication was a brief answer of William Ames to Nicholas Grevinchovius, printed in Leyden, by William Brewster, in Choir Alley, 1617. Brewster's name being on the imprint, Carleton was able by this book to identify others. He at once, therefore, employed some Dutch experts to examine the print and type. These experts were ready to swear that every one of the books, but particularly those concerning the Scottish church affairs and the Perth Assembly, had been printed with the same types. Carleton wrote: "Brewer and Brewster having kept no open shop, nor printed any books fit for public sale in these provinces, their practice was to print prohibited books to be vented underhand in his Majesty's Kingdoms." After Brewster had published Thomas Cartwright's "Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon" with an introduction by Professor John Polyander, and the works of Dr. William Ames, he had omitted his name and the place of printing from the title-pages of all the books which he printed.

At this time the deputy or representative of the city of Leyden in the Congress, or States-General, was Brouckhoven, whose influence Carleton was able to turn to his purpose. Another ally whom Carleton raised up was Professor John Polyander, who had once helped Brewster. Polyander and Robinson were, theologically, of the same way of thinking; but the former advised Brewer to go to England and smooth matters with King James.

At this time the rulers of the Dutch Republic—like the American constitutional fathers, who gratefully provided that any foreign-born citizens of the United States in 1787 might become President—allowed the ambassador of the king of England, as being their greatest friendly neighbor and most helpful Protestant power, and especially after King James's arrangement in commuting the Dutch debt, to have a seat in their state councils. Carleton wrote to the king that he would try to prevail upon the States-General to restrain the liberty of printing books and libels; and in his postscript he suspects that Dr. Ames "hath his hand in many of these

books." He also began to lobby with the curators of the University of Leyden to influence them not to appoint Dr. Ames, late of Franeker University and a "Brownist," as professor. The royal pedant, who considered himself a judge of orthodoxy, had, in 1609, interfered in Dutch matters by getting Vorstius, a man of great eloquence and vast learning, put out of his professorship in Leyden University. Episcopius took his place, Polyander being on the opposite side of the divided theological house, the former being an Arminian, the latter a Calvinist.

Poor King James paid dearly for this intermeddling; for Barneveldt, who had beaten him in finance and statecraft, now worsted him in theology, using him as the monkey used the cat, to pull the hot chestnuts out of the fire. In the great controversy then blackening to a storm of threatened civil war, King James was made to appear to agree with the side he did not want to take and so made himself the laughing-stock of Europe. Barneveldt was heart and soul opposed to this darling desire in James to regulate the religious affairs of the Dutch and to keep them orthodox.

Meanwhile the plot thickened. Carleton found out another "Brownist" printer named Giles Thorp, whom he called "William" Thorp, who was a deacon and ruling elder in the Amsterdam English church of Ainsworth's. Carleton also discovered, after he had taken the trouble to send his agent Matthew Slade from the Hague to the commercial capital and hunt around, that there was "a variance about religion between the Separatists at Amsterdam and them of Leyden." He wrote rather discouragingly, September 18: "If he [Brewster] lurk here for fear of apprehension, it will be hard to find him." Slade went off on a wrong scent, spending four days vainly, and Carleton had nothing to report.

The British king thanked the Stadholder, the congressman and the rector of the university, and was still in high hopes of caging Brewster, since already the Dutch government had remanded or extradited some of the English bad characters that infested the Low Countries. Nevertheless James was afraid of those Leyden students and liberty-loving Dutchmen; for he instructed Carleton to promise Brewer a safe return if he would but come to England to be questioned. He also protested against the appointment of Dr. Ames, whom he suspected of being a patron of Brewster. From Hampton Court, September 28, 1610, his secretary Naunton wrote that "if any fond scruple or difficulty should be made herein in respect to the scholars, their pleading their privilege in that tumultuous town, especially in these troubled times, or otherwise, his Majesty will have you, rather than that you should fail in his design, to descend thus much further as to promise them that if they shall so require, he will return him [Brewer] back again, after he shall have informed himself from him of divers things merely concerning his own special service: His Majesty having no intention to touch him either in body or goods, or to punish him further than with a free confession of his own misdemeanor and those of his accomplices." Urging his envoy to get some strict order for the prevention of such freedom of the press, Sir Robert Naunton winds up his letter by saying: "For Ames his preferment, His Majesty doth utterly distaste it; as if a new Vorstius were reviving in him; and would in no sort have any way given unto it."

This was the Dr. Ames who had an inextinguishable English love for freedom and the rights of true men, and whose hope was to come to America. Some years afterward, before sailing from Rotterdam to Salem, Massachusetts, the old gentleman lost his life from the effects of a flood which let the water into his sleeping-room. Stepping from his bed into the

water, he took a chill and died. His family and his library came to Massachusetts. Dr. Ames's works on theology are still read in many homes in the Netherlands.

By this time the Dutch back was arching and the anti-English feeling was rising. It was openly declared that the thing had already gone too far. It was even strongly hinted that King James had better mind his own business and let affairs in other countries alone. At an extraordinary meeting of the city burgomaster and the university curators, held October 21, 1619, the request of the English king was stated, and, a vote being taken, they flatly refused to surrender Brewer. They also agreed that the prisoner should be questioned by Carleton himself, or by one whom he might appoint, but that Brewer should not go to England, except after a formal requisition from the English government, and that he should be restored to Leyden within two months, which, if the king should not consent to, the matter must be referred to the legislature of Holland and West Friesland.

This decision did not rest well on the stomach of Sir Dudley Carleton; nor would it be very easy to offer such a dish to his Majesty; it would taste too much like crow. So Carleton did not inform his sovereign of the answer of these doughty Dutchmen. By this time, also, Brewer, feeling sure that the Leydeners would stand by their rights and not back down, seemed to be getting saucy. Carleton wrote: "I find it lost labor, he [Brewer] persisting in his former answer; only he has written me a long and impertinent letter." This missive, which the envoy sent to the king, is not now to be found. Carleton availed himself of all reasonable excuses, intimating that it would be difficult to effect his Majesty's desire, on account of the scrupulosity of the town and University of Leyden on point of privilege.

The Dutch Republic, a league of seven states,* was, in general and in particular, very much exercised over this question of national and state rights, as all federal governments have been from time to time. Carleton therefore cunningly began to prepare another way. He left off plying the university and city authorities and began laboring again with Brouckhoven, the congressional delegate at the Hague, whom he prevailed upon to see and talk with Maurice, the Stadholder of Holland and captain-general of the union of states. The university remained standing upon its rights, citing the precedent of having resisted the demand of the emperor Rudolph of Germany, who did not like a book which Philip Cluvier, a student, had published. Carleton had long arguments with the curators, wherein it is evident that British conceit, in the person of king and envoy, must have been something very hard for these proud republicans to stand, while the royal arrogance was equally offensive to men who knew their rights.

Carleton was baffled at every point. When he assured the curators that King James's word concerning the safe return of Brewer would be sufficient, they showed no childlike faith in the promise of either king or envoy. Although they did not say, as was once answered concerning the value of a French king's promise, "No! by St. Bartholomew, no!" yet they intimated that only an act in writing, after the manner of a safe conduct for Brewer's return, would suffice. Finally, Carleton had to write to London that as the university belonged to the one state of Holland and not to the States-General, there would be no use in talking to the national congress, and that Brewer would probably go of his own accord, *when it suited him.* This letter of October 22, before it reached

*In some of the English seaports nearest Holland, the old tavern sign, lettered with "The League of Seven States," when re-painted in modern days by artists illiterate, or of bad eyesight or of defective historical memory, becomes "The Leg and Seven Stars."

London was crossed on its way by another urgent appeal from King James, dated October 23, "to press with all earnestness the matter of Brewer in all the three points."

The Gordian knot of diplomacy was finally cut by Brewer himself, who, to avoid a break between the two governments, volunteered to go to England. It was not until Wednesday, November 3, however, that Carleton was able to inform his master that Brewer was ready "to proceed of his own desire, as a dutiful subject to His Majesty, and willing to give His Majesty all satisfaction," provided (and herein is the joke) that he could make the picnic as the guest of the king, go as a free man with his lands and goods secured, and not as a prisoner, that he should be not touched in body or goods, that he be suffered to return back to Holland within three months, and that finally the king should pay the whole cost of the trip, all of which must be promised in a document signed and sealed by the envoy, Sir Dudley Carleton.

As Carleton had been before outwitted by the Dutchmen, he would only give a verbal promise to this proposition, especially as the king might leave him in the lurch. The Pilgrim company and especially Robinson were very anxious about this point of expense, and four of them, their pastor and Messrs. John Keble, Jenkins and Lysle, went with Brewer to Rotterdam. Evidently they, rather than Brewer, insisted that the king should pay all the expenses. So partially compromising on the single point that he should go "*sub libera custodia*," Brewer started out on his pleasure journey, accompanied by his four friends, together with the beadle and another university officer, to Rotterdam. There he was put into the care of his companion in travel across the sea, Sir William Zouche, an Englishman in the employ of the state of Holland, and who was also a gentleman of his Majesty's Privy Chamber.

It was at ten o'clock at night, on the third of November, when Mr. Zouche was visited by the university beadle and the delegation from Leyden. Most probably the knot of friends sat chatting and talking till two or three o'clock in the morning, when they were to go by boat to Dordrecht and thence down to Veere, that famous town which for centuries had been the headquarters of Scottish merchants. Zouche wrote: "The gentleman seems very ready and willing to go with me; and hath good hope of his despatch and happy issue, if he be not referred to the judgments of the Bishops; concerning which he says he made caution before his departure." In other words, the tiger's claws, which Brewer most feared, were those of the politicians in lawn, whose reputation for keeping faith with heretics was not beyond suspicion. We who know bishops as kindly Christian gentlemen must not forget the sheriff-like "lords spiritual" of the England of the Stuart era. Brewer first made certain whether Zouche had an order to defray his expenses. Zouche answered "Yes," but most probably this point was further arranged and insisted upon by his fellow-churchmen at Leyden rather than by Brewer; because Zouche says, when he told him yes, "He is contented: but says it was not his desire nor mentioned by him."

When they arrived at Flushing, Zouche and Brewer had to wait a long time before they could sail. It was late in November, and there was a tremendous storm blowing, which heaped up the waves against the dykes and threw the salt water and foam over into the streets, making them run with brine, filling the town with pools and lakes, and keeping the people within their own doors. Carleton's messenger, George Martin, was nine days in getting with his despatches from Rotterdam to Flushing. One ship with her mast gone brought news of a tilt-boat upset, with twenty-three out of thirty persons

drowned. When Zouche suggested that he and Brewer should proceed to England by way of Flanders, he found "Master Brewer very unwilling to go that way in so bad weather."

Thus at Flushing the two travelers were detained six weeks by severe storms; and meanwhile Zouche learned some things about federal government that made him think that if he did not soon get off the man whom the king wanted to see, Brewer would change his mind and do what his many friends in Middelburg wanted him to do; for they advised him "to have challenged the privileges of the university and of the town, by which he should have his trial there," in Leyden. "They told me many stories of it [state-right] and how an earl of Holland had been denied to have a prisoner out of the town." Indeed these Middelburgers—proud of their Magna Charta of 1253, which compelled even the lords of the land to obey law, and of their noble city, where William of Orange, the first Christian ruler in modern Europe to initiate the good work and continuously set the example, secured toleration even to the Anabaptists—were mightily excited on this matter of yielding even one iota of law to King James. Their chief accountant of the city, "Vosberghe," actually went into Holland and to the Hague to speak to the Stadholder on Brewer's behalf. They also got up a dinner, on November 25, and, inviting Zouche to it, expostulated with him, protesting against the English king's great power in having Brewer kept in prison longer than the law of the land allowed as a breach of their privileges. They intimated that they would be strenuous in seeing to it that such a thing was not likely to occur again.

As late as the twenty-eighth of November, Brewer and his companion still lay at Flushing, waiting for an easterly wind to waft them to the old homeland. These were not the only ones inconvenienced in that day before steamers could make the run over to Harwich in eight hours. The States-General had fitted out a fleet to chastise the pirates of Dunkirk, and the war-ships had also been detained during the six weeks that they had been waiting for the east wind.

Zouche and Brewer did not start for England until the twenty-eighth of November. Carleton, knowing that his royal master would be chafing under the delay, was slightly relieved of a long strain by hearing a bit of gossip. He took a sop of comfort in the fact that the "Brownists" at Leyden were actually worried lest their faithful brother should get more moral harm to his Puritan principles by being with Zouche than if he had remained in the university jail, or by going before their "dread sovereign;" for evidently Zouche and Brewer, who at first had been made strange bedfellows by politics, had become jolly good friends. As Carleton wrote, "his [Brewer's] fellow Brownists at Leyden are somewhat scandalized because they hear Sir William had taught him to drink healths."

Finally, however, on the third of December, from Whitehall, in London, in front of which Charles I lost his head a few years after, Secretary Naunton wrote to Carleton that Zouche had arrived with his charge.

Out of this mountain of diplomacy was born a mouse! Brewer outwitted the king. So there was nothing to do but what kings and queens are pretty likely to do—make a scapegoat of their servants. On December 16, Naunton wrote to Carleton, giving him a severe scolding in the king's name. James was evidently very hazy in his notions of those differences between the central government and the state and city governments, which in a federal republic are so hard for either royalty or those who live under monarchy to understand. It was just a case something like that between Rudini and Blaine, when the Italian premier lectured the American

secretary of state upon the question of responsibility of the government at Washington for the Italians slain at New Orleans in Louisiana. The thrifty king would not pay Brewer's expenses except while in England. James's desire from first to last was to deal with the States-General only and to ignore those troublesome local rights, both state and municipal, which belonged to every Dutch freeman. His letter wound up by scolding Carleton very severely. "You should take heed of being too forward hereafter, in confounding matters so different, and so punctually to be distinguished, as are the overtures of treating with a free state and the accepting of capitulations from a subject delinquent."

Carleton knew his master well and was now on his dignity, but at the same time wanted to keep in royal favor. He wrote back a letter, mingling the tart and the sweet, and shoving the blame on the Dutchmen. He gave Secretary Naunton to understand that, when Brewer was leaving Holland, he, Carleton, "refused to speak with him," and that the whole muddle was on account of these stiff-backed Dutchmen. Furthermore the envoy had taken the precaution to get Professor Polyander to write a letter stating the whole thing from the Dutch point of view. He now fell back upon this letter which he had shrewdly got Professor Polyander to write, and quoted Sir Robert Naunton's words of November 20: "For Brewer, his Majesty will be well content with the course offered in Polyander's letter to your lordship." Thus Carleton cleared himself and got the better of both his sovereign and department-superior. This he could do with some grace, especially as he had prevailed upon the States-General to reprint their "placaat" against private printing of a libellous nature with a clause "which might comprehend, more expressly than yet the Placaat doth, the chief friends and allies of this state."

As matter of fact, this law was directed against the importation or printing or sale of "seditious books and writings." Carleton still further applied the salve, so to speak, by writing again, on January 13, 1620, that the States-General had "finally published the placaat against licentious printing of libels and pamphlets either in strange languages, or their own, which doth concern strangers in amity with this State as well as themselves. And though other princes will receive benefit thereby, yet it is done only in His Majesty's contemplation; and at my pursuit, [I] having carried the same to divers Colleges; as the States-General; the States of Holland; and the High Councils, who do not usually give way to a restraint of anything which may touch upon liberty." In a word, Carleton, as a consummate politician, had manipulated every line of influence from the lower courts and legislatures to the supreme sovereignty in the States-General, and it is no wonder that the government at the Hague backed down. At this very time it looked as if King James and the Spanish party in England were about to make an alliance with Spain. As the Dutch war with Spain was to break out again in a few months, the little republic of scarcely over a million souls would have to fight two mighty nations, either of them four or five times greater. So the Dutch, out of policy and to save the friendship of their only powerful ally, agreed to limit temporarily the freedom of the press.

While Carleton was serving his master so well in Holland, Brewer in England was bothering the king and his secretary. As Naunton put it, he "did all that a silly creature could to increase his unsatisfaction: viz., Standing upon terms of covenant publicly passed by your lordship and I know not what, as he saith Heinsius, Polyander, and I know not who, has assevered it unto him." King James bade Naunton tell Carleton "that he gives no credit to this fool's

confident and improbable assertions;" for, no doubt, this Stuart ruler, with his arbitrary spirit, found it very hard to understand such freedom as was offered to the "Brownists" in the Dutch republic. However, he promised Carleton, "he will be very good friends with you, if you can procure Brewster to be taken, wherein he makes no doubt of your careful endeavor." On the fourteenth of January, Naunton discharged Brewer, who had lived at the king's expense, though Brewer offered to pay his own fare back to Leyden.

During this campaign of hide and seek, Carleton was playing blindman's buff, for Brewster had gone over to England to arrange about emigration to America. While there, in July, 1619, he was hotly pursued, as Dr. Brown shows, by the bishop's spies and informers. A note from Brewster to his son was intercepted; but the messenger, though kept under custody, refused to reveal Brewster's hiding-place. Within a few months Brewster's son gave up the fight, conformed and came into the state church. The young man afterwards became the captain of Lord Delaware's bodyguard in Virginia.

Naunton's letter says that Elder Brewster was "frighted back into the Low Countries." If so, he may have been some weeks in safe hiding at Leyden and sailed in the *Speedwell* from Delfshaven. Elder Brewster had found that "a cat may look upon a king," and Carleton learned that "it was dark at the base of the lantern."

Meanwhile Dr. Ames was hoping to get the professorship in Leyden, having friends not only among the curators but also a powerful one in Adriaan Pauw, the famous burgomaster of Amsterdam and one of that family after which Pavonia Ferry in New Jersey, opposite New York, is named. Pauw had put his sons under the care and tutorship of Dr. Ames, whom he admired. Carleton again notified and warned Polyander "that his Majesty should not be affronted with that man's preferment."

As late as Saturday, January 29, 1620, Carleton to his disgust was obliged to write that Brewster was not yet to be found; and up to April 29, when the university decided still to keep Brewer's type in safe keeping, Brewer had not got back.

If any one thing convinced the wavering members and decided the Pilgrim company to emigrate as a body, it must have been this seizing of their elder's types and the malignant determination of their "dread sovereign" to destroy them if possible. The stoppage of their printing press meant the end of all propagation of their principles and the carrying out of the missionary idea, which with the Pilgrims was supreme. They had no thought of converting the Dutch people. It was England which they had hoped to enlighten and their own countrymen whom they desired to influence. Hopes and desires were now utterly blasted. The Pilgrim Press was at an end. A ship must now wait upon them, that they might do their work beyond the Atlantic.

Brewer was not very much disturbed by his Leyden experiences. He returned finally to England after having once more lived in Holland. In 1626, when the Puritans and Brownists were getting troublesomely numerous in Kent, James Martin, informer, charged that Brewer had "writ a book containing about half a quire of paper," wherein he prophesies the destruction of England within three years by two kings, one from the north and another from the south," and that he, "coming not long since from Amsterdam and being a man of good estate, is the general patron of the Kentish Brownists, who by his means daily and dangerously increase." Complaint is also made that Brewer "hath printed a most pestilent book beyond the seas: wherein he affirmeth that King James would be the ruin of religion."

The preface of Brewer's posthu-

mous work, entitled "Gospel Public Worship," London, 1656, tells us that Brewer "suffered imprisonment by the bishops in the King's Bench prison above the space of fourteen years," together with a fine of one thousand pounds, for speaking truly, but not very respectfully, of the bishops. After his long imprisonment, Brewer was released, November 24, 1640, but expired one month afterwards at the age of sixty-five.

"All these died in the faith," seeing from afar the days we live in. On the fourth of March, 1625, one of the stones in the floor of St. Peter's church in Leyden was lifted and a grave made for the heroic pastor of the Pilgrims—one of the true spiritual forefathers of America.

Professor Arber, who, in his capital book, "The Story of the Pilgrim Fathers," declares that "hunting after lost books beats fox hunting," has made out a complete list of publications of the Pilgrim Press in Choir Alley. In the case of anonymous books, the names of their supposed authors are given in brackets. The figures on the right refer to the sizes, which were quarto, octavo or sixteenmo.

1617.

Thomas Cartwright. Commentarii . . . in Proverbia Salomonis 4
Doctor William Ames. Rescriptio contracta 16
[Walter Travers.] A Declaration of Ecclesiastical Discipline 4
[John Field and Thomas Wilcox.] An Admonition to the Parliament .....
[Thomas Cartwright.] A Second Admonition to the Parliament. 4

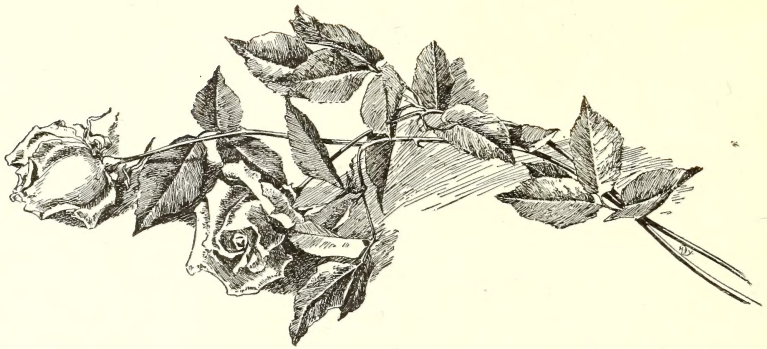
1618.

De vera et genuina Jesu Christi . . . Religione 16
Thomas Cartwright. A Confutation of the Rhemists' Translation, &c. ..... fol.
John Robinson. The People's Plea 8
Thomas Dighton. Certain Reasons . . . against Conformity to Kneeling, &c. 8
A Defense of the Petition for Reformation 8
R. H. [Richard Harrison]. A little treatise upon Ps. cxxii. i.. 16
[Laurence Chaderton.] A Sermon on Rom. xii. 3-8 16

1619.

[David Calderwood.] Perth Assembly 4
[David Calderwood.] De Regimine Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ brevis Relatio 8
William Euring. An Answer to Thomas Drakes' Ten Counter Demands 8
Thomas Dighton. The Second Part . . . refusing Conformity to Kneeling 8

It is perfectly easy to see what would have happened to the "Brownists" of Leyden had James and his holy politicians got hold of them in England. One can hardly recognize in the kingdom of Great Britain since 1688, and in the free England and disguised republic of to-day, the despot-cursed and bishop-ridden country of 1620. It is equally difficult to think of an Anglican bishop of that age as we now think of those living ornaments to scholarship and religion who grace their sees and episcopal chairs. That the Pilgrim printers were the "beginners of a better time," no reasonable man now holds a doubt.



A MIND READER.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

A LONG silence had fallen between them. The fire had sunk very low, and Dick, playing absently with the poker, was gazing moodily into the embers. Doris, sitting further back, her elbows on her knees, her face resting between her hands, was staring blankly at the back of his head. She was utterly unable to break the silence, although it was terrible to her. A new thought, wakened by Dick's last discontented words, had almost paralyzed her physically, while it set her mind to work with lightning speed. How, when she had known Dick so long, had she never guessed this side of him before? How, when she loved him so well, had she failed to read his heart?

Just then a little swan-song of flame burst from the dying fire; and as if it broke the spell of Dick's unwonted silence, he too blazed out again into speech.

"Hang it, Doris, nowadays a man spends the best part of his life working for the things he wants; and by the time he gets them he is too old to enjoy them. I don't want to wait till I'm fifty and *blasé* for the good things of this world. I want them now. I'm at my best now." Unconsciously he expanded his broad chest and threw up his fine head with a proud gesture.

Doris essayed to speak. "All good things are worth working and waiting for."

"Yes; but suppose meantime some one else comes along and snaps up that particular good thing that you have set your heart upon! What are you going to do about it? Sit still and let him take it? You can't say anything yourself; you have no right to meddle. You are gagged and bound, helpless, because your grandfather didn't make a fortune out of old rags, or soap-grease, or stove blacking." Doris was still silent, and Dick went on impetuously: "Then nowadays girls expect so much,—of course they have a right to. They are brought up to have everything they want. But it makes things so much harder for the man who wants a home of his own, for the first time! He doesn't want to drag the girl he cares for into a life where she will have to work, and skimp, and give up things she has been used to expect. He doesn't want to take her out of the set where she is happy and free from care, and see her snubbed by her friends who have married better than she has. I don't want my wife to lose

anything by marrying me,—as she would now. I can't ask a girl to wait for me, knowing that it must be years perhaps before I can give her what she deserves. I can't ask for a long engagement—it's not fair to the girl. I can't do it."

He paused, and seemed waiting for some word from her. Doris drew a long breath. Who would have imagined that jolly, happy-hearted Dick, who never seemed to trouble himself about anything or anybody, had even thought about such things! What had set him to thinking at last? Her eyes rested on him tenderly. He seemed very young to her, though he was really several years older than herself.

"You are impatient, Dick," she said gently. "You are doing well with your practice, better than anyone could possibly have hoped. I don't see why you are so discouraged all at once."

"All at once!" he retorted bitterly. "It isn't all at once. I have felt the injustice of the whole position all along; but I haven't realized till now how far it can affect *me*." Doris started. "I never felt the whole confounded tyranny of modern business over a man who has his own way to make, until I discovered something to wait and long for myself. I've only just waked up, Doris. But you know me, I believe, better than I know myself. You must have seen what has been bothering me lately—what has kept me out of everything, away from you and everyone else. I can't stand it, Doris. But what can I do? I can't ask a girl to marry me now; it would be too selfish and unmanly."

Doris strove to keep her voice light and careless as usual. "If you asked her she could do no more than refuse. And she might accept you."

"One would be no worse than the other. No, I cannot ask her. I can't think of marriage for years; and she will have found a better man long before that. I'm handicapped at the very start,—unlucky devil that I am. I had no business to fall in love. And I don't see how I came to speak of it at all—I swore not to. It was the fire, I suppose; I always lose my head over an open fire. You are good to listen to me, Doris,—you've always been good to me. But you can't help me this time. No one can help me this time. Well, it won't do for me to sit here longer mooning over this fire,—goodness knows what I might say; besides, the fire's out already. I'm a fool, dear, to bother you with this. Don't think about it. Maybe something will turn up before we grow hoary and decrepit."

He had risen abruptly, and he stood over her as he talked, still looking into the embers. She was about to speak, when at the last words he stooped and lightly kissed her hair; then with a second good-by he hurried away,—and in a moment the outer door banged after him.

Half dazed she sat on the pile of cushions, her lips still parted for the words which his unexpected caress had petrified. She raised her hand to her head and let it rest on the spot which his lips had touched. The embers were nearly dead. Suddenly she jumped up and, seizing the bellows, blew them vigorously until the fire revived again into a transient afterglow. She stood watching it, her face kindling with the eagerness of a new hope.

So this was what it meant. This was why he had come less and less often of late, and had seemed to avoid her. He was afraid to speak, and she had been too stupid to guess why. Even now she hardly dared to dream that it was true. He was so proud, poor fellow, and conscientious to a fault. But—he also should have known *her* better. Was she a girl to dread giving up the insipid society of which already she had tasted more than enough? Was she too proud or too delicate to work? Then, as he had done, she squared her strong young shoulders and glanced at the rosy, firm face reflected from the mir-

ror above the fireplace. She had always felt that she was moulded for a poor man's wife. She had the strength, the physique, the will,—the thought had no terrors. She could work; it would be no sacrifice. Sacrifice to work with Dick! She clasped her hands and rested her flushed face upon them, smiling. If he only had asked her! If she only could have found her tongue to tell him something of what she felt, when he had paused, waiting for the hint to speak! With sudden resolution she ran to her desk, and seized her pen. She often lacked the inspiration to say the right words at the right time; but afterwards—usually when it was too late—they came to her in armies. She wrote with no hesitancy now.

"*Dear Dick:* You went so suddenly that I had no chance to speak. O Dick, I had no idea you felt so; I never guessed it. How can you feel as you do about asking the girl you love? It would be no sacrifice if she loves you—and she must—to give up all the world for your sake. Believe me, Dick, she can as little bear to wait as you. She is as impatient, and she is brave and willing. Let her help you. Two heads are better than one to conquer the world, and two hearts in one are still stronger. She is only waiting for you to ask her, Dick. I must be away to-morrow evening. Come the next one, will you not?"

The hours crept slowly during the two following days. Knowing Dick's aversion to writing letters she was not disappointed at receiving no word from him; and as only his evenings were free, she could not expect to see him until the time she had named.

She sat again by the fire at last listening for the door-bell. She had dressed with unusual care and had placed a rose in her hair just over the spot which Dick had consecrated. She trembled a little at thought of what she had done, wondering what he would think,—whether he would consider her note bold—for as soon as it was sent she had half wished to recall it.

It was still early when the bell rang, and then Dick came leaping up the stairs. She went forward to meet him, half shamefacedly, half proudly, a deep rose on her cheeks. He took both her hands warmly and held them in his big ones.

"You dear, sweet girl!" he said, and beamed on her happily.

"You got my note?" She wanted to open the half-painful subject and have it over with at once.

"Yes,—you were a dear to write it. You don't know what strength and hope it put into me. I had spent the wretchedest of nights; and your note came like showers to the thirsty flowers."

"Perhaps I ought not to have written what I did," she said timidly. "But—I couldn't help it,—you were so blue and wretched, Dick, and—and I was so afraid you would never speak of it again."

"I never should," he laughed happily, "I never should have dared, I do believe, but for that note, Doris."

They were sitting before the fire now, as on that last time, side by side; and he seized the poker for his usual onslaught upon the coals.

"You—you were pleased, then?"

"Pleased!—why, it gave me just the assurance I needed. I have known so few girls well, except you, Doris—no sisters, nor mother. I didn't know how they really looked at these things. I supposed you society girls were all like those in books—beyond the reach of poor fellows like me."

"Are you going to ask her?"

"Ask her?—why, I've asked her already,—and it was just as you said. She pretends that it is no sacrifice at all. And so I'm engaged, Doris,—thanks to you,—dear!"

Before her eyes the fire seemed to flare and spread and envelop all things in a scorching heat; and she herself was in the midst of it—and her heart was its very centre. Mechanically she raised her hand to her hair and took out the little rosebud, holding it to her lips to hide their trembling.

"Engaged already!" Her voice

sounded light and careless to him, but it reverberated strangely in her own ears. "It happened last night, I suppose."

"Yes, last night. And I just dropped in here to tell you, you dear girl, before going to her. O Doris, I am so happy!"

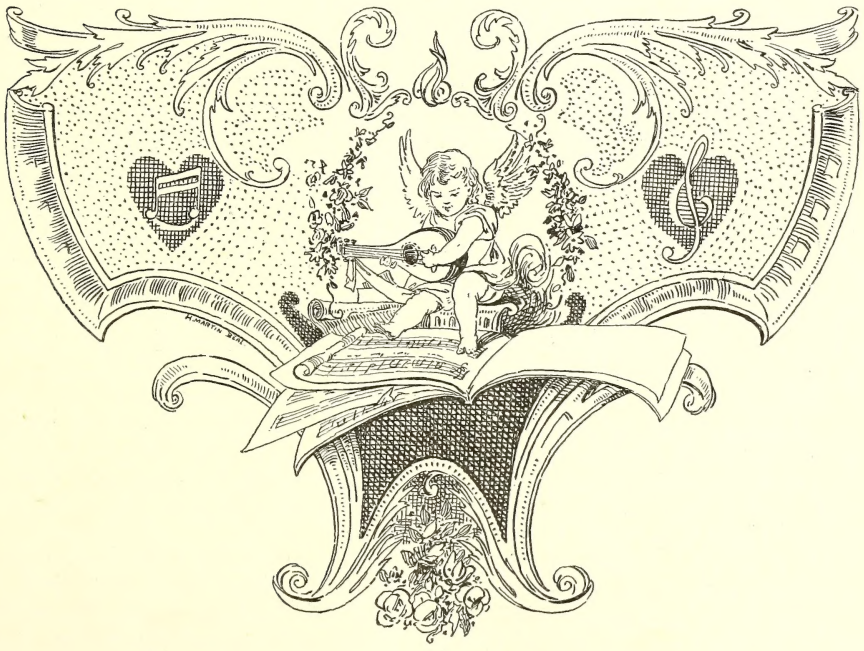
"I'm so glad, Dick. But you haven't told me who it is, you know."

"Didn't I,—didn't tell you!—the other night? But you guessed of course,—your note showed you—who could it be but Florence? And yet,—she is such a delicate—such a little butterfly, you know,—I hadn't dared dream she would be a poor man's wife. But she is willing to try—just as you said, Doris. And it won't have to be a long engagement, either. You understand people so well, Doris. You must be a mind-reader. You are wonderful, Doris!"

"Yes,—I am very wonderful—I surprise myself sometimes. But—I am such a mind-reader that I know you want to be gone this minute, Dick, and that Florence is expecting you. I mustn't keep you any longer. Run away."

He rose with ill-concealed eagerness. "Well—I suppose Florence is waiting for me. You must go to see her to-morrow, Doris. She admires you tremendously, and thinks you are such a wonderful girl. And you are, you know! Good-by, Doris."

She stood where he left her, looking into the fire; and she dropped the little rose gently upon the coals.



OUT OF THE MOUTH OF CZARS.

By Edward Everett Hale.

"PEACE on earth, good will to men!" This is the song of the angels; and whatever else Christmas day sings or does not sing, it must sing this song. It must sing it with good heart in the spirit with which St. Luke wrote it upon his parchment. We must not sing it as if we were raking up some forgotten Doric music; we must sing it as the song of what shall be and with the music of what shall be.

The Philistine of the world is apt to turn on us and say that the coming of the Prince of Peace has been only a signal for war. This Philistine smacks his lips as he tells of inquisition, of *autos-da-fé*, and of what we call "sacred wars;" and he asks us if this is the best that our Prince of Peace can do. He tells us that as the past has been so shall the future be. He ridicules the titles which great sovereigns have taken: "His Christian Majesty," "His Catholic Majesty," and "Defender of the Faith," and tries to show us that their diplomacy and their statecraft were aimed as selfishly as were those of Alexander or Tamerlane or any of the un-Christian conquerors. And when we still sing the song of peace, when we still maintain that the twentieth century is going to take one of the great steps forward, he makes a new investment in Spanish bonds, and says that he will bet on war.

Now it is my business, in the four thousand words which this reader will accept with my Christmas and New Year's wishes, to show the possibilities and the probabilities of that understanding between the states of Christendom which shall bring about a Permanent Tribunal in the next century, to which they shall be more and more willing to refer the disputes which now cost the lives of brave men in battle and the tears of sad women weeping for their dead.

Before I begin, I should like to say a word or two to Goliath of Gath and Og the king of Bashan, or to any of their descendants who believe, as one of them did, that "the Lord is on the side of the heaviest battalions." These are the men who taunt us with the record of history, and who call our plans and previsions for universal peace the dreams of those who are half crazy or (which to the Philistine is the same thing) are imaginative or fanciful,—"the poet's dream, you know."

It is perfectly true that the prophets and poets are all on one side. From the time when Isaiah sang that a little child should lead the lion and the kid together, the prophets have not faltered. And no one is sorry if he can be on the side of the prophets and at the same time cut off his coupons in the closet of a security vault. The interest of our present crisis comes from the fact that for once the man of this world so far is on the side of the sons of God. And it is your great soldiers, the great Grant and Sherman and Von Moltke, who tell us that peace is what we must seek for, and, more than that, who point to us our way.

Now, to begin at the beginning, let us look a little at this historical bugbear. It will be worth the while of anyone who reads this paper to stop here, on this afternoon in the Christmas time, and take down his Gibbon, forgetting this writer while he does so. Read Gibbon's history of those two centuries which he pronounces

the happiest period of written history. Read of the reigns of the Antonines, which began in that blessed time a little after Trajan and lasted for six generations of men. Absolute peace in the Roman empire, from frontier to frontier! The Prince of Peace had not come far, but he had come so far as this. The apostles had been crucified; many a martyr had gone to the stake; but the essential spirit of the New Life was in the court of the Antonines and was among the peoples around the Mediterranean. This reader would not be reading either Gibbon or the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE if there had not been those two centuries of profound peace and of the marvels which peace brings to the world. It was then that wool and flax came across from western Asia to western Europe; it was then that wheat became an article of food for Gaul and Spaniard and even Briton, as it had made the bread of Italy and Egypt.

That civilization of western Europe which makes possible the printing of this paper is the fruit of those two centuries of peace. Now all this came about because the Antonines and the emperors before them and after them were idealists, because they could swing on rainbows, because they did look forward and not back, and they left it for God's children to work out His great cause in their own way. Nobody pretends that this was the direct work of bishops or archbishops; but on the other hand no one reads history without seeing that here are two centuries in which the idea of right was the dominant idea of politics, and this miserable caprice of Napoleon, that physical force was the only director, was set on one side. When you talk of dreamers and poets and idealists, when you talk of the peace policy as being transcendental and impossible, you must begin by accounting for two centuries of peace in the reign of the Antonines.

So is it that very good Philistine logic and rhetoric have run against facts even,—and facts are what Philistines have to bow to.

Now let us come down from Antonines to Bourbons. Henry IV was certainly not a vague, dreamy idealist. Henry did not swing upon rainbows, or talk nonsense in words of four syllables. He was a person who had a good deal to do with practical affairs. Now Henry IV had developed the Great Design,—as the Emperor Nicholas might well call it to-day,—even in its detail. Henry IV had set his heart upon a permanent peace for Europe and a Permanent Tribunal for Europe. At that moment there were five monarchies and nine electorates and republics in Europe, which had to be consulted,—to the number in all of fourteen. Henry's diplomacy and Henry's vigor of arms were such that he persuaded, coaxed and compelled thirteen of these states to agree in the Great Design.

Of the Great Design Sully writes. Now nobody will say that Sully was a dreamer or a vague fool who played with abstract ideas. Sully knew what was the force of arms as well as any man; but Sully was convinced by the king. Sully says:

> "I found myself confirmed in the opinion that the 'Great Design' was, upon the whole, just in its intention, possible and even practicable in all its points, and infinitely glorious in all its effects. So that, upon all occasions, I was the first to recall the King to his engagements, and sometimes to convince him by those very arguments which he had himself taught me."

Elizabeth certainly was Philistine enough to satisfy most people. She could lie as well as the best of them; she could steal as well as the best of them; she could do anything for the present as well as Goliath of Gath could. But Elizabeth and Burleigh and all of them gave their assent to the Great Design; and the Great Design was in fact amended by suggestions which her masterly circle of statesmen made. Indeed, the death of Elizabeth and the murder of Henry give, alas, the two reasons why the

Great Design was not set on foot three hundred years before the days of this young Emperor Nicholas. That miserable Ravaillac, in driving his dagger into Henry's heart, set back the civilization of the world by three centuries.

In America, however, any recurrence either to the reign of the Antonines or to the reign of Henry seems almost trivial in the face of the embodiment of the Great Design in the "Supreme Court of the United States." Here is a victory, the greatest which has been achieved in centuries; and it is directly in the line of the victory which is going to establish the United States of Europe, the United States of North and South America, and so the United States of Christendom.

Here were thirteen independent states. They were made independent by the consent of their old suzerain. England had abandoned them to their fate. And there are plenty of English satires of that time which told how, after a few years of freedom, they would be rushing back to the embrace of the dear old motherland; they would need her protection, they would need her counsel, they would need her wealth. But they never did rush back to her embrace. And why?

Because they bound themselves together to submit all their disputes to one Supreme Court. They established a Permanent Tribunal, before which they would bring every cause of controversy, great or small. Questions of boundary, such as have convulsed Germany and Italy; questions of trade, such as have kept parties asunder whom God meant to care for each other; questions of religion, such as parted the Catholic of Maryland from the Puritan of Massachusetts; questions of race, such as parted the Huguenot of Carolina from the Dutchman of New York, from the Irishman of the Alleghanies and the Englishman of all these provinces,—all such questions, out of which wars might have been easily made under Philistine reigns, faded into thin air, so that the people of America do not even know how much they have gained by the Permanent Tribunal.

We had in New England, within half a century, a boundary question between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, out of which a first-rate war could have been made had Massachusetts been named Prussia and Rhode Island been named Austria. German states have gone to war again and again on less difficult questions than that which should determine what were the head waters of the Charles River. Missouri and Iowa had a similar question at issue,—a question which was so dainty and close that the armed militia of each state was called out, that it might be settled by a resort to arms. So it would have been settled but that there was a Supreme Tribunal which adjudicated in this case, as in the case of Massachusetts. Question after question—of more importance or of less importance makes no difference—has been decided in this way by this Supreme Tribunal, so that now the average American does not know how slight have been the causes which have precipitated war in states which had no such tribunal to which to refer their questions. This is the reason why people who know anything about it say that the United States herself is the greatest peace society. And when the statesman of intelligence and foresight speaks of such an arrangement in the future, he speaks with the recollection of what has been in the past.

In one hundred and nine years since the Supreme Court first met, it has decided case upon case, sometimes more than one at the same time, in such controversies between states. For the Supreme Court exists: these states have promised to bring their quarrels before the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court decides, and these states yield. It does not require a policeman's baton; it does

not require the flash of a musket. Forty-six states yield to the decision. There was one terrible exception, in the Civil War; but that exception came from the miserable failure in the beginning, by which the class of questions relating to slavery was practically excluded from the decision of the great tribunal.

With such inspirations from history, one may say with such precedents for action, the world to-day is called upon to create a Permanent Tribunal, not simply for North America, not, as Mr. Blaine hoped, for North and South America, but for all that part of the world which calls itself civilized. This means, under the law which the Prince of Peace gave to the world, the part of the world which is called by his name, the states of Christendom. It will be their business, in the quarter of a century before us,—let us hope in less time,—to create the Permanent Tribunal of the united kingdoms, empires and republics of the world, which shall agree upon this one thing, though they disagree upon all others. They shall agree that there shall exist one tribunal, before which in the first instance the questions of these states should be brought for adjudication.

As to detail, it is probable that two or three of the powers will first agree on such a tribunal. That tribunal will exist. Its decisions shall be so calm and clear that the powers which have created it will be willing to submit more and more cases for its inquiry and solution. Then some fourth power will propose to join this league, and a fifth and a sixth, till the great powers and the smaller powers are at one,—not in government, not in religion, not in taking the same view of education, of health, or even of personal duty, but in the determination that questions of controversy shall be left to one tribunal to decide them, according to the principles, not hard to find, of international law.

And now we come to a Christmas time which marks the conclusion of a year in which this policy of a central board of jurisprudence has received magnificent accessions. The Emperor Nicholas of Russia has distinguished himself, among all the sovereigns of our time, among all sovereigns since Henry IV, by pledging himself to the Great Design. Read his magnificent manifesto. It should be printed in the calendars of the new-born year. It should be pasted as a broadside on the walls of temples and courts and arsenals. The words of it should be remembered by all children in the schools, as they remember the words of the Declaration of Independence. Here is a monument which may be made to mark the beginning of the world's course on its new career:

> "This conference of the nations would be, by the help of God, a happy presage of the century which is about to open. It will bring together in one focus the efforts of all the states which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. At the same time, it would cement an agreement of the principles of equity and right, on which are to be built the security of states and the welfare of the peoples. It cements such an agreement in a corporate consecration."

One is sorry to see and to hear captious criticisms on the Czar's proposal. All the same, in the face of captious criticism, the great powers will have to assent to the proposal. This conference must be held. Let us hope that it will lead to some partial disarmament. But whether it do or not, that is of the less importance. Our prayer is for peace on earth; our policy and plan, therefore, must be for the physical establishment of the tribunal, whose dignity and wisdom, whose honor and loyalty to truth, shall make it possible to decide upon questions without reference to the accidents of war.

Whatever the conference may do about present armaments, it can certainly determine on a tribunal whose dignity and prestige and power shall make such armaments unnecessary.

Given that provision, given such a solution of angry discussion, and we shall not need to count armies by millions of muskets, or to be doubling the size of fleets, or to be inventing new engines of destruction. Armies will fade away. They will be needed at first as precaution, as men kept candles in the house after gas was invented, as they keep the gas pipes while they are still afraid of the electric current. But the precautions will grow less and less, fewer and fewer.

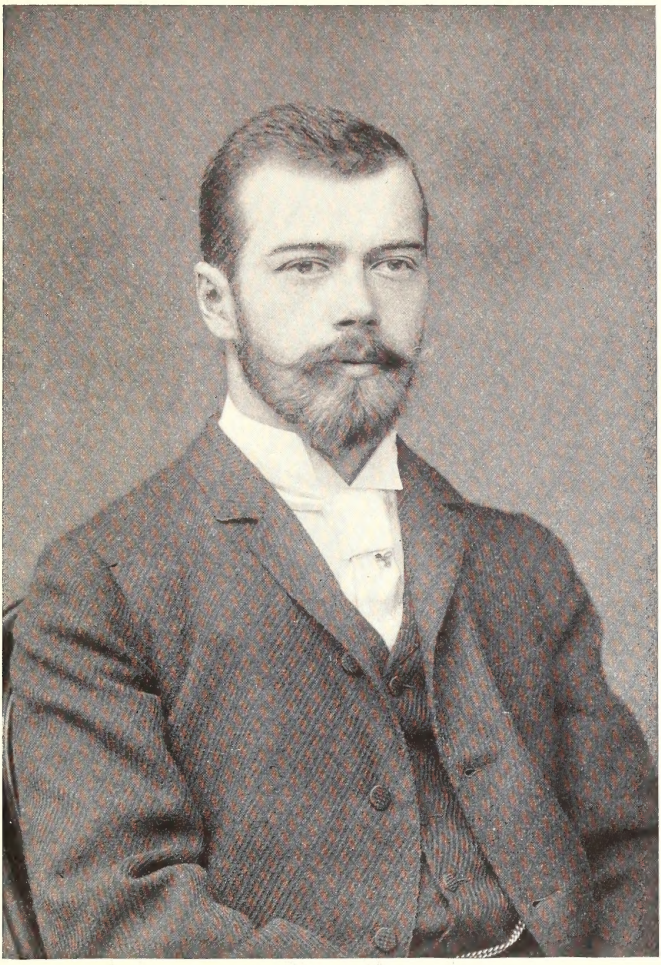
The new tribunal will *exist*. One or two statesmen from America, men of the first dignity in the republic, with such honors conferred upon them as shall give them distinction among all other servants of the state, —these will meet one or two men from England, crowned with honors such as England knows how to give, and one or two, perhaps, from France. They will add to themselves, as what the old courts called "assessors," two of the leading lights of international law from Switzerland, from Italy, from Belgium, or where you please, so only they be men whose character and learning and honor are known of all men. And this tribunal will *exist*. There will be no corporal's guard and no regiment of soldiers at its doors; but it will *exist*. No one will be compelled to carry a case of difficulty before it; but it will *exist*.

The plan here blocked out is substantially the plan of the New York State Bar Association, a body of men who do not swing upon rainbows, who do not dream dreams, who do not attempt impossibilities. In the language of one of these men, the tribunal will nail up its shingle, and on the shingle will be the words: "International justice administered here."

Ultimately, as one puts his foot upon ice of which he is not sure, the rulers of two of these nations will submit to it some case of which their diplomatists are sick and weary. Was the St. Luke River once called St. Mark's, or ought it not be called St. Matthew's? Nobody has seen the river for three centuries, but there are books somewhere, and maps somewhere else, which will tell what it was and where it is, and on truth in such matters depends a controversy between these two great powers. They will submit the case to the tribunal. The tribunal will have power to call for testimony, to consult experts, to refer inquiries to masters, and it will make its decision,—and that decision will command the respect of the world.

Or it may be that pathetic question whether the woman of 1950 shall wear a sealskin jacket or no, involving that other question whether every mother of these half-reasoning seals shall be murdered, and every baby born to her shall be starved, to satisfy Philistine greed. It is a question to be determined by fact, by science, by testimony; a question in which all nations have the same interest, and which the great tribunal shall decide. After the experience of a few such decisions, the world of common sense will no more go back to what is called the arbitrament of arms than the world of common sense now goes back to armor or to chivalry. Questions of commerce, questions of patent rights, questions of new discovery in literature, in history, in the fine arts, are now determined without any flinging down of the gauntlet upon the floor. And as the Prince of Peace takes one more majestic step in his career, the other questions, not larger nor more difficult, which are now submitted to war will be submitted to the great tribunal which in the twentieth century He will call.

The truth is that commerce and invention and discovery have made the world so small that the old rivalries are impossible. The frivolous and fussy Diplomacy of the Treaty of Westphalia, of the congresses of German states, of the ambassadors and foreign ministers of to-day, is even absurd in the presence of the habits of modern commerce. The world which is used to seeing American flour or



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

iron or fleets laden with people sent hither and thither by messages which will go half round the globe in half an hour ridicules the slow processes of ancient diplomacy. It was thus that, when the mercantile world heard that the diplomatists were proposing to make war between England and America over the Venezuela question which had been dragging along for two or three centuries, the world of modern life roused up and opened its mouth and said, "There shall be no fighting." The world of diplomacy heard and obeyed.

The young emperor of Russia has made himself the spokesman of the modern world. "The principles of equity and right shall be consecrated." The world wanted to have this said; and now it has been said by one having authority. The six great powers will join with him in such consecration. The lesser powers have more at stake than the six great powers. The strong and the weak shall unite in the great procession of triumph by which the gates of peace are to be closed forever. And the youngest of emperors shall teach them.

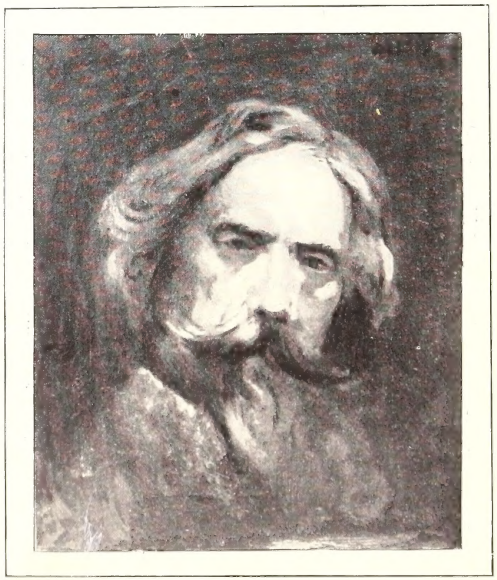
"Out of the mouth of Czars Thou hast perfected praise."

A GREAT FRENCH SCULPTOR.

By Camille Thurwanger.

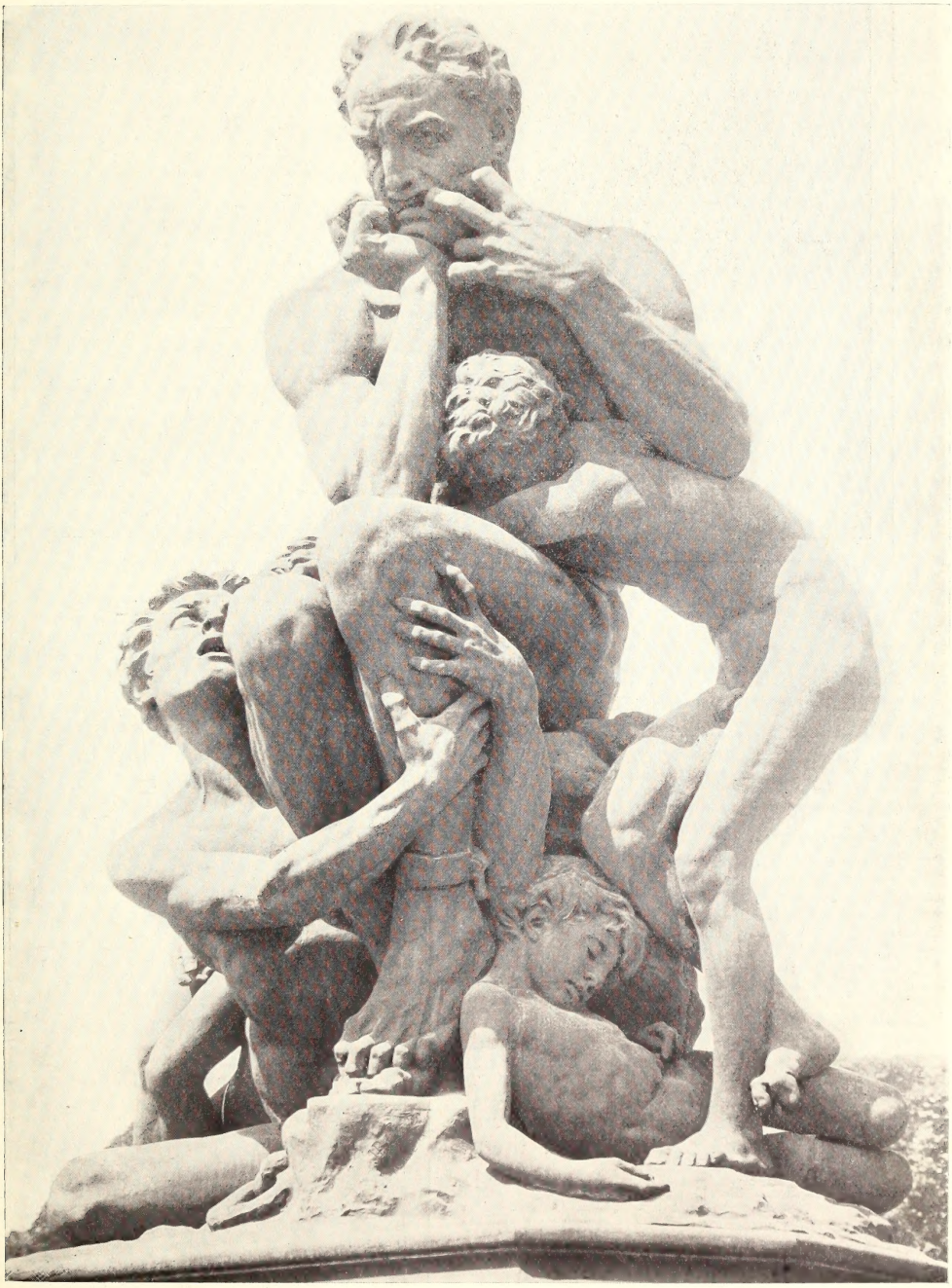
A GENIUS among modern sculptors was J. B. Carpeaux. He left behind him, in spite of the brevity of his career, works which will gain for him the universal admiration of posterity. No one else has been able as he has been, by displacing a muscle, by draping a fold, by bringing a sinew into relief, to give to the cold, hard marble the appearance of life and movement.

Born at Valenciennes in 1826 in humble circumstances, Carpeaux showed from his earliest years a wonderful gift for sculpture. When aged sixteen, he came to Paris and began his studies, into which he put all his soul. Less than two years later, by the help of Mr. Beauvais, then councillor at Valenciennes, Carpeaux's native city granted him a small yearly allowance which permitted him to continue his studies. Several years passed in hard labor and struggles, during which there grew in him a deep feeling of admiration for the old Italian masters; and thenceforth his dream was to go Rome and study there face to face with his ideals. With this in view, he competed for and gained the "Grand Prix de Rome," when he was twenty-six years old. The subject which the Académie Française had selected for the competition was "Hector's Farewell to his son Astyanax," from the sixth book of the Iliad. Instead of expressing the sentiment by superabundant gesture of hands raised to heaven and the rest, as almost all his competitors had done, he represented Hector as pressing his child to his heart while raising his eyes to heaven to invoke Jupiter. The movement is temperate and calm, the gesture noble and beautiful. This group may still be seen at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris.



CARPEAUX.
From a sketch by himself.

Shortly after, Carpeaux was in the Eternal City, where he conceived an enthusiastic admiration for Michael Angelo's works, towhich he remained faithful all his life. While in Italy, he did not produce many works, applying himself more to contemplation and admiration of old masterpieces than to production, finishing so few piecesthat Mr. Schvietz, then director of the Académie in Rome, made unfavorable reports of the young sculptor, who was looked upon as lazy.



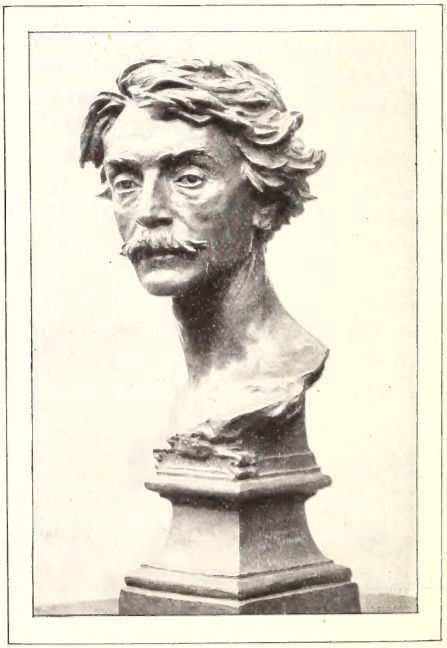
THE UGOLINO GROUP.

After the bronze in the Garden of the Tuileries, Paris.



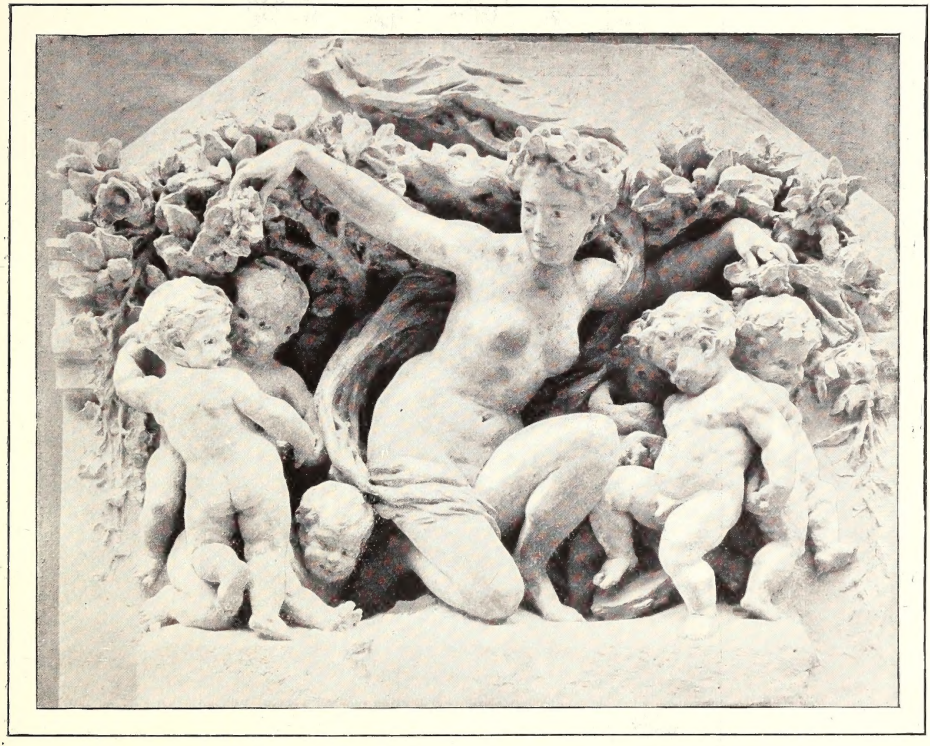
THE FRONT OF THE PAVILLON DE FLORE, PALACE OF THE TUILERIES.

After several reprimands from the Minister of Fine Arts, Carpeaux sent a "Fisherboy," which proved that its author had certainly not entirely wasted his time. These few years passed in Italy were devoted to observation and study; and they were the happiest years of his life. It was under the influence of this artistic country that he developed his enthusiastic love for the ideal. He wrote to a friend in 1874: "I used to run through the streets of the Eternal City, with my crayon in hand, sketching quickly and under the eyes of my friends all kinds of things. They did not understand how I could see in nature such noble, tender and characteristic subjects. I used to endeavor to explain to them the art of seeing, but few of them could understand. It was because they understood nothing but the study of plastic beauty in nature; they did not comprehend the enthusiasm that electrifies and inspires the artist, which enables him to find sublime expressions, and lifts him up to a higher level than that of our daily life. This is what I call the second sight of the artist."



GÉROME.

The fourth year which Carpeaux spent at the Villa Medicis was devoted to a large and important work, a group representing Ugolino and his four sons. However natural it may now seem that an artist should represent in sculpture a group of so many figures, and especially of such a character, expressing hunger, agony and despair, it was at that time a challenge to tradition and convention. No one then imagined sculpture taking such a subject, which painting alone had ever dared treat. But Carpeaux was not a man to be handicapped by conventionalism; and after a desperate fight with the director of the academy in Rome, he gave the world a group that made him forever famous. The power with which he had expressed life, palpitating, shuddering life, with its anguish and its pain, was a revelation, and gave him rank among the greatest masters. No one was ever better fitted to realize in sculpture the terrible episode of the Divine Comedy. Any one who cares to examine the books of sketches, presented to the Louvre by Prince Stirbey, can judge to what extent Carpeaux was possessed by his subject. Ugolino's head recalls the work of Michael Angelo. Both the cramped attitude and the modelling of the figure are in perfect conformity with the characterization of Dante's poem. The representation may be called Dantesque, showing such strength and play of muscles as Barye used to put into the anger of an enraged tiger or the hungry yelling of a jaguar. The bronze of this group can be seen in the gardens of the Tuileries in Paris.



THE TRIUMPH OF FLORA.

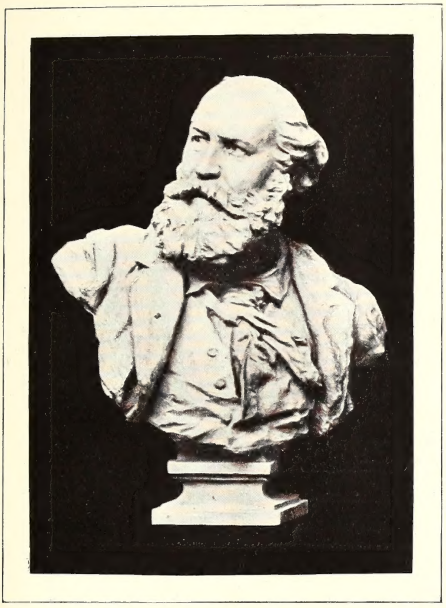
The son of a humble workman, Carpeaux did not possess the manners and style of society people; but

being received in the aristocratic circles and at the court of Napoleon III soon after his return from Italy, he showed innate refinement, and was not out of place anywhere, in spite of some eccentricities, which were exaggerated and turned to account by his enemies and unsuccessful rivals, who accused him of coarseness. Carpeaux was short in stature and rather small. "He is always brimming over with passions to æstheticism," says Edmond de Goncourt in his journal; "his nature is nervous, subject to emotions of sudden anger or exaltation; an incomplete, baffling nature, always on the go, his muscles constantly moving and his eyes appearing like those of an angry laborer. The fire of genius is imprisoned in the outer semblance of a commonplace quarryman, whose intelligent head expresses very uncommon firmness and a fantastic temper. The life of an artist as anxious as he was for glory and renown, and whose imagination was so much more developed than his reason, would necessarily be unusually exposed to suffering and vexation."

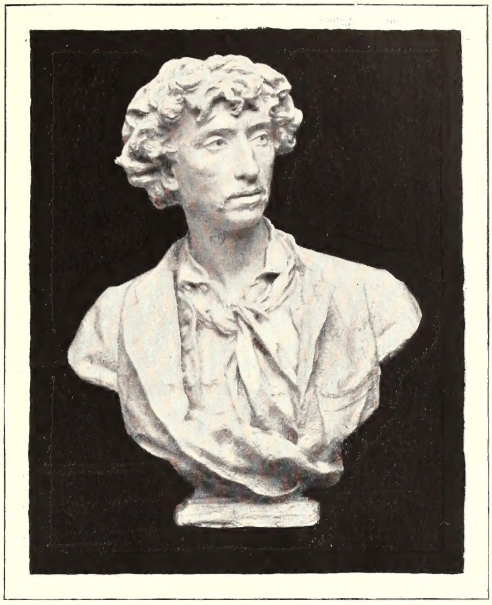


LA DANSE — FAÇADE OF THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, PARIS.

A short time after his return to France, Carpeaux was presented by Comte de Nieuwerkerke, at the Tuileries, where he was graciously received by the Emperor, who soon showed not only a deep interest in his work, but real friendship for the sculptor, who was ordered to make a bust and statue of the Prince Imperial, which were executed in an improvised studio in the large greenhouse at the Tuileries. Not only social but financial success was coming, for many orders came. The Marquise de la Valette, Duchess de Mouchy, Princess Mathilde and other distinguished people ordered busts from him; and if he had been disposed to produce rapid "commercial" work, he might soon have made a fortune. But love for his art was too great to allow him to indulge himself in money-making. The busts which he



CHARLES GOUNOD.



CHARLES GARNIER.

did execute were marvellous in their life and expression. He left about thirty, most of which are masterpieces. Three remarkable ones belong to the Louvre: a bronze of Beauvais the Valenciennes councillor, one of the painter Giraud, and the original plaster cast of Mlle. Fiore, the celebrated opera dancer; but his two finest busts are those of the painter Gérome (1872) and of Alexandre Dumas (1875). These are marvels, which no one can forget; they give the most emphatic proof of their author's vigorous, supple and caressing handling.

Carpeaux's greatest fame, however, was to come to him through decorative sculpture. Shortly after his presentation at court, the Emperor commissioned him to make a figure for the Church of the Trinity, and the whole monumental decoration of the façade of the Pavillon de Flore at the Palace of the Tuileries. That the sculptor's work might show to the best advantage, however, would have required an architecture conceived in the same spirit as his sculpture. The principal group, surmounting the pediment, represents imperial France, bearing light into the world and protecting



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, FILS.

Agriculture and the Sciences. This was certainly not the kind of subject to inspire our artist, and some critics feel that this work does not at all do justice to his talent. He does not seem as yet to be entirely himself. Parts of the work belong to the received classic style. The two recumbent male figures of the pediment are certainly inspired by Michael Angelo, with the spirit of whose work Carpeaux was impregnated at this time. In spite of all, however, the rendering was animated and striking. The portion that best shows Carpeaux's genius is the central bas-relief, representing the Triumph of Flora. All agreed in admiration of this creation, so overflowing with life. The wall appears suddenly to recede, forming the mouth of a cavern. A laughing nymph is seen coming out of the cavern and playing with some robust, round-cheeked, plump little urchins and other children. The whole group is of a beauty that surprises and delights the observer. Here Carpeaux has at last completely freed himself. Neither the masters he admires nor those who directed his studies can be traced in his creation. This is what made Théophile Gautier say: "He was not created to be the master or pupil of any man."



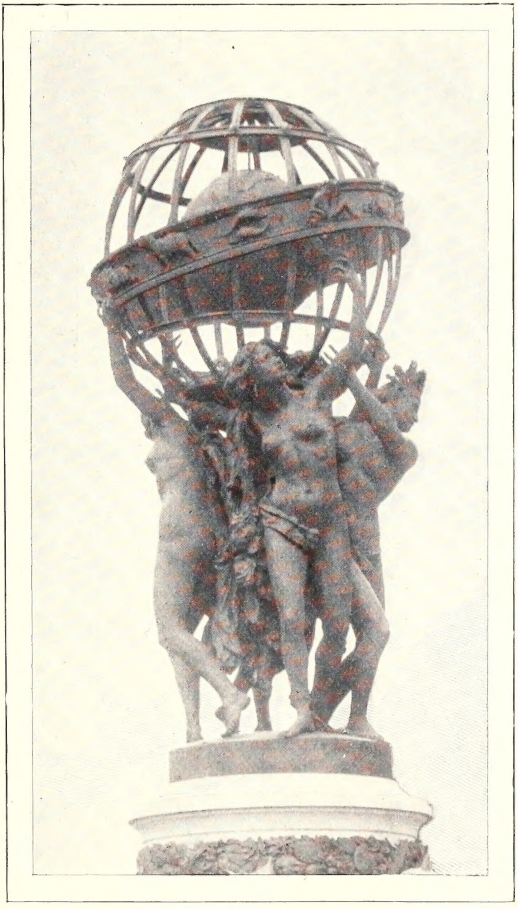
STUDY OF A HEAD FOR "LA DANSE."



LOVE WOUNDED.

The startling success of his work on the Pavillon de Flore proved to Carpeaux what was his own proper mode of expression. What he undertakes to do from this time on is to knead flesh out of bronze or marble, to arrest and perpetuate even the most fugitive movements, to acquire the most extreme freedom of workmanship, the freest mastery of his tools, and facility of practice. Thanks to the patronage of the Emperor, both orders and honors came to him in rapid succession. He was made Knight of the Legion of Honor, and was launched upon a successful artistic career. His growing success enabled him to earn much money; but he had no notion of how to take care of it and put by for a rainy day; it went

faster than it came. He was an indefatigable worker. Wherever he happened to be, he would take a little sketch-book from his pocket, and note down in it the faces and gestures of people who passed before him. In drawing-rooms, as in cafés, at court, or in the street, he sketched everyone. He had the awkward habit of taking out his album in a drawing-room full of people, placing himself as if he were hiding, while everyone must see him, and sketching portraits and silhouettes, frowning the while in a most exaggerated and dramatic way. Friends laughed at him and forgave this weakness, for he was much beloved. By pupils and workman he was almost worshiped; his free and easy way, his *bonhomie* and his kind heart made devoted friends of all around him. He was always scribbling and sketching. If he had no note-book or scrap of paper at hand, his thoughts were put down on the wall. He was for a long time undergoing treatment at a hydropathic establishment, and had to wait his turn at the baths. Armed with a pencil, he several times amused himself by making sketches on the walls, which were of marble and painted. By a touch here and there, he would convert the painted marks into fantastic, grotesque heads or figures, all bearing the unmistakable imprint of his masterly hand. The director of the establishment was bright enough to have these vagaries of a genius framed; and they still remain among the curiosities of the house. The countless sketches which he left are now almost like historic documents; for, being a constant guest at Compiègne and at the Tuileries, he was able to catch from life and fix all the daily expressions, not only of the imperial family, but of all the celebrities who were received at court during the later years of Napoleon III's reign.



THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.
From the Fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens.

One anecdote told of Carpeaux shows the good-natured fun that characterized him. One evening at the Tuileries the Emperor met him, took him aside, and talked for some time with him. This caused some excitement in the drawing-rooms, alike among the friends and the enemies of the sculptor. There were sly looks and whispered words; and when at last the Em-

peror left him, he was assailed with questions on every side. "What did the Emperor want?" "What did His Majesty say to you?" "What commissions has he given you?" "What did the Emperor want?" repeated the sculptor, having the attention of every ear. "Well, he wanted to borrow money of me!" The Emperor, to whom this was repeated, was more amused than anybody else.

A grave mistake that is frequently made by the French government, in connection with decorating buildings, is in almost always intrusting the sculpture to several artists. Instead of commissioning one man to execute the four great groups wanted for the façade of the Paris Opera House, which would have secured a harmonious effect and one kind of art, the government, through Garnier, called upon four different sculptors. Among these was Carpeaux. They ought to have known that the ungovernable fire of the man would burst forth in protestation against such methods. The three other talented men represented the traditional classical sculpture. Carpeaux recognized only one "old master," — Michael Angelo. Just as Rude's group on the Arc de Triomphe dwarfs everything around it by comparison, so Carpeaux's group of "La Danse" absorbs all the sculptural interest of the façade of the Opera House. Everything else seems lifeless beside this composition, so full of life and audacious movement. Here is seen again the inspiration, this time freed from all trammels of his master, Rude, for whom he had all his life felt so profound an admiration that even when he reached the highest point of his career he never failed to go frequently, as if on a pilgrimage, to contemplate the Arc de Tri-



A BACCHANTE.



LAUGHING BOY.



THE POUTING CHILD.

omphe; he never passed before this *chef d'œuvre* of his master without lifting his hat.

It is no fault of Carpeaux's if his group seems out of harmony with the other three. If he had been directed to execute all four, the effect of the sculptural decoration of the façade of the Opera House would have been more interesting and complete. In this group of dancing figures we find again all the sculpturesque qualities of the Flora, and in addition the rhythm of the moving bodies. But in order to judge fully of its beauty, one should see the plaster model now at the Louvre.



DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

In his history of Le Nouvel Opéra Charles Garnier, the architect of this fine building, tells us the whole story of "La Danse." It seems that the planning and execution of this group proved a long struggle between the architect and the sculptor,—the latter struggling to give play to his fiery imagination; the former, to restrain its author in the limited space allotted to the group. The silhouette sketch had been accepted with enthusiasm by the architect; but Carpeaux was so much carried away with his work that he seemed to see nothing but his dancers, without the least reference to the building,—and in his ardor he was adding nearly one figure every day to the group. In spite of his great admiration for Carpeaux's genius, Garnier used all his energy to make him submit to the requirement of the building and take away some of the figures. But he could not help being captivated by the beauty of Carpeaux's work; and he says he had made up his mind to allow a little disproportion in the front decoration of the Opera House rather than deprive the world of such a masterpiece.

In the month of June, 1869, the Emperor's prize of 100,000 francs, given only once, was to be awarded at the Salon. Carpeaux, who had nearly completed his work, hoped to obtain it, and hastened his labors for the purpose, but in vain. It was evident, from the very character of the group, that it would be violently discussed, and that the jury chosen to award this prize would never under-

take to place in the front rank a work still to a great extent unappreciated and which, despite its brilliant qualities, would surely be unfavorably criticised.

Carpeaux's group had cost him very dear. He had been obliged to make an enormous outlay for the services of marble-cutters and workmen; what any other sculptor would have paid 15,000 francs for, cost him double that. The group, so full of movement, was deeply undercut and offered extreme difficulty in pointing. The work went forward slowly, although Carpeaux was always in the midst of the workmen, working himself with chisel and compasses. When all was done, the group cost him more than he received for it; and when it was finished he found himself a poor man, almost literally in want. The price for the group might have been enough for another sculptor; but Carpeaux frequently destroyed in an hour the labor of weeks, wishing to put into execution the results of a nobler and loftier inspiration.



MATER DOLOROSA.

His poverty is much to be deplored, for it was the cause of his haste in unveiling his group before he had fully completed modelling the figures, which are therefore finer in the original plaster model than in the marble. When the unveiling took place, the most violent attacks were made upon the work. For the first time a sculptor had freed himself entirely from the trammels of the antique, from all classical and academic traditions. Here was a man who had dared, in order to represent dancing, to carve real women dancing around the inspiring genius, to show them in the full rush of movement, palpitating with life and energy. He was blamed for the materialism of his work, for its want of what was then called idealism, and was really conventionalism. The artist was denounced as encouraging depravity; he came near being publicly tried. "These women," it was said, "are vulgar, trivial, repulsive." Carpeaux was in the right. He had produced from the marble real, lifelike, flesh-and-blood women. He had endowed his group with movement, with passion, with life. His work was a masterpiece of naturalism, offensive only to conventional ideas.



NEGRESS IN SLAVERY.

No one had hitherto objected to nude human figures in sculpture; but never before had these suggested real life. The figures moved so truly, were so perfectly alive, that the looker-on felt as if he were gazing at real persons. Letters came by hundreds, addressed to the court, the Ministry of Fine Arts, the Senate and the architect, condemning, scoffing at the work, and demanding its removal from the façade of the National Opera House. At length these letters, coming from all directions, produced their effect, and the Emperor and Vaillant, the Minister of Fine Arts, decided upon the removal of the group. Few were the voices that arose to defend Carpeaux and his genius. The friends he had, including the Emperor, were timid before the outpouring of public wrath, with which the whole press of the country apparently sympathized.

Garnier, however, did all he possibly could to prevent the decree of removal from being carried into execution; he thus gained time, and later on, events helping, the decision was reversed. Meanwhile, when the storm was at its height, an act of vandalism aiming at the destruction of the group was the means of changing for a time the current of feeling. During the night some unknown person threw a bottle of ink over it, staining the whole group and to all appearance endangering its existence as a work of art. A sudden reaction took place, and the public, seeing only that a great artistic production was threatened with disgrace, joined in the cry: "Punish the guilty person and restore this masterpiece!" The chemists of France and some from other countries offered their services; and after many attempts under the supervision of Carpeaux and Garnier, the black



DANTE PASSING THE STYX.
From a sketch by Carpeaux.



CARPEAUX'S CHILDREN.
Studies by Carpeaux.

spots disappeared. The vandal was never discovered.

It had been decided that the group, "La Danse," should be removed and another more in accord with traditional taste put in its place. Garnier obtained permission that Carpeaux should be trusted again with the designing of the proposed group. He also insisted on having the first group left where it was until the other should be ready to take its place. This meant a respite of about three years, and he felt certain that during this interval the public would get used to the sight of the offending group. Some months later war broke out; and then came the siege and the Commune. All work at the Opera House was interrupted, and the group was temporarily forgotten. Carpeaux had refused, in his wounded pride, to undertake the execution of any group meant to replace his dancers; the order had in consequence been given to another sculptor, who died after finishing his model, in 1870. In 1872, the burning of the old Opera House caused the work to be started afresh, and Carpeaux's dancers were still dancing on their pedestal. The year 1875 came without the new statue being ready; but Carpeaux unfortunately died during that year. The admiration due to his great talents was now carried to excess, as the contrary sentiment had been before. The sculptor, thus early removed from the practice of his art, became one of the glories of France, and his group was considered one of the greatest works of our time. The group became a centre of attraction, to which frequent pilgrimages were made, and wreaths, bouquets and verses were offered in memory of the deceased sculptor.

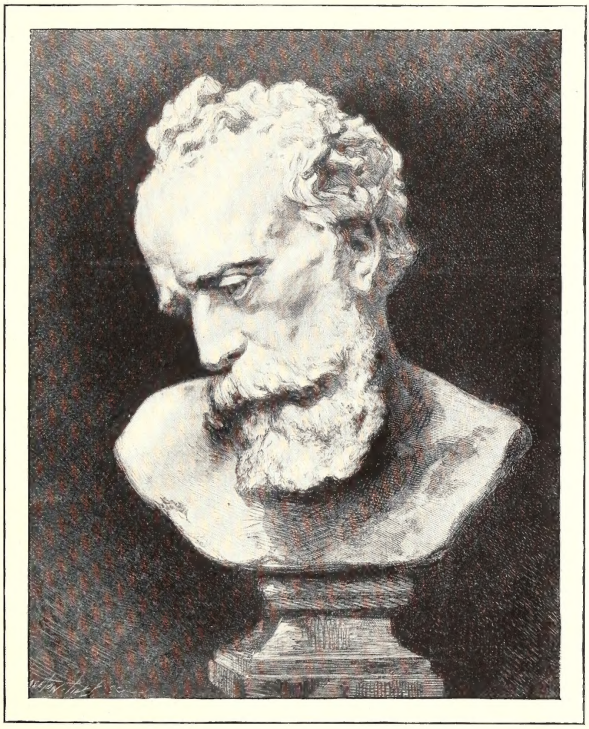


HOPE.

No one would have dared now to speak of removing the group; the very idea would have been counted sacrilegious.

At one of the court festivals, Carpeaux was presented to the daughter of the Comte de Montfort. He had exchanged only a few words with Mlle. Amélie de Montfort, when he suddenly asked her to marry him. The young lady had heard the sculptor spoken of, but had never met him before, and she was bewildered by this strange declaration. Two years passed without Mlle. de Montfort happening to meet Carpeaux again, when they met in the house of General Fleury, where both were visiting. The sculptor immediately approached the young lady and took up the question where he had left it two years before. "This time," says Mme. Carpeaux, "he was permitted to pay his addresses. The originality and the power of his genius pleased me, and, although he was twenty-one years my senior, I became Mme. Carpeaux." Three children were the fruit of this union which afterwards became so unhappy for both parties. Separation soon followed the union, leaving two broken lives, two victims equally to be pitied, and three innocent children called upon to suffer in consequence. Genius, especially in art, is often developed at the expense of some domestic virtues; it will brook no division and accept no half share.

Thanks once more to the patronage of the Emperor, Carpeaux received an order for the Luxembourg fountain. Here, as usual, the subject to be treated, as well as the mode of interpretation desired, was dictated to him: "The Four Quarters of the World Upholding the Globe," said the descriptive programme At first Carpeaux growled a good deal, for the programme imposed on him seemed uninspiring. "I really cannot repeat for the hundred thousandth time," said he, "four caryatides standing stupidly back to back and holding a ball." Then turning to a friend, he added: "Don't you see the kind of big candlestick that this would make?" "I am not afraid," was the answer. "*You* will not make any ordinary candlestick!"



CARPEAUX, BY M. BERNARD. 1873.

The friend was right. Carpeaux had been too strongly imbued by his



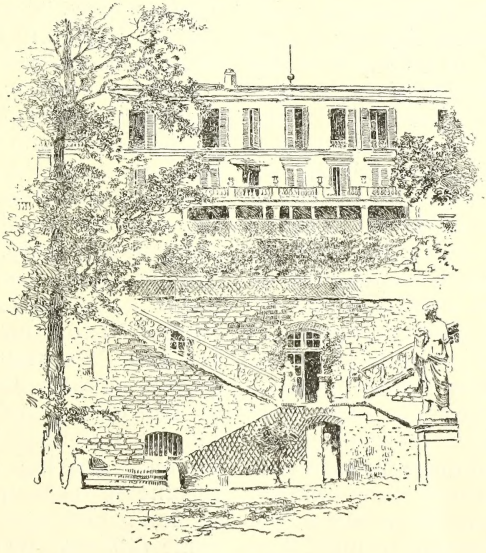
APOTHEOSIS OF CARPEAUX.
From the Painting by Maignan, in the Luxembourg Gallery.

master, Rude, with the hatred of so-called classic grandeur and conventional majesty of motionless expression, ever to produce an ordinary group. He sought for truth of attitude, movement, life; with these he could animate a statue till the bronze seemed to breathe,—and he found means to make a *chef d'œuvre* of this subject. "Positively I cannot think of anything," he said; then, getting up suddenly, he tapped his forehead and cried, "Nevertheless, it turns!" It was Galileo's saying, remembered centuries later, that inspired him. He had the magnificent idea of representing the four quarters of the world as giving the necessary momentum to the earth which they support, by means of splendid torso movements, thus causing it to "turn" in very truth. Four nude female figures, a Chinese woman, a negro woman, a Peruvian and a European, turn with a concentric movement around an imaginary axis, while holding aloft in their hands the slight frame of a sphere surrounded by an annular belt, on which are sculptured the signs of the zodiac. The idea was daring and picturesque. L. Gonze says of it: "In these figures are shown with deep and energetic accentuation the special moral characteristics of each race and the outcome of a marvellously truthful observation. The European, sure of her strength, walks erect with a firm and measured step, her head raised, her eyes turned toward the sidereal space; it is as if she alone bore the whole weight of the universe. The Indian woman, ignorant and behind the times, rather retards the sphere in its movement; the Asiatic, uncertain and fearful, submits to it; the African, proud and haughty, with a look that questions futurity, seems to hold aloof."

When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, public works of an artistic nature were no longer thought of, and during two or three years very little was seen or heard of the sculptor. After the dreadful struggle, in which the monarchy of Napoleon III had perished, Carpeaux did not follow the example of former guests at Compiègne, fine-weather friends, who now willingly denied their masters of the day before. He had a profound feeling of gratitude, and never deserted the man who in days of prosperity had loaded him with kindness. He remained faithful to the fallen Emperor. When Napoleon III died, Carpeaux telegraphed to the widowed Empress, placing himself and his talent at her disposal. A telegraphic response was not long coming. The Empress simply said "Come." He immediately started for England, accompanied by his wife. At Chiselhurst he made numerous sketches, among others a drawing of the Emperor lying in his coffin; he also took a cast of the face of the dead monarch. Afterward, from memory, with the help of several sketches from nature, he made a fine bust of the Emperor for the Empress. This is now at Arenemberg.

Was Carpeaux a religious man? Church and its rules had little if any effect on him. He used to pay scarcely any attention to the Church's rites. Still, it would be wrong to say that he had no religion; he had a great deal of the religious spirit. The sole object of his artistic life was to elevate himself to the Divine. He used to say: "I love with simplicity, I believe with all my soul, and worship with devotion all that aims at the Divine." This profound religious sentiment made many people regret that Carpeaux should not have treated religious subjects. Two clay sketches show us what he might have done. One is a sketch of a head of Christ, the other a Mater Dolorosa, of which we give a reproduction. There are also several sketches of the Virgin.

My parents had known Carpeaux personally ever since he was a student at the Beaux Arts; but we rarely saw him until a little while after the Franco-German war, when he came to live near our house. At this time he seemed no longer the same man. The cruel malady that was so soon to prove fatal had already wrought havoc upon his body, and poverty stared him in the face. With his usual want of foresight and his contempt of money, he had so managed that, when illness came, he found himself without resource. Having permanently separated from his wife, he had now to accept the refuge offered him by one of his artist friends, Bruno Chérier. In spite of daily increasing sufferings, he went on working; and it was at the house of this friend that he produced his last important work, the group of "Daphnis and Chloe," a work of extreme beauty that has remained almost unknown in France; only half a dozen of Carpeaux's friends really know of its existence.



CHATEAU DE BECON.

In this group are two nude figures. Daphnis, with a graceful gesture of

the arm, puts his mouth to Chloe's ear while he murmurs words of love. Chloe's face expresses admirably the action of listening, as well as the joy of sharing this innocent love. Carpeaux had just finished this group when he asked my father to have it photographed. Only two copies of the photograph were ever printed. One of these my father gave to Carpeaux, and the other we kept. The negative was afterward destroyed by accident. The group was sold to an Englishman as soon as completed, and taken to England. I do not know the name of the present owner. When, in the spring of 1894, a complete exhibition of Carpeaux's original and unpublished works was organized, under the united patronage of the government and the Parisian press, only this one important work was wanting. Thanks to the photograph kept in my family, I am able to give a reproduction of it with this article. When the group "La Danse" appeared in 1869, the sculptor was reproached for his want of idealism and for the sensuality of his figures; many people went so far as to say that he was not able to conceive of the human figure otherwise. The artist was much pained by these reproaches, which he felt were quite undeserved. Possibly, unknown to himself, this was what led him to model his "Daphnis and Chloe;" it may be that, feeling the approach of death, he wished to leave this group as a kind of objective protest against those accusations.

"I fear," said he, speaking of his works to Prince Stirbey some months before his death, "that my works are wanting in nobility." This thought, spoken to his friend upon the near approach of death, shows how sincere he was in his art. Can there be found anywhere a group of nude figures more tender, more innocent or more pure than his "Daphnis and Chloe"—a group so full at the same time of youth, of simplicity and poetry?

The group of the Fontaine de l'Observatoire was only put in its place at the end of 1873, at which time Carpeaux was unable to move. He requested to be drawn in his little invalid carriage to the Place de l'Observatoire, at the end of the Jardin du Luxembourg, so as to see the effect. I was on the spot at the time, and was the only one who knew that the poor sick man in the little carriage was the artist who had so wonderfully expressed life and movement in the great work.

From the beginning of 1874 the unfortunate sculptor was tortured with suffering, but was working without any rest. When he was unable to carve the marble or knead the clay, he was painting or drawing; all the time he was studying and trying to get closer to the beauties of nature. One exercise which he used to practise was to model while blindfolded. He would say, "It is the only way to understand the human form." This and his ardor for work it must have been which made the great sculptor David d'Angers say, "You may cut off Carpeaux's head, but his hands will continue to model the clay."

During a temporary improvement that followed the operation performed at the Sanitarium Dubois, Carpeaux returned to his friend Chérier, and remained with him until Prince Stirbey came to take him away to spend the winter in Italy. Prince Stirbey, a man of noble and generous feeling and a great art lover, possessed the marble, "L'Amour Blessé." Without knowing Carpeaux personally, although greatly admiring his works, he had corresponded pleasantly with him at the time he purchased this marble. Having heard of the misfortune of the sculptor, he determined to look him up. The prince had some difficulty in prevailing on Carpeaux to accept the generous offer; but the sculptor ended by accepting the hospitality in the prince's house at Nice. There he was not only surrounded by competent nurses, but the kind host secured for him the com-

panionship of the sculptor Bernard, so that the afflicted artist might have the solace of conversing upon that art which was as necessary to him as the southern sun. The prince brought to the sick man his father, mother and friends, and even succeeded in dissipating the clouds that had darkened certain relations. He did all that could possibly be done to lighten the sufferings of Carpeaux's last months. He next resolved to collect with infinite care all of the artist's works, including drawings and pencil and clay sketches. He bought all that he could, intending later on to offer most of them to the Louvre or the Museum of Valenciennes; and this intention was faithfully carried out. I may add that the prince collected in his castle of Bécon, near Paris, several marble groups, the works of his illustrious friend, the chief among which is "L'Amour Blessé."

On their return to Paris, Prince Stirbey would on no account consent to be separated from poor Carpeaux. The sculptor was installed in a cottage close to the Chateau de Bécon at Courbevoie, and there surrounded by the most tender care. From his bedroom he could view the grand panorama of Paris,—that Paris away from which he had been unwilling to die. From time to time he would have his little carriage drawn to a platform in the park, where he could contemplate the beloved city that was associated with all those dreams of the man and the artist, which he had been obliged to renounce. In spite of his sufferings, he enjoyed to his last hour the fulness of his intellectual faculties. When he spoke, it was chiefly to express the regret he felt at not being able to complete his work and execute all that he felt himself capable of doing. At such moments his face lighted up with extraordinary animation. His features, worn by suffering, appeared to renew their natural harmony, and his eyes shone with unaccustomed brightness. He seemed at times to have a vision of the works which under favorable conditions might have sprung to life from his hand. The statue that he was no longer able to create, appeared to him, shining, living, ideal; then suddenly, when his hands worked as if he were modelling the clay, he sadly realized the truth that his soul was vanquished by his body.

Some weeks before his death, M. Vallon, the minister of public instruction, came to bring him the badge of an officer of the Legion of Honor. The day before his death, a letter was brought him from the Empress Eugénie and the Prince Imperial; but he had not the strength to speak even one word in answer to the news which, a few days earlier, would have overjoyed him. During the terrible sufferings of his long death, the words most clearly distinguished were always "La vie, la vie!" *Life!* the supreme aim of his artistic passion, the last vision of the dying artist! It was on the twelfth of October, 1875, that Carpeaux breathed his last, in the arms of his aged mother. A temporary burial took place at Courbevoie. Before a numerous gathering, including all the celebrities of French art and literature, the Marquis of Chenevière delivered an appreciative address. After this ceremony, the Marquis and the principal artists of Paris went together to the Chateau de Bécon, the residence of Prince Stirbey. In a few touching words the director of the Beaux Arts expressed to the prince, in the name of the artists who accompanied him, their gratitude for the care bestowed upon their illustrious fellow artist. On December 2 the body of Carpeaux was interred at Valenciennes, his native town.

Carpeaux had died a painful death, the victim of a cruel malady, a poor man. Fame had now come to crown his life-work, arriving too late to give satisfaction to the unfortunate artist. None of his works will perish, for they possess the admirable quality of being infused with the genuine health of his

own artist soul. Part of his work constitutes in Paris a sort of permanent exhibition.* His fevered existence seems to beat and burn in the Luxembourg Gardens, on the pediment of the Tuileries, under the peristyle of the Opera House. Amid verdure and streams of water, not far from the Observatory, the female figures that represent the existence and grace of the earth turn in their circuit, helping us to conceive of the rhythmic movement of the globe. On the Pavillon de Flore, above the sight line of the Louvre, above the quays and the river, the bas-relief of Nature appears, and the joys of physical life amid the flowers are evoked as by a master hand. At the entrance of the Academy of Music and Dancing, the inspiring genius carries away the dancers who surround him, in rapid whirling motion.

Such is Carpeaux's most important work; but it is not all that remains. The exhibition of his original works, which took place in 1894 at the École des Beaux Arts, made it possible to see the whole artist, and showed all that underlay his sensitive feelings. This exhibition was a revelation and produced a sensation in the world of art; for it proved that the great sculptor was also a painter of extraordinary vigor. In the exhibition were gathered together not only his works of sculpture and the rough models of all his known works, but also medallions, clay and pencil sketches, and more than a hundred framed drawings, which served to make known the incessant labor of his life. Here are landscapes sketched from the window of car or carriage in the tiny sketch-book that he always had with him and which, filled with sketches of every possible sort, affords a revelation of the artist's most secret thoughts. His piercing eye saw with the rapidity of lightning, and his agile hand fixed in an instant his accurate observations. This book contains silhouettes of the Emperor sketched in the crown of the hat at Compiègne or at the Tuileries, silhouettes of senators, ministers, ambassadors, princes and princesses, always taken from life and exhibiting extraordinary likenesses. At the Beaux Arts exhibition were cases filled with suggestions for statues, rough clay sketches representing some special movement, some half-grasped idea, on which is still visible the trace of his quick, nervous fingers,—monuments dreamed of, but uncompleted. All these note-books and albums and sketches seem almost indiscreet, so absolutely do they lay bare the inmost endeavors and ambitions of their author.

Carpeaux's superiority as a sculptor lies in the fact that he succeeded in giving to cold marble the warmth of life; marble is hard, but he kneaded and moulded it, without imitating the peculiarities of individual forms too closely or forgetting typical truths. The same qualities of Carpeaux's genius are shown in all his sketches, whether in clay, in color or in pencil. He always knew how to choose the most typical and characteristic expressions, and always stopped at the right moment.

One left this exhibition with the feeling of having just lived through the second Empire. Carpeaux being an artist, constantly touched by the surrounding life, which he observed intimately and felt deeply, must become, as time goes on, a sort of historian. Among these hundreds of drawings and paintings we find the heads of ladies of the court, of princesses, of the Empress. If we look well at the women at the Luxembourg fountain, at those of the Pavillon de Flore, and at the Opera House group, we are surprised to find everywhere something of the same grace and the same beauty, touched with melancholy, that characterized the women of that period. Carpeaux has hewn in stone and fixed forever these

*An exhibition of the works of Carpeaux, under the supervision of Madame Carpeaux, will be held in New York some time during the present winter. Many of the original models will be sent from Paris.

lives of a day; passing and ephemeral as they were, they will, thanks to him, remain and crystallize their epoch. One sketch is a "Tea at the Tuileries;" others represent the Emperor, the Empress, Madame de Metternich, Bismarck; others are "Costume Balls at the Court," "Ball in the Salle des Maréchaux," "Three Emperors Talking After Dinner," etc., etc. What a tragic interest one feels in these sovereigns, who, with seeming official cordiality, are watching each other and preparing to crush one another, perhaps, the very next day. Another picture is "The Return of the Emperors from the Great Review" (1867). The confused crowd, Berekowski's shot, the theatrical profiles in the carriages,—all these are only partially seen on the canvas by the aid of vivid strokes and dashes. Especially worthy of note is "The Emperor in His Coffin;" and many represent subjects connected with the war,—the siege of Paris, the departure of troops. It is the fate of an empire, the disappearance of an effete and worn-out society, about to pass through the crucible of misfortune.

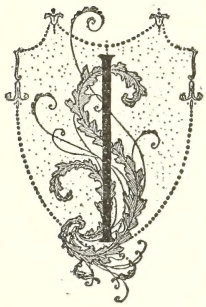
The glorification of Carpeaux's genius has been admirably conceived by one of our good modern painters, M. Albert Maynan. The canvas shows us the poor artist succumbing to hard work. The last rays of the setting sun shine through a high, open studio window. The weakening hand of the sculptor lets fall the modelling tool, while his past works gradually take on form and life. Here a dancer of the Opera group, separating herself from the wild rout, comes to kiss the forehead of the master. On the other side, one of the caryatides of the Luxembourg fountain kneels to crown the expiring genius with laurels. Elsewhere the Flora of the Louvre comes forward with her garland of children; and still other works of Carpeaux may be seen, imagined in the background.

There is no portrait of Carpeaux extant, save the one made by himself about a year before his death, of which we give a reproduction with this article, and that which is the work of Chérier's brush. A bust has been sculptured, which was modelled at Nice, under his own direction, by Bernard. During his nights of sleeplessness, Carpeaux would waken his old comrade and make him reconstruct all he had previously done; so that this work may almost be considered Carpeaux's own. After death, a cast of his head was taken by Mr. Secto, one of his pupils.



A LEGEND OF SWAN ISLAND.

By John Stuart Barrows.



N the days when the huts of the red man stood above the river in the green valley of Pequawket, and when the Saco wound its way among the pines and under the shade of the maples, Saco Pond knew three islands,—"Loon" island, where the loons reared their young and taught them how to dive and hunt their prey in the sparkling waters; "Pine" island, which was covered with a thick growth of whispering pines; and "Swan" island, where the white swans made their nests among the thick bushes which crowned the top, many feet above the restless waters.

Swan island was sandy, with high banks, sloping and steep, which rose abruptly from the deep waters which rolled and sparkled close to its sides. Many a time had the Pequawket hunter climbed its sloping banks, to catch the young swans in their nests, or to set snares for the old birds, that he might take their feathers for his war plume or to tip his swift arrow. Many a winter had seen the huge cakes of ice crowd around the little island and raise their jagged edges on the banks, like angry demon hands which seemed to long to tear the island from its foundations.

One summer day the hunters of the tribe left their village on the high bank above the river and, taking their canoes on their strong shoulders, followed the winding pathway through the fragrant murmuring pine woods. They crossed the little brook, which ran silent and deep between its steep banks, on a huge fallen pine that lay just above a noisy waterfall; then, climbing the opposite bank, they followed the trail through the pines. As they went, they could hear close to the path the roar of another waterfall, where the brook leaped downward on its way to the blue waters of the pond; then they descended the high ground and walked stealthily as the fox that slipped away like a shadow from their path, till they could see the sparkling ripples of the waters of the pond among the birch trees.

When they reached the pond, they slid their canoes into its waters and, with skilful strokes of the white-maple paddles, sent them to the deep waters around Swan island; there they dropped their lines and fished. They caught the green and mottled-sided pickerel, and the sunfish, and the spiny perch, until the shadows deepened on the shore, and the rough crest of Agiocochook was silvered by the beams of the westering sun. Then they turned their canoes shoreward and, among the dark pines beyond the rocky edge of the pond, built the night camp fire; they broiled their fish upon the coals, and, after their repast was done, wrapped in their robes of deer-skin, they gathered about the blaze. They sat in silence, broken only by the distant hootings of the owls on the heights west of the pond, or the gentle pat, pat, of the feet of the hare searching for food. Across the pond, behind the crest of the long mountain, there began to steal a gleam of light, and slowly the Moon of Leaves rose over the scene of silence, making a long white path across the pond to the little camp. They watched the golden shield as it rose in the deep blue; and as the stars one by one lost

their brilliancy before the light of the moon, Wahwah, the broad-shouldered, broke the silence.

"See," he said, "the stars fly before the face of the Manitou like the white man before the sons of the forest."

His words were received in silence, and as they turned their gaze toward the dying camp fire, Scawesco, the old Indian, rose up and, lifting his hand toward the moon, and pointing over the rippling waters, said:

"O my people, you have chased the deer among the pines, have followed the windings of the gentle flowing Almuchicoit in the light canoe, and have fished in the deep waters yonder; you have seen the last beams of the setting sun rest on your fields of maize, and shine upon your homes, where your squaws and children and old men live; many summers with their heat have you lived in this valley; many snows have come upon you, as you hunted the moose mid the dark forests; you have heard the voice of the crow, as he rose from your maize fields, and have seen the wild goose fall from the sky at the sound of your bow-string. But the Manitou is angry with you; he has darkened his face, and torn his hair, and he will pour his wrath upon you; he will blast your maize fields, till they shall be as the path of the fire in the forest; he will dry up your brooks, and will drive the deer beyond the hills of Agiocochook into the sunset. He will send the white man among you, with his arm of fire and death, and your young men will fall as the oak falls before the wind of the northwest; he will bring lamentation among your women, and many graves shall be among you. And this shall be as a sign of the death that shall come upon you. He will lift up these waters with the hands of the hurricane and shall beat them upon the island of the White Swan, and shall destroy it. Before the Moon of Leaves shall come again, the white man will come among you, and will scatter your warriors like the red leaves before the autumn wind."

He ceased from his prophetic words, and their echo died away in the depths of the forest; the feathery branches of the pines waved in the night wind with a solemn sound; on the beach, the waves lapped and gurgled. Slowly the old man turned from the camp fire and, silently as the wild-cat, disappeared in the gloom of the forest. One by one the dusky hunters in the circle about the dying fire drew their robes about them and bowed their heads, as if obedient to the mandate of the Manitou, uttered by the stern old warrior.

* * * * * * * * *

The corn in the maize fields was almost ready for the harvesting; the leaves of the forest which covers the long range of mountains overlooking the valley were changing from green to masses of color like fragments of the rainbow; in the forests on the hillsides, the sound of the falling nuts kept up an incessant patter, and the great gray squirrels flashed hither and thither, storing their dens with the fruits of the oak and the beech; along the bank of the river the grapes were growing purple on the vines which hung in festoons from the maple branches; the ducks splashed in the waters of the river and the pond; and the partridge drummed among the brakes of the woods.

One night a terrific storm beat upon the valley; the trees rocked and groaned as if the spirits of the air were trying to tear them from their fastenings in the ground, and many a huge monarch was dismantled and broken by the hurricane; torrents of rain beat upon the Indians' huts, putting out the fires and swaying the light structures till the terrified inmates believed that Hobomacho was holding a pow-wow in their village.

That night the waves were thrown with tremendous force upon the

island of the White Swans, until the sandy shores were washed from their rocky foundations; and when the morning broke upon the scene, and the white-capped waves lost their force in the light of the sun, they rolled uninterruptedly over the spot where the day before lay Swan island.

And when the Moon of Leaves shone over the valley, the rangers came and by the waters of the pond smote the Pequawkets, and killed their chieftains and the flower of their warriors; and the village above the river was abandoned.

The waters of the pond still lap the rocky shores and roll upon the sandy beaches; Loon island still shows its grassy shores above the sparkling waters; and the trees on Pine island still sough and whisper in the winds; but Swan island is gone, and about its rocky foundations the angler drops his line to the pickerel in the clear waters that lap the huge bowlders where once the island was.

Such was the legend that stole up to me from the rocks as I lay idly in my boat and heard the soft waves by my side and looked upon the shore and sky and thought of days gone by at Saco Pond.

THE PIED PIPER.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

By Louise Betts Edwards.

LOOK, the Piper's come again!
He who passed through Hamelin town
In a minstrel's motley gown,
Leading childhood in his train,—
He has come again;
While he dallies and dissembles,
Earth for all her children trembles.

Hark, the Piper plays again!
Magic mixing with his note;
Lovesick leaves begin to float
To the music of the strain.
Shrill it sounds again:
Flower and frond the signal answer,
Circling round the necromancer.

Woe! the Piper's gone again!
Whistling on the autumn wind,
Leaving nothing green behind,
Rifling garden, grove and plain,
He is gone again:
Wizened, shrunken, wintry-hearted,
Earth sits mourning her departed!

HYMNS OF THE SLAVE AND THE FREEDMAN.

By William E. Barton, D. D.

I BEGAN my quest for quaint hymns when I was a school teacher, and was neither confined to a single place of worship nor prohibited by the responsibilities of my position from taking notes during service. After I began to preach I had more opportunities; but my field was somewhat restricted, and I was less sensitive to peculiarities which had impressed me in the earlier years of my residence in the South. I partially made my opportunities good, however, by visiting the older people who knew old songs, and writing these down as they sang them. One of my best friends in this regard was Aunt Dinah. It was from her I learned "Death's goner lay his cold icy hand on me;" and I fear that I could never have written it down had I not learned it from some one who would patiently repeat it again and again till I mastered its wonderful syncopations.

It is a peculiarity of the negro music that it can nearly all be swayed to and timed with the patting of the foot. No matter how irregular it appears to be, one who sways backward and forward and pats his foot finds the rhythm perfect. A young lady friend of mine was trying to learn some of the melodies from an old auntie, but found that the time as well as the tune baffled her. At length, when the old woman had turned to her work, the girl got to swaying and humming gently, patting her foot the while. The old woman turned and, patting the girl on the knee, said: "Dat's right, honey! Dat's de berry way! Now you's a-gittin' it, sho nuff! You'll nebbah larn 'em in de wuld till you sings dem in de sperrit!"

Now and then I would go to Aunt Dinah's cabin, and ask her for more songs. She invariably began by declaring that I had long since learned all the songs she knew; but I would plead with her to cudgel her brains for some of the old ones, the ones they sang before the war. After the requisite amount of protesting, she would promise to think and see if she could remember any, but with the declaration that it was hopeless. "I'll go to de do' an' call Sistah Bemaugh," she would say, "an' we'll see ef we can't find some. An' while she's a-comin' ober, you se' down dah, an' I'll finish dis shirt."

I was fortunate to find her ironing, and wise enough not to propose songs if she were at the washtub. It was near a furlong across the hollow to Sister Bemaugh, and there was a sawmill between; but Aunt Dinah and Sister Bemaugh had no trouble about making themselves understood at this distance, and about the time Aunt Dinah had finished the shirt and set her irons down before the open fire, Sister Bemaugh was on hand. Then they both protested that they had sung me every song they knew, —and they invariably found one or two more. One of these songs was "Motherless Child," or "I feel like I'd never been borned." It is one of the most pathetic songs I ever heard.

Not very long ago I attended a concert given by a troupe of jubilee singers, whose leader was a member of the original Fisk company. Toward the end of the programme he announced that a recently arrived singer in his troupe from Mississippi had brought a song that her grandparents sang in slave times, which he counted the saddest and most beautiful of the songs of slavery. It was a mutilated version of Aunt Dinah's song; and it lacked the climax of the hymn as I have it,—the "Gi' down on my knees and pray, PRAY!" The
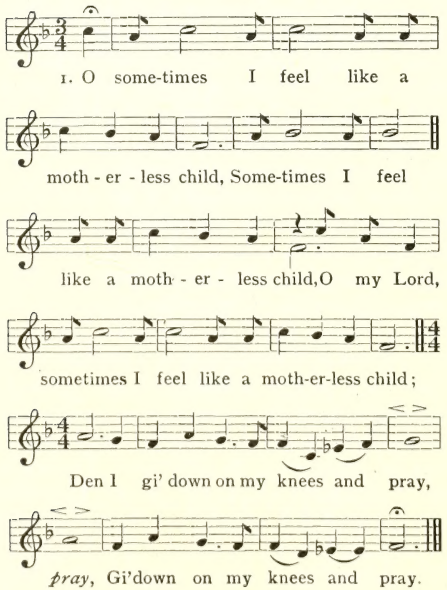
swell on these words is indescribable. Its effect is almost physical. From the utter dejection of the first part it rises with a sustained, clear faith. It expresses more than the sorrows of slavery; it has also the deep religious nature of the slave, and the consolations afforded him in faith and prayer.

Sister Bemaugh did not know this song. Aunt Dinah explained it to her, as she learned it with me, and I wrote down many scraps of their conversation while they thought I was only writing down the hymn; and sometimes they talked for quite a while undisturbed by my presence, as I sat at the ironing-table beating out the tunes which they had sung. Said Aunt Dinah,—I copy from the margin of my score:

"You des' gotter staht dat song in a mourn. Dey hain't no uddah way to git de hang ub it. Fus' time I hear it, I wis' de Lawd I cud lun it. I tried an' tried, an' couldn't. I went home studyin' it, an' all to once it come a-ringin' through me. Den I sung it all night."

The stanzas are double, and the two halves are sung to the same tune.

MOTHERLESS CHILD.



1—O, sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
O my Lord!
Sometimes I feel like a motherless child!
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!
O, I wonder where my mother's done gone,
Wonder where my mother's done gone,
I wonder where my mother's done gone.
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!

2—O, sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
Sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
O my Lord!
Sometimes I feel like I'd never been borned,
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!
O, I wonder where my baby's done gone,
Wonder where my baby's done gone,
Wonder where my baby's done gone.
Den I git down on my knees and pray, pray!
Git down on my knees and pray!

3—O, sometimes I feel like I'm a long ways from home, etc.
I wonder where my sister's done gone, etc.

4—Sometimes I feel like a home-e-less child, etc.
I wonder where de preacher's done gone, etc.

Sister Bemaugh had not sung so much in church since the visit of the singing brother during the revival, to which I referred in my previous article. Proud as she felt of the fact that they had had to call on her at the end to start a song, she felt sore about the prominence of the strange singing brother that one night, and my effort to learn from her some of the songs which he had sung was futile. They were "no 'count songs," anyway, she thought. While I was writing down another song, I overheard a conversation between her and Aunt Dinah, and wrote down a scrap of it, which

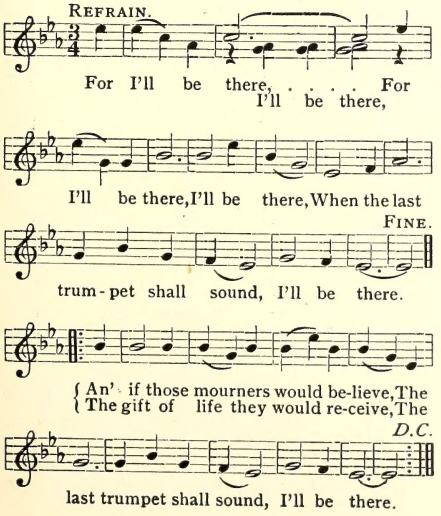
I quote verbatim from the corner of the sheet where I then wrote it.

Quoth Sister Bemaugh to Aunt Dinah: "Does you know why I doesn't sing in church no mo'? Dey hain't used to my voice."

To which Aunt Dinah replied: "Don' you wait for dat. You voice all right. You kin sing des' like a parrot."

Their conversation developed the fact that Aunt Dinah knew one of the most fetching songs which the visitor had sung, and she offered to sing it for me, taking pains to save Sister Bemaugh's feelings. It appeared later that Sister Bemaugh knew it also, though she would not sing it with him. She sang it with Aunt Dinah, however, when it was once started,—and I got it all. One of the quaint things about it is the expression, "Gwineter argue wid de Father and chatter wid de Son." I had often heard the expression, "Gwineter chatter wid de angels," in these songs, but this expression was new to me. "Argue," as here employed, does not mean dispute, but only to converse learnedly; and "chatter" does not imply frivolity, but only familiarity. The underlying theology has always seemed to me interesting.

I'LL BE THERE.



2—I never can forget the day
When Jesus washed my sins away.

3—Gwine to argue wid de Father and chatter wid de Son,
Gwine talk 'bout de bright world dey des' come from.

4—When Jesus shuck de manna tree,
He shuck it for you, an' he shuck it for me.

5—De trumpet shall sound, an' de dead shall rise,
And go to mansions in de skies.

6—Of all de folks I like de bes'
I love de shouting Methodist.

Both Sister Bemaugh and Aunt Dinah agreed that the church to which they belonged was cold, and sometimes they had to provoke each other to love and good works in view of its depressing influence upon them. It never seemed cold when I was there, but they agreed that by the time meeting would get fairly to going here, their respective home churches would have been "all in a mourn." Aunt Dinah complained (I copy again from the margin of my score):

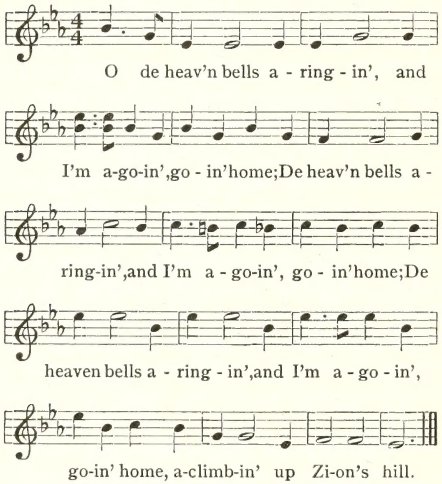
"Dis chu'ch powerful cold. It des' scrunches me. It's so indifferent from our home chu'ch. Sometimes I goes dah, an I feels de Sperrit, but I hangs my head and squenches it. I knows I'se changed from nature to grace, but when I goes dah, I don' feel like I'se gone to chu'ch. It ain't like it used to be wid me at home. De Sperrit has lifted me right up. I'se shouted dah much as I please, and sometimes I'se des' sot dah an' tickled myself, and den agin I've mighty nigh hugged Sistah Williams to death!"

To this Sister Bemaugh would respond: "When you feels de Sperrit, you mustn't squench him."

Perhaps the next time the complaint and exhortation would be reversed. Anyway, they agreed in their declaration that the church was not what it ought to be, and they sometimes grew almost ecstatic as they hummed and gossiped in the chimney corner while I wrote at the ironing table.

One of Aunt Dinah's hymns was "The heaven bells ringin' and I'm a-goin' home," which was sung to a ringing tune. It requires but little imagination to hear the ringing of bells to its "going, going home." I have heard the same words sung to another tune, but the ring of this one is remarkable.

HEAVEN BELLS RINGIN', AND I'M A-GOIN' HOME.



2—De heaven bells ringin', an' my mother's goin', goin' home, etc.

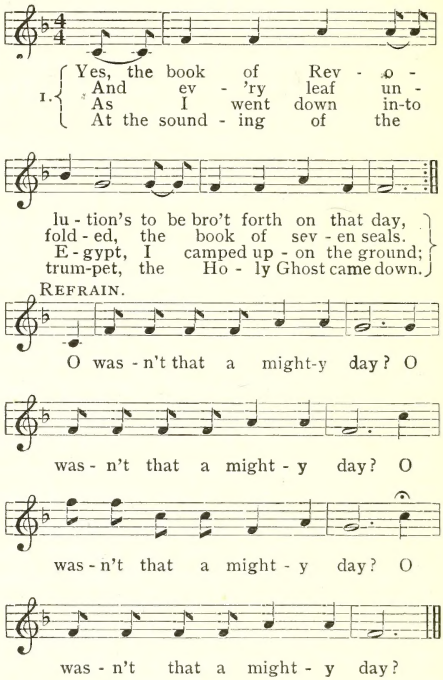
3—De heaven bells ringin', and my Jesus goin', goin' home, etc.

4—De heaven bells ringin', and de sinner's lost, he's lost a home, etc.

Another of Aunt Dinah's songs was "Mighty Day." The refrain is a four-fold repetition of the question, "O wasn't that a mighty day?"—but this is usually repeated so as to make eight repetitions. The verses follow more or less closely the events of the Apocalypse, and are of variable length.

In their fondness for eschatology, and the joy with which they anticipate the day of judgment and dwell upon its terrific and sublime features, the hymns are a fair echo and antiphon of the preaching which they accompany.

MIGHTY DAY.



2—And when the seals was opened,
The voice said, "Come and see,"
I went and stood a-looking
To see the mystery.
The red horse came a-galloping,
And the black horse he came, too,
And the pale horse he came down the road,
And stole my father away.

Refrain.

3—And then I seen old Satan,
And they bound him with a chain,
And they put him in the fi-ar,
And I seen the smoke arising.
They bound him in the fi-ar,
Where he wanted to take my soul.
Old Satan gnashed his teeth and howled,
And missed po' sinner man's soul.
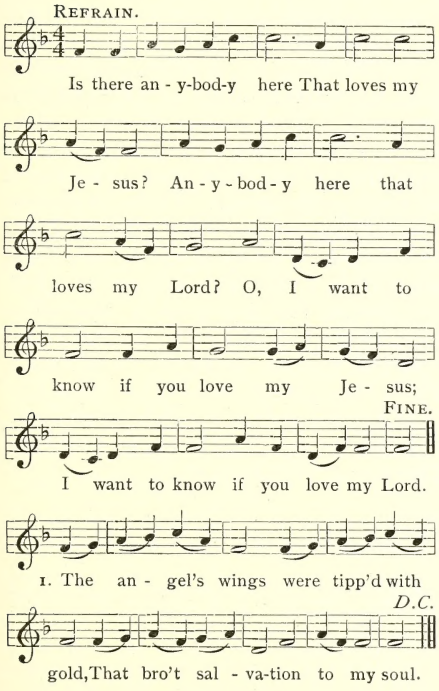
Refrain.

4—Then I see the dead arisin',
And stand before the Lamb,
And the wicked calls on the mountains
To hide them from His face.
And then I see the Christian
A-standin' on the right hand of Jesus,
And a-shoutin' Hallelujah,
Singin' praises to the Lamb.

5—I bless de Lord I'm goin' to die,
I'm goin' to judgment by and by.

Another hymn which I heard both at Aunt Dinah's fireside and in meetings was "Anybody Here." Anyone who cares to sing it will recognize in the melody of the second half a strain so decidedly like the Scotch that he might well wed it to one of Burns's poems. The resemblance is apparent, not only in the slurring, hopping effect which almost matches that in "Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town," but also in the threefold repetition of the final tonic note.

ANYBODY HERE?



2—What kind of shoes is them you wear,
That you may walk upon the air?

3—This world 's a wilderness of woe,
Let us all to glory go.

4—I do believe without a doubt
That a Christian has a right to shout.

5—Religion is a blooming rose,
As none but them that feels it knows.

6—You say you're aiming for the skies;
Why don't you stop your telling lies?

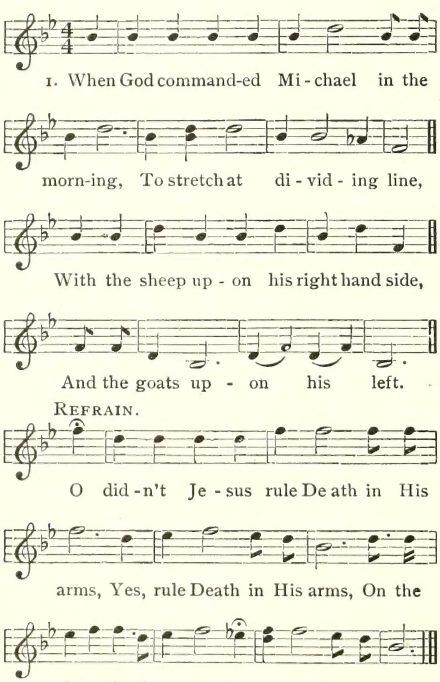
7—When every star refuse to shine,
I know King Jesus will be mine.

It was in connection with the song, "Rule Death in His Arms," that I heard Aunt Dinah tell her religious experience to Sister Bemaugh. She was only a little girl, she said, when the war broke out,—"jes' a water-toter." That was as nearly as she could estimate her age, that at the outbreak of hostilities she was large enough to "tote water" to the men in the field. Her uncle, she said, was taken with other slaves to erect fortifications in Virginia before the time when colored troops were allowed to enlist, and while at that work was shot. She saw him while he was dying, and said to him, "You'd better pray;" but he cursed her and said, "I done got past prayin';" and she added, "An' right den he died." She continued the narrative with a good deal of awe, but with no special exhibition of concern for her uncle. Said she: "Dat night I seed him. An' he was in dat ba-a-ad place! An' de debbil des' a-shovin' fire on him wid a pitch-fork! Yeas, ma'am! De debbil has got a pitch-fork! I seed him! An' one club foot! An' my uncle looked up an' seed me. An' I says, 'Aha! You'd orter prayed when I tole you!' An' he says, 'I wish de Lawd I had a-prayed!' Dat's what he said. Sesee, 'You needn't nebbah want to come heah!' An' I says, 'I hain't a-comin' dah, now you des' see!' An' den de ole debbil looked up, an' he says, 'Yes, an' I'm a-comin' to git you bime-by.' An' den I looked, an' I couldn't see what I was a-stannin' on, an' I was right over it. Mus' 'a' been de power of God dat kep' me from fallin' in. An' den I begun to pray. O, but I had a hard time a-gittin' through! I reckon de Lawd mos' made up His mind not to wash away my sins, 'cause I danced so much! But bime-by I learn dis song; and when I learn dat song, de Lawd spoke peace to my soul."

The song is a chant with very irregular lines and a refrain. The figure, "Rule death in his arms," is, I suppose, that of a parent subduing an

unruly child. It is almost impossible to write this tune. Even the selection of a key is difficult. It runs an octave below its keynote, and while the range above is only five notes, it is common to sing the "sinner" verse an octave higher, thus covering two octaves and a third. The time, also, varies in the different stanzas, but with the same cadences. The value of this melody is almost wholly in the expression given to it. The notes alone are colorless.

RULE DEATH IN HIS ARMS.



2—See the sinnah lyin' on his deathbed,
An' a Death come a-steppin' in;
You heah the sinnah say to Death,
"Let me pray God for my sin!"
An' you heah Death say to the sinnah,
"You been heah long enough to pray
God for you sin."

3—Yes, you heah Death say to the sinnah-man,
"You been heah long enough to pray
God for you sin."
God Almighty has sent me heah for you,
An' I can't let you stay."
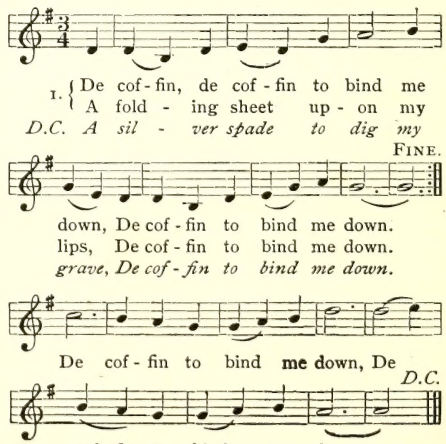
4—When God commanded Gabriel
To blow the silver trumpet,
He called the living to judgment,
And the dead come forth from the grave.

5—See the Christian lyin' on his death-bed,
An' a Death come a-steppin' in;
You heah dat Christian say to Death,
"O Death, you are welcome."

Sister Bemaugh and Aunt Dinah sang this over and over while I was writing it down, first for my benefit and then for their own enjoyment.

I have other songs which I learned from these two good old women, some of them used before and others to follow in this paper. The songs obtained from them were unadulterated by book-religion or any modern tinkering. Every quaver, every slur, every syncopation was there, and I took the greatest pains to write them as they gave them. There was one which they called "De Coffin to Bind Me Down." They made a very long song of it by using the verses again and again, the first line in one verse serving as the third in another, and coupled with a different companion. There were only four lines and the refrain, "De coffin to bind me down;" but out of these they made certainly four times four stanzas.

THE COFFIN TO BIND ME DOWN.
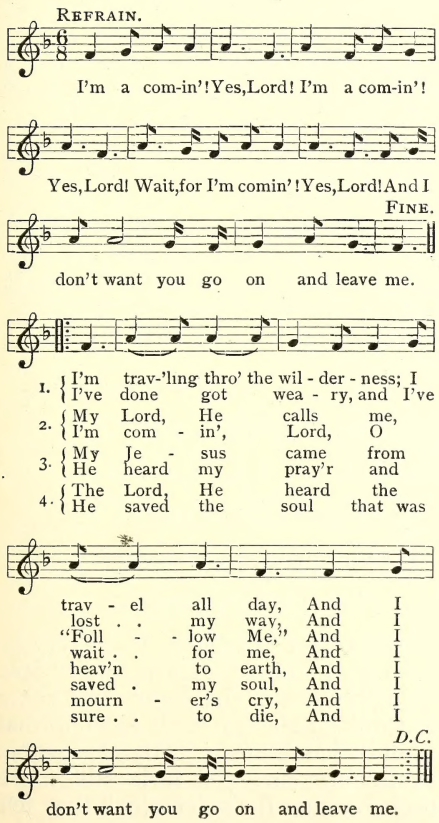


2—To dust, to dust, to dust we go,
De coffin to bind me down!
A golden chain to let me down,
De coffin to bind me down!

De coffin to bind me down!
De coffin to bind me down!
A folding sheet upon my lips,
De coffin to bind me down!

Besides making a very respectable hymn out of a few lines, these two women could make a reasonably good tune out of three or four notes. I have heard them sing one which I could hardly believe had so small a compass till I came to write it and found that it was all covered by the first three notes of the scale, *do, re, mi.* Such a song is: "I don't want you go on and leave me." It is a pathetic little hymn.
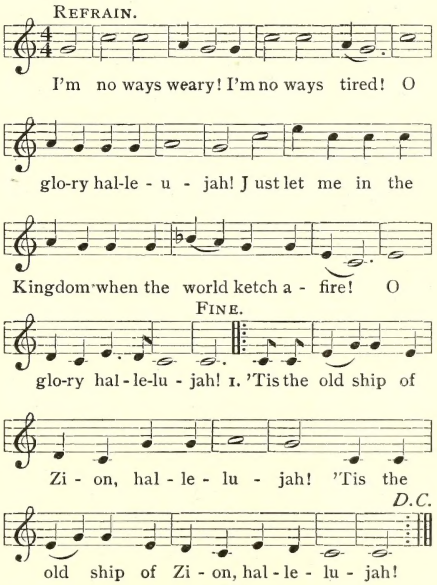
I DON'T WANT YOU GO ON AND LEAVE ME.



The singer is toddling along with short and broken steps, trying to keep in sight of the Lord, and pleading not to be left behind.

The negroes have many hymns of the "Old Ship of Zion." The talented young southern poet, Irwin Russell, gave an exceedingly funny description of the ark as interpreted in the light of a negro's experience with a river steamer. Such anachronisms sometimes work themselves in perfect good faith into these hymns. But the hymn of this sort which I liked best was one which I learned from Aunt Dinah. The ring and swing of the refrain, "I'm no ways weary," are truly inspiring. I used frequently to hum it on my long mountain rides till there came some measure of relief from fatigue from its buoyant spirit.
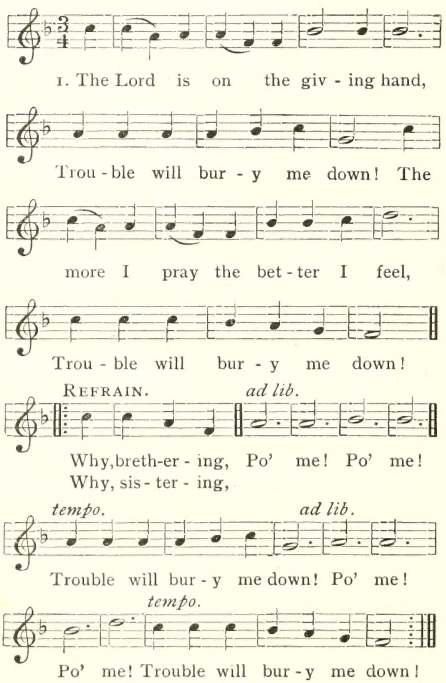
THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.



2—She has landed many thousands, Hallelujah!
3—King Jesus is her captain, Hallejuh!
4—O, get your ticket ready, Hallelujah!
5—She is coming in the harbor, Hallelujah!
6—She will land you safe in heaven, Hallelujah!
7—She will never rock nor totter, Hallelujah!

Some of the old slave songs survive which had in them the bitterness of a sorrow that never spoke its intensity in plain words, but sought figures from the Bible or veiled its real meaning in inarticulate moans or songs of grief that never uttered the real nature of the sorrow. Yet every minor note was the wail of a broken heart, and every syncopation the snapping of a heartstring. One of these is called "Po' Me."

PO' ME!



2—Hallelujah once, hallelujah twice,
Trouble will bury me down!
De Lawd is on de giving hand,
Trouble will bury me down!

Refrain.

Why, sistering,
Po' me! Po' me!
Trouble will bury me down!
Po' me! Po' me!
Trouble will bury me down!

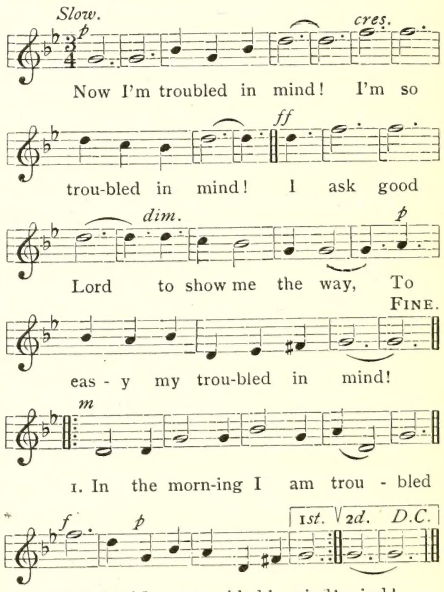
3—Sometimes I think I'm ready to drop,
Trouble will bury me down!
But, thank de Lawd, I do not stop,
Trouble will bury me down!

Refrain.

But, O my Lawd,
Po' me! Po' me!
Trouble will bury me down!
Po' me! Po' me!
Trouble will bury me down!

One of the most pathetic of all these songs, its minor strains the very acme of sorrow, is "Troubled in Mind." I think that it has been printed, but neither words nor music are as I have heard them.

TROUBLED IN MIND.



2—While I'se walkin' I am troubled,
All day!
I am troubled in mind.

3—O sinnah, I am troubled!
All day!
I am troubled in mind.

4—O my Jesus, I am troubled!
All day!
I am troubled in mind.

The direct references to slavery in the negro songs are surprisingly few. Probably few of the people had come to think of slavery itself as abnormal or of its hardships as justly chargeable to the system; and it is still more probable that the grief which they felt

they were constrained to veil behind general lamentation without speaking plainly the sorrows which they regarded as inevitable.

It is noteworthy that these songs, however much they bewail the sorrows of slavery, contain no resentment. The only known exception, if it be an exception, is the joy over the fact that

"When Moses smote the water,
The waters came together
And drowned old Pharaoh's army. Hallelu!"

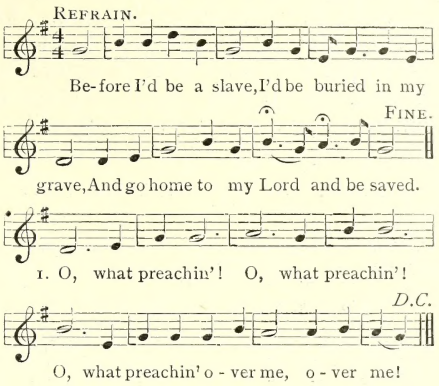
The secular songs of freedom, "De Massa Run," "Babylon is Fallen," "Bobolishion's Comin' " and the rest, are tolerably familiar. But there is one hymn which I used often to hear which speaks the freedman's joy in his new manhood. I have heard it sung sometimes in the North by companies of educated jubilee singers, who introduce it with the lines,

"Holy Bible! Holy Bible!
Holy Bible, Book Divine, Book Divine!"

But I never heard these words sung as a verse of this or any native plantation hymn in the South. Their references to the Bible are few, and such as are given in the songs of this series, namely, allusions to well-known narrative portions of Scripture. The "Holy Bible" stanza was probably the addition of some "reading preacher." It is quite as appropriate, however, as those which are sung to the song in the South; for the freedman, preferring death to slavery, and singing his solemn joy in a strong and stirring strain, comforts himself in the thought of the possibility of death, with the details of the first-class funeral, in which he is to play the chief rôle. Such a funeral as is described in this hymn is, next to heaven, the desire of the average colored man even in a state of grace. But apart from all this, which may provoke a smile, there is something that thrills one in the words:

"Before I'd be a slave,
I'd be buried in my grave,
And go home to my Lord and be saved!"

BEFORE I'D BE A SLAVE.



2—O, what mourning, etc.

3—O, what singing, etc.

4—O, what shouting, etc.

5—O, weeping Mary, etc.

6—Doubting Thomas, etc.

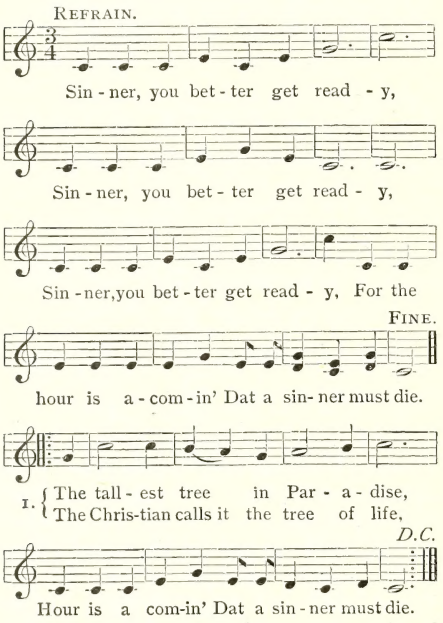
7—O, what sighing, etc.

As I write the words of this hymn I seem to hear old Uncle Joe Williams sing them. Slavery had not been unkind to him. He always hired his time from his master and made money enough to pay for his labor, and had a good start toward buying his wife and children when freedom came. But this is the hymn he loved to sing, sitting before his door in the twilight.

For the most part the war did little for negro song. The melodies which are most characteristic gain little from association with outside influences. But here and there we may trace in words or music a theme which the war suggested and which is worth noting. Choicest among these specimens is "Sinner, You'd Better Get Ready." In several ways it seems a departure from ordinary negro music, but it is quite characteristic. It is in triple time; it is major; and the melody of the refrain, which is its more important part, is entirely in thirds, unless we take account of the three notes before the last one, which as now sung make a slight

variation, but which are easily changed to conform to the rule. As written, the lower notes are as sung; the upper harmony is as it would be played. With this slight change it can be played on a keyless bugle.

SINNER, YOU BETTER GET READY.



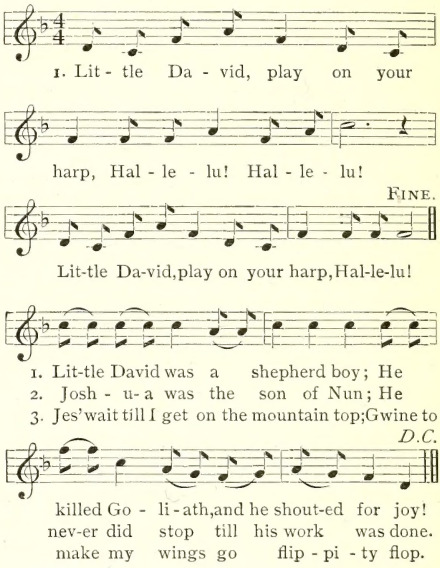
2—I looked at my hands, my hands was new;
I looked at my feet, my feet was, too.

3—My name's written in de book of life,
If you look in de book you'll find it there.

4—De good old chariot passing by,
She jarred the earth and shook the sky.

Another song that uses almost wholly the open notes is "Little David, Play on Your Harp." It is less like a bugle song than "Sinner, You Better Get Ready," but it is striking in its use of major thirds and fifths, the more so as, following the negro predilection for minor beginnings, this decidedly major tune starts on *la*. Its opening notes are, *la sol do mi do, la sol do, do do mi, do mi sol.*

LITTLE DAVID, PLAY ON YOUR HARP.



4—Peter walked upon the sea,
And Jesus told him, "Come to me."
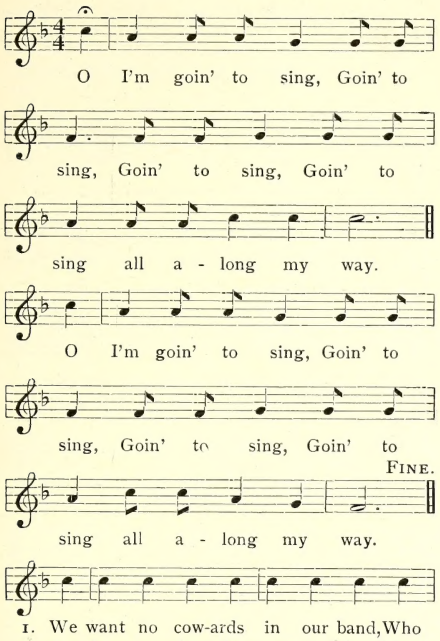
5—Elijah slew the prophets of Baal;
The rain came down and did not fail.

6—If you belong to Gideon's band,
Then here's my heart and here's my hand.

7—They cast Brer Jonah overboard,
And a big whale swallowed Brer Jonah whole.
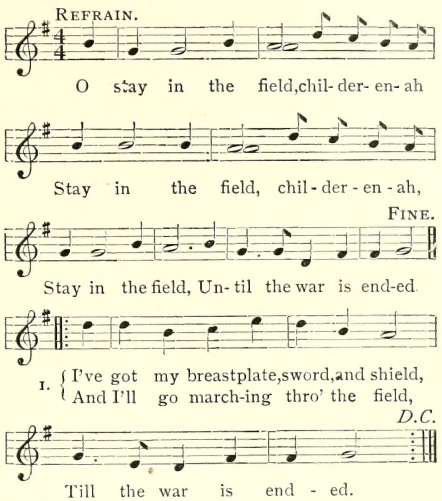
If the foregoing suggest a bugle, not less so do some others suggest the tap of the drum. There is no better example than one lately given me by Rev. George W. Moore, field missionary of the American Missionary Association, and husband of one of the original jubilee singers, whose voice still is often heard at annual meetings of that association. Anyone who will for a moment disregard the tones, and tap the notes or sing them in monotone with a rat-tat-a-tat, will see that the time of the song "I'm Goin' to Sing" is such as might well have been derived from the beat of an army drum.

I'M GOIN' TO SING.



Some of these war songs are exceedingly simple in structure, often having only a single line that can be called a permanent part of the hymn. This is often repeated, sometimes shortened, and again lengthened by a hortatory ejaculation or a direct address; but the rest of the hymn is built up as occasion demands,—and in some cases the one line, or germ cell of the song, is found to vary greatly in different versions. Sometimes a single couplet attaches itself to the refrain in such a way as to be commonly recognized as the first stanza, but for the rest the song hunts about for couplets from "Jesus, My All," or other hymns with lines of the same length. Some of these, however, are rather effective.

STAY IN THE FIELD.
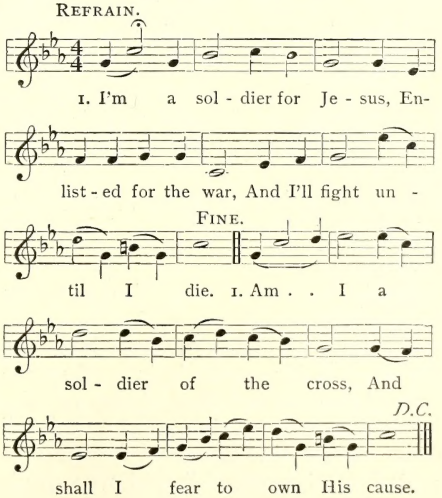


2—Satan thought he had me fast,
Till the war is ended;
But thank the Lord I'm free at last,
Till the war is ended.

No other couplet of this as I learned it has any military suggestion. The other verses used are such as are given in the songs with constant refrains and variable stanzas.

There are several simple songs that fit a military pledge of fealty to familiar words, with a simple but effective tune, as:

SOLDIER FOR JESUS.

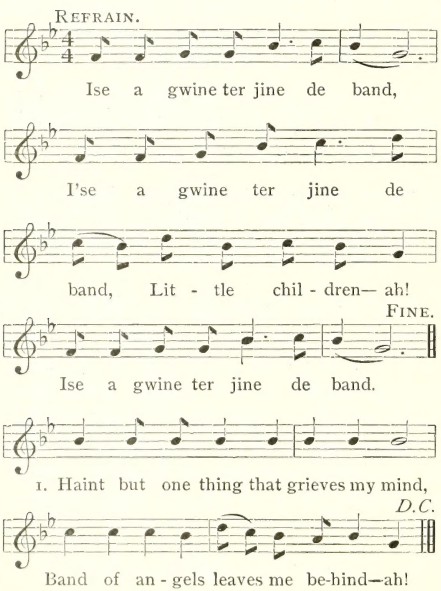


2—This is the way I long have sought
And mourned because I found it not.

3—I've got my breastplate, sword and shield,
And I will die upon the field.

There are suggestions of enlistment in songs about joining the band. The allusions are generally indefinite, but such as might well come from a general suggestion of military figures adapted for use in worship.

GWINE TER JINE DE BAND.



3—Swing low, chariot, pillar in de East,
All God's chillen gwine ter hab a little feast—ah!
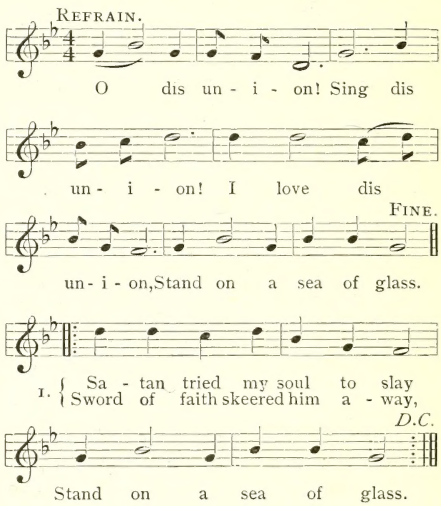
4—Swing low, chariot, pillar in de West,
All God's chillen gwine ter hab a little rest—ah!

5—Swing low, chariot, pillar in the South,
All God's chillen gwine ter hab a little shout—ah!

Each stanza of the above hymn ends with a euphonic Ah! which connects it with and merges into the refrain. A like syllable is used at the end of the second line of the refrain.

Now and then the word "Union," pronounced in three syllables, is added to the "band," and may indicate yet more plainly the army origin of some of these songs. One of these is:

STAND ON A SEA OF GLASS.



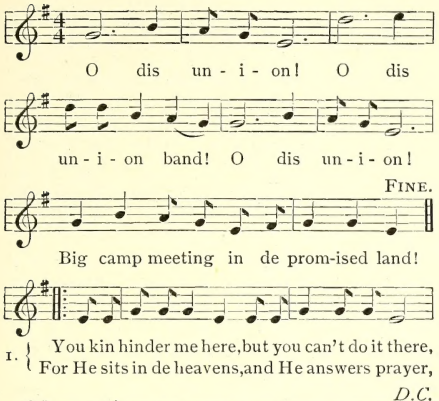
2—When Jesus shook the manna tree,—
Stand on a sea of glass,
He shook it for you and shook it for me,—
Stand on a sea of glass,

3—Talles' tree in Paradise,—
Stand on a sea of glass,
Christian calls it de tree of life,—
Stand on a sea of glass,

The negro pronunciation of "This Union" was said to be turned to good account by certain merchants living in the border states during the war, among whom a popular placard bore a picture of a contraband throwing up his hat and shouting, "Dis Union Forever!" The words were so spaced as to leave the phrase beautifully ambiguous, and it was explained as "This Union forever," or "Disunion forever," according to the exigencies of the occasion.

Another version, with a different tune, is found in a grouping of the "Union band" with that theme of perpetual interest and ecstatic contemplation, the big camp meeting in the promised land. There are many songs that dwell on the last of these, and some that combine the two.
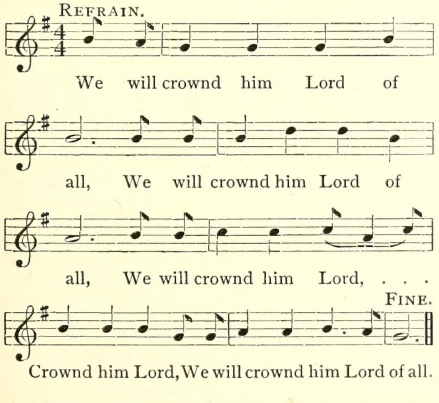
BIG CAMP MEETING IN THE PROMISED LAND.



2—I hain't got time for to stop an' talk,
De road is rough and it's hard to walk.

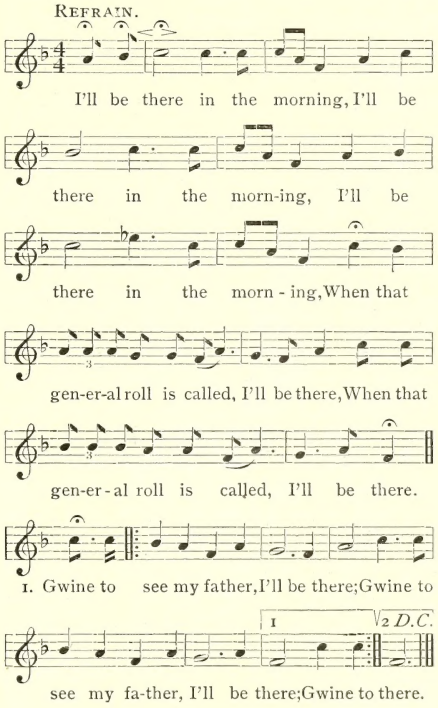
I have one song that seems to be made up from an army march tune and the two hymns, "All Hail the Power" and "Am I a Soldier of the Cross?"

CROWND HIM LORD OF ALL.



One feature of army life impressed the negro deeply. It was the calling of the roll and the lining up of the men to answer to their names. It has its echoes in several hymns, some of which have been published; but the most striking one which I have ever heard I give below:

WHEN THAT GENERAL ROLL IS CALLED.



2—Goin' to see my mother, etc.

3—Goin' to see my sister, etc.

4—Goin' to see my brother, etc.

5—Goin' to see my Jesus, etc.

These are quite enough to illustrate the effect of the war upon the songs of the negro, and are the principal hymns of this kind which have come to my notice.

These retain, for the most part, the genuine negro characteristics, but illustrate the imitative bent of the negro mind, and manifest more or less distinctly outside influences.

There is an element of religious selfishness in some of these songs and a rejoicing in the relative exclusiveness of religion as the singers understand it. We have noticed it already in such couplets as:

"Wait till I get in the middle of the air,
There won't be nary sinner there."
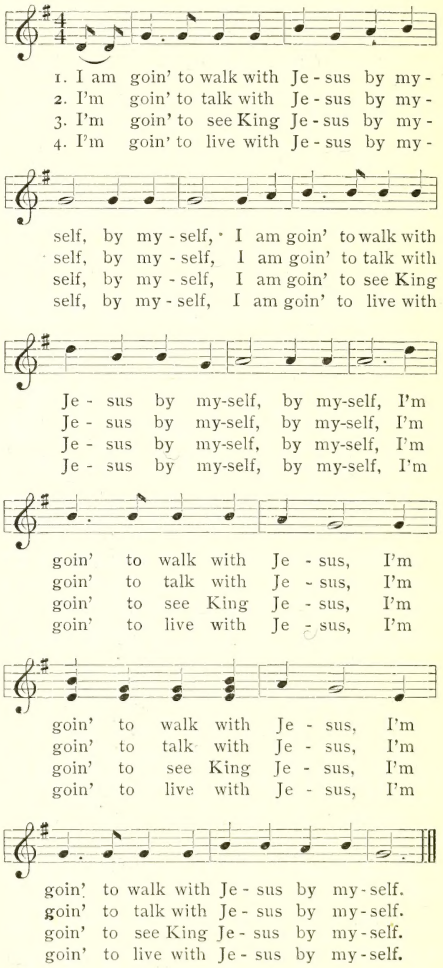
It constitutes the burden of some songs. I do not know that it is more pronounced in these than in some more pretentious hymns. I hear quite often in evangelistic meetings a song of heaven in which, as I first heard it, the words were:

"I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
And alone by His side I shall stand,
I shall know Him, I shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hand."

Such songs are as open to criticism on the ground either of an unspiritual materialism or of a religious self-seeking as are any of the negro hymns. Recently, however, I have heard this one sung, "And *redeemed* by His side I shall stand," which eliminates one objectionable feature.

The hymn which I give as illustrating this characteristic is "I'm Going to Walk with Jesus by Myself." The tune is much the same as that of "Who Will Drive the Chariot When She Comes?" And this reminds me that many of these tunes that seem monotonously alike when written, have a much wider variety when sung to different words and with the *ad libitum* of the negro singer. In this the melodies are much like those of Scotland. Who ever would have known by ear alone that the tune of "I'm wearin' awa, John," is the very same as that of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled"? And for that matter, who, knowing the pathetic sweetness of the one and the martial solemnity of the other, would have suspected that both these airs are simply the silly old ditty of "Hey, tuttie, tattie"? Even so these negro melodies are not to be too lightly scorned because of their monotony, which is often more apparent than real.

I'M GOIN' TO WALK WITH JESUS BY MYSELF.
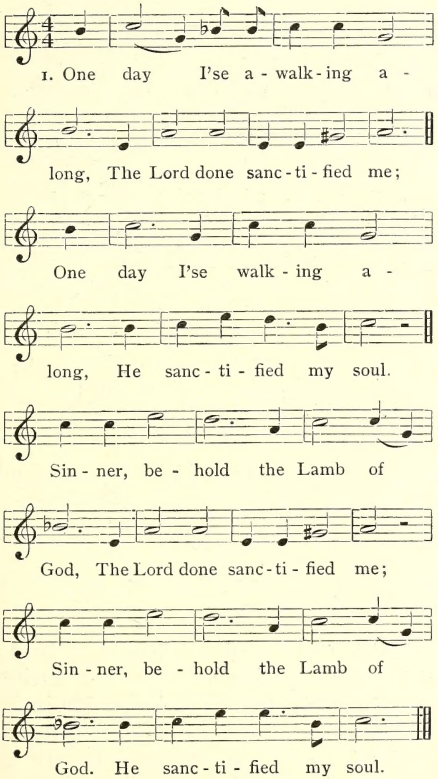


A good many of the hymns of the colored people deal with ecstatic experiences; but most of them are sufficiently modest in their claims of regenerate character and of fruits meet for repentance. Now and then, however, there is a song whose singer professes to have received sanctification. It has been my privilege to know a number of people, white and black, who were thought by others to be sanctified in the sense in which that term is commonly (and incorrectly) used; but these people always denied it. On the other hand, I have known

a number of people who thought themselves to be sanctified, and in no case could any one else be made to believe it. However, here is the hymn, which is rather a rare one of its sort.

It may be noted that while conversion implies a long struggle to "get through," sanctification, as here interpreted, is not related to antecedent experience. It occurs simply while "walking along."

DONE BEEN SANCTIFIED.



1—One day I'se walkin' along,
The Lord done sanctified me.
One day I'se walkin' along,
He sanctified my soul.
Mourner, behold de Lamb of God,
The Lord done sanctified me.
He sanctified me, he'll sanctify you,
He sanctified my soul.

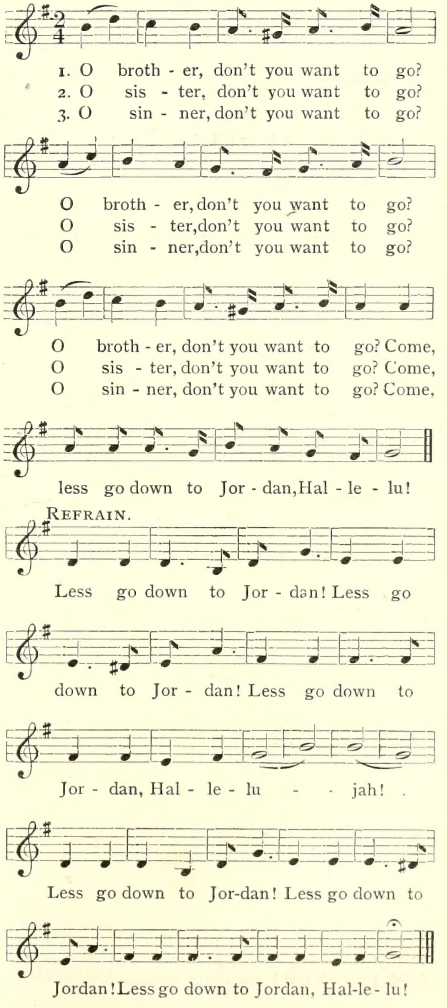
2—I went to the valley to pray,
The Lord done sanctified me;
I climbed to the mountain top,
He sanctified my soul.
Sinner, behold de Lamb, etc.

3—Before I learned to pray,
The Lord done sanctified me;
I'd trouble all the day,
He sanctified my soul.
Brother, behold the Lamb of God, etc.

4—I'se lost and now I'm found,
The Lord done sanctified me;
My soul is heaven bound,
He sanctified my soul.
Preachers, behold the Lamb of God,
etc.

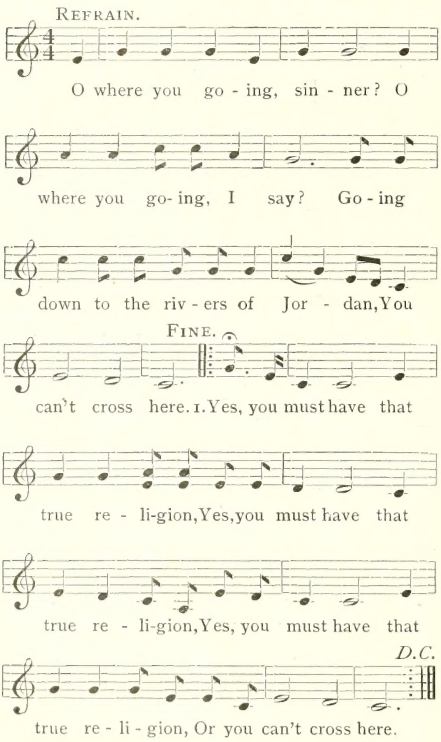
A good old hymn is "Don't you want to go?" I count it one of the gems of negro song.

DON'T YOU WANT TO GO?



Jordan and the sea furnish abundant figures for these songs; and the river applies equally well to baptism or to death. One of these songs is, "You can't cross here." It is a dialogue, and a warning to the sinner who will one day attempt to cross where he will not be able.

YOU CAN'T CROSS HERE.
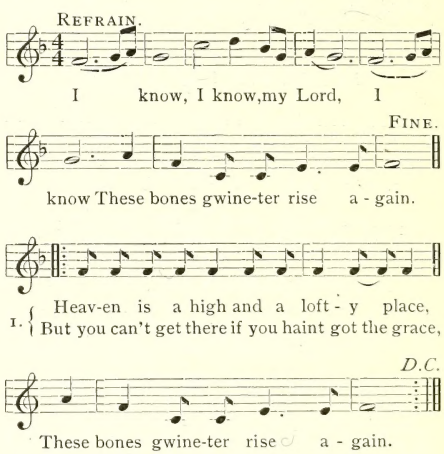


2—Lord, I'm so glad my soul's converted,
Lord, I'm so glad my soul's converted,
Lord, I'm so glad my soul's converted,
You can't cross here.

3—I'm so glad my soul's converted,
I'm so glad I've got religion;
Yes, I'm going down to Jurdin,
You can't cross here.

4—I'm so glad that Jesus loves me,
I'm so glad I'm going to heaven,
I'm so glad my soul's converted,
You can't cross here.

This brings us around again to the theme of the resurrection, which always suggests a song. This time it may as well be, "Dese bones gwine ter rise again." Sometimes family names are interjected before the third "I know," and varied.

THESE BONES GWINETER RISE AGAIN.



2—Little did I think dat he was so nigh;
Dese bones gwineter rise again;
Spoke, and he made me laugh and cry;
Dese bones gwineter rise again.

3—When Gabriel makes his trumpet sound,
De saints shall rise and bust de ground,

4—You kin hender me here, but you can't do it dah,
For he sits in de heavens and he answers prah,

With this good old hymn, I bring this paper to a close. It is a fitting one for a finale. It is irregular in its composition, but with a flowing metre and with phrases of equal length as measured, though wedded to lines of two, four, seven, ten and more syllables. It has the characteristic introductory refrain and the monotonous croon for the couplet and response. It has also the clear faith, the fondness for the supernatural and the joyous conception of the Christian life common to these songs.

NOTE. Dr. Barton's first paper was published in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE for December, 1898. A third and final paper will appear in the February number. So large a collection of these songs has not, we believe, appeared outside the Fisk and Hampton collections, and the total is nearly equal to either of those books.—EDITOR.



THE MERRIMACK CANAL.

LOWELL: A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THE CITY.

By Samuel P. Hadley and Mabel Hill.

"Even we youthful voyagers had spent a part of our lives in the village of Chelmsford, when the present city, whose bells we heard, was its obscure north district only, and the giant weaver was not yet fairly born. So old are we; so young is it."—*Thoreau. A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers.*

BACK of the seventy-five years of activity that has dominated the life of Lowell stretches a period of quiet pastoral existence wherein the future city of whirring looms and moving shuttles was lying dormant, as it were, in the motherhood of East Chelmsford. Farther back, behind the colonial life of the town itself, are the records and traditions of those earliest days when the fields were forests, and the farmyards battle and hunting grounds—the ancient dwelling-place of the Pawtuckets or Wamesits of the Pennacook tribe of Indians, a race of warriors and hunters. The "self-made man" may satisfy himself with the pride of attainment which comes from personal effort; but after all Dr. Holmes was not so far amiss in picturing the keener enjoyment gained in the "good family," in the inheritance that comes with three generations of ancestors. So, too, the city born of good parentage, the city whose streets have the historic background, whose river claims romance and poetry, has an inheritance which its citizens do well to honor, a birthright in which they may well be proud.

Two hundred years before the birth of the town of Lowell, John Eliot, "the apostle to the Red Men" found himself at the confluence of the Concord and Merrimack rivers in the very centre of Wamesit, the "capital" village of the Pawtucket Indians. In his quaint English, Eliot has left us the record of his work among these sturdy aborigines.

As one paddles down the Merrimack in his latter-day canoe, it takes but little fancy on his part to set at



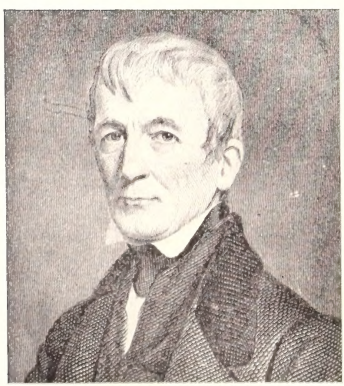
NATHAN APPLETON.



FRANCIS CABOT LOWELL.



DR. ELISHA HUNTINGTON.



PATRICK JACKSON.

play the mental image of those primeval days. One conjures up at will the brave sachem, Passaconaway, and his stalwart son, Wonnalancet, as they commanded their warriors seated about the council fire on the further bank of the river or watched the fantastic war dance of victory. Squaws and yet fair daughters of the forest are pounding the Indian corn into meal (as yet untasted by the white man), old Indian fishermen are making arrow-heads and hatchets; while dusky sons, with rude yet marvellous skill, are drawing in for the winter store the salmon, shad, alewives and the famous sturgeon, the "merrimack" of the Indian tongue.

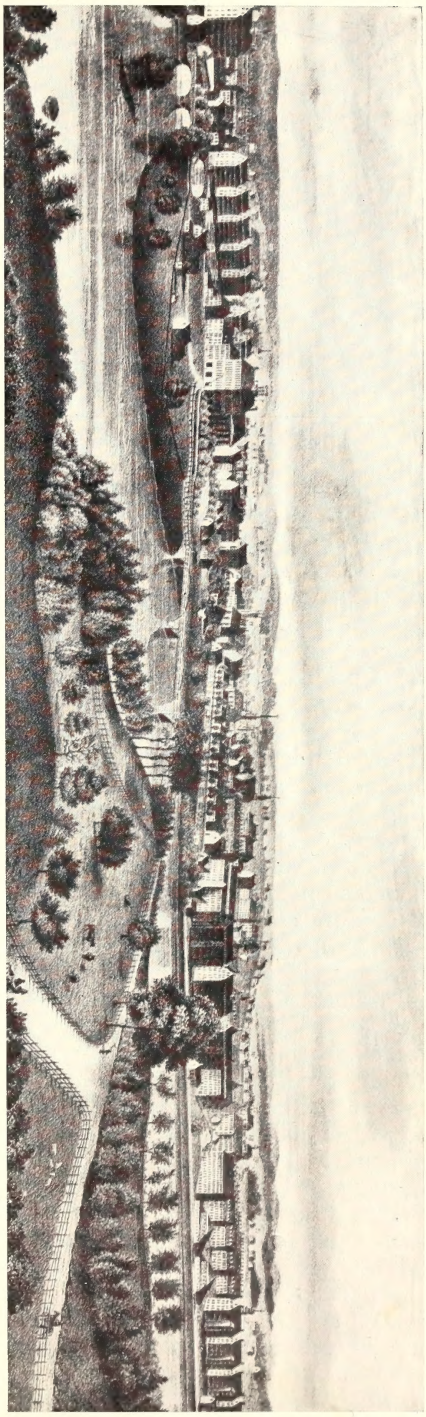
But here as elsewhere the primitive race was pushed back and out from its home by the advancing English colonists. From a population of three thousand Indians, which is the record of the earliest statistician, Wamesit was reduced even before the outbreak of King Philip's war to but two hundred and fifty men, besides the women and children. This handful of friendly Indians held their exclusive territorial right to the identical soil which is now the heart of Lowell. A ditch cut in the year 1665, yet to-day discernible at points, running in a semi-circular line skirting the Merrimack a little above Pawtucket Falls and again

about a mile below the Concord river, embracing two thousand five hundred acres, was together with the river itself the ancient boundary of Wamesit. But as early as 1726 the territorial rights and reservations became extinct by the gradual disappearance of the tribe itself. The Pawtuckets wandered to their northern brothers who were as yet masters of the forests of the New Hampshire grants.

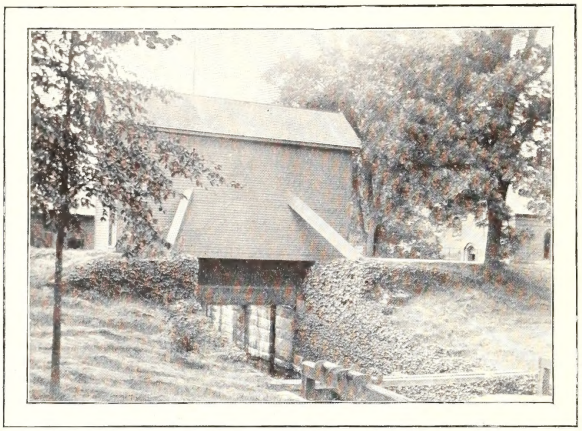
With the passing away of Eliot's "praying Indians," East Chelmsford, or "Chelmsford Neck," lost its important individuality. Its annals for the next hundred years strongly resembled the story of each New England village, where the thrifty husbandman tilled his field, fished the waters, or built his grist-mill, as fortune favored the industry. The "corner village" was typical, too, even in its objective outfit, possessing a dozen or more scattered homesteads, a store, a tavern, meeting-house and a few small shops.

In 1701, the town of Dracut, now a suburb of Lowell, was set apart from the Chelmsford grant, taking its name from the old Welsh parish of the Varnums, whose later career in continental congress and revolutionary action gave them not only local interest in the newly made town, but brought fair fame to the goodly line of their descendants.

The colonial days of these parent towns of Lowell bear record of men whose names are perpetuated in titles of land-grants or in connection with the work of the General Court, or wise industrial enterprises. Colonel John Tyng and Major Henchman are names which we find in the last annals of territorial transfer between the Indians and white men. Wonnalancet's final rights for "hunting and fishing only" were negotiated by this same Colonel John Tyng. Captain John Ford, who helped storm Louisburg under Sir William Pepperell, repeats his bravery at Bunker Hill with Benjamin Walker of the town, and Captain Peter Coburn from the Dracut side. Spalding, Parker, the Varnums



LOWELL IN 1845.



GUARD LOCKS ON THE PAWTUCKET CANAL.

and Clark each mark the revolutionary era with dignity, and give a spirit of loyalty to the towns they represented, which is part and parcel of the good heritage of their child city, Lowell.

Two important enterprises, each connected with the territory and very life of Lowell, were inaugurated in the years 1792 and 1793, without which it may be supposed the founding of Lowell might not have occurred so soon, although a city of manufacturing interests was destined to exist sooner or later at Pawtucket Falls.

"The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on the Merrimack River" was a corporation formed in August, 1792, by Dudley Atkins Tyng—the first reporter of Massachusetts Law Reports, —William Coombs and others, to improve the navigation of the Merrimack, the great obstacle in the way being the falls, which in themselves were precipitous and furthermore made difficult by the violence of the current, the innumerable rocks in the channel, and the distance of rapids below the falls. Hitherto the wood and lumber that came down the stream had to be removed from the Merrimack just above the Neck (or present "Dracut navy yard"), and drawn around the falls and rapids to float below the mouth of the Concord. Thirty-two feet below Pawtucket Falls the Concord river enters the Merrimack; and the scheme to carry the water of the latter from above the falls to the mouth of its tributary by a system of locks and canals was in itself an enterprise of great moment, even if it had not had a later and greater importance in connection with the building of a mill city. Contemporaneously with this enterprise was an added development in transit. Parker Varnum of Dracut, with others incorporated as the "Proprietors of the Middlesex Merrimack River Bridge," built the first wooden structure across the river at the falls, in place of the toll ferry which had served as the means of crossing the four hundred yards of swiftly flowing current.

The second great undertaking of this year was the plan to open a waterway for freight and passenger transportation from Concord, New Hampshire, to Boston, a distance of eighty miles, connecting the Merrimack at East Chelmsford with Boston Harbor by means of a canal fed from the Concord river at North Billerica and from ponds along its course. The author of this far-reaching scheme was the



BED OF OLD MIDDLESEX CANAL.



KIRK BOOTT.



PAUL MOODY.

Hon. James Sullivan, for six years judge of the Supreme Court, who later (1807-'8) became the governor of Massachusetts. After consultation with his friend, Colonel Loammi Baldwin, sheriff of Middlesex County, whose mathematical mind had had previous experience in engineering, a meeting was called in Medford, in which the prominent citizens took the initiative, and a petition was sent to the General Court for an act of incorporation. A charter was granted, bearing the date of June 22, 1793, "incorporating James Sullivan, Esquire, and others by the name of the Proprietors of the Middlesex Canal." On the same day it was signed by His Excellency, John Hancock, Governor of the Commonwealth. The construction and life of this canal make another story; but the connection of the canal with the activity of East Chelmsford, where its first set of locks was situated, and its value to the early township of Lowell give it a place in this sketch and a place of interest, — for with the accession of life brought to its headwaters by the corporations of Lowell, great promise of prosperity seemed at hand for the Middlesex Canal, and but for its giant rival, the railway locomotive, its future would have been one with the history of the waterways of the city.



THOMAS NESMITH.

But the former corporation, the Locks and Canals Company, was an enterprise which was to develop notwithstanding that its original object of making the Merrimack navigable to Newburyport was



JOHN NESMITH.



Photograph by Robert E. Wescott.

PAWTUCKET FALLS.

defeated by the opening of the more direct route through the Middlesex Canal.

This undertaking, which was begun in 1794, was completed in 1804. Yet for over twenty years the idea of using the water of the canals for manufacturing purposes occurred to no one. Certain private individuals attempted the establishment of one or two humble manufactures, but these were for the most part located upon the Concord river. As early as 1813 a cotton mill was built at the junction of the canal as it enters the Concord near the present site of the Prescott mill; a few years later the mill changed ownership, and a woollen industry was established in the building instead of the manufacture of cotton fabric. A gunpowder factory and a saw and grist mill were erected and operated a few years later; and a flannel mill was also started near the mouth of the Concord, although the site was in the township of Tewksbury. Such was the industrial life of the village which was destined to become in a few years a city known throughout the world as a "City of Spindles."

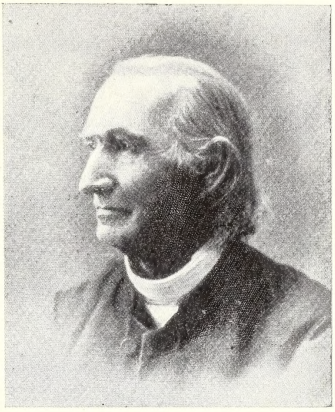
The story of the development of the power-loom, which was one of the daughters of necessity, following the rapid increase of cotton, is the story of the life of Francis Cabot Lowell, for whom our city is worthily named. In an article upon Waltham which appeared in this magazine, the history of the Waltham system which changed the very character of every textile industry had its place. Together with Patrick T. Jackson and Nathan Appleton, Mr. Lowell organized the Waltham Company, securing the valuable services of Paul Moody of Amesbury, whose skill as a mechanic was well known. The unquestionable title to the honor of having been the first to arrange all the processes for the conversion of cotton into cloth in the walls of the same building belongs to Francis Cabot Lowell; and it is due to him in fact that the whole des-

tiny of northern manufactures was changed.

In 1816 a fight in Congress over the question of high and low tariff was imminent; and Mr. Lowell, with his far-reaching interest in the future of manufactures left his mill at Waltham and entered the political field in Washington as a "lobbyist" of the highest character. One of the immediate effects of the high protective duty upon foreign cotton fabrics, was the fresh impetus to plant manufactures along the Merrimack river, which would compete in variety and quality with the English imports from India.

With such a spirited purpose in view and with such possibilities before them, it is not unnatural to find these same Waltham proprietors investigating the question of suitable water power for furthering these industries.

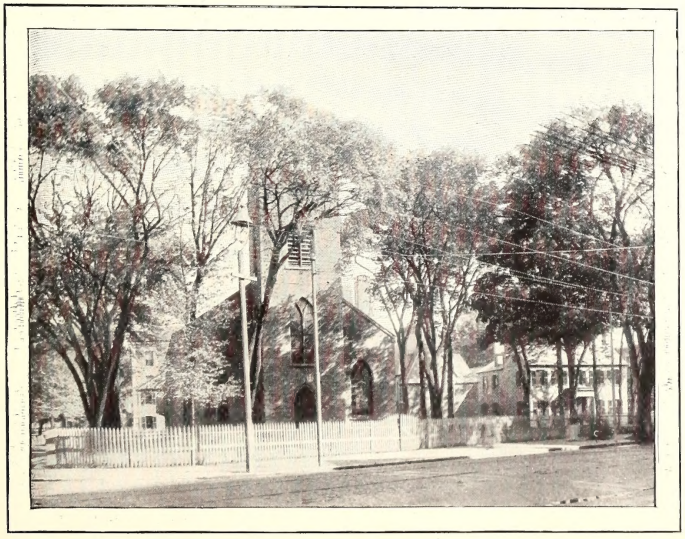
In 1821, Patrick T. Jackson, Nathan Appleton, Kirk Boott, John Boott, Warren Dutton and Paul Moody made a visit of inspection to Chelmsford, going over the route of the canal, as well as investigating the water power itself. After a series of amusing episodes with the farmers, whose pastures they bought, the purchase was accomplished of land upon which Lowell has been built. In February, 1822, the Legislature granted an act incorporating the Merrimack Manufacturing Company, with a capital of



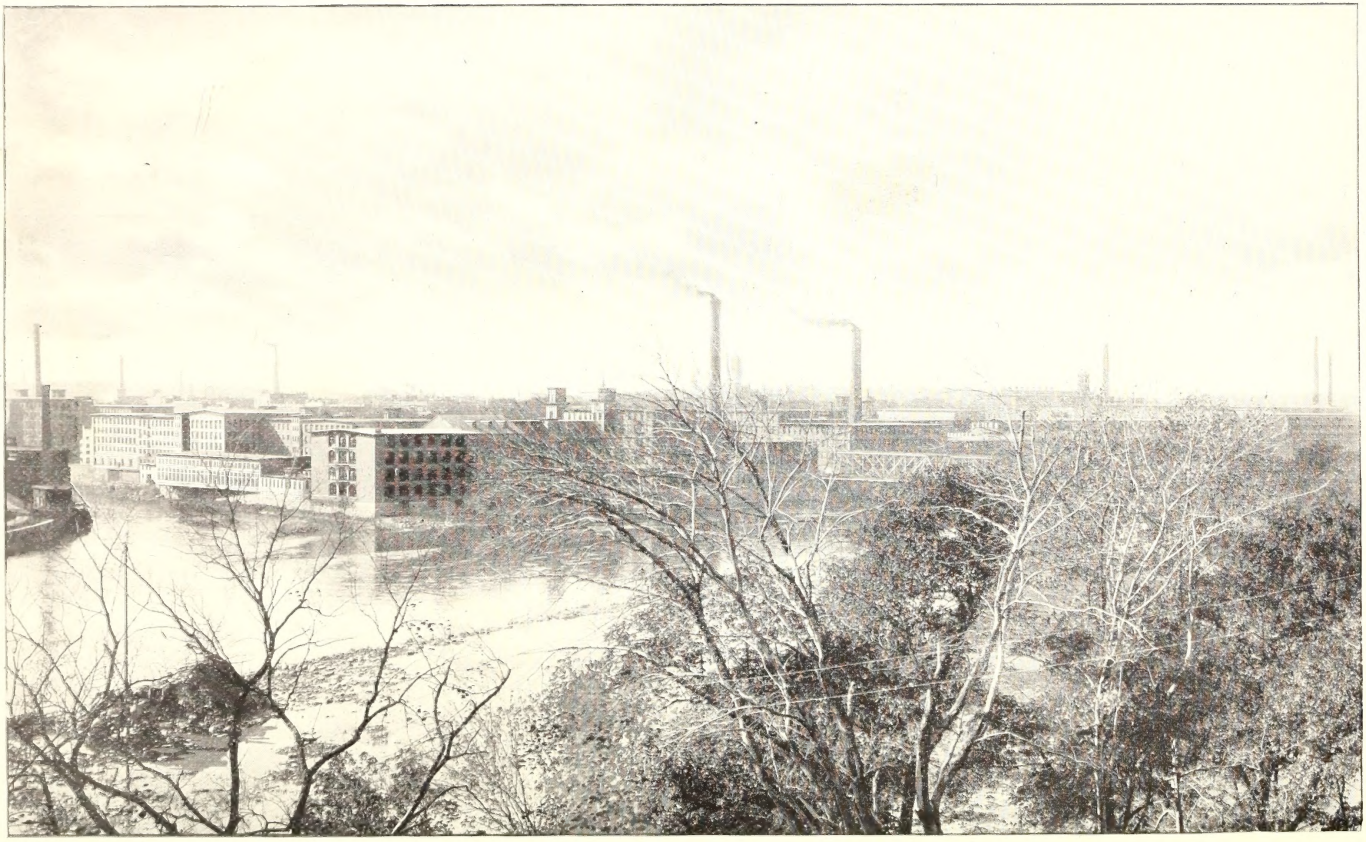
REV. THEODORE EDSON.

$600,000. The company had already bought six hundred and thirty-nine shares of the Pawtucket canal interest from the Locks and Canals Company, besides three farms, only one of whose sites is now to be seen, marked by an old willow tree.

It is well to pause at this juncture to consider the conditions of life in the mill districts of England, that a relative value may be given to Lowell's share in the history of manufacture. In studying the growth of the English mill town, one finds together with its activity and vitality a certain instinctive intelligence which de-



ST. ANNE'S CHURCH AND RECTORY.

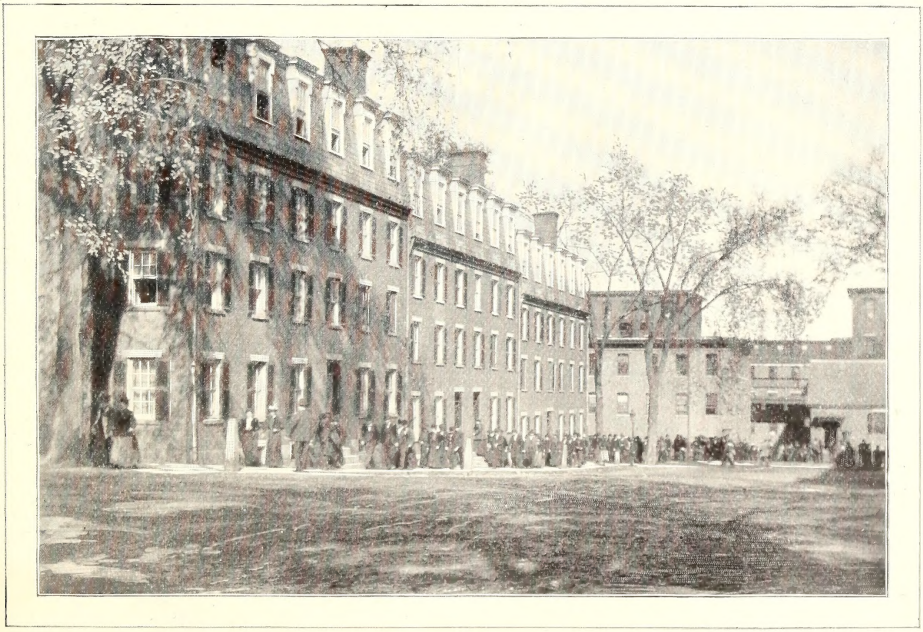


THE MILLS ALONG THE MERRIMACK.

mands that knowledge shall go hand in hand with power. A peculiar strength is given to its life, which, developing a practical sense of rights, compensates for the lack of that higher intellectuality belonging to university towns or cosmopolitan capitals. Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham were not only the hot beds of broader enfranchisement, but they were the centres where the problems of reform in education, philanthropy and social life were discussed by superintendent, weaver and bobbin-boy alike. With the New England activity, greater freedom was given at an earlier date, and the bigger chance to develop reforms was grasped by a set of American born but cosmopolitan bred men, whose surroundings had tended to quicken thought and action.

The men who laid the foundations of the great corporations during the first ten or fifteen years of Lowell's growth laid also the foundation of character to its municipal life, which will cling to its name and citizenship as a strong, sweet savor long years from now, no matter what the future issues may bring. When Mr. Lowell and Mr. Appleton conceived the idea of establishing the mills, they aimed first and foremost to provide proper conditions of living for their operatives, conditions differing materially from the Old World ideas of labor in factories, of which Hood and Mrs. Browning sang in poetic remonstrance. The founders of our city felt that their success lay in making the home life of the mill city one of high morality and quickening intelligence. Careful sanitary regulations were at once set in operation; good schools were established; and the privileges of reading-rooms and library and churches were opened to every operative in the town.

Because of this broad-minded conception of what might be done in a factory town, and because of the high-minded inducements thus offered to the country-bred youth and maiden, a class of employees flocked to the mills whose object in coming was utterly unlike that of the mill operative



NOON HOUR AT THE BOOTT MILLS.



WARREN COLBURN.



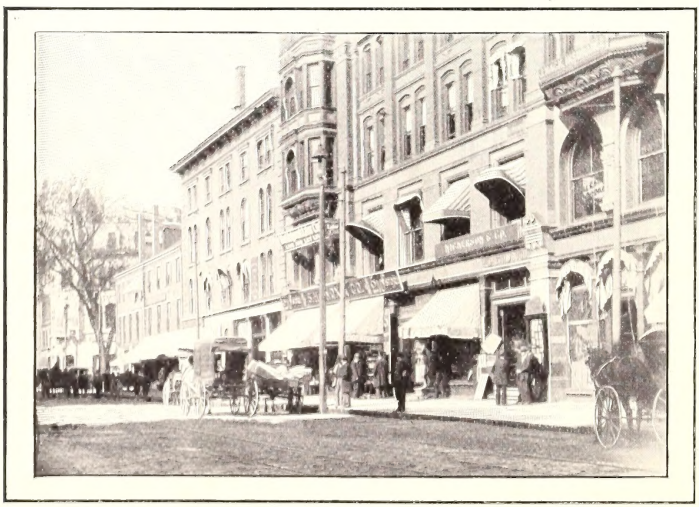
JAMES B. FRANCIS.

of to-day.* For the most part they were a class of intelligent young persons who worked with a true sense of the dignity of labor—a means to higher ends. The oft quoted lines of Lucy Larcom, whose girlish years at the spinning frames in the Lawrence Mills were golden ones to her comrades, because of her beauty of soul and inspiration of mind, tell the story of the typical Lowell mill girl of the early forties.

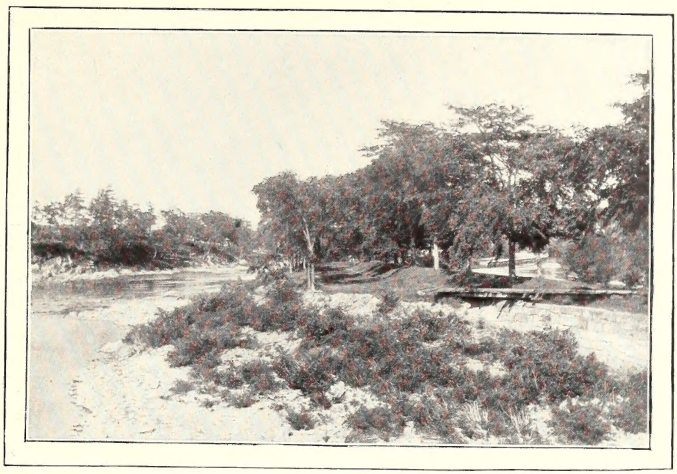
One other and almost ideal condition of the corporation life demands special notice because of its peculiar wholesomeness in the lives of these young women. The boarding houses where the operatives lived were emphatically *homes*. The agents of the mills attended personally to the environment in which their employees were to live; only the womanly matron, with the motherly heart, was intended as housekeeper in these homes. As one stands in his doorway at nine o'clock at night and listens to the music of the pealing, jangling bells of the city, a thrill of sentient delight goes through one; yet a deeper feeling follows if one reflect for a moment that the time-honored custom was the curfew of the mill girls, in those early days, when physical and moral health were the first principles in building up the community.

The constitution of the commonwealth made all taxable property within its limits liable to assessment for parochial pur-

*See article upon "The Lowell Offering," by Harriet H. Robinson, in the *New England Magazine*, December, 1889.



MERRIMACK STREET.



THE CANAL WALK.

poses. The Merrimack Company at once set itself to provide religious services for its employees. Notwithstanding its unique beginning, the history of the organization of the "Merrimack Religious Society" and its later existence under the parish government of St. Anne's Church after all proprietary rights were removed from it, is too long even to touch upon in these pages. The spirit of its effect upon the city's life may be caught if one climb into the tower and read the inscription upon the chimes, which since 1857 have swung in the belfry; or if one enter the old stone edifice and look upon the tablets, windows and altars that bespeak the devotion of its laymen.

The first rector who came to care for this church society was the Rev. Theodore Edson, then a young deacon from St. Matthew's church, Boston. His work left a marked imprint upon Lowell, not only in respect to the spiritual growth of the church itself, but in the educational development of the city. His connection with education antedates public instruction. During the week days the company opened what was known as the "Merrimack School;" and here, in the same building where the Sunday services were held, the young minister was daily superintendent. A few years later Mr. Edson's policy in the establishment of the public schools came before the municipal government. Much opposition was offered by the leading citizens when a call came for the appropriation of $20,000 for school buildings, — a most lavish sum to spend upon education at that time. The fight proved a victory for Mr. Edson, the chairman of the school board. The man's dauntless courage was never better displayed than in this struggle for a worthy cause against the strongest members of his parish and the warmest politicians of the town. Yet this iron-willed man was one of the gentlest in spirit as he went on his daily rounds, summer and winter alike, visiting the poor, comforting the afflicted, or sympathizing with the joyous, as the household needed.



GEORGE WHISTLER.

But to return to the statistics of Lowell's growth. In November, 1824, it was voted to petition the Legislature to set off a part of Chelmsford as a separate township; and in 1826 the town of Lowell was incorporated. It was a matter of



NESMITH STREET.

much discussion what name to give it. Mr. Kirk Boott, agent of the Locks and Canals Company, who had become one of the leading citizens of the town, and Mr. Nathan Appleton, one of its founders, were at the last moment the two men to decide the important question. The former offered the names of Lowell and Derby; and the latter emphatically announced, "Then Lowell by all means!"—and Lowell it became.

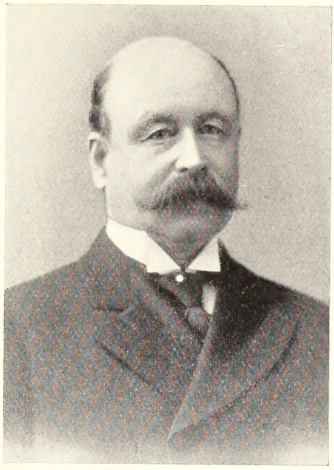
The population of the new township was but two thousand; and its first years in the financial world were sorry years,—Lowell sharing in the common lot with other mercantile and commercial centres. Yet the two great corporations, the Merrimack and the Hamilton, bore up bavely through the depression of 1828 and '29; and with the new decade a steady increase in business interests gave evidence of the town's probabilities. New streets were laid out, fresh canals opened, halls, hotels and churches built; banks were established, associations were formed; and the crowning enterprise of all was consummated in the construction of the Boston and Lowell railroad. "Impossible" as it was deemed by the average man, Patrick T. Jackson, whose sagacity and tenacity made him a giant in executive power, brought the marvellous scheme into existence. July 4, 1835, saw the completion of this line of communication, which made the capital city, Boston, a close neighbor of the mill town, Lowell.



GEN. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

The year previous to the opening of the

railroad a certain portion of Tewksbury, known as Belvidere, was annexed to Lowell, increasing but little the population, but adding materially to the size of the town and to its possibilities for a beautiful residential locality. Just on the brow of the hill, after one crosses the Concord river, where St. John's hospital now is, stood the mansion house of Judge Edward St. Loe Livermore. This homestead and farm of two hundred odd acres had been the old "Gedney estate" of earlier days, and the house itself, when Judge Livermore bought it in 1816, was a large, rambling "yellow tavern," whose beams and woodwork, so the story goes, were brought over from England more than a hundred years before. The Livermore family gave a culture and refinement to the social atmosphere of the new town; their associations with larger and fuller life in older cities, their intercourse with more established institutions, gave them a broadness of character which had its influence upon the community.

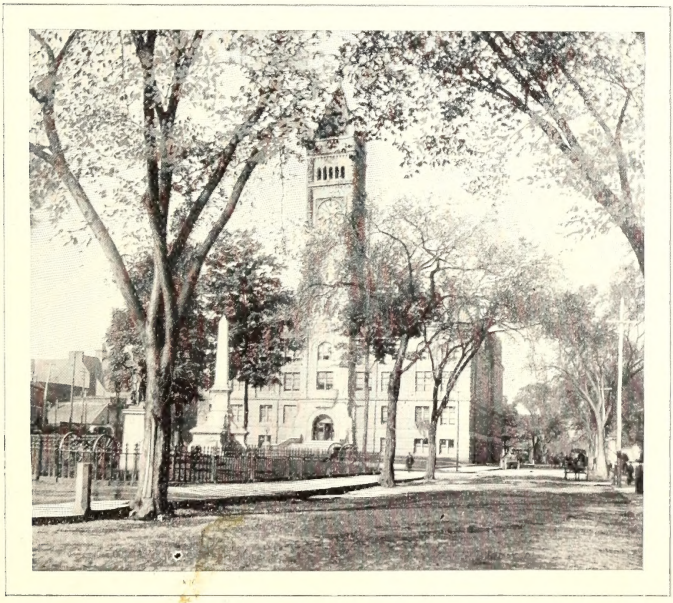


HON. FREDERIC T. GREENHALGE.

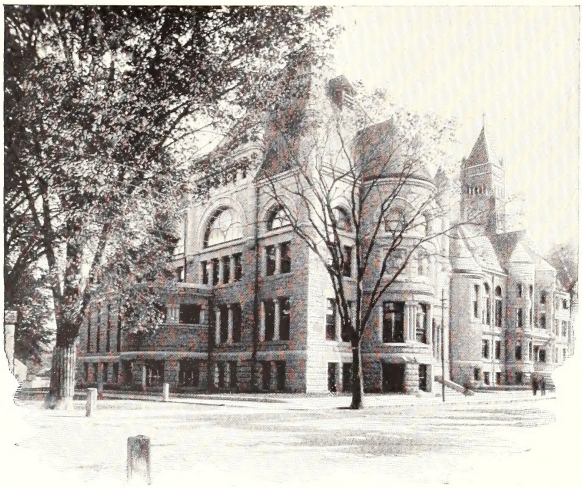
One member of the family came into prominence in a more marked way than the others. The world of that day far and wide knew Judge Livermore's oldest daughter, Harriet, who became the "pilgrim preacher" of the country, speaking in public places everywhere upon the second coming of Christ. We well know the tribute Whittier paid her in "Snow Bound," portraying her attractions and brilliancy, contrasting her quick wit and pious theme in the lines:

"She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee."

In her moments of relaxation from these pilgrimages, Miss Livermore would come back to her father's home and let her restless soul gain fresh peace as she looked upon the beautiful scenery which lay stretched out below their homestead along the valleys of the Concord and Merrimack. Only during the last few years of their residence in Lowell were chimney tops

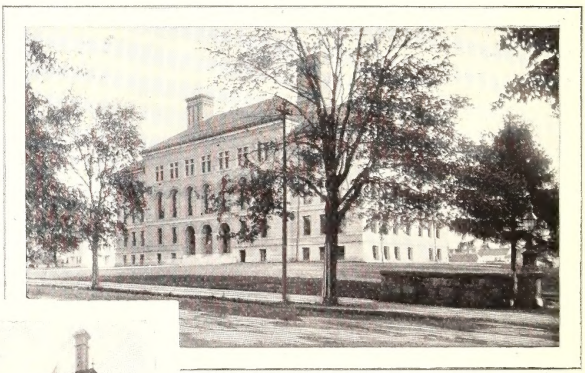


CITY HALL.

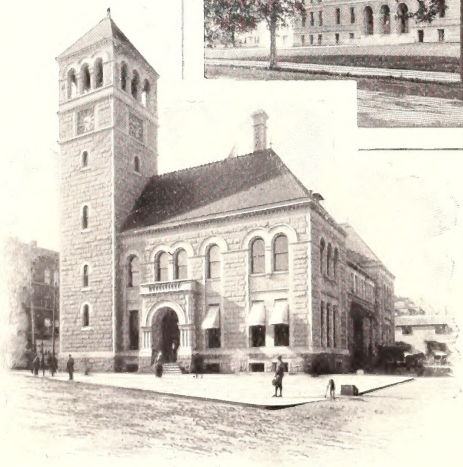


MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

of factories and the bald newness of fresh brick blocks points to disturb the eye of the landscape lover. Three years before the annexation of Belvidere village the Livermore estate passed into the hands of the Nesmith brothers, Thomas and John Nesmith of Derry, New Hampshire. After acquiring a comfortable fortune in the busy world of New York, they came, in 1836, to Lowell, believing it to be a possible field for real estate enterprise. Both men possessed unusual qualities, not only excelling in far-sighted business ability, but bringing to the young town that strength of respectability, high social and moral standing, which mark their connection with the city throughout their lives. Perhaps no one man after the earlier days of the forming of the town gave himself so completely to the enterprises of the city as the younger brother, John Nesmith. He engaged in all manner of manufactures, as agent and owner, inventing machinery and studying textile technique. It was he who suggested the purchase of Lake Winnipiseogee as a water supply to the mills upon the Merrimack; and his share in the founding of the city of Lawrence is known to all. Of the distinguished men in the politics of Lowell, Mr. John Nesmith was among the foremost, serving also the government of the United States as collector of Internal Revenue. During the Civil War Mr. Nesmith was lieutenant governor of the Commonwealth, and the record of wise administration which has been duly given to the war governor, John A. Andrew, bears testi-



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



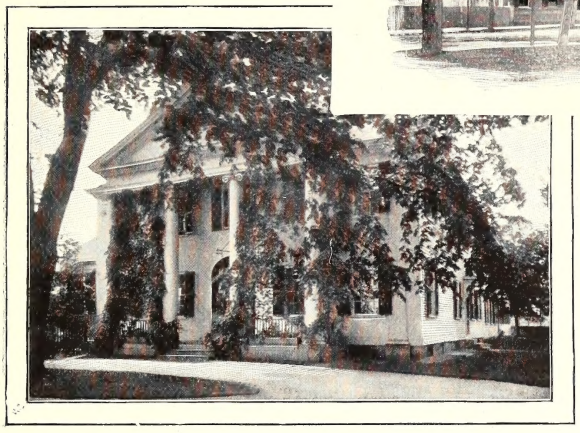
POST OFFICE.

mony that his first assistant was a man of power.

In 1836, on the first day of April, His Excellency Governor Everett signed his name to the legislative act which gave Lowell its municipal life. In the limits of the new city there were



THE AYER HOME.



CORPORATION HOSPITAL.

between seventeen and eighteen thousand and the taxable property was $5,248,623. To-day our population is nearly ninety thousand and the city's taxable property, $70,941,243. Lowell has made strides in its nineteenth century seven-league boots!

Just as Lowell, Appleton, Jackson, Boott, Edson, and the Nesmiths were the great men in the early career of the town, so great men had to arise to develop the new interests in the municipal life now appearing. A new order of things was to grow out of the old, and there was needed a different, though perhaps no greater intelligence to guide this later order. The growth of the city itself in the next twenty-five years was to depend upon a genius who should further develop the system of waterways. Mr. James B. Francis was the man who could do it. At the same time a great national crisis was fast arising, coming first in abstract problems of rights of slavery and state rights, but developing rapidly to white heat as loyalty to the stars and stripes became the final issue. Again Lowell had its genius for the emergency in Benjamin F. Butler.

But before we speak of the great work done by Mr. Francis in hydrau-



ENTRANCE TO FORT HILL PARK.
Site of Wamesit Indian Fort.



LOWELL FROM FORT HILL PARK.

lic engineering through the city, or of the widespread influence of General Butler, it would be interesting to look upon the mill city itself as it was in the early forties, before these new forces were fully in operation. The whole aspect of Lowell has changed; only a few of the old residents, the real fathers of the city who are left among us, can see the earlier thoroughfares, the swamp and bog districts, the woods and pastures. Charles Dickens could see the crudeness of the young factory settlement even better than one whose narrower experience had not known the old world cities for comparison. We remember the breezy chapters in his American travels of 1842, written with that inimitable touch of photographic detail.

"Although only just of age,—for, if my recollection serve me, it has been a manufacturing town barely one and twenty years,—Lowell is a large, populous, thriving place. Those indications of its youth which first attract the eye give it a quaintness and oddity of character which to a visitor from the old country is amusing enough. . . . In one place there was a new wooden church, which, having no steeple, and being yet unpainted, looked like an enormous packing case without any direction upon it; in another there was a large hotel, whose walls and colonnades were so crisp and thin and slight, that it had exactly the appearance of being built of cards. I was careful not to draw my breath as we passed, and trembled when I saw a workman come out upon the roof, lest with one thoughtless stamp of his foot he should crush the structure beneath him and bring it rattling down. . . . One would swear that every 'Bakery,' 'Grocery' and 'Bookbindery' and other kind of store took its shutters down for the first time and started in business yesterday. The golden pestles and mortars fixed as signs before the sun-blind frames outside the druggists' appear to have been just turned out of the United States mint, and when I saw a baby of some week or ten days old in a woman's arms at a street corner, I found myself unconsciously wondering where it came from,—never supposing for an instant that it could have been born in such a young town as that."

So Dickens goes on, in the same bantering tone; yet throughout the brief account he gives of Lowell there is an undercurrent of happy disappointment in finding such strength of character in the people, such advanced theories in its methods of factory life, such vast differences between it and the mill districts of England, — those "great hearts of desperate misery."

But the clever pen of Dickens could not portray that coterie of early citizens whose very presence upon the streets or at the various rendezvous of the town gave a dignity which the younger generation felt and honored. There were Dr. Elisha Huntington and Samuel Batchelder, two of the literary leaders whose daily lives graced the memory of their labors among their contemporaries. Dr. Elisha Bartlett was another such man —the first mayor of the city, and somewhere called the "first citizen," so high principled was His Honor of 1836. Warren Colburn came and went to his superintendency of the Merrimack Mills; but in behind the cares of industrial interests his mind was ever threshing out intricate problems for the schoolboy's vexation. Great good did the old "Mental Arithmetic" by Warren Colburn achieve, maugre Lucy Larcom's line— "Dull Colburn's 'Two and Two.'" There were those godly men, Miles, Blanchard and Miner, together with "Father Edson," who had himself outlived an older generation. The Lawrences, the Worthens, the Daltons, the Walkers, Oliver M. Whipple, Homer Bartlett, Bishop Clark, Jonathan Tyler, Joshua Swan, William North, Alexander Wright, Robert Mills, Tappan, Wentworth, Whistler, [illegible], Brownell, Livingston, Ayer, [illegible], Doctors Green and Kimball, Bedlow, Captain Derby, Ransom Reed, Corliss, Crosby, the Coburns, Carney, Holden, Howard, Morse, Williams, Whiting, Gates, Kittredge, Hildreth, Carleton, Robbins, Talbot, Goodwin, Hovey and a host of others come to mind; but these pages do not give room even for the mention of all the beloved names.

Then there was that younger set of men, who loved the wit and leadership of their hero, George Brownell, — "Governor," as they called him. The later manly careers of this band of happy comrades were not one whit the worse for the boyish spirit of merriment which marked their early youth. There were the "Prince boys," ever so called in loving remembrance, and the Wrights, and the Buttricks, Banks, the "bobbin boy," the Tylers, Lang, Tilden, Hill, Brazer, Burnham, French, and a score besides. The burdens of life fell upon them a little later, and found them men ready to bear with experience and emergency; but in the days when Sheriff Butterfield and Perez Fuller, the comic humorist and singer, made society ring with laughter, these were the hearts ready to echo with good cheer.

Lowell was not only a centre for local talent of a goodly character, but she drew to her the best there was to be had. The early histories of the town are full of the descriptions of fête days and celebrations, when the grandees of the country came to view the infant city of spindles. Presidents Jackson, Polk and Tyler, John Quincy Adams, Henry Clay, Lafayette, each came and left his word of ardent praise. Lincoln visited Lowell in 1848, little dreaming that the visit would be cherished by her citizens years after when he had become their martyred chief. Webster and Choate, brought by the famous case of the "Commonwealth *versus* Wyman," gave a stir to the pulse of her young lawyers, Abbott, Sweetzer, Crosby, Wentworth, and John P. Robinson, "he, who wouldn't vote for Governor B." And here in Lowell the two great logicians met in turn an equal at the bar in the young Butler who was later to become himself so famous in the court room.

Possibly at no time in the life of the city was the social atmosphere more literary than during the ten or fifteen years previous to the Rebellion. With society as it was in the forties and fifties we find in Lowell an environment which was conducive to pleasing intellectual growth. Whittier was living in town, editing *The Standard*, and gathering about him in a quiet way a small school of disciples. Franklin Pierce, who belonged to the Wentworth family, came and went among the social leaders. Wendell Phillips, a law student in the office of Lawrence and Hopkinson, was in evidence both in club life and society. He himself gives us a glimpse of the life he saw here.

"Lowell was then crowded with able men,—well-read lawyers and successful with a jury; among them, scholarly, eloquent, deeply read in his profession, and a genius, was John P. Robinson. The city was rich in all that makes good society,—amiable, beautiful and accomplished women, hospitable and amply able to contribute their full share to interesting and suggestive conversation; gentlemen of talent, energetic, well informed, and giving a hearty welcome to the best thought of the day."

Among the women to whom this pleasant tribute must refer were the much honored Penhallow ladies, Miss Lucy, Miss Susan and Miss Julia whose originality of mind and charm of manner have given them a place *sui generis*. For years they were not only among the most faithful workers in the schools of the city, but they were associated with the beginnings of the Unitarian society and the many branch missions which were starting up at that time. Mrs. Jane Erminie Locke, the sweet poetess of the town, and the young poet, Joshua Swan, were among this coterie of clever folk. Mrs. Locke was the woman above all others whose home was the salon for wit and culture. Just above the factory district near the Wamesit Falls stood her low picturesque cottage, where the dainty hostess and her family dispensed their gracious hospitality. Both Mr. and Mrs. Locke lived long enough in the city to become identified with its spirit and ambitions. The literary career which had every promise for fulfilment was

cut too short by the comparatively early death of the lovely woman. N. P. Willis, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Osgood, Webster, Choate and the rare-minded but unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe were the men and women whom she gathered closest to her,—belonging to the "world of letters" herself and claiming kin with others in that world. Poe's friendship with her is especially interesting, and it was emphasized by his visit to Lowell during the summer of 1848, when he delivered his lecture, "Poetic Principles."

It has been stated that at the outset of industrial activity in Lowell all the land and water power very soon came under the control of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company. In 1825 the Merrimack Company conveyed to the Proprietors of the Locks and Canals, whom Greenhalge called the "Capland. Then so much as was required by them was in turn conveyed to the Merrimack Company for individual purposes, thus putting the latter corporation upon the same footing with all other manufacturing companies. As new mills were erected, so new canals were necessary. Kirk Boott, the first agent of the Locks and Canals, whom Greenhalge called the "Captain of Industry" in Lowell, was ably fitted to open up these waterways, —the Merrimack, Lawrence, Eastern and Western canals. A standard was established called a mill power, which was the right to draw a certain amount of water (twenty-five cubic feet per second) over a fall of thirty feet. During the years from 1825 to 1840 the company made sales of this power to the following corporations,— Hamilton, Appleton, Lowell, Middlesex, Tremont, Suffolk, Lawrence, Boott and Massachusetts. These companies, all of which are joint stock companies, each with an agent and a superintendent of the mills, have together a capital of $12,000,000, and are managed by boards of directors chosen from the stockholders; they receive no salary, but their interest in the welfare of the property insures most valued services. In 1845, the building and machinery, which had always been a part of the work of the Locks and Canals Company Proprietorship, passed into other hands, becoming under William A. Burke, the well-known "Lowell Machine Shop," whose business ventures in the South have meant so much from two different points of view.

Six years after the construction of the Boott and Massachusetts corporations, it was discovered that the capacity of the old canals was insufficient to answer the growing demand. Then it was that the fine scientific knowledge of hydraulic engineering which Mr. Francis possessed became of such importance to the manufacturing interests of Lowell. The construction of the Northern Canal brought about an entire change in the flow of water, keeping it more nearly constant and with but little loss in its flow.

In addition to this great waterway, with its beautiful "mill walk" from the Falls to the Old Stone tavern (now the Ayer Home), Mr. Francis constructed a new dam, securing the rights of higher flash-boards, and removing a portion of Hunt's Falls. This later engineering resulted in a large increase of available water power. As these improvements grew, new demands arose with them, and under the agent's far-sighted and wise jurisdiction the Locks and Canals Company stretched itself out into new avenues of directorship. A high reservoir service was undertaken under Mr. Francis's initiative, with its turbines to drive the pumps, and its mains and hydrants in every mill yard for extinguishing fire (a protection still in use throughout the Corporations.) Certain bridges and other wooden and iron constructions were put under Mr. Francis's care; and it was he who introduced kyanizing and burnettizing for timber preservation.

One of the few dramatic incidents connected with the practical life of Lowell's waterways was the cause and

effect of the "sliding gate" at the Guard Locks of the old Pawtucket canal. The early engineers of the Locks and Canals had investigated the history of freshets in the Merrimack; and it has been ascertained that once at least, in 1785, the overflow had been of so devastating a nature that some precaution ought to be taken for the future, especially as the growth of the city would make possible great peril to its inhabitants. But it was left to Mr. Francis to build this important protection. In 1850 there was erected at the Guard Locks on Broadway a portcullis gate with extensive wing walls, which should cut off the water in case of another freshet. The dyke was constructed from the guard gates to the westerly bank, in which an opening had to be left for the locks. Above this opening and in the wall of the lock Mr. Francis constructed guides, and swung a gate of solid timbers in an iron strap above the height of navigation. The protection was completed, which was to prove its own utility if a freshet should again occur. The old gates to this canal had themselves been deemed sufficient for any ordinary emergency; but in April, 1852, two years after the completion of the new guard lock gate, the waters of the river began to rise rapidly, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 22d the water crept its way around the head post of the old westerly gate. Then it was that the great sliding shield and dykes became famous. The straps that held the ponderous gate were cut, the wooden structure dropped into place, and the city was saved. It sounds very far away and impossible to the idler who leans over the little bridge and gazes upon the ivy-grown house; but it was a stirring hour when engineer and element struggled for supremacy — the water beating in vain against the huge barricade which lay between it and the young, thriving city beyond. But for the foresight and indomitable will which Mr. Francis displayed in not risking possibility of a flood, the story would still have been dramatic, but it would have been a story of defeat and devastation. With such a nature as Mr. Francis possessed, one in which there was combined the engineering genius and the broad minded philanthropist, it is not strange that important results were effected in the years of his faithful service to the Locks and Canals Company.

During these years when Lowell was developing and stretching out in material lines, the spirit of Lowell was waxing strong in equal proportion. Not that every year brought a fair record of high principle in its political career or in its municipal government; not that the city possessed virtues only, which set her above criticism and made her an example of a virgin city. But take her for all in all, Lowell has had a life of strength and purpose which in spite of its human errors gives justice to a character sketch like the present, portraying the general impression rather than details.

Throughout the ten or fifteen years prior to the Rebellion, Lowell's sympathy with the abolition movement had been aroused only in a small circle; although the influence of Whittier and Phillips during their sojourns in the city had affected certain anti-slavery followers, who in their turn helped to arouse the fire of an equally small but vehement opposition.

The marked indifference of the majority, however, was but a skin-deep indifference. The first intimation of disloyalty to the Constitution put the Lowell citizen upon his mettle, vitalizing the whole community with a spirit of patriotism of which the nation might well be proud. Throughout the trying period of the war the practical man of the Navy Department, Assistant-Secretary Gustavus V. Fox, and the impulsive enthusiast and alert patriot, Benjamin F. Butler, whose generalship throughout the four years won fame of mingled dread and joy, were the two men of Lowell who attracted the most attention and who

stand foremost in the rank of the many citizens who did their duty as saviors of their country.

The world knows the story of Fox at Fort Sumter, and his plan to carry fresh resources to the discouraged garrison; it knows of his defeat, and of Lincoln's quiet appreciation of the vain effort, the appointment to the Navy Department, the years of active service and ardent devotion which Mr. Fox rendered in return. The world knows the story of the first volunteer major general, who on the morning of the 17th of April, '61, received the order to command the Sixth Regiment on its great war errand. It knows of the after career of this Lowell lawyer, as he forced the surrender of New Orleans, keeping law and order at the point of the bayonet; of his colored troops with the slogan "contraband of war"; of his defeat at Fort Fisher; of his military possession of New York City, when election disorders ran too high. Nothing new can be told of General Butler. In years to come, when the historic perspective has lengthened to its proper proportion, a dignified biography may be written of him, which will give him his just place among American leaders.

It was the inspiration of such men that fired the enthusiasm of the Lowell boys at the first call from Washington; and it has been the city's sad glory that the first blood shed in the war was given by her brave lads, whose hearts throbbed with loyal pride as they filed through the Baltimore streets to fall before the sound of real battle. The monument in the square before our City Hall was placed in honor of these brave men, first to fall, who like hundreds of brave fellows left Lowell for the love of country. One-seventh of our population served either on land or sea during the Civil War.

On the day succeeding the Baltimore riot two companies were formed in Lowell, the Hill Cadets, named in honor of Paul Hill, who organized this first band of men — for the most part rallied from the old Jackson Musketeers, whose previous politics had given little promise of such enthusiasm, — and the Richardson Light Infantry, who were formed under the inspiration of George F. Richardson of this city. This latter company met with less loss than the Hill Cadets, and the organization still exists, meeting now and then for old time's sake, as the years stretch into the historic past. The Abbott Greys, the Butler Rifles, the companies A, B and H of the Twenty-sixth Regiment, and B, C and F of the Thirtieth, followed rapidly in formation, as the news of battles won or lost stirred the city to further patriotism. The heroic story of the Civil War lies in part in the records at our City Hall. Lowell gave the first volunteer soldiers on the Union side: she gave the first volunteer major general; and the first hundred dollars raised for the soldiers' aid was the gift of the ever generous Judge Crosby, whose example was immediately followed by many other Lowell citizens. Out of the Soldiers' Aid Association, which was the first of its kind, grew the Sanitary Commission, which became of such infinite service to the Government before the end of the war.

With the close of the war came that peculiar condition of affairs which alike in nation or city produces a necessary period of reconstruction. Not that Lowell was materially altered by the war; perhaps no one city was less influenced by the change that rapidly developed after the sixties than ours. But history repeats itself. Again another generation of able men were pressed to the front to deal with new problems. Our strongest men have been perforce before the public. Out of the set of younger scions who watched the Rebellion from the hearthstone have arisen such men as Frederic T. Greenhalge, the honored governor of 1893 to '97, and our present Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Charles H. Allen. Both of

these Lowell men won spurs in Congress, and both have proved to the world that Lowell has the material which stands the crucial test when demanded.

A whole line of strong characters rear themselves when one begins to call out the names of those who have served Lowell in present time with similar dignity to that which was set as example by the pioneers of the community — a host of citizens who deserve mention, because without them the story of Lowell would be incomplete. Such services have been rendered by Hon. George A. Marden, Daniel S. Richardson, George F. Richardson, Phineas Whiting, Major Charles A. Stott, Henry Howe, Col. James Francis, Jacob Rogers, Jeremiah Crowley, Charles Cowley, Col. C. A. R. Dimon; the agents of our big corporations; the ministers and priests of our churches; the physicians of our hospitals; the members of our Board of Trade; and the directors of our banks. It is with apology that one speaks in so cursory a fashion of those of whom we would say more. History only can give detail. The story of the growth of our banks, the life of our press, the work of our churches and schools, the establishment of manifold business interests, the record of the municipal government, with its mayors, its courts, its relation to state and nation, belongs to a more pretentious work.

It was of the past we would write, of the character of a town made strong because of its leaders. It is but a brief space of time before all links with that past must be severed. The intermediate generation will have passed away, and we shall know of these goodly men and women through the pages of history only. As Thackeray says at the outset of his "Four Georges:" "I have often thought as I took my kind old friend's hand how with it I held on to the old society of wits and men of the world." To-day, as we touch the hands of such men as Mr. C. C. Chase, Daniel Swan, James S. Russell, Samuel Chase, Henry Barnes, Otis Allen, George Motley, Levi Sprague, J. K. Fellows, Ferdinand Rodliff, Zena Stone, and Isaac Cooper, we are moved with the thought that these are the men who have known Lowell from its childhood, the men who have kept pace with it in the march of time.

Lowell's future depends upon fresh character. Within the past ten years a rival has awakened out of the sleeping South, with a giant's head. The body may prove vulnerable, but it will need a master to find the Achillian heel. Southern manufacture threatens every Northern mill district. Only a genius such as Lowell has found possible for past emergencies can save our city from great loss and even bankruptcy. Lowell life depends upon its corporation life. Eliminate every other business — individual enterprise, stock company and syndicate — and Lowell will still be the City of Spindles as long as her corporations exist. It is because of this fact that it has been deemed wise in this character sketch to dwell almost exclusively upon the records of Lowell's manufacturing career.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE Twentieth Century Club of Boston entered, a year ago, upon a crusade upon which some well-organized body should enter in every city in America. The men and women of the departments of the club devoted to social and municipal affairs planned a systematic study of the tenement-house problem in Boston. Their plan involved the study of the general question of the housing of the poor in other American cities and in European cities; but this was for the sake of learning what other cities had to offer that would give useful suggestions and be of distinct service to Boston in dealing with her own problem. The purpose of these Boston men and women was a very practical and definite one: "to make themselves in the first place thoroughly acquainted with the condition of the homes of the poor in Boston; to bring the facts thoroughly before the public; and to create such a public sentiment as would make it impossible for any tenement houses or houses of any sort which were not fit for men and women to live in or for children to grow up in, to continue longer to exist in the city of Boston. It was indeed a large purpose, but it was a simple and a resolute one. Its accomplishment might take five years or might take fifteen; the people of Boston might be roused quickly or slowly; city officials might help or hinder; but the battle with the slum was to be begun in earnest, and was not to cease until the slum had perished from the face of Boston earth.

A year ago or more we outlined in these pages the scheme of investigation and effort thus undertaken by the civic department of the Twentieth Century Club; and we described briefly the conditions of tenement-house life in the North and South Ends of Boston, presenting their different problems to the reformer. We ventured some suggestions as to what Boston might do, either as a municipality or otherwise, in the way of providing better homes for her working people; and we called attention to undertakings in New York more ambitious and better than anything yet seen in Boston. We asked renewed and much more careful study of the "Tenement-House Census of Boston," prepared by the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor in 1891, and presenting in its thousand pages, in which ward by ward and precinct by precinct the results are given of this searching investigation of the homes, the health conditions and the occupation of the Boston poor, facts and conclusions with which no Boston man or woman has a right not to be familiar. We asked our readers also, in Boston and everywhere else, to acquaint themselves with the publications of the national government in this important field, the reports prepared under the supervision of the United States Commissioner of Labor,—the report upon the slums of Baltimore, Chicago, New York and Philadelphia, and, most important of all works for the general student, the report by Dr. Gould on "The Housing of the Working People." There is no other so comprehensive or helpful survey of what is being done in Europe and America, by municipalities and by private organizations, for tenement-house reform and better homes for the people; and we have to

admit that in this matter, as in so much that concerns the good organization and general welfare of cities, a great deal more is being done in Europe than in America; we have as yet far more to learn than to teach.

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The men and women who have enlisted in the campaign for better homes in Boston have been learners during this last year; and they have learned much. They have learned of the splendid enterprises in London and Birmingham and Glasgow and Paris and Budapest and elsewhere; and they have learned more of the really excellent efforts, in the past and in the present, in Boston itself. But what most of them have chiefly learned in Boston is the extent of the slums with which they have to battle, the foul and frightful condition of the homes of hundreds of our working people, the general ignorance of the situation in fortunate and influential circles, and the carelessness and complacency of responsible men who are not ignorant.

The most important committees of the departments of the Twentieth Century Club which organized this work in Boston were those which undertook the special investigation of the two great tenement-house districts of the city, the North and South Ends. The most important service in the endeavor to bring home to the Boston public the extent and seriousness of the evils to be dealt with was rendered by the publication of a pamphlet on "Some Slums in Boston," prepared by Mr. Harold K. Estabrook of Cambridge, a Harvard scholar who also pursued his sociological studies in Berlin, who had been engaged as the paid agent of the club in its work. Mr. Estabrook is a special student of social science and, at first hand, of social evils, and he brought to his investigations in Boston not only intelligence, culture, energy and devotion, but the experience and training gained in important work of similar character in connection with social settlements in New York. His pamphlet, published at the beginning of last summer, was the result of detailed and thorough investigation of a great number of tenement houses at both the South and North Ends; and these he names expressly, street and number, in his report, accompanying his descriptions by careful maps which make plainer than words could do the congested, unventilated, dark, unsanitary conditions which he arraigns. Referring in his introduction to the comfortable notion of many good Boston people, that Boston has no slums, he says:

"In 1888, General Francis A. Walker, speaking of Professor Dwight Porter's sanitary inspection of certain tenement districts of Boston in the preceding year, said: 'We may fairly congratulate ourselves that the state of our city has been shown, by this intelligent and searching investigation, to be better than that of many of the cities of the land;' and in 1893, after a careful investigation of all the tenements in the city, Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, the chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor, wrote at the end of his 'Tenement-House Census of Boston,' that 'extreme slum conditions have not yet blighted any considerable territory here, nor do such conditions affect more than comparatively few persons.' But in the housing of its poor, as in other respects, Boston may be unfortunate in having been better off than other great cities, if public sentiment in favor of improvements is allayed; and other cities may be counted fortunate in that their distinctly worse conditions have roused a healthy public sentiment which demands improvements. Because Boston has never had any slums like those of old Mulberry Bend in New York and those of Bethnal Green in London, very few persons in Boston have felt the need of improving the houses of the poor. With General Walker, Professor Porter and Mr. Wadlin, the people generally felt gratified to find conditions not extremely bad. Most persons forgot that Professor Porter had shown that *'there is much—very much—in the sanitary condition of Boston which requires to be amended, and which it would be a shame and a crime not to amend, by whatever measures may be required for that purpose;'* and that Mr. Wadlin declared that *'the evils disclosed* (in his investigation) *are sufficiently serious to demand public attention and to require such remedial action as*

shall tend to their correction.' They forgot that he found in Boston one thousand seven hundred and seven families living in rented tenements having absolutely bad outside sanitary conditions, and six hundred and forty-five families living in rented tenements which were absolutely bad in respect to light and ventilation and cleanliness, and five hundred and twenty-two families living in rented tenements absolutely bad in respect to both outside sanitary conditions and light, ventilation and cleanliness. At least these six hundred and forty-five tenements, he said, 'may be safely assumed . . . unfit for human habitation;' 'they should be either abandoned or improved.' In 1895, a special committee of the Common Council on Improvement of Tenement-districts of Boston reported that in the North End and in other sections 'the tenement houses are to-day a serious menace to public health.' While in New York the beautiful Mulberry Bend Park has taken the place of the dirty old dens of the wretched and the criminal there, and while in most other great cities similar improvements have been made, in self-satisfied Boston little has been done; many of our little slums have grown larger and more dismal; and gradually, if great improvements are not made here, these spots will become worse and worse."

At the close of his detailed description, which showed not only the utter unfitness of the houses described for human habitation but their gross transgression of the conditions imposed by the laws governing the building and ordering of new tenements, Mr. Estabrook said:

"I trust that I have shown that each house I have described is unfit for habitation. All of them, I believe, should be ordered vacated at once; some because of want of repair have become dangerous to life; others have serious defects in drainage, plumbing, lighting and ventilation; most, if not all, of them are for several reasons unfit for habitation; and most, if not all, of them are so closely surrounded by other and higher buildings that they never can be properly lighted or ventilated, and they should therefore be vacated permanently or removed. These few houses, it must be remembered, are not the only ones in which conditions are extremely bad. They are selected, not as the worst houses in the city, but each as typical of many.

"If Boston is to improve the condition of its tenement-house districts, if it is to get rid of its slums instead of letting them become more extensive and more numerous, radical action must be taken. It is for the public conscience and sound judgment to decide what the changes shall be. The landlords of such houses as I have described rarely improve them or tear them down voluntarily, but only when their income from them ceases after the Board of Health has ordered them to be vacated. For these 'old tenement houses without any improvement,' in Boston as well as in New York and elsewhere, 'are the most profitable because they require the least repairs to plumbing and pay a low water tax.' Mr. Wadlin found the rents of the absolutely bad tenements to be so high that 'in many cases the rental returned for these unsanitary houses is a very large percentage of the assessed valuation;' and Professor Porter reports that in several unsanitary houses 'the annual rental exceeds the assessed value of the buildings.' Because the landlords will not make changes so much against their own interests, and because the Board of Health cannot go far in advance of public opinion, it is for you to decide whether hundreds of your fellow-townsmen shall live in such places as those I have described, or whether these shameful spots are to be wiped out. . . . Every truly modern city realizes sooner or later that for economic and ethical reasons it must get rid of its slums. Sometimes public opinion is not aroused until some old rookery collapses, or a fire sweeps through a crowded district, or an epidemic breaks out; sometimes nothing but a great loss of life convinces the public that conditions are very bad. In Boston, disasters will be avoided if the improvements obviously needed are made in time. During the next year it is to be hoped that not a dozen houses, as during the last year, but many dozens of houses will be ordered vacated and removed. And as Boston begins to get rid of its slums, it is to be hoped too that many more individuals and companies will be interested in building improved tenements for the poor. Bad housing, as Dr. Gould says, is a terribly expensive thing to any community. Moreover, it explains much that is mysterious about drunkenness, poverty, crime and all forms of social decline."

The purpose of the Twentieth Century Club people, under whose direction this pamphlet was prepared and published, was simply to lay facts before the people of Boston. Whether Chicago or San Francisco or New York or some English city or French city were better or worse off than Boston was surely an important ques-

tion; but it was not their question. New York might have a dozen wretched alleys to Boston's one; but she could also point to the miraculous transformation at Mulberry Bend, to the noteworthy multiplication of playgrounds near the crowded homes of the poor, to the energetic onslaught on the whole line of her slums at this time, and to her splendid new enterprises in tenements and model lodgings. Let her be praised for all she has done and blamed for what she has left undone that she ought to have done. Boston's business was with herself. The sole question was: Do the slums here described exist in Boston as described,—and ought they to exist? Voices were raised, in newspapers and out, denying their existence; the report, they said, is false, sensational. But the facts had long been known to many earnest men and women; and many more, with the plain pages and plain maps of the pamphlet in their hands, now sought the dismal courts and alleys, to find that the words were temperate and unimpressive indeed beside the sad realities.

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The official body to which the people have to look for action in this matter is the Board of Health, which is responsible for the sanitary condition of the city and therefore has power to condemn tenements unfit for occupancy. In each of the five years preceding 1898, the Board ordered about one hundred houses vacated because of their unsanitary condition; but the owners in most cases made such improvements as earned longer toleration, and less than ten houses on an average were actually vacated each year for a longer or shorter time. In April, 1897, the Board of Health was given increased power by the legislature, that the removal of the slums might be expedited. "Whenever," says the legislative act, "in the opinion of the Board of Health any building or part thereof in said city (Boston) which has been ordered by said Board to be vacated is because of age, infection with contagious disease, defects in drainage, plumbing or ventilation, or because of the existence of a nuisance on the premises which is likely to cause sickness among its occupants, . . . so unfit for human habitation that the evils in or caused by said building cannot be remedied by repairs or in any other way except by the destruction of said building or any portion of the same, said Board of Health may order the same or any part thereof to be removed." This act is substantially the same as that under which so much has been done to rid New York of its slums; and for its enactment by the Massachusetts legislature, Boston is indebted to Mayor Quincy. It was eight months before the Board of Health used this new power. In January, 1898, the Board ordered four houses removed, and up to the time when Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet appeared, seven or eight others.

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Since the appearance of Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet, about thirty houses have been ordered removed by the Board of Health, and something more than half that number have actually been removed. About seventy-five houses have been ordered vacated, but the order has actually been enforced in by no means that number of cases. To some the reasons for continued toleration may seem good and sufficient; to others they seem very poor and feeble reasons. The number of houses described in Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet as absolutely unfit for human habitation was about seventy-five; but Mr. Estabrook's aim was not to make an exhaustive list, but to direct the attention of the public to representative slums. As matter of fact, there are in Boston twice seventy-five tenement houses, or three times seventy-five, which, were public sentiment properly roused and

resolute, would not be allowed to stand a day.

It was to rouse public sentiment to support the Board of Health in a more vigorous policy that the committee of the Twentieth Century Club published Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet. The Board seemed to fear that a radical exercise of its new powers might provoke such opposition as would threaten a repeal of the law. Of this we do not think there is the slightest danger; there is far greater danger that the officials may be behind the real demands of the people. Those who have at heart the cause of decent homes for the working people of Boston would welcome an opportunity to go before the legislature, should the present laws ever be threatened by any landlords who are fattening on the blood of the poor; and the legislative outcome, all may be quite sure, would not be anything less drastic than we have to-day. But the men and women who are fighting the battle with the slum in Boston will work with the officials just so long and so far as these who have expressed a desire for their support show that they are in earnest, show adequate concern for the serious interests for which they have been made primarily responsible, and show courage. Deference to any foolish timidity, inertia, perfunctoriness, or official jealousy, where the interests concerned are indeed so serious, involving the physical and moral salvation of thousands of our unfortunate fellow beings, would be criminal.

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If the Board of Health was in any doubt as to the earnestness of Boston sentiment upon this matter, the doubt must have been resolved by the words spoken at the public hearing which it gave in the summer, one of the most impressive public hearings ever held in the city. To that noteworthy gathering came the philanthropist, the economist, the physician, the architect, the owners and agents of real estate, the men and women from the social settlement, all to speak one burning word,—that Boston was burdened and cursed with multitudes of slums which were a disgrace and a menace to her people, and that they should be tolerated no longer. Most important, Mayor Quincy came, listened with earnest attention to the long impeachment, and at the end declared, in a strong and stirring speech, that he would support the Board of Health in the full exercise of its new power and that he believed in taking large risks of suits for damages, if need be, in the vigorous prosecution of so imperative a work.

* * *

Vigorous and radical the Boston Board of Health certainly has not been. We would not imply that it is less earnest and energetic than other similar boards, in New York or elsewhere. Indeed it would be profitless to enter upon any personal or specific criticism; and we at least have no desire to do it here. The main thing is that a great interest like this of the homes of the people should no longer be permitted, in our immense, crowded modern cities, to remain the assignment to one pigeon-hole of a dozen or a score in the office of a body like the Board of Health. It should no longer be a by-the-by, one thing of many; it should be the special province of a special municipal department, with men at its head who have the largest knowledge always of whatever is being done in cities the wide world over to improve the homes of the people, men who love and pity the poor, and who have the high ambition to make Boston an ensample for the cities of America and of the world in everything pertaining to the housing of its working classes. This step has already been taken in Paris. We commend to every reader the account given by Dr. Albert Shaw, in the second volume of his invaluable work on "Municipal Government in Europe,"

of the *Commission des Logements Insalubres* in Paris and its splendid services. "The methods pursued in this administrative crusade against unsanitary conditions of every character in the homes of the people have been," as Dr. Shaw well reminds us, "too little known in the English-speaking countries."

* * *

If Mayor Quincy, so prolific in good ideas and good enterprises, would take steps for the creation of a commission or department of the homes of the people, it would be one of the most beneficent acts of his administration and would have the warm approval of all men in Boston whose approval is worth having. Boston does not want slums in her borders; but Boston is largely ignorant of her slums. Jacob Riis, the well-known author of "How the Other Half Lives," came from New York a few weeks ago to speak before the Twentieth Century Club on the battle with the slum in that city. A leading Boston newspaper felicitated its readers the next morning that the harrowing pictures brought before the audience by Mr. Riis's stereopticon were New York pictures and not Boston ones, and soothed Boston consciences by assuring them that Mr. Estabrook's recent account was not to be credited. Yet if this newspaper, or another, would lay before its readers a hundred pictures, matching Mr. Riis's worst, of places pointed out by Mr. Estabrook and visited by a score of people in that audience, finding his pictures not over-drawn but under-drawn, it might be quite sure that Boston hearts and Boston brains would respond as they ought. Brains without hearts behind them are of no use in dealing with this problem of the poor. We have just read a letter written by a Boston official, a man whose special office made it his duty to be familiar with the places described by Mr. Estabrook and to know that the descriptions are true, in which Mr. Estabrook's work was curtly dismissed as "sensationalism." On the same day we chanced to hear Helena Dudley, the head of Denison House, speaking of the same work. She had been in Mr. Estabrook's company to many of the places which he describes and, her heart burning with sympathy for the suffering about her and with indignation at the horrors so carelessly permitted, had urged him to add other wretched homes to his black list; her criticism was of his caution and conservatism. He was probably right; she was probably wrong. It was wisest that his impeachment should single out homes grossly bad. But as we heard her speak, we felt that her great humanity made her a fit person for the commission on the homes of the people, for whose creation we shall continue to hope; while all the official's officialism and opportunity had profited nothing. On this commission which we hope for there must be science; there must also be love. We want Mr. Wadlin there, and Mr. Brooks, and Professor Dewey, and Dr. Hartwell, with their broad knowledge of facts in Europe and America; we want Mr. Woods and Mr. Cole and Dr. Underhill, who are spending their lives in seeking and saving the men and women and children who would else be lost in the "city wilderness."

* * *

Most opportune is the appearance at this very juncture in the battle with the slums in Boston of the volume which has been long in preparation by the residents and associates of the South End House, giving a complete survey of the condition of that great section of Boston extending from Eliot and Kneeland Streets on the north to Brookline Street on the south, in the midst of which the South End House stands. It is one of the great tenement-house and lodging districts of Boston. It does not contain the worst slums; it is not the dis-

trict of the poorest tenements; but it is the largest tenement-house district, and perhaps that which is worthiest of the careful, detailed study here made. "There is no such overcrowding as there is in lower New York; poverty has no such painful and revolting aspects as are to be seen in East London; drunkenness is of a less sodden and brutalizing character than in the corresponding quarters of many American cities; immorality is at least not obtrusive and defiant; and, amid a cosmopolitan population representing nearly every grade of working-class existence, the labor problem is at about its average degree of difficulty." Such is the general characterization of the district in the introduction. There is no attempt anywhere in the book to paint things blacker than they are; and there is no shrinking from telling the black truth whenever the truth is black. The book throughout is plain, straightforward, temperate and scientific, but always intensely earnest, informed by the tenderest and humanest spirit, by the feeling that it is dealing with men and brothers, by high and true ideals of what a city ought to be and what the homes of men and women ought to be. Its sole aim is to lay facts before the people of Boston in a right light and by the simple revelation ask the questions, what they think of it and what they think they ought to do about it.

"The City Wilderness" is the title which Mr. Woods and his associates give their book. They do not apply the term in Boston to the South End tenement-house district alone. This volume is to followed by a second, devoted to the old North and West Ends, making the same careful examination of the social, moral and sanitary problems there which is made in this first volume of the South End. To the whole effort too high a tribute could not easily be paid. It is surely not too much to say that since Charles Booth published his remarkable study of the conditions of life and labor in East London there has appeared no such careful or valuable survey of any "wilderness" section of a great city as that given in the present volume by the residents of the South End House in Boston. It is by no means the first conspicuous service which this noble band of workers has rendered in this field. We wish that the remarkable study of a tenement-house street, by Mr. Sanborn, issued by the South End House a few years ago as one of its bulletins, might have been incorporated in this new volume, as it has been in a little volume of sociological essays recently published by Mr. Sanborn; and we wish that other bulletins of the House had larger currency than they have. Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet on "Some Slums in Boston" might almost be regarded as a South End House bulletin at the same time that it is a weapon of the Twentieth Century Club. Indeed we believe it has been adopted as one of the bulletins of the House, for use in its good work. Mr. Estabrook has been at various times a resident of the South End House; and that was his home during the time of the preparation of his pamphlet. The coöperation of Mr. Woods and Mr. Cole with Mr. Estabrook and with the whole effort of the Twentieth Century Club with which he is identified has been invaluable. One of the maps used to illustrate "The City Wilderness" is taken from Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet—the plan of two blind alleys whose bordering homes are among those which the South End House and Twentieth Century Club people unite with Mr. Estabrook in urging the city, in its own plainest and simplest interest, to remove from the face of the earth. An obvious step, says Mr. Woods, speaking of the immediate region of his survey, would be "the destruction of at least a dozen dark, noisome rear-tenement buildings, such as open into narrow passageways and blind alleys. This action would dispose of the most fertile breeding places of pauperism and its accompanying degradation."

Mr. Woods himself writes three of the dozen chapters of "A City Wilderness,"—those upon "Work and Wages," "Social Recovery" and "The Total Drift." Mr. Cole writes upon "Criminal Tendencies" and "The Church and the People," besides contributing the valuable introductory chapter. Mr. Haynes writes the historical chapter and that upon "Amusements;" Mr. Bushée, upon "Population;" and Dr. Underhill, upon "Public Health;" and there are unsigned chapters upon "The Roots of Political Power" and "Strongholds of Education,"—the former a particularly graphic and startling study, showing what kind of citizens is inevitably being formed by the conditions which we choose to permit, to take their part in political power and the shaping of the city. If there is one chapter above others which we would like to have taken from this book, all of which is a "tract for the times," and placed in the hands of every citizen of Boston, to ask him what he thinks about it, it is this chapter on "The Roots of Political Power." It is absurd and foolish for any of us who are not joining in attention to these "roots" to wonder why the aldermen and councilmen and school committee-men whom we do not wish to see elected are elected.

The "roots" of the kind of political influence which rolls up votes in the "city wilderness" are in bad homes and demoralizing street conditions, for which the public is responsible. Mr. Woods is quite right when he says in his final chapter: "The individual does not have in himself the main cause of difficulty. In the great majority of cases the trend of his physical and moral existence is practically determined for him by his outward conditions. The real trouble is that people here are from birth at the mercy of great social forces which move almost like the march of destiny." "Almost every boy in the tenement-house quarters of the district," says the writer of the chapter on "The Roots of Political Power," "is member of a 'gang.'" "In the territory under review," says Mr. Woods in his chapter on "Work and Wages," emphasizing the fundamental importance of the decent home, "fully one-half of all the people live in what are commonly understood as tenement houses. In at least two hundred cases there is but one room to a family; the number of people living in two-room and three-room tenements is upward of twenty-five hundred. . . . Families having but two rooms often use both rooms for sleeping purposes; those having three rooms usually crowd the two tiny chambers at night and reserve the larger room for all the purposes of the day. If this room is kept clean it is a presentable place for company; but the better influences of home life and of social intercourse begin with families having four rooms. To have a parlor gives a family a feeling of self-respect."

But it is Dr. Underhill's chapter upon "Public Health" and Mr. Cole's upon "Criminal Tendencies" which make the chief contribution to the cause of tenement-house reform and furnish chief reinforcement for the battle with the slum in Boston. The Twentieth Century Club people would do well to add many pages from these essays—exhibiting respectively the physical and the moral poison with which the wretched home infects its inmates and its neighborhood—to Mr. Estabrook's pamphlet, the more effectually to bring home to the Boston public the evils which they seek to eradicate.

"Throughout this district," says Dr. Underhill, "many basements without sub-cellars are used by the very poor as dwelling places. One or two rooms, with poor ventilation, with little or no direct sunlight, with walls always damp and sometimes wet, represent to men, women and children—home." He gives this experience as illustrating the way in

which during storms water oozes through old walls and floors in the Albany Street region: "In a front basement on the easterly side of Harrison Avenue, a woman was found lying ill upon a mattress, which lay upon the board floor; and under the floor the water could be heard to swash at every step." The soil through which such moisture has percolated he shows to be made up of abominable material, the prolific source of malarial disease. Speaking of a court opening off Albany Street, surrounded by wooden buildings, he says: "The wood throughout the lower stories of the buildings is covered with green mould, and is not dry even in midsummer." One crowning evil he finds in the overcrowding. There are old houses in rear courts, "not only without elbow room, but without breathing room," yet to several families still passing for home. Of one section near Dover Street he says: "Alleys, courts and places abound, though recently some of them have been rechristened streets, —a street in this case being one of a series of passageways in which no vehicle can be turned around if it be larger than a handcart. In such localities the enforcement of never so radical building laws would not relieve the condition of overcrowding, the first requisite being the addition of more street area." He arraigns the landlords who in their "rush to bring in the greatest rent for the smallest investment" make always the slightest improvements which will clear the law; the places where there are no conveniences for the disposal of house offal except the barrels in the yard; the abominable water-closet arrangements, one water-closet sometimes serving for thirty people, and sending its contaminations out into the open shafts or wells which furnish often the sole inlet of air and light for the sleeping-rooms of a tenement block. Cleanliness, he says, "is put at a high premium. There are practically no bathing facilities in the tenement houses of the district." So goes on his arraignment of the congestion, the poor ventilation, the darkness and dampness and uncleanness in which hundreds and thousands of our fellow beings are living to-day in the city of Boston. He calls attention to the fact that the figures of the Tenement House census of 1891-92 show that fully one-fourth of the tenement-house population of the district live under specially objectionable sanitary conditions. "Thus are the people of this district housed," he concludes, "and under such conditions are their children born and nurtured. The welfare of the community clearly demands that no person be allowed to live under such depressing conditions. . . . To better the conditions of the poor as far as overcrowding is concerned is entirely within the power of the city or state. The present statute empowers the Board of Health to condemn or destroy buildings that are either themselves unfit for human habitation or render buildings in their vicinity unfit." He calls upon the Board of Health for a literal exercise of this power, and pleads for such increase of street area and multiplication of small parks and playgrounds as are now, born of a newly aroused public sentiment, doing so much to redeem the "wilderness" of New York. The reforms which he urges are, he rightly declares, "of all means for the bettering of the poor the most clearly within the province of the government."

Dr. Underhill touches only casually upon the tendency of the existing tenement-house conditions to lower the moral standards of the poor; his concern is with the public health. But one brief passage should not be forgotten. "Modesty," he says, "is hardly possible when from four to ten people of varying ages and both sexes live in from two to four rooms, some of them very small. Insufficient water-closet facilities also conduce to a low standard of morals. . . . The overcrowding of tenements is an excellent

reason for the late hours at which young children of the poor go to bed, —it being hardly possible for the children to sleep in the midst of work and talk, until they are thoroughly exhausted. As a matter of fact, children of four and five years are often awake until nine or ten o'clock at night."

The moral phases of the tenement-house question are taken up by Mr. Cole in his chapter on "Criminal Tendencies." He shows how fatally unsanitary surroundings and mean homes lead to drink; the bad tenement and the saloon go together. The deep reasons for the strong local intrenchment of prostitution and all that is akin to it, in the district studied, are to be found, he shows, in local social conditions, above all else in the very character of the homes of the people. "Some tenement-house quarters especially inducive to crime are rife with certain forms of immorality. Tenement-house life in general, except in tenements of the highest grade, can hardly escape what is mean and low. In many cases, the familiarity shown by children of the tenements with wrong-doing of all descriptions is extremely shocking. The horror of this would be lessened were not the children always liable to become to the full extent the victims of the conditions under which they are condemned to live. Girls of tender years are lured into a life of shame. Boys come to man's estate with their whole nature corrupted and ruined. Drink, in adult life, is the fatal logic of such an adolescence."

* * *

Just as this volume on "The City Wilderness" comes to us, there also comes, as the latest of the regular publications of the American Economic Association, a thorough scientific study of the homes of the poor in Yonkers, New York. It is a sorry exhibition of conditions for which there is not the excuse which there is for similar or much worse conditions in great cities like New York and Boston. We cannot here review this volume. We welcome it as a new evidence that men everywhere are waking up to the importance of decent homes for the people and of tolerating no longer things which we have tolerated so long that it is little wonder that multitudes of our smug, fortunate folk now regard sharp and earnest attack upon them as sensational. There are a dozen places in New England which show all the evils here studied and impeached in Yonkers. Every large New England town should investigate with the same thoroughness the homes of its people. Here we are concerned only with Boston. Of all the great cities of the country there is none where it should be easier to put an end to conditions such as Mr. Wadlin and Mr. Estabrook and now Mr. Woods and his associates have made known to us with such startling definiteness. If all men and women, private or official, from the mayor down, to whom the message comes, aroused to an earnestness which would shame and make ridiculous any poor jealousy about precedence or exact procedure, would unite with resolution, Boston could quickly be redeemed.

The churches have a responsibility here which they have not been alive to. "In a well-worked London parish," says Walter Besant, "there is not a house whose character is not known to the clergy." Under our looser organization there are multitudes of such houses. Our churches should unite for systematic dealing with this matter. Every minister in Boston should preach upon the homes of the people; he should remind his congregation that church influences and school influences go for little where counteracted by such home influences as those here described. But this is not a matter chiefly for the preachers. Upon a subject so vital to the welfare of the city, every citizen should be a student and a preacher; and there is no fitter time to begin than this Christmas time.



BOSTON COMMON AND THE STATE HOUSE IN WINTER.

THE

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THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE HOUSE.

By Alfred S. Roe.

"A CITY that is set upon an hill cannot be hid." From whatever direction the traveller approaches Boston, his eye cannot help resting upon the most conspicuous object in the entire prospect. Whether he enters by land or water, the glittering dome of the State House, rising one hundred and ten feet above the surface of Beacon Hill, itself almost as many above the sea, is the first thing to greet his sight; and, if he be New England born or bred, few sights in all this world can arouse in him deeper emotion. As yet only Bunker Hill Monument divides sky-pointing honors with our beautiful dome; and Massachusetts people are particularly interested in allowing them to maintain a monopoly in this direction. Boston herself realizes the majesty of the view, and in her city seal seizes upon the profile and between her historic Latin phrases engraves an unequalled silhouette. Every day the dome is the cynosure of quite a million of people, and for more than a century it has been the most conspicuous object reared by the hands of man within the borders of the Commonwealth. Generations have appeared, performed their parts and departed; a prosperous village, at its founding, has developed into a metropolitan city; wars have been fought and peace has reigned; the hum of thrifty commerce has been caught by its walls; yet through all vicissitudes and changes these well-planted foundations have grown old, upholding the structure which in the advance of years has grown more and more dear to the loyal sons and daughters of the Bay State.

The General Court of Massachusetts being the oldest legislative body in America, it is quite fitting that its place of assembling should be in an ancient edifice. With a single exception, no state in the Union can point to buildings in which laws have been made for so many years as that whose capital is Boston; for the occupancy of the Bulfinch State House followed directly after the fifty years' use of the still-standing and ever-cherished structure known as the Old State House, at the head of State Street. The exception is Rhode Island, where in Newport may be seen the capitol ordered built February 20, 1738–9, and long known as the Colony House. Following the completion of the new capitol now building in Providence, the Newport edifice, with the Colony House of Providence, ordered in May, 1759, will be devoted to other uses. These structures, however, like our venerable building in State Street, lay no claim to architectural beauty; they are valuable only on account of age



THE OLD STATE HOUSE.

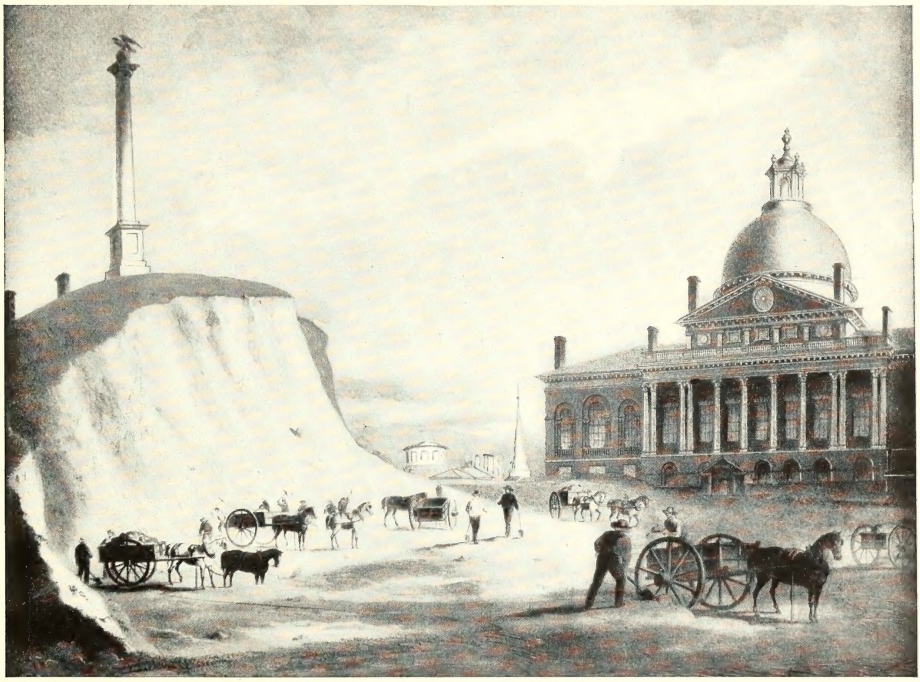
and associations. But the Bulfinch State House has age, associations and, above all, beauty of position and outline, possessed by few structures in America.

Reference to the journals and documents, carefully preserved at the State House, shows us that the old Town House in State Street had certain limitations that were becoming very annoying to the lawmakers of the period following hard after the Revolution. Situated in the very heart of the busiest portion of growing Boston, the necessary noise incident to the location at times nearly crazed the General Court. Among the records of those days may be found an entry to the effect that action should be taken to prevent disturbance by carriages in the street below. This was June 6, 1786; and Senator Benjamin Austin of Boston and Representatives John Carnes of Lynn and Thomas Dawes of Boston were appointed a committee to report some measure of relief. In due time this committee reported an ordinance to the effect that no carriage should pass or stand within two hundred feet of the State House to the east or one hundred feet to the west, except those that might carry the governor or some dignitary of the Commonwealth, of course including the Legislature. The quarters too were exceedingly cramped, as any visitor to the rooms of the Bostonian Society may readily see for himself. How nearly two hundred men could in a dignified manner occupy the west room must ever puzzle the observer.

In 1787 the question of a new edifice was mooted and resolves were drawn. Thenceforward, to the final action which led to the construction of the Bulfinch State House, the matter was one of the prominent features of successive General Courts. As early as November 5, 1787, Charles Bulfinch wrote a letter, now on file in the archives, indicating his wish to direct the building of an edifice and therein submitting certain plans and estimates. In this letter he says that his plan is modelled on a famous building abroad, but we are left in ignorance as to what that structure may have been. His delineations are so meagre that it is impossible to tell whether the new building as afterward projected is the one he had in mind in 1787 or not. Indeed when he did finally undertake the task he states that the plans in the minds of the legislators had so far changed that it was necessary for him to modify his former specifications to a great extent. In his first letter he writes that a room

forty-five feet by sixty is as large as the voice of any ordinary man can fill. One might think that space-filling capacity has grown in a hundred years.

All this time the town of Boston was holding public meetings, trying to devise means to retain the capital and to arrange for such contribution as the people might choose to vote. Watertown put in a bid, hoping to secure the return of those days when her old church entertained the Provincial



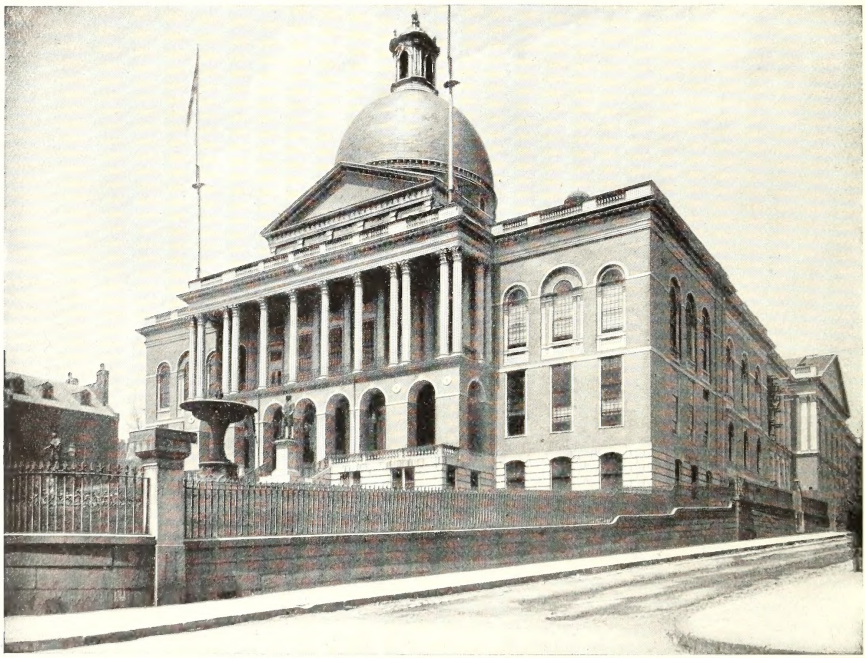
From a lithograph in the Bostonian Society's collection.

THE REMOVAL OF BEACON HILL IN 1811.

Congress. From correspondence with certain Worcester people, still preserved, it would appear that the legislative committee invited action in the heart of the Commonwealth. A long letter is extant, signed by Elijah Dix, Isaiah Thomas, Nathaniel Paine and other noteworthy citizens of Worcester above a hundred years ago, asking for consideration in the matter of a change of capital. They had a site selected, but just where they do not state, and they express an ability to raise five thousand pounds to build the edifice. Nothing, however, came of this proposition, unless it was the prompting of Boston to increased activity. Reference to the discussions of those days discloses some interesting facts. For instance, the good people of the subsequent "Hub" thought a location on Park Street just west of the present church, on land recently purchased from William Foster, would be an excellent location; they voted to offer the same to the state, and a resolve can be found to the effect of accepting the same on the part of the General Court. Again they wanted the new edifice located on the corner of Park and Tremont Streets, and also on the corner of what are now Tremont and Boylston Streets. However, the Legislature took matters into its own hands and said: We will take a grant of the land long known as the Governor's Pasture, or, failing that, we will build on the north-

west corner of the Common opposite the Almshouse,—near the present site of the Shaw Memorial. The final resolve bears date of February 16, 1795. The Senate named Thomas Dawes as the commissioner from that body, and the House added Speaker Edward H. Robbins and Charles Bulfinch. The three men were all noted in their respective ways. The first was of Revolutionary training and was a practical builder. The speaker was long known as the King of Milton and was it was not till April 6 following that the deed passing to the town of Boston the possession of the Governor's Pasture was recorded, and still later that the transfer was made to the Commonwealth. The town bought of Ebenezer Hancock and Mary Perkins, and a consideration of five shillings is made to Dorothy, widow of John Hancock, from whom the before-named Ebenezer and Mary had inherited.

Work must have been pushed with the utmost speed, for on the fourth of



THE STATE HOUSE FROM BEACON STREET.

one of the foremost men of his day. The architect needs no introduction.*

It is pleasant to note that all the appropriations for the new structure were in pounds sterling, though the change to decimal currency had just been warranted. The Bulfinch State House was constructed on estimates made in the currency of the mother country; and the first appropriation was one of £8,000. Though decisive action was taken by the Legislature in February, the following July the corner-stone was laid with impressive ceremonies, under Masonic auspices,—Paul Revere, Grand Master, taking a prominent part. Samuel Adams, then governor, laid the stone and addressed the assembled multitude in words brief but significant. Boston and the Commonwealth made much of the day. The members of the state government with the selectmen of the town had already marched to the Old South, where they had heard the voice of Peter Thatcher as he prayed

*See illustrated article on Charles Bulfinch in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, November, 1890.

for the blessing of God upon the enterprise, and an address by George Blake, and thence had returned to the old State House. Then under the lead of the Independent Fusileers they had proceeded along Main or Marlborough Street to Winter, through which they went possibly in honor of the governor, whose home was on that street, thence across the Common to the famous pasture. Fifteen white horses, representing the number of states then in the Union, had drawn the corner-stone to its position.

As the new edifice rose, it overlooked no such scenes as those of which it finally became the centre. Boston's twenty-five thousand people saw very little that was inviting on the northern and western steeps of Beacon Hill; and for more than a quarter of a century there was a practically unbroken view from the northern side of the State House to the grassy slopes of Bunker Hill. By far the most conspicuous building in its vicinity was the Hancock mansion. But the Common was there in all its traditional glory, affording pasturage to hundreds of Boston's kine.

Under the direction of the committee, the work of construction progressed rapidly. The walls went up solidly and firmly. The art of making imitation columns had not arisen. There was no stucco nor staff. "Jonathan Smoothing Plane," as the British called Thomas Dawes, would have tolerated no deception in his work.

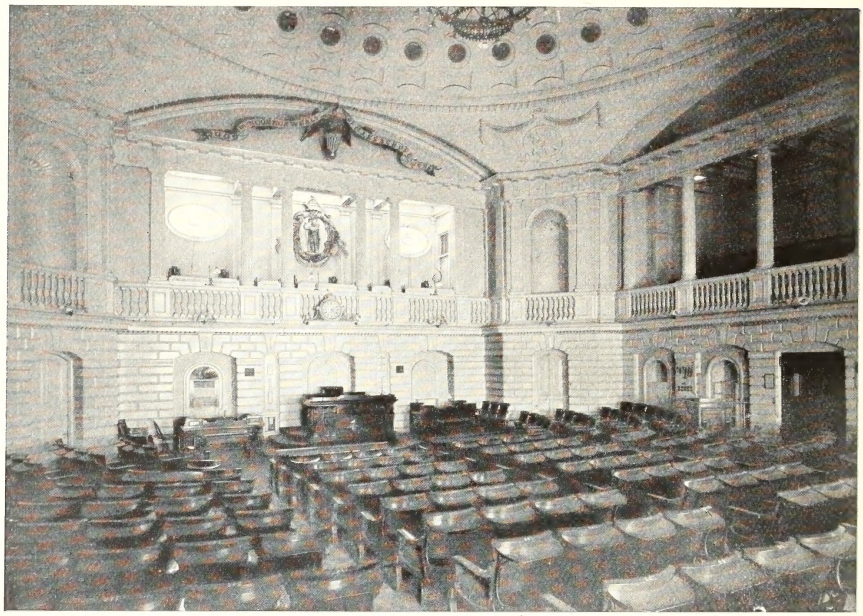


DORIC HALL.*

The columns, for more than a century the pride of the building's front, were brought from lands of Speaker Robbins on the shores of Lake West Maguerrawock in Calais, Maine. Under its competent direction the work progressed to completion; and on the eleventh day of January, 1798, the building was ready for occupancy.

Governor Increase Sumner led the procession that sallied forth from the older edifice after fifty years of use. His predecessors in office had been in ill health. Hancock was very infirm

*The photographs of Doric Hall and those on the following pages, with the exception of "The State House Extension," are from negatives made and copyrighted by N. L. Stebbins.



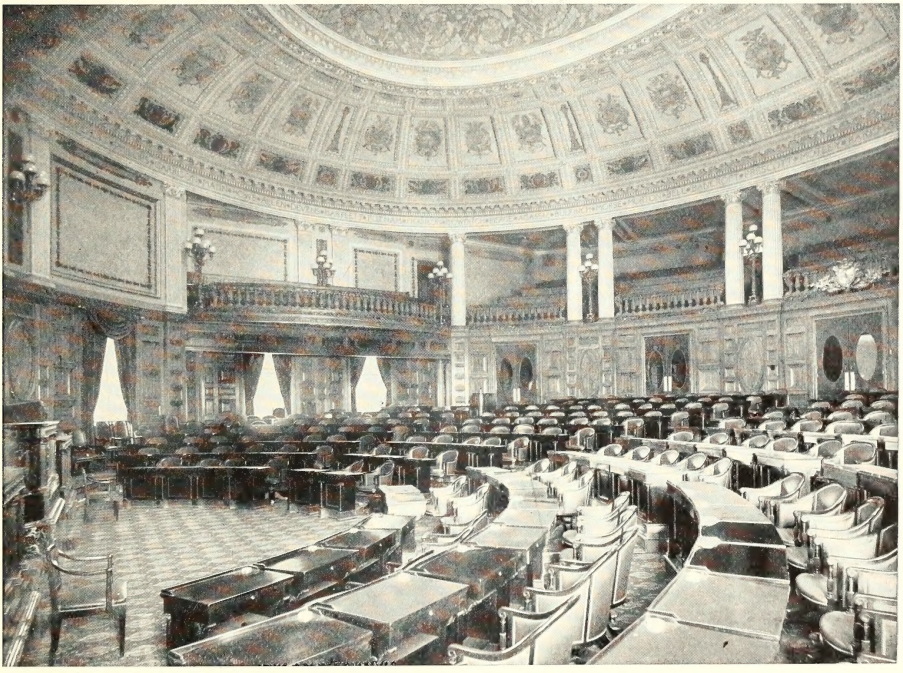
THE SENATE CHAMBER — THE OLD HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

from the gout. Bowdoin was an invalid. Adams was aged and enfeebled by his arduous struggles, so that a cane had become to him a necessity. Sumner was imposing in stature and erect in his bearing. The situation was fully appreciated by an old woman who sold fruit near the entrance of the building; and as the head of the procession passed, she lifted up her hands and voice exclaiming: "Thank God that at last Massachusetts has a governor who can walk!" The members of the General Court with the other officers of the government proceeded as directly as possible to the new capitol and there took the places to be occupied by them and their successors for many a year.

It is probable that the increasing numbers in the House required, from time to time, changes in the seating arrangement. Indeed, when the membership was at its maximum, viz., six hundred and thirty-five, not only was the floor filled, but all the galleries, and besides balconies were built out from the east and west sides, to which access was had by winding stairways. Then the seats were not the cushioned chairs of later times, but plain settees, in which the Solons of those days could be crowded. Here members sat with covered heads for more than thirty years, and then came the custom of leaving superfluous apparel in the coat-rooms. Veterans of the Revolution in greater or less numbers were here till 1832, when Major Thomas Melville of Boston Tea Party fame represented the departing patriot, with the final cocked hat and the last of smallclothes.

Of course the advance from the fireplaces of the fathers to the modern methods of heating necessitated some changes; but the contour of the interior was unaltered. When public-spirited citizens presented to the Commonwealth the statue of Washington, a condition was attached that Chantrey's work should be placed in a receptacle of its own. Accordingly the alcove so long known as the flag-room was added to the north side; this in 1828. In 1853 more pronounced alterations were had; for then came that part of the State House denominated the Bryant addition—from Gridley J. F. Bryant, the architect. At that time

the people at these headquarters must have been in a very crowded condition, and extension had become imperative. The new portion was carried up as high as the roof of the Bulfinch structure, reserving a kind of court around and including the alcove devoted to the statue of Washington. In this new part were found places for the Treasury and State departments, besides numerous and much-needed committee rooms. Though these were not large and never convenient, they were useful and answered their ends for almost fifty years.



THE NEW HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Here also slowly grew the State Library. For many years it had been an unappreciated part of State House furniture, necessary but not popular, by no means keeping pace with the development of the state, till the incumbency of Governor Thomas Talbot in 1879. First a librarian was needed, and he was found on the editorial staff of the Boston *Journal*, in the person of C. B. Tillinghast, who has since, to the present time, faithfully discharged the duties of his responsible office. His assigned portion was added to till it included parts of two floors of the Bryant wing; but still there was a lacking of space, and the crying demand of room for books was one of the causes of the new edifice of 1889–98. Seemingly every available inch had been utilized. The librarian is one of the modern kind who believe in books for use rather than as curiosities, so that the merits of his collection became so generally recognized that more room was imperative.

No other effect was sought in the Bryant addition than that of convenience; and this was attained as far as the building went. With it there were pleasant associations, for in and through those halls and spaces went the form of John A. Andrew in the stormy war days. In some of these committee rooms he frequently found lodging when he had no time to go to a hotel, not to mention his Hingham home.



THE SPEAKER'S ROOM.

Though the Legislature had rendered a permanent number the limit of the House, and though that figure was much smaller than the maximum already named, yet so greatly had commissions and committees multiplied that immediately after the war it became apparent that increased accommodations must be had. A new building was not called for, since in those days there were vast debts remaining from the Rebellion, and debt limits had some terrors then; so a scheme to extend the existing quarters or to adapt them was resolved upon. An architect, Mr. William Washburn, was found, and once more the hand of the repairer was in evidence. Old Doric Hall was allowed to remain, but ways of entering and departing were altered. Niches were made for the reception of statuary, doorways in the front were changed, small rooms were made at the ends of the former main halls, and, greatest change of all, the spacious height between the first and second floors was divided and an entire new set of rooms was made possible. Here were found the reading, smoking and coat rooms of the House, also a large number of committee rooms. Elevators were put in, and a cramped stairway took the place of the wide and comfortable one of the original architect. Then, going to the roof, this was raised and more spaces for committee work were found. Within the hall of the House a gallery for the press was fashioned over the Washington alcove, thus shutting off some of the light long obtained through the original windows; but the increased comfort for the reporters was deserved. Up to this period the gentlemen of the press had been huddled down by the speaker's chair.

This was the condition of affairs to within a very recent date. For many years, however, a large part of the commissions had been housed outside of the State House. A beautiful brownstone mansion on Mount Vernon Street opposite the capitol had been purchased, and from basement to attic it was a hive of governmental activity. While many of the departments had found permanent places in the new State House, it was only recently that the attorney-general sought quarters across the way. Other departments, not lodged in the capitol or in the Commonwealth Building, as the Mount Vernon structure was called, had to be located further away, sometimes in remote portions of the city.

Such being the condition of the various parts which made up the governmental whole, it was resolved to start a new building. Again the matter of sites was discussed. Many would have torn away the old Bulfinch house and, upon its site, with spaces purchased to the east and west, would have erected, with front upon the Common, one of the most elaborate and comely capitols in the world. Then, however, rang for the first time the cry: "The old State House must be preserved." Casting aside the possibility of erecting additions as wings thus facing the south and the most

magnificent outlook in America, an evil genius prevailed, and the old reservoir back of the building was bought, with sundry additional areas, and the task essayed of erecting an edifice of great height at right angles to a long hill.

It was in 1888, May 17, that the first resolve was passed, followed by others leading up to the corner-stone laying, December 21, 1889. During the early days of the constructing there was no particular interruption to the life in the old building. The approaches, however, were such that in January, 1895, the new part was ready for occupancy. Then followed the march of the House to its new hall; but the Senate continued to hold its old quarters, as did the executive department. Over Mount Vernon Street and through the dismantled Bryant addition, covered ways were thrown; and in a condition of semi-chaos the Legislature and departments struggled on through this year and the following.

In 1896 came the crucial test as to whether the Bulfinch house should yield to the destroyers or not. In the old Senate Chamber the battle was fought, and won. The new had touched the old. The governor and council had fled to the northern part of the second floor of the extension. It was proclaimed that the house of Bulfinch's design was no longer safe. A special commission of experts was called to investigate the situation, and a verdict was rendered that there was no danger lurking within the walls constructed so long ago. Only the Senate, however, occupied during the session. The grand old Representatives' Hall was locked and dust-covered, save on the occasion of one or two popular hearings. Iconoclasts would have destroyed this relic of the last century and would have made a new chamber in the space allotted to the department of State in the extension. Happily the plan did not prevail; and after a popular uprising in behalf of preservation, which in its effect ran from the Cape to Berkshire, by a large vote it was decided to renew the old State House under the direction of the gov-



THE OLD SENATE CHAMBER.

ernor, the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House. These officials then were Governor Roger Wolcott, Hon. George P. Lawrence of North Adams, and Hon. George von L. Meyer of Boston, all enthusiastic believers that the old house should stand. They devised plans which resulted in the employment of a group of Boston architects, of whom Arthur G. Everett was supervisor, and of Woodbury and Leighton as builders. All parties worked together in the utmost harmony, and the work was done within the time promised and, what was even more notable, far within the appropriation. $375,000 was thought a sufficient sum with which to make fireproof and safe the old structure. This was found ample, not only for the stipulated work, but also for furnishing, and then there was left to be turned back into the treasury nearly $50,000. A considerable part of this sum was, later, used in illuminating the dome, and in perfecting the Beacon Street fountains.

Resplendent in its new attire, the ancient edifice awaited its new occupants. Again a governor sat in the seat of Andrew, Long and Greenhalge; as of old the Council Chamber held its advisory body; and on January 5, 1898, the Senate began its sittings in the old Hall of Representatives, the beginning, let us hope, of another century of occupation.

The visitor of to-day has a choice of approaches. He may climb the front stairs up which went the thousands during the war period of 1861–65; he may enter the basement through doors at either end; or he may stroll from the Annex, through hallways glittering with polished marble, to the simple, old-fashioned elegance of the house that Bulfinch knew. Let us go up by the route that the average stranger would take, namely, that by the front way, leaving behind us the Shaw Memorial, dedicated in 1897,



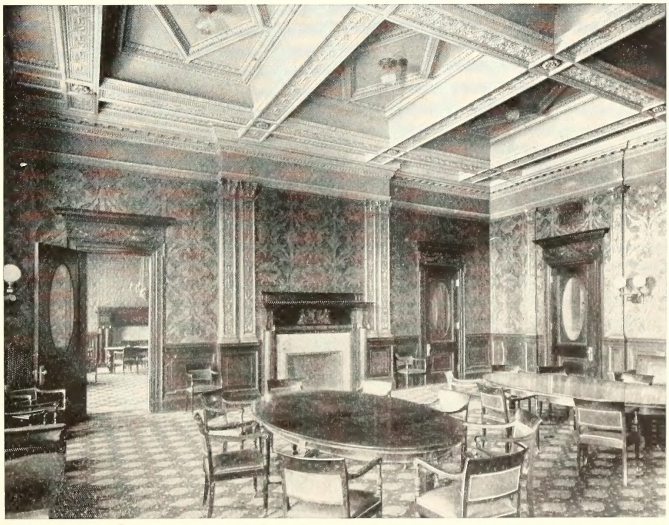
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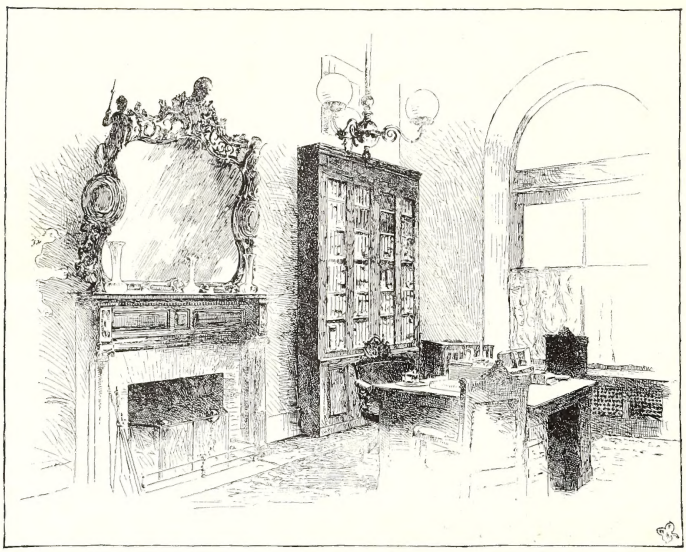
WRITING ROOM AND POST OFFICE.

and taking a glance in passing at the figures of Webster and Mann, that have kept watch and ward since 1859 and 1865 respectively. Webster's bronzed face saw the departure of the Bay State's brave thousands, heard the words of Governor Andrew as they marched away, and then witnessed the homecoming of those who survived. Flags that were in this presence first unfurled in all their gorgeous coloring, years later were borne past tattered and stained into the keeping of the State.

As we come upon the main porch and essay to enter Doric Hall, we shall find the east and west doors moved several feet further to our right and left than was their wont, and now opening into hallways. There is but one entrance from without to the Hall, and that is the great middle door, closed a large part of the year. Should we take the eastern door, we shall find at our right the apartments of the attorney-general, including all of this story to the east. The mezzanine floors, owed to the Washburn changes of 1866, have disappeared, and the symmetrical heights devised by the architect appear. Of course a new arrangement of stairways obtains, or rather the old reappears, and every one must admire the roominess of all that he sees. Doric Hall, the hall of Bulfinch's creation, is as he left it, save that for wooden columns we now have metal and staff, rendered necessary by increased weight above. Where were the niches are now the passageways to the corridors, right and left. The figures that once had a lodgment here we shall find later in another room. To the northward we



READING AND SMOKING ROOM.



THE GOVERNOR'S ROOM.

look for the battle-flags, so long drooping over the figure of Washington in the little alcove devised for the statue's reception. Flags and the pavement from the English church having the Washington heraldic designs are all preserved by the sergeant-at-arms for future placing. The statue by Chantrey stands in the prepared niche, between the two entrances to the outer vestibule of the Memorial Hall of the future. In both angles on this north side are niches for the reception of heroic-sized figures, and in that at the left is the marble semblance of Governor Andrew. Who is to occupy the corner at the right? The space is suggestively empty. Some sightseer of former days may ask for the plates that once adorned the walls of the east corridor leading into the Doric Hall and which he learned had from 1790 to 1811 been attached to the base of the Beacon Hill monument. If so, he will be told that they too have returned to their ancient application, on the monument just re-erected near the site of the old one.

Passing through the great hall where bodies of famous men have lain in state and where gay and festive parties have feasted, we find the space on the west side corresponding to that taken by the attorney-general on the east held by the adjutant-general. In these rooms may be found the military records of the war of the Rebellion, with all the data pertaining to the militia of today. Climbing the stairs we reach the main floor, on this side leading to the executive department; from this floor also entrance may be had to the new Senate Chamber. We will first visit the governor's room. Seated at his table, he gives many hours to the despatch of his duties. About him are the portraits of many of his predecessors. In this very room has sat every governor of the Commonwealth under the Constitution, with the exception of Hancock, Bowdoin and Adams,—a long list of thirty-two men, and every one, in spite of the acerbities of his own times, a worthy occupant of the chair.

Just opposite the governor's room, across a narrow hall leading to it, is the Executive Council Chamber. The room is not large, but it affords comfortable quarters for the ten men, including the governor and lieutenant governor, who make up that number. There is no pleasanter room in the building than this. It is symmetrical in shape, is plain though elegant in adornment, and from its windows the observer may look out on Boston Common.

Entering the old Representatives' Hall, which is on this floor directly beneath the dome, we behold the finest hall devoted to legislative purposes in America. It is capacious, impressive in its adornments, and,

what is best of all, has most excellent acoustic properties. It is now the Senate Chamber, the House of Representatives having sought new quarters in the extension. The present occupancy by the Senate began January 5, 1898. For a full century, barring a short hiatus, this body had sat in the room opposite; but for convenience' sake, both for the public and itself, it began the second century of the edifice with a lodgment here. When this disposition was proposed there were some who protested that the forty members who composed the Senate would be lost in the space once occupied by the House. Now when all see how admirably the senators are accommodated, the cry is, "How did two hundred and forty men ever find room for themselves in this chamber?" When questioners are told that not only two hundred and forty men have sat in this room in exceedingly comfortable chairs, but that six hundred and thirty-five members have found places, if not accommodations, the wonder grows apace.

The circular arrangement of desks and chairs admits of every man being seen and heard by his fellow members. The president commands a good view of the entire room, and each speaker is in easy hearing distance. The galleries too are ample for the daily array of listeners who here spend many an hour following the routine of legislation or the war of words that sometimes arises. There are men who pass nearly as much time in the galleries as the senators do on the floor. Indeed one or two men have become so regular in their visitations that if for any reason they are absent it seems as if some necessary part of the programme were lacking. The ladies have the east gallery, and here too gentlemen with ladies may go. But the most interesting sight is when a school of lads and misses files in to look down on the arena. Curiosity, sometimes amusement, is evident in every feature of the beholders, and



THE STATE LIBRARY.



THE STATE HOUSE EXTENSION FROM BOWDOIN STREET.

very likely many of the youngsters are making a mental calculation as to the time to elapse before they too shall have a place here. They get there now earlier than the fathers did. The average age of the members of the last Senate was a little more than forty-four years, the oldest member being sixty-seven years old, the youngest twenty-six.

The reporters, indispensable to legislative proceedings, are furnished seats in the north gallery, directly above the president. From this vantage place they have an admirable view of the entire chamber. The gallery itself is built outside of the lines of the original structure, for in those days such a bit of enterprise as a full account of what was doing in the General Court would have paralyzed the press. Facing this gallery over on the south side is another, known as the members' gallery; and to this sometimes ascend visitors who would like to see and not be seen,—for one may sit there frequently throughout the session without awakening the observation of a member. On the date of opening the Legislature or on some state occasions, this space becomes the particular allotment of the friends of the officers of the Senate and of the governor.

To those at all interested in associations, this room is one of the most significant in America. Either as members or as visitors, almost every man connected with public life in the Commonwealth for the last hundred years has been heard or seen within these walls; for in addition to the room having been the assembling place of the General Court, here have been held great social, economic and philanthropic gatherings, over whose deliberations have presided some of the most famous of our citizens. Here have been had public hearings, gathering too many people for any of the rooms ordinarily assigned to such purposes. Two State Constitutional Conventions convened here; and over the first, John Adams, then nearly ninety years old, was elected to preside. Here have been heard the voices of Daniel Webster, John G. Whittier, Noah Webster, Caleb Cushing and John A. Andrew, not to mention the array of veterans from the Revolution who in the years immediately subsequent were much in evidence in Massachusetts lawmaking. Distinguished visitors from home and abroad have been received in this room. Nearly every President of the United States has here taken the hands of Bay State legislators. Black Hawk and Keokuk have within these walls given token of their powers of Indian oratory. Lafayette and Kossuth were both heard in tones of pleasure at the spirit of their Massachusetts reception. One of the latest welcomings was that accorded to Frederic Douglass in 1894, the last year of the use of the hall by the representatives.

Those familiar with the House in former days will cast their eyes aloft to catch a glimpse of the codfish, long recognized as the tutelary genius of Massachusetts. Suspended in 1784 in the old State House on Washington Street, at the suggestion of John Rowe, it accompanied the removal from that edifice to this, and in the intervening nearly a century hung in space opposite the speaker's chair, under the southern arch of the ceiling. The scar indicating where the sustaining hook was placed may yet be seen; but the effigy has taken its departure. When the House of 1895 flitted to the new quarters, there were some heavy hearts over the desertion of the figure, emblematic of so much that has contributed to the glory of the Commonwealth. Indeed, on the very day of leaving, the matter of its transference was mooted, and a committee was appointed to look up the history of the image and to report upon the proper disposal of the same. This the committee did later, and an order was adopted directing its transfer to the new hall. This was effected by a committee made up largely from the seaboard sections, and upon a star-

spangled banner spread over a stretcher the historic emblem was brought into its new home.

The architect of a century since had in mind the perpetuating of noted faces and figures, and so devised niches around this magnificent hall; but for a full hundred years they remained vacant. On the gallery level are spaces for four life-sized statues, and on the floor are ten more admitting busts mounted on pedestals. During all those years of House occupancy, these significant niches served no nobler purpose than that of making temporary seats for passing representatives. When the room became the abode of the Senate, an order was introduced authorizing the sergeant-at-arms to place in these vacant receptacles such figures of distinguished people as he at the time chanced to be the custodian of. As a result we now behold here the marble semblances of Washington, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, Lincoln, Colonel Gardner Tufts, Samuel F. Smith, the author of "America," Ex-Governor Boutwell, Franklin and Lafayette. The last two figures are from the chisel of Greenough, and were presented by the son of the artist after it was proposed thus to employ the niches. Several of the figures were formerly in Doric Hall.

Casting an eye aloft to the reporters' gallery, we may see upon the shield of the state the well-known motto of Massachusetts, ENSE PETIT PLACIDAM, SUB LIBERTATE QUIETEM. Ascribed to the genius and pen of Algernon Sidney and adopted at the very framing of our Constitution, these words have become familiar to every loyal son of the Commonwealth. Just above the President's chair, grasping a scroll in his beak, is the figure of an eagle standing upon a globe. This too has a history, since it once surmounted the Beacon Hill monument, which was taken down in 1811.

Immediately across the corridor from the new Senate Chamber is the old one. Save when, in 1895, the Senate for a few weeks sat in new quarters devised at the north end of the second floor of the extension, the sittings of the Senate of Massachusetts were in this room till the end of the session of 1896. When the act was passed warranting the repairs in the Bulfinch State House, something had to be done for *ad-interim* quarters, and the upper floor of the Memorial Hall which is to be was taken for this purpose; and here very commodious accommodations were made for the session of 1897. The old chamber is very large for a reception room, but is small for a Senate of forty members, if any space whatever is to be given to the public. But the proportions of the chamber are admirable, and the adornments in keeping with the simplicity of the last century. No visitor with any appreciation of the beautiful in architecture ever failed to be impressed by the extent and belongings of the old Senate Chamber. Many an art lover standing here has said: "This is beautiful." All the old furnishings have been removed, and elegant furniture of antique patterns has been placed here, while the centre of the floor is occupied by a table about which King Arthur and his numerous knights would have had no trouble in gathering. Upon the walls hang the portraits of many of the former governors of the Commonwealth, including Winthrop and others of the colonial period. Samuel Adams is ever extending his left hand in the gesture made famous by the artist; John Hancock never rises from the seat held for more than a century; John Brooks looks out from the uniform which marked him one of the bravest during the Revolution, and though not the only soldier of that strife to become governor, his is the only figure in regimentals. William Eustis was the last of those who had seen service in the war of liberation, during which period he did his duty as a surgeon. He it was who entertained Lafayette

when the latter visited Boston in 1824, and he would again have been host in 1825 had not his death occurred in the February preceding the laying of the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument. John A. Andrew looks down upon us in all the dignity which we ascribe to the great War Governor. There are some intervals in the list of portraits, but it is hoped that they may eventually be filled. The little gallery in which ladies sat when the Senate met here is also a receptacle for gubernatorial pictures, and among them may be seen the faces of Russell and Greenhalge, Governor Wolcott's nearest neighbors in the procession. Here also are the first gun fired at Lexington, the first captured at Concord, and several relics from Bennington, presented by General John Stark.

Should we attempt to find the old Green and Blue rooms, we should fail, for in the reconstructed edifice they are lacking. Arising as they did from the new roof put on by Washburn, they were no longer possible when the roof was put back into its former shape. It is true that on the west side several small committee rooms are found, but they are more useful than ornamental, and for us as yet have little significance. As we are now in the upper portions of the building, we may as well continue our journey and make our way to the very top. Passing through the door near the floor of the fifth story, we follow a carefully prepared path to the winding stairs which begin above the centre of the arched canopy of the present Senate Chamber. Where formerly wood was used, now only iron is found, and every part of the structure is made thoroughly fireproof. The ascent is not difficult, and soon we find ourselves looking out upon the grandest prospect that New England presents, particularly when we are considering the work of men's hands. "What hath God wrought!" ought to arise to the lips of every one who looks forth upon this mighty panorama. Earth and sea unite to gladden the eyes. History and nature vie with each other in attracting the attention. The homes of men, the haunts of trade, the iron roads with their steam-driven trains, all are visible, and nearly all have grown under the observation of this dome and lantern since this edifice took graceful shape under the fashioning hand of Bulfinch. Is there any wonder that to the Bostonian, to the Massachusetts man, this, in the language of Dr. Holmes, is the Hub of the Solar System?

The new portion of the State House dates from December 21, 1889, when the corner-stone was laid by Oliver Ames, then governor, who had been a prominent factor in securing the act which warranted the structure. The House of Representatives held its first session in the new building in January, 1895. The architect during all these years has been Mr. Charles Brigham. Given a most difficult task, he has done perhaps the best that any man under the circumstances could do. The location was all against him; but with the commissioners he has furthered the work till the Bowdoin Street front presents a stretch of nearly five hundred feet of yellow brick and white marble wall, columned and polished, waiting the day when the surroundings may be in better keeping. The commissioners first appointed were Ex-Governor John D. Long, William Endicott, Jr., and Benjamin D. Whitcomb. In the intervening years Mr. Whitcomb died and Mr. Long resigned; and their places are now filled by Messrs. C. Everett Clarke and George W. Johnson. The erection of the great edifice was intrusted to the firm of Norcross Brothers of Worcester. From foundation to capstone the work has been done under careful supervision, sometimes delayed on account of the failure of material; but "Well done" may be written over the whole building. The marble in the walls came from Lee, Massachusetts, and Rutland, Vermont. The outside brick,

conforming in hue to those of the ancient front, were imported from Wales. The style of architecture is that of Bulfinch's work, and the building was begun in the expectation that it should conform, in every respect, with the older edifice. It occupies the site of Boston's first reservoir, itself once a vaunted sight of the "Hub." The entire lot between Hancock and Temple Streets was secured for a site, and in time the purchase of the space between Temple and Bowdoin Streets followed for the purpose of providing there a park.

The Annex is 401 feet long, which, added to the width of the old building, gives one of the longest legislative structures in the world. The width of the extension, in its widest part, is 212 feet. There are seven stories at the Derne Street end and five where it abuts on Mount Vernon Street. Looking from Bowdoin Street, a part of the northern height is lost on account of the heavy wall built to sustain the park, necessitated by the long eastern frontage. The traveller will have to go far to find another instance of a great public edifice made to adapt itself to the wants of a street. Instead of widening Hancock Avenue to meet the needs of Mount Vernon Street residents, the state has arched the whole street to permit the passage of vehicles, while at the same time it has purchased the whole of the street east of the capitol, thus entirely obviating any need of this concession. The total cost of sites for extension and park with that of the new building and furnishing is $5,752,609.

The inner effect of the building is excellent. It is well lighted and convenient. The architect has accomplished his crowning work in the approaches to Memorial Hall, which is reached from the second floor. The hall itself is over Mount Vernon Street, and will not be finished before 1900. The vestibule and stairways are resplendent in Italian marble, and no expense has been spared to make the effect equal to anything of the kind in America. When the anterooms are so beautiful, what may we not dream of the sanctum itself? The floors up to the third are given to departments and committee rooms. On the third floor the quarters of the Secretary of State occupy the entire eastern side. To the north may be found the fine suite assigned to the State Library where is one of the largest and most useful collection of books in the Commonwealth. Mr. Tillinghast is ever at his post ready to supply information on the whole range of topics that the Legislature is likely to touch. He is the custodian of the priceless Bradford Manuscript History of Plymouth Plantation. Kept in a specially prepared safe, it is the most sought after relic in Massachusetts. During office hours it is exhibited in a bronze glass-covered case. Few people visit the State House without taking a look at the Compact in the *Mayflower* as shown on the open page.

The lobby adjacent to the Hall of Representatives is large and elegant. The names of Samuel Adams, James Otis, Joseph Warren and John Hancock may be read on the arches leading up to the windows through which comes the light for this area. There are three entrances to the hall from this floor. The centre is used only on state and official occasions. Entering, the visitor sees the largest legislative room in America outside of Washington. It is 86 by 68, elliptical in form, and having a height of 45 feet. Few legislators are more comfortably seated than those who annually assemble here. Upon the cornice may be read the names of fifty-eight representative Massachusetts men whom the state and nation delight to honor. The names are as follows:

"Carver, Bradford, Endecott, Winthrop, Vane, Pickering, Knox, Lincoln, John Adams, Dane, Quincy, J. Q. Adams, Webster, Sumner, Wilson, Andrew, Choate, Parsons, Shaw, Story, Everett, Phillips, Garrison, Mann, Howe, Allen, Devens, Bartlett, Putnam, Franklin, Bowditch, Pierce, Agassiz, Bulfinch, Morse,

Morton, Bell, Bancroft, Prescott, Motley, Parkman, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Copley, Hunt, Edwards, Channing, Brooks."

Upon the fourth and fifth floors are more committee rooms and the precious archives of the Commonwealth, perhaps the most complete and extensive in America, aside from those of the nation.

Should the visitor leave the building by the Bowdoin Street exit, he cannot fail to see the granite monument, commemorative of the War of the Revolution and of the earlier column erected by Bulfinch in 1790 whose site was that of the ancient beacon, fully sixty feet above the present foundations.

In spite of all the added space afforded by the immense extension, some departments even now are not housed within the State House, new and old. What shall be done? Many plans are suggested. If the writer may indicate a course, it would be to extend the Bulfinch front by way of wings on both the east and west ends. The state already owns the property between Mount Vernon and Bowdoin Streets. When the time is ripe, let the buildings be removed, and then construct on the site an edifice in the same style of architecture as that so long revered, extending the same as far back as may be desired and connecting the same with the old building. In this way the view of the too long extension will be prevented, and the front will be maintained on the Common, where it ought always to be. Again when need arises build in a corresponding manner on the west side. The land should be taken for this purpose at once, lest some corporation of wealth should buy and erect thereon unsightly sky-scrapers.

The people fought long and well to retain the old structure; they will accept nothing less than its absolute safety and entirety. When the time shall arrive when the wings shall materialize, we may with propriety point with pride to the old and the new blended and united, useful and beautiful, a tribute to the architect, and no less a tribute to the people who appreciated his work.

SCRIPTURE READING IN THE WORSHIP OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES.

By A. H. Coolidge.

IT cannot be questioned that the fathers of New England revered and loved the Bible. It was to them a message from the throne of God. It was their oracle, the sole authority for their faith, and the supreme rule for their practice. Their family life was regulated by its precepts, and their civil government was founded upon its law. They read it from beginning to end in their household devotions; their preaching was preëminently scriptural; and in the Scriptures they found the program of their religious worship. It was their conviction also that each man should study the Bible for himself, and that he was accountable to God alone for his understanding of its meaning. It is therefore a remarkable fact that, in the Sabbath service of the original New England churches, the reading of the Bible, except as a basis for more or less extended exposition, is of com-

paratively recent date, and that for a long period it had no place in the worship of the churches generally. The facts with reference to the original practice, the discontinuance, and the gradual restoration are an interesting study.

Respecting the order of worship at the beginning we have direct and reliable information. "The Reverend and Learned John Cotton, B. D.," who fled from England to avoid trial for non-conformity, came to Boston, September 4, 1633, three years after the settlement of the town, and was ordained the next month. In a monograph on "The Constitution of a Particular visible Church, proved by Scripture," published in London in 1642, he says: "Before Prophesying it will be seasonable to sing a Psalme, and by some of the Teachers of the Church to Reade the Word, and therewith to Preach it, by giving the sense and applying the use. In dispensing whereof the Minister was wont to stand above the people in a Pulpit of wood, and the Elders on both sides, while the people hearkened unto them with Reverence and Attention." In his book on "The Way of the Churches in New England," published in London in 1645, he also gives the usual order of services. After prayer, "not in any prescribed forme of prayer or stinted Liturgie, but in such a manner as the spirit of Grace and prayer—helpeth our infirmities, — either the pastor or Teacher readeth a Chapter in the Bible, and expoundeth it, giving the sense to cause the people to understand the reading, according to Neh. 8:8." "In the afternoone the other who preached in the morning doth usually (if there be time) read and preach, and he that expounded in the morning preacheth after him."

Thomas Lechford, the first lawyer of Boston, also a victim of ecclesiastical censure, came to Boston eight years after its settlement. His career in the new world was not altogether serene. He was distrusted because he was a lawyer, and also as a churchman, who did not ardently enough love independency nor cordially enough hate the papacy. He was however a careful if not impartial observer, and in his "Plaine Dealing or News from New England," covering the period from June 27, 1638, to July 29, 1641, he gives an interesting insight into the religious life of the colonies at that early period. "Every Sabbath or Lord's day, they came together at Boston by the wringing of the bell, about nine of the clock, or before. The Pastor begins with a solemn prayer continuing about a quarter of an houre. The Teacher then readeth and expoundeth a Chapter. Then a Psalme is sung, whichever one of the ruling Elders dictates. After that the Pastor preacheth a sermon, and sometimes extempore exhorts. Then the Teacher concludes with prayer and a blessing." "About two in the afternoone they repaire to the meeting-house againe. . . . He was wont when I first came to reade and expound a Chapter also before his Sermon in the afternoon." Of the Second Church in Hartford he also writes: "The Pastor begins with a solemn prayer. The Teacher then readeth and expoundeth a chapter."

Some local historians have naturally inferred that Scripture reading "was not known in the New England churches." Even Dr. Samuel Kirkland Lothrop in his "History of Brattle Street Church in Boston," after referring to the very extended readings of Bible selections in the English service, adds: "Puritans would have none of this. They discarded altogether the reading of the Scriptures in public worship. The next generation thought that a reading of a portion of Scripture, with occasional brief exposition by the pastor, would tend to increase the interest and edification of public religious worship on the Lord's day." But it is a fact, as has been shown, that for twenty years or more after the founding of the colonies the reading of the Bible was practised in

the churches, at least in the morning service. The omission came later, and for other reasons than those which have been repeatedly intimated.

The Bible reading was, however, so far as appears, accompanied with an exposition, sometimes short, that is a quarter of an hour, but often long. The reading without "giving the sense" was evidently disapproved. Still Boston's great minister, John Cotton, "the Patriarch of New England," in his pamphlet on "The singing of Psalmes a Gospel Ordinance," which was published in 1647, in London, pronounces the "reading of the Word in a Christian assembly, without adjoining any interpretation, an ordinance of God," "while the expounding and applying them by the spiritual gifts of ministers is another ordinance." Still the general feeling was averse to the unaccompanied reading of the Word, and the practice was in accord with the feeling. Palfrey, in his "History of New England," has this passage: "The reading of the Bible in the public worship, without exposition, was generally disapproved, being regarded as an improper conformity to the hierarchical service, and was qualified by the name of 'dumb reading.'" Governor Hutchinson also, in his "History of Massachusetts from 1680 to 1692," says that "in Boston, after prayer, and before singing, it was the practice for several years for the minister to read and expound a chapter. Exceptions, may I not say cavils, have been made by some learned and serious minded ministers against reading the Scriptures as a part of divine service, except when it came in place of a sermon, without an exposition."

This feeling and determination have been commonly represented as indicative of the peculiar narrowness and bigotry of the New England fathers and of their deep-seated prejudice against the Church of England and everything connected with it. But for the real and deeper source, and for the origin of their practice, we must look beyond Plymouth and Salem and Boston, and back of the century in which they were founded. The fathers were simply following the long-established usage of Protestant, non-conforming, independent assemblies. This was the way in which their fathers had worshipped in dreary years of exclusion and persecution on the other side of the ocean. They had thus prayed and expounded in the days of Queen Elizabeth, when under the Act of Uniformity it was a crime to depart from the routine of the Book of Common Prayer, and when, as recorded in official depositions, taken under the Queen's authority, about the year 1588, "In sommer tyme they mete together in the fieldes, a mile or more about London; there they sitt doune upon a Banke, and divers of them expound out of ye Bible so long as they are there assembled. In winter tyme they assemble themselves by 5 of the clocke in ye morning to that Howse where they make ye Conuenticle for that Saboth day, men & women together; there they continue in ye kind of prayers and exposition of Scriptures all the day." "Their prayer is extemporal. . . . They teach that all stinted prayers and red service is but babbling in the Lord's sight."

Richard Clifton, in his "Advertisement," gives the order of service in Johnson's church in Amsterdam, a little later. "1. Prayer &c. 2. Reading two or three chapters of the Bible with brief exposition of the same, as time may serve." John Smith's church, which seceded from it, followed the same order. In the same manner the Pilgrim church had worshipped in the house of their beloved pastor, John Robinson, at Leyden; — first in prayer, then in the singing of a Psalm, and then in "the exercise of the Word." "Two or three chapters of the Scripture were read with brief explanation." According to Increase Mather the same practice prevailed in churches in Scotland, where "the elder, not the pastor, reads;" also in north of Ireland and in Germany.

The New England exiles initiated no innovation in worship when they came to America. They simply prayed and read and expounded as their fathers had done in Holland and in the mother country in the years of non-conformity and proscription. For them it was the regularly established order.

There were several reasons which influenced the early dissenters to insist that the Bible should not be read without exposition. One was a conscientious and rigidly literal following of what they understood to be the example of the Old and the New Testament worshippers. Another was their high estimate of the value of intelligent Bible study and, to this end, of learned interpretation. Increase Mather, in a little pamphlet, printed in 1712, containing some "Remarks on a Pretended answer to a Discourse concerning the Common Prayer Worship," issued twenty-three years before, says that "it would be most for edification that Public Readings should be attended with Expositions or Exhortations." "The reading of one chapter with explication will edify the congregation more than the bare reading of twenty chapters will do." "From these and the like considerations Publick Readings of the Scriptures, unless with some exposition thereon, was not practiced in the churches of New England by those eminent servants of Christ who first planted churches in New England." The fact that this exercise, which had been favored by some of the bishops, had been suppressed by Queen Elizabeth would naturally tend to confirm the conviction and strengthen the determination; for the very spirit of dissent was defiant. Increase Mather, still further defining his position, says that he "Judges the *imposition* of Forms (which is more than the *bare use* of them), to be unlawful."

But back of all this was a deep-seated detestation of everything that had even the suspicion of papal corruption and tyranny. John Calvin, whose position was less extreme, and who himself composed a liturgy which was used on the continent and in Presbyterian churches in England and Scotland, refers to this fear of "pious souls of falling back into superstition at even the remote possibility of Popish inventions;" and Increase Mather quotes Bilson, "a famous Episcopal Divine," as saying that "the reforming churches are so far from admitting a full Dose of Papist's Heresies that they by no means digest a Dram of their Ceremonies." When the government of England rebelled against the papal authority, the Church changed its head, but not its religion. Henry VIII took the place of Clement VII. When at length the rising tide of the Reformation swept over England, and the Church became distinctly Protestant and adopted the English Book of Prayer, there were earnest dissenters who had revolted against Rome and had suffered under the tyranny of the Papacy, who brought against the Church of England the charge that it had not come out sufficiently from the idolatrous practices of the Romish Church. Thus began that great movement of non-conformity which developed into the Puritan party, divided England into hostile camps, and made it a storm centre of revolutions. It was natural that those who had repudiated Rome should regard every relic of papal observance with suspicion and dread. Their experience had been bitter. Even when the Pilgrims were leaving Holland, less than half a century had elapsed since the Massacre of St. Bartholomew's. The heroic struggle of Holland for civil and religious liberty, with its inhuman atrocities, and the murder of William the Silent by the bullet of a paid assassin of Philip II, the Catholic King of Spain, were recent events. That religious war, the rumblings of whose approach were heard in Holland, and which for thirty years devastated and desolated the fair fields and opulent cities of Germany, converting the country from a garden

into a desert, had but recently opened when Plymouth was settled; and only two years after the founding of Boston, Gustavus Adolphus, the magnificent leader of Protestantism, fell in the triumph of his cause. Whatever the occasion of alienation from the Church of England may have been, the deeper underlying cause was hatred and fear of everything papal in principle and practice. The real enemy was Rome. England they loved; and they had loved her Church, "our deare mother," and had struggled to rescue her from what they regarded papistical prostitution.

The Book of Common Prayer imposed certain requirements and observances which they could not conscientiously adopt, and it is not surprising that they came to regard the whole routine of prescribed worship as contrary to the simplicity and freedom of the gospel, a violation of individual rights, and assumption of the prerogative of the Holy Spirit. They were bold and severe in their denunciations. Henry Barrowe, one of the great pioneers of independency, who was executed at Tyburn in 1593, pronounced the Book of Prayer "idolitrous, superstitious, and popish," and its use as "presumptuously to undertake to teach the Spirit of God both in the ministry and the people, while they tie both them and God to their stinted and numbered prayers." "I hould it not lawful for any man to ympose any form of Lyturgie or stinted prairs in the church." The quaint and vigorous manifesto issued by non-conformist prisoners in London in 1587, which Dr. Dexter gives in his learned volume on Congregationalism, affectingly reveals the feeling which made men willing to suffer for a cause. It is not right "to set and stint the holy ghost, vvat and vvhen and hovv manie vvords to vtter in prayer; So that your annuall, monthly, dayly, morning and euening prayers, wherin you bynde mens consciences to the prescript repetition of your ovvn vvords as an offring to God, vve hold them by the euidence of Gods booke not only a babbling, but apochryphal & Idolitrous." "For by theis Idolls you take away the whole lyberty, fredome & true vse of spirituall prayer; yea you stop the springs of the lyuing fountaine vvhich Christ hath sealed in his Church." The Book of Common Prayer was repudiated *in toto*, as unscriptural, wrongly imposed, and as a relic of the papal litany from which it was derived.

It will be observed that these sharp indictments and contemptuous epithets were pronounced in England and not in America. They were uttered by men in the heat of controversy, on trial, in prisons; they were the defiant protests of victims of arbitrary power, home thrusts of soldiers in the heat of battle. We are surprised to find so little of this in New England. The Pilgrims had been thirteen years out of England before coming to America. They had retreated, and at length had found a refuge far from the battle field, where the subject had ceased to be of direct practical interest. The Massachusetts Puritans, who by emigration had virtually though not formally separated from the English church, and were unconsciously fulfilling the sagacious prophecy of John Robinson: "There will be no difference between the non-conformable ministers and you when they come to practice the ordinances out of the kingdom," soon had occasion calmly but firmly to answer to charges of departing from the Church of England and being Separatists and Anabaptists. They were neither. "They did not separate from the ordinances of God there, but only from the corruptions and disorders there, and that they came away from the Common Prayer ceremonies, and had suffered for their non-conformity in their native land, and therefore being in a place where they might have their liberty, they neither could or would use them, because they judged the imposition of these things to be sinful corruptions in worship of God."

It was only natural that this earnest rejection of a "stinted" and "said," man-made and enforced ritual should, in times of controversy and proscription, carry with it all the formal requirements of the Prayer Book. Among these were extended passages from the Psalms and the New Testament, as well as the Apochrypha, and portions assigned for each Sunday in the year. Lechford in his narration contrasts the simple services of New England with those of the English Church. "In England 12 or 13 chapters are read every Sunday, besides what is on Wednesdays, and Fridays, and other holidays, but here the Scriptures twice a Sunday in any church, and long conceived prayers." The unaccompanied reading of the Bible in church was regarded as an enforced and heartless formality, merely a part of the routine which they had repudiated.

The exact position of the dissenters was clearly stated by Barrowe himself, at one of his examinations, a third of a century before. "By abusing the Scriptures we may make it an idol. The circumstances make euil things of themselves good, as in the masse book — there are sundry good collects and places of Scripture which their superstitions abuse and make abominable and euil." "So ought we not to haue any part of the Scripture without fruite." "Yet ought we not to use the Scriptures in this manner to days and times, neither to be tied to their formes of words, place, time, manner, kneel, stand," etc. This conviction was already fixed, and the order of worship established in dissenting assemblies long before the exodus of the Separatists and Puritans to Massachusetts. In their view the association of expository remarks with Bible reading redeemed the exercise from the stiff and heartless formalism of a merely repetitious "said" service, and rescued the churches from the offence of vain "babbling," "dumb reading," "papistical" mummery, and the cold round of "imposed" observance.

The early practice, however, could not have been of long continuance. John Cotton's qualifying remark, "If there be time," seems to indicate that early in his ministry the exercise had begun to be omitted in connection with the afternoon session; and Lechford's statement, "He was wont, *when I came first*, to reade and expound a chapter also before sermon in the afternoon," implies that this modification began to be accepted within eleven years after Boston was settled, and during the time of his residence there, from 1638 to 1641. Governor Hutchinson, in his history of the period which closed in 1692, refers to expository Bible reading as having been practiced "for several years," and then "laid aside." The Brattle Street Church in Boston, organized in 1699, in its letter inviting the Rev. Benjamin Coleman to become its first pastor, adds with reference to its adoption of Bible reading, this clause: "which is not practiced in other churches in New England."

It is manifest that long before the close of the century Bible reading had been abandoned in the pulpits of New England, but that the suspension came about so naturally and gradually as to leave hardly a trace of the process on record. The omission was of long continuance, and indeed passed in some churches into the opening years of the present century. Dr. Leonard Bacon, in a review in the *New Englander* in 1855, says: "There are some who remember when the reading of the Bible was not known in the churches," but that "within the last forty or fifty years it came in again." Items relating to the renewal of the practice, which have been collected from many sources, confirm the correctness of these statements.

There were probably several reasons for this almost unnoticed discontinuance. Cotton Mather suggests that exposition was "hardly thought to belong unto the work of a pastor"; and Dr. Bacon, that it "was a matter of convenience when the distinction be-

tween pastor and teacher passed away." The exercise practically imposed upon the minister and the congregation two discourses, often long, in each half day. An objection to which Cotton Mather refers in his discussion of the subject, is at least suggestive: "The gifts of some persons may be more profitably employed in some other way." We can conceive that in unskillful hands the performance might be insufferably tedious. There are indeed clear intimations that, in a program so ponderous and so protracted, the exercise fell by its own weight. The clause, "If there be time," used with reference to the afternoon service, is suggestive of an influential reason. Thus Governor Hutchinson says: "Whether it was because this carried the service to too great length, or any other reason could be given for it, in a few years it was laid aside, except when it came in place of a sermon." With "long conceived prayers" of an hour, interpretations almost as long, and sermons during which the hour glass was not infrequently turned for the beginning of another hour, and with a second session nearly identical, it is not surprising that the people grew weary of the long infliction.

At this time John Howe, the celebrated non-conformist minister, was preaching in England. On frequently recurring fast days, as he informed Dr. Edmund Calamy, the editor of his works, it was his "common way to begin about nine in the morning, with a prayer for about a quarter of an hour," "and afterwards read and expounded a chapter or a psalm, in which he spent about three-quarters; then prayed for about an hour, preached for another hour, and prayed for about half an hour." After about quarter of an hour's "refreshment," he "came again into the pulpit and prayed for another hour, and gave another sermon of about an hour's length, and so concluded the service of the day about four o'clock in the evening with about half an hour or more in prayer,—a sort of service," remarks his biographer, "that few could have gone through with without inexpressible weariness to themselves and their auditory."

The long service was an imported production to which the soil of the new world was not congenial. The busy, stirring New Englanders soon found themselves unequal to the strain of exercises measured by continuous hours, and sought relief by quietly leaving out the three-quarters of an hour of exposition often long drawn out by prosy expounders. Near the end of the century we find some indications of a disposition to restore the Bible to its place in Sabbath worship. The Cambridge Platform, adopted in 1680, affirms that "the Reading of Scriptures and hearing the Word," etc., "are all parts of religious worship of God." The Brattle Street or "Manifesto" Church in Boston appears to have been the first to put the Bible again into the pulpit, which it did at its organization in 1699, judging it "most suitable and convenient that in their public worship Holy Scripture be read by the minister at his discretion." There are traces of a renewed interest in the subject in the later years of Increase Mather, pastor of the North or Second Church in Boston for sixty-two years from 1664. In a little pamphlet printed in 1712, containing "Some Remarks on a Pretended Answer to a Discourse Concerning the Lawfulness of Common Prayer Worship," published twenty-three years before, he defends himself from the charge of opposing Bible reading in the churches and, while he urges the importance of exposition whenever the Scriptures are thus read, admits that the minister who should "omit them" would not necessarily "fail in that which is some part of his duty." His treatment is however apologetic rather than positive, and determines nothing respecting his own practice. Cotton Mather a little later threw the weight of his powerful influence in favor of reading the

Bible in course, whether with or without teaching thereon, and in his "Ratio Discipline," published in 1726, enters into an extended argument, states the current objections, and quotes John Cotton as authority. The objections were: the want of Scriptural warrant; the fact that each sermon contained much Scripture "with the advantage of being referred to its place in divinity;" that some ministers might not be gifted in that department; that some chapters may not be "so proper to be read publicly;" and the danger of "inviting the neglect of the Bible" at home. It will be noticed that there is here no allusion to the old dread of ritualism. That issue was going out of sight. The subject was one of present practical utility. Mather says that the custom of reading "without explication and exhortation upon it is practiced more and more, that most of the pastors appear disposed to it," and that "to put the term 'Dumb Reading' to it is esteemed improper and indecent;" but that "the Practice has not been so generally taken up as many have desired."

Thus at the end of the first quarter of the last century the subject was under consideration, a favorable sentiment was growing, especially among ministers, and some churches were introducing the exercise. Subsequent proceedings in churches, as shown by records, manuscripts and personal recollections, prove conclusively that the movement was very slow in its progress, and that Bible reading in the churches did not become universal for more than three-quarters of a century.

The re-introduction of Scripture reading, into the older, and its introduction into the newer churches, like the discontinuance, were so gradual and natural as to attract little notice, and leave no lasting impression. The people soon forgot that it had ever been otherwise. Comparatively few town and church histories and probably few church records refer to such a change, — doubtless because in most instances it came about informally and was so much in accord with the proprieties of worship and the sentiment of the worshippers.

A few items culled from many sources will be sufficient to illustrate on the one hand the very tardy progress of the revival, and on the other the variety of agencies through which it was introduced. In some instances it was the vote of the church, often influenced by the wish of the pastor; in others, of the town or the parish; in some, the pastor acted on his own authority; and in others, the initiative was taken by some prominent and influential man or woman, who presented a Bible for the purpose. The instances are very few in which there are any traces of opposition or even hesitation.

As has been stated, the Brattle Street Church adopted the practice in 1699, representing that in this respect it stood alone among the New England churches. In 1729 the proprietors of the New Brick Church voted "that the Bible offered to the church by Captain Deering in order for the minister's reading and expounding be accepted, and that a committee be appointed to make choice of a convenient place for laying the Bible when made use of." After the re-organization of the First Church in Salem, it was voted, December 27, 1736, "that the Scripture be read as a part of public worship." "On the Lord's day," April 24, 1737, "the Brethren" of the old South Church, Boston, "stayed and voted, That the Holy Scriptures be read in Public after the first prayer in the morning and afternoon." The Rev. J. Sewall writes: "May 1, we began the Public Reading of the Scriptures." "I read one chapter in Genesis, Mr. Prince one in Matthew. I spoke a few words by way of exposition and exhortation, then preached. The sermon was from 1 Thes., 5:27. 'I charge you by the Lord that this epistle be read unto all the holy brethren.'"

The reading of the Scriptures was introduced into the First Church in

Sudbury in 1748 "without opposition." Drake, in his history of Boston, mentions the fact that in the New North Church, "About this time," 1749, "portions of the Bible began to be read between the first prayer and the singing before the sermon." The Bible was presented by Nathaniel Holmes. May 20, 1750, "The First Church in Newburyport voted, *nemine contra dicente*, that the Scriptures be read in public on the Lord's day." David Wilder, in his History of Leominster, states that before the time of Rev. Francis Gardner "it had not been customary there to read the Bible as a part of the public worship on the Sabbath. This practice was introduced by him in 1765." In the same year, 1765, The General Association of Connecticut took action on the subject. "A motion was made to this Association concerning the decency and propriety of making the public reading of the Scriptures a part of the public worship in our churches; and as uniformity in said practice is greatly to be desired, this Association do earnestly recommend it to the several particular Associations to promote said practice among the several churches." The Old South Church in Worcester, "1769, Lord's day, Sept. 3d, voted thanks be given to Hon. John Chandler, Esqr., for his present of a handsome folio Bible for public reading of the Scriptures, which laudable custom was very unanimously come into by the church at one of their meetings some time before." In the same year the exercise was introduced by the church in West Newbury. The Bible, "a handsome folio," "to be read in public every Lord's day" in the church in Shirley, was presented by Mrs. Gov. Hancock, in 1772; and the church voted that "They are sensible that the reading of the Scriptures in public is very commendable, and hope it will be really serviceable to them." The Second Church in Newton voted soon after its organization in 1781, "That a portion of Scripture be read in public on each Lord's day." "Two years later Dr. Homer began to read and expound the Holy Scriptures." The church in Holden voted, Sept. 15, 1788, "That a Bible with explanations of the Scriptures shall be procured, — and that a portion out of the same may be read in lieu of singing at the beginning of the exercises that part of the year when 'tis usual to sing five times a day." In Framingham, Nov. 22, 1792, "The church voted, at the request of the pastor, that the Scriptures should be read in publick on the Sabbath, and a Bible procured for that purpose." "The town voted in March $8 for the purpose." Temple, in his History of Northfield, has the following: "After the settlement of Mr. Mason," 1799, "and probably at his suggestion, the town voted to procure a Bible for the Meeting-house desk. Till this date reading the Scriptures was not a part of Sabbath worship, though many pastors had adopted the practice a few years before."

At the close of the last century the Sunday reading of the Bible in churches of the prevailing order was by no means universal, although a beginning had been made a century before. Attention had again been called to the subject; and we find the Piscataqua Association of ministers, at a meeting held in 1792, discussing the question, "Is it the incumbent duty of ministers to read the Scriptures as a part of Public religious worship?" and voting: "That it would be for the edification of the churches to have the Scriptures read."

A brief entry in an ancient diary rescues from oblivion the fact that in Leicester, May 4, 1800, "Mr. Moore" — Rev. Zephaniah Swift Moore, afterward president of Williams, and then first president of Amherst College — "introduced the exercises by reading the Bible the first time." The book, an illustrated folio, was presented by Col. William Henshaw, adjutant general of the Provincial army in the opening year of the Revolutionary war. At Groton, "Lord's day, Sept.

12, 1802, Brethren tarried. The pastor informed that the parish, being desirous the practice of reading a portion of the Holy Scripture in the forenoon, and another in the afternoon in Public Worship on the Sabbath, might be introduced here, had caused a suitable Bible to be procured for the purpose. Pastor called for observations; some for, none opposed. Voted without dissent." According to Felt, the Tabernacle and South churches in Salem did not adopt the exercise till 1806. Rev. E. O. Jameson, in his Historical Sermon, says of the West Church in Medway, that Bible reading "was proposed in church meeting, June 5, 1806, but objected to so strongly by brethren that a vote was not pressed at that meeting, but soon afterward it was voted." This is the only instance thus far found in which there are indications of serious opposition.

Although the General Association of Connecticut had, as early as 1765, earnestly recommended the practice, there appears still to have been occasion for official consideration of the subject in the state forty-five years later. The Litchfield Consociation met in Litchfield, May 10, 1810, for the installation of Lyman Beecher as pastor of the church in that place. In the body were some of the most distinguished Congregational clergymen of the state; and they improved the occasion by reassembling the next morning, at six o'clock, for the consideration of several important matters. Among these, according to the record, was "Question I. Is it expedient that a portion of the Holy Scriptures should be read every Sabbath in our congregations? Decided in the affirmative."

In such records of some of the older churches of Connecticut as have been consulted, no reference to the subject has been found; but this action of the Litchfield Consociation, taken in connection with the statement of Dr. Bacon in 1855, that "within the last forty or fifty years" the practice "came in again," confirms the conclusion that at least as late as 1810 there were churches in the state that had not adopted it.

Programs of ordinations and installations are perhaps more commonly than any other items published in local histories. In the large number of reports of these interesting occasions which have been examined, no instance has yet been found in which, until several years after the opening of the present century, the reading of the Scriptures had a place.

Bible reading, especially without comment, is manifestly a much more modern exercise in the non-liturgical churches than has been generally supposed. Citations might be multiplied; although the results of wide inquiry confirm the conclusion that the introduction of the Scripture lesson was in most instances so informal, so much with common consent and without incident, as to be unrecorded. Those which have been given indicate the wide extent of the omission for at least a hundred and twenty-five years, the gradual and almost unnoticed process of renewal, the variety of agencies by which it was accomplished, and the readiness alike of ministers and congregations to accept it. They also show that in the earlier instances exposition and exhortation were still associated with the reading.

The extreme deliberation in adopting an exercise so appropriate and natural, and withal so in accord with the sentiments of the people, will appear less surprising when we consider their temper and training and the circumstances of their time. They were self-reliant and independent. These qualities were nurtured and intensified in those eventful years of their struggle for sustenance, for self preservation, and for national independence. New England was largely made up not, as now, of cities and villages, but of small rural communities, scattered over wide areas and without the means of ready transit and easy communication, and therefore not in

close touch with one another. Great and pressing interests, personal, local and of state, preoccupied to a large extent their thought and energy; and the period was one in which church life languished, or was maintained with difficulty. Thus Christian communities, with a common faith and mode of administration, might long differ in an important feature of their worship, and men so tenacious be tardily influenced by the opinions of leading minds and the example of prominent churches.

The conclusions derived from these data are that, as Governor Hutchinson says, "for several years" after the settlement of the colonies, the Bible was read in the New England churches, but always with exposition; that the exercise went gradually out of use, and that long before the close of the century it was abandoned; that in the early years of the eighteenth century a few churches returned to the ancient practice of Bible reading and exposition, but that the advance was very gradual and slow; and that Bible reading with and especially without comment did not become universal until several years after the opening of the present century.

THE "CONGRESS" AND THE "MERRIMAC."

THE STORY OF FREDERICK H. CURTIS, A GUNNER ON THE "CONGRESS."

Retold by Frank Stedman Alger.

THE stirring scenes in naval circles during the past few months and the concentration of the battleships in the spring at Hampton Roads recall to mind the spring of 1862, thirty-six years ago, when the eyes of the civilized world were turned to that spot, where the famous "Monitor" and "Merrimac" fought the celebrated duel that astonished all nations, and which changed the method of modern warfare. For months prior to this famous duel, the people of the North were in an uncertain state as to what would become of their large seaport cities and towns if the "Merrimac" succeeded in carrying all before her, as it was then expected that she would easily be able to do, there then being nothing in the Northern navy that could hope successfully to cope with the powerful ram.

The day previous to the duel between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" the latter had created havoc in the fleet of naval vessels then anchored in Hampton Roads off Fortress Monroe. In this fleet were the "Cumberland," the "Congress" and the "Minnesota." Wherever one of these names is mentioned, it is a reminder of that eventful day when the "Merrimac" began in a leisurely way to exterminate the warships of the United States navy. After destroying the "Congress" and the "Cumberland," she returned to Norfolk at nightfall, intending to return the following day and complete her work. The appearance on the scene that night of the little "Monitor" changed into victory what was generally believed would end in the expulsion from Hampton Roads of the Union vessels and the taking of Fortress Monroe by the Confederate land forces a short distance away.

The frigate "Congress," which was burned on the day previous to the con-

flict between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac," was commanded by Capt. Joseph B. Smith, whose father was a native of Hanover, Massachusetts. On board the "Congress" was a young man by the name of Frederick H. Curtis, who also came from Hanover; and his story of that memorable day is an interesting one. Young Curtis enlisted in the navy at the Charlestown, Massachusetts, navy yard, and after a few months of blockading service at Wilmington, North Carolina, was transferred to the "Congress," which had just returned from a service of several years at a South American station. From early in January till March, 1862, the "Congress," in company with the "Cumberland," "Minnesota," "Roanoke" and other vessels, lay off Newport News, opposite the Federal batteries, blockading the entrance to the James River, and shutting off all communication with either Richmond or Norfolk, the latter about twelve miles away. Fortress Monroe was about eight miles away, and the Confederate batteries on Sewall's Point were only about six miles off. As spring opened, it was generally believed that an attempt would soon be made by the rebels to drive away the fleet then blockading the mouth of the James. The rebel truce boats would appear every day and warn the war ships that they were soon coming out to sink the whole fleet.

Saturday morning, the 8th of March, 1862, dawned calm and clear, and the crews on the various vessels were cleaning ship preparatory to the Sunday morning inspection. Young Curtis had been busy at his work all the morning, when he was summoned to the captain's cabin to do some repairing. While engaged in the work, the captain began to talk with him, and asked him who he was, and where he came from. On being told that he came from Hanover, Massachusetts, the captain became interested and said his father was also a native of that town. After a pleasant conversation with the captain, the young man returned to the deck, little realizing that this was the last time that he would ever see his captain alive. On returning to the deck the word was passed that the "Merrimac" was coming. Off towards Norfolk a black smoke could be seen, as the rebel ram made its way towards the Union fleet. Towards Sewall's Point several small steamers were steaming in the direction of Fortress Monroe. Orders were immediately given to clear the decks for action. The fourth cutter was ordered alongside at once, and orders were immediately sent ashore, the "Congress" at that time being the flagship. On leaving orders ashore, the cutter rowed to the "Cumberland," which was then stationed about a gunshot away from the "Congress," and left orders for the captain. This was probably the last Union boat ever to go alongside the "Cumberland." On returning to the "Congress," it was to find intense excitement prevailing. The decks had been cleared and the guns run out ready for action. What followed may best be told in Mr. Curtis' own words:

"The 'Merrimac' was steaming slowly towards us, and every eye on the vessel was on her. Not a word was spoken, and the silence that prevailed was awful. The time seemed hours before she reached us. As the 'Merrimac' steamed along by the 'Cumberland,' the latter opened fire as soon as she got a broadside on the 'Merrimac.' The ram did not reply to the fire of the 'Cumberland,' but kept steadily on her course towards the 'Congress.' She came within about fifty yards of us and demanded that we surrender, but our captain replied that he would see them in Hades first. On receiving this reply, the 'Merrimac' opened on us. All I remember about that broadside was of feeling something warm, and the next instant I found myself lying on the deck beside a number of my shipmates. I was captain of No. 8 gun, and a shell from the 'Merrimac' came

into the porthole of gun No. 7, striking the gun carriage, dismounting the gun, and sweeping the men about it back into a heap, bruised and bleeding. The shell struck right back of me and took my left-hand man. The 'Congress' was in the meantime trying to swing around so as to bear broadside on the 'Merrimac,' but it being slack water, she was unable to do so. We returned their fire; but the order was soon given to repel boarders. We scrambled to the deck with the expectation that the crew of the 'Merrimac' were about to board us. The ram kept up a continual fire at us for a short time, and then hauled off and steamed towards the 'Cumberland.' She ran into the 'Cumberland' with her long iron nose and struck her in her starboard side. She then backed off and got aground.

"In the meantime the rebel gunboats 'Yorktown' and 'Jamestown' came down the river from the direction of Richmond and began to pelt our fleet at long range. Their shots failed to do much damage, but we returned their fire and got a shell into the boiler of one of them, and she blew up. At the beginning of the bombardment, the Union war ships 'Minnesota' and 'Roanoke,' lying near Fortress Monroe, started towards us to help drive back the intruder. The 'Minnesota' got aground about a mile away, and the 'Roanoke' got frightened and put back to her station near the fort. The 'Minnesota' began to shell the 'Merrimac,' but she was too far away to do much damage. The 'Merrimac' had by this time got afloat again, and she was doing fearful execution, firing into the fated 'Cumberland,' which was rapidly sinking.

"We had succeeded in swinging the 'Congress' around broadside with the 'Merrimac,' and kept up a steady fire at her. Our shots, however, did her little damage. They would strike her and glance off into the water beyond. The 'Cumberland' was rapidly sinking, and the crew were trying to save themselves in the best way they could. A small launch was towing astern, and some of the crew piled into that and made their escape to the shore. Others jumped into the water and swam ashore, and others climbed to the rigging where they remained until the firing had ceased. The rebels did not attempt to trouble them; but out of a crew of about four hundred only about half of them survived.

"We were kept pretty busy shelling the 'Merrimac,' and after she had destroyed the 'Cumberland' she turned her attention to us. About this time our vessel took fire in the wardroom from a shell exploding there. It was very near the after magazine, and it became necessary to flood the magazine at once to prevent our being blown up. The fire company was immediately ordered to fight fire and soon had its pumps at work. It was a pretty busy time aboard just then, and the men were much excited. Our little powder boy, a lad of only thirteen years of age, would bring us ammunition, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. He had pure grit and stuck to his duties like a man. The order was then passed for us to cease firing, and our colors were struck. My gun was loaded at the time, and, although the order had been given to cease firing, I pulled the lanyard and fired what proved to be the last shot ever fired on board the fated 'Congress.'

"As soon as our colors were struck, it was learned that our captain had been killed. He was struck in the head by a piece of flying shell early in the fight, just as he was coming down off the quarter to the main deck. The news of his death caused a gloom to settle over the whole ship. We then began to pay attention to the wounded who were lying about the decks. With the assistance of one of my shipmates, I picked up one of the men of my gun who had his foot shot off, and carried him below. His wounds were fatal, and he died soon after. The sight in the cockpit was an awful one. Wounded and dead were lying all

around, and cries of anguish filled the air. On returning to the main deck, we were ordered below by the officer of the deck. The officer was very much excited and had his sword in his hand. His name was Buchanan, and his brother was then in command of the 'Merrimac.' When we got on deck the crew were making preparations to get ashore. Most of the boats had been shot away, but the crew were lowering the others, and everybody seemed to think only of getting away from the vessel. As I was standing in the port, the fourth cutter came alongside full of men. As she came abreast, one of my shipmates, Jesse H. Jewett, came rushing through the port and swung himself out and hung on by his hands. He had been fighting the fire below, and his hair was singed from his head and his back was badly burned. I hailed the cutter and said, 'For God's sake, take this man aboard.' They hove to and took him aboard. His injuries were fatal, and I helped bury him in the sand the next day. Another boat followed the fourth cutter, and the rebels began to fire musket shots at them. The coxswain of one of the boats stood up in the stern sheets and waved his hands at them derisively, for which act he was heartily cheered by those on board the 'Congress.' About this time the word was passed that a tug was steaming towards us. She was seen in the distance coming swiftly towards the 'Congress.' She was flying the French flag, and at first we did not know whether she was a friend or foe. We soon found out that it was the rebel tug boat 'Teaser,' and that she was flying the French flag in honor of a French war ship then anchored in Hampton Roads. She steamed alongside, and her officers and men boarded us and ordered us to go aboard of her. Some of the men went, and the officers, what were left of them, the captain, the pilot, sailing master, and second lieutenant, having been killed. Some of the rebels acted like crazy men and would drive our men about like cattle. They became so abusive that one of our men, a darky, shot one of them. I did not think much of such treatment, and went below. The sharpshooters on shore had got the range of the rebel tug, and began to fire on her. The fire became so hot that the tug was forced to cast off and leave the 'Congress.' By so doing the rebels left several of our officers whom they had permitted to return on board the 'Congress' to get their clothing. The captain of the 'Teaser' was afterwards court-martialed at Norfolk for permitting these officers to escape. I saw the captain when he came on board the 'Congress,' and thought him a brave man. He was smoking a cigar and seemed to be very cool. When he saw what havoc the shots from the 'Merrimac' had done on board, he said: 'My God, this is terrible. I wish this war was over.' After the tug had cast off from the 'Congress,' the 'Merrimac' began to fire into us again, and then hauled out abreast of the batteries on Sewall's Point and began to shell the soldiers' camps at Newport News.

"When I reached the post where my gun was stationed, I found a bucket lanyard hanging out of the port, which had been used to draw water to extinguish the fire in the ward-room. I swung myself out and dropped into the water. I sank well under, and on rising to the surface picked up my hat and started for the shore. The water about me was filled with men. Keeping as far away from them as possible, I started for the shore nearly half a mile away. I soon found that I had undertaken quite a job and that if I hurried I would surely become exhausted and drown. I saw several of my comrades drown, but was powerless to help them. In time I reached the shore, but on leaving the water I was so weak that I was hardly able to stand. After resting, I started over back of a little ravine, and there found some clothing which was lying on the

ground to dry, and exchanged it for mine, which was wringing wet. The shells from the 'Merrimac' were flying over my head, and I started for the soldiers' camp in the distance, where I found several of my comrades. We remained there a short time and then started to return to the shore. A shell passed near enough for us to feel the wind of it, and we put back under the bank. We started for the beach again, and I went over to where our batteries were. Here I found that there were only two guns that were in condition. One of the guns had a shell rammed half way home, and another was dismounted. As I stood there a shell from the 'Merrimac' struck the hospital and passed through it. It struck in the sand, and one of the men from the 'Congress,' who was helping the soldiers man the guns, was covered all over. He was not hurt, but was pretty thoroughly frightened.

"The 'Minnesota' still lay aground. She was keeping up a continual fire at the 'Merrimac,' but her shots did not seem to do a great deal of damage. It was now getting to be nearly dark, and a dozen or more of us began to talk of getting back to the 'Congress,' to get our clothing, and, if possible, to get some of the wounded ashore. A party of us started down the beach and found a boat, which was partly filled with water. The 'Merrimac' lay just abreast of us, and as we were tipping the water out of the boat she fired two shots at us. The grapeshot struck the water a few feet from us, and we were forced to abandon all thoughts of using that boat at least. We then started down the beach and found another small boat drawn up on the beach. The 'Congress' was now between us and the 'Merrimac,' and we soon launched the boat and started for our ship, keeping as much out of sight of the 'Merrimac' as possible. It was getting to be quite dark when we got on board ship again. The 'Merrimac' was getting under way to return to Norfolk, and the firing was about over. As she passed along to return to Norfolk, the brave 'Minnesota' gave her a parting shot. We were not sorry to see the rebel ram depart, but we all expected to see her back the next day to complete the destruction of the fleet.

"On our arrival on board the 'Congress,' we found about twenty men and a few officers, those who had been left by the rebel tug. They wanted us to take the captain's body on board, —and this was done. A number of the wounded, whom it was deemed advisable to move, were also taken aboard. I started down to the gun deck to get some of my clothing and a little box that I had there. The vessel was still on fire in the wardroom; we had supposed the fire had been extinguished early in the day. The smoke was so thick and stifling below decks that it was almost impossible to see anything; but with the aid of the cook, a little Irishman, who had a small piece of candle, we managed to get our belongings, and returned to the spar deck. The carpenter wanted to get the men below and try to put out the fire. I told him that it would be useless to try to put the fire out, as the smoke was so dense below that the men would suffocate, and I did not believe that we would be able to do it. We then made preparations to leave the ship, little realizing what the morrow would bring forth. As we approached the shore the beach was lined with soldiers from the camps near by, and the sailors from the 'Congress' were invited to spend the night with them. I went with a party of the 5th Indiana, and shall never forget their kindness to us poor stranded sailors. Late in the night we were all awakened by a loud explosion, which was found to be the forward magazine of the 'Congress.' The fated vessel was soon a mass of flames, and it was with feelings of sorrow that we saw her burn to the water's edge.

"There was not much more sleep in that camp that night, and it was a

long and dreary night to us. We all expected to be taken prisoners the next day, as we had heard that Magruder was then marching down from Yorktown with 10,000 men, and as they had the assistance of the 'Merrimac,' we did not see what could prevent the place from falling into the hands of the rebels. Soon after midnight we could hear a great cheering on board the 'Minnesota.' We supposed then that she had got afloat once more; but in the morning we learned that the cheering was caused by the arrival of the little 'Monitor,' which had hauled up alongside the 'Minnesota.' We could not see the 'Monitor' from where we were, for she was on the other side of the 'Minnesota.' About three o'clock in the morning a boat load of sutlers' store came over from Pig's Point with four men in her. They supposed the place was then in rebel hands, but they soon learned their mistake, as the soldiers soon cleaned them out of all they had. So the night wore away, the scenes all about us full of excitement. Off across the water was the poor 'Congress,' a seething mass of flames, and we watched her as she burned to the water's edge. Some of the guns on board the fated ship had been left loaded, and as fast as the guns grew hot they exploded. One of the shots struck a small schooner lying near and sunk her.

"The Sabbath morning dawned bright and clear. It was indeed a beautiful morning. The warm sun shone over what should have been a quiet scene; but here it did not seem at all like Sunday. Ammunition trains were coming in from Fortress Monroe, and the troops were getting into line to march out and meet Magruder. Everything was bustle, and it was fully expected that there would be a fight that day. After watching the troops for some time I strolled away to the beach, where a number of the crew of the 'Congress' had congregated. We kept our eyes anxiously in the direction of Norfolk, and between six and seven o'clock we saw the 'Merrimac' coming. Just ahead of her were several transports coming out from Sewall's Point. These transports were all loaded with troops, and it was evidently their intention to land over where we were. They did not know, however, that the little 'Monitor' had arrived during the night. They soon found that the Yankees had turned a new trick on them. As the transports came along, the 'Monitor' steamed out from near the 'Minnesota' and fired several shots at them. They put back to Sewall's Point much faster than they came out.

"The 'Merrimac' was not daunted at the strange looking craft, and she steamed boldly towards her. The 'Monitor' stood her ground, and we on shore awaited the onslaught with much interest. To tell the truth, we did not have much faith in the 'Monitor'; we all expected to see the 'Merrimac' destroy her. The 'Monitor' waited until the rebel ram got within a short distance, and in answer to a shot from the 'Merrimac' began one of the grandest fights between two war vessels that the world had ever seen. We soon saw that the 'Merrimac' had met a worthy antagonist; and, as the fight wore on, our faith in the little 'cheese box' began to grow. All through the calm Sabbath morning, from seven until twelve o'clock, the battle raged. Sometimes it seemed as if one would win, and then the other. At times the two boats would touch each other, and each was pouring its deadly fire into the other. The 'Merrimac' would try its best to run the 'Monitor' down; but she would always round to again all right. I watched the fight from the top of a tree, and although I could not tell who the victor would be, I saw that the 'Monitor' was holding her own and that the 'Merrimac' would not have her own way in the work of destroying the rest of our fleet in Hampton Roads. About noon the 'Merrimac' seemed to be crippled, and she

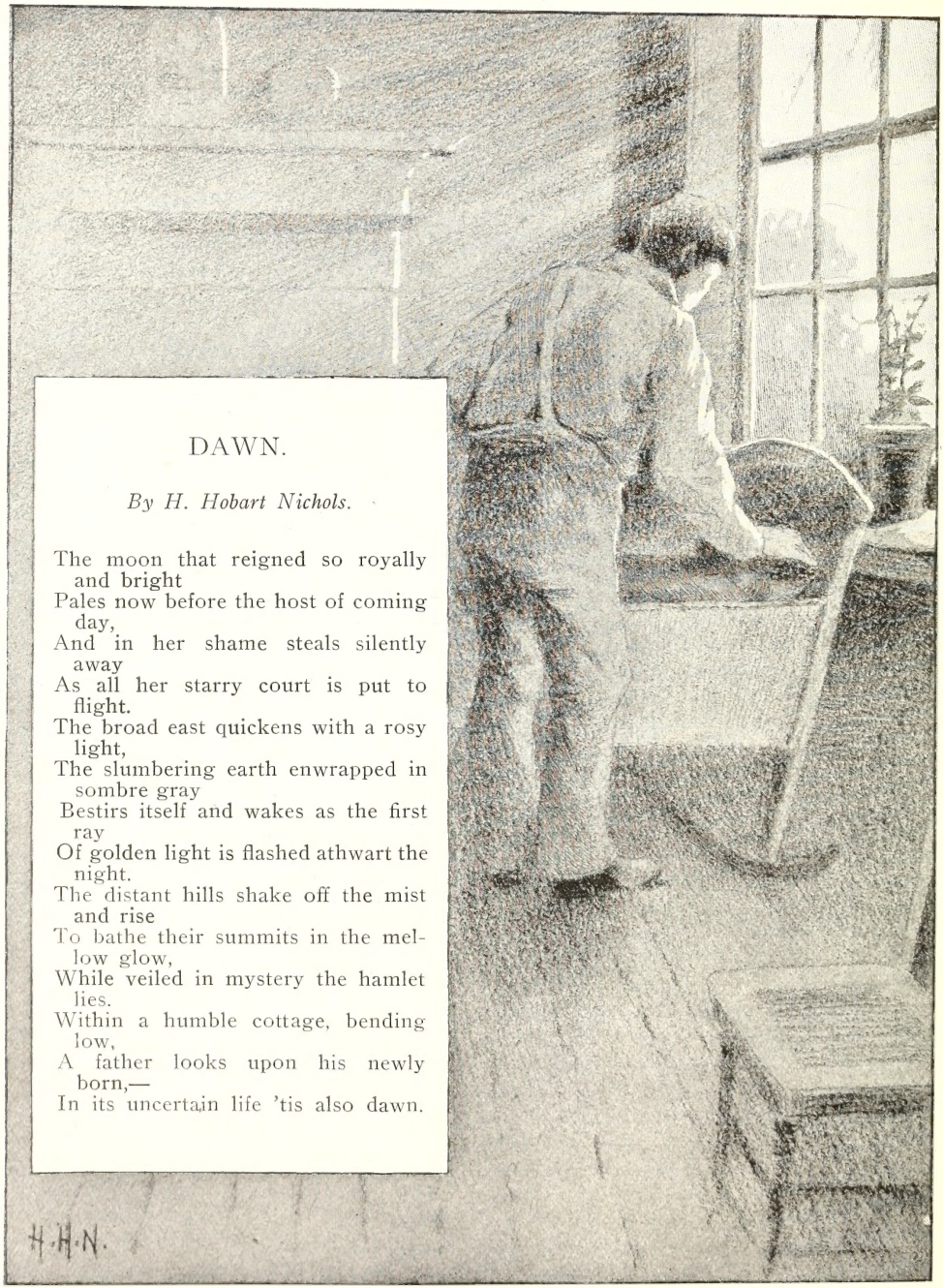
started slowly back to Norfolk. We soon learned that she was in a sinking condition, and our joy knew no bounds. All on shore cheered the brave little 'Monitor' until they were hoarse, and many hugged one another for joy to know that the hated rebel ram was whipped. So closed two of the most anxious and thrilling days of my experience in the war.

"Of the four hundred and fifty men on board the 'Congress,' only one hundred and seventy-five were saved, including about thirty who were taken prisoners. That Sunday night what remained of the crew of the 'Congress' were sent to Fortress Monroe; and the next day we were assigned to the several war ships lying off the fort. Some were put on the 'Minnesota,' and some on the 'Roanoke.' We were soon on our way to North Carolina on the gunboat of Commodore Barney, to join Burnside's expedition, after which we returned to the James River and supported the Army of the Potomac in the Seven Days' fight. We assisted the army every day and saw some pretty hard fighting."



FREDERICK H. CURTIS.
From a photograph taken when a member of the ship's crew, "Congress," in 1862.

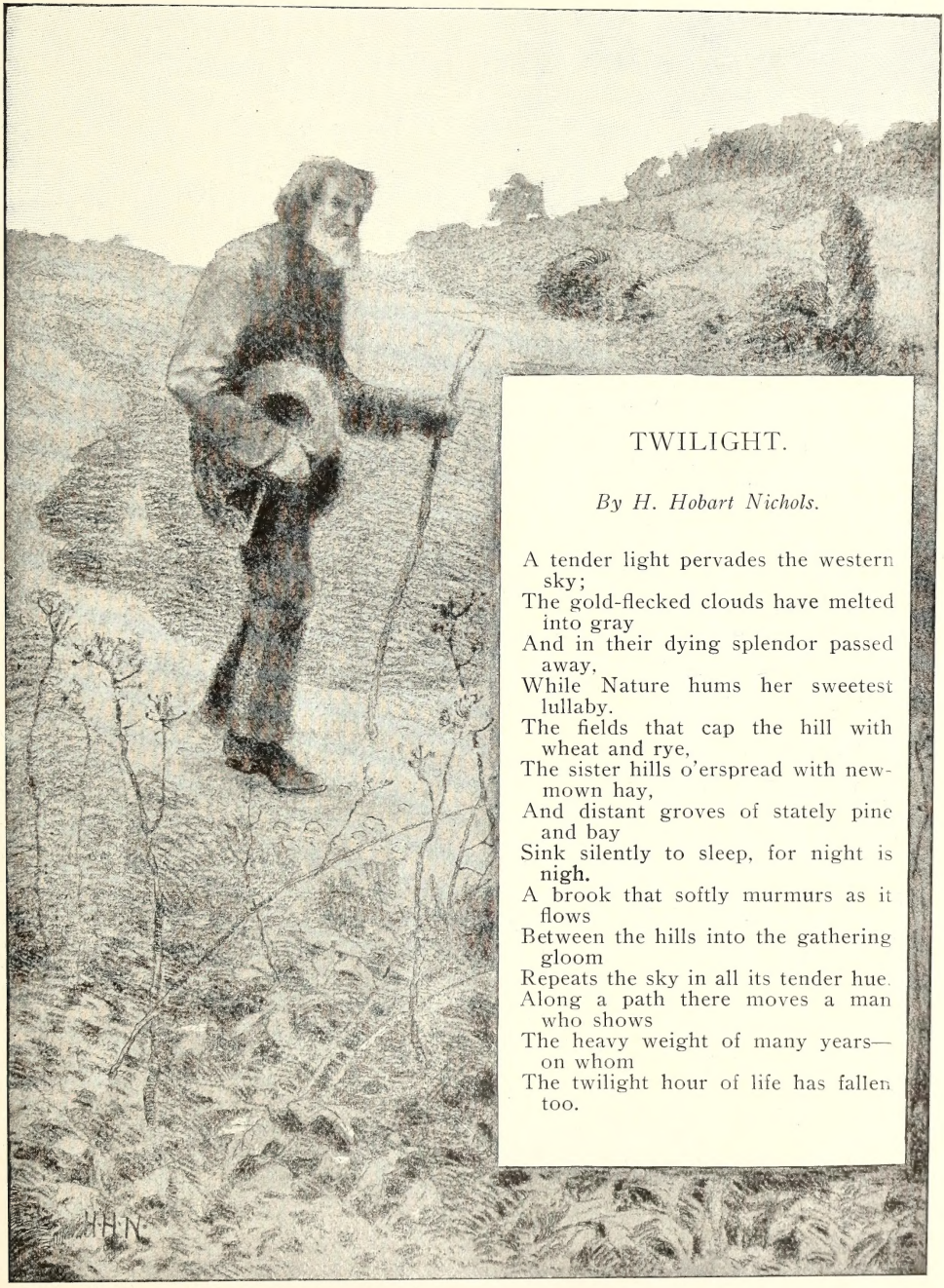
So ends Mr. Curtis's story. Since the war the crew of the "Congress" have become pretty thoroughly scattered over the country, and a reunion of the survivors of that memorable day in Hampton Roads has never been held. Last year Mr. Curtis and his wife made a trip to the scene of the battle, and, while calling at the Portsmouth navy yard, he met one of his comrades whom he had not seen since that day. He had supposed that the man was dead, and the meeting of the two old comrades was a most affecting one. This man, Mr. John T. Lawrence, is an employee of the navy yard at Portsmouth. Through him Mr. Curtis found traces of other shipmates who were in the "Congress" on that fated day, and after his return home he began to communicate with them. A few weeks ago, in response to urgent invitations, he made a trip to New York and visited his old companions. Of those that are now living, all, so far as is known, in this part of the country, are John Pierce of Hingham, Mass., William Bangs of Boston, Franklin Ryder, Robert Roper and James Sheverly of Brooklyn, and John T. Lawrence of Portsmouth, Va. The meeting of the old shipmates in New York was a happy one, and the experiences of the day when the "Congress" went down were pretty thoroughly discussed by these men, boys then, who stood by their guns and fired shot after shot into the "Merrimac" when their ship was being riddled with shot and shell and on fire between the decks below.



DAWN.

By H. Hobart Nichols.

The moon that reigned so royally and bright
Pales now before the host of coming day,
And in her shame steals silently away
As all her starry court is put to flight.
The broad east quickens with a rosy light,
The slumbering earth enwrapped in sombre gray
Bestirs itself and wakes as the first ray
Of golden light is flashed athwart the night.
The distant hills shake off the mist and rise
To bathe their summits in the mellow glow,
While veiled in mystery the hamlet lies.
Within a humble cottage, bending low,
A father looks upon his newly born,—
In its uncertain life 'tis also dawn.



TWILIGHT.

By H. Hobart Nichols.

A tender light pervades the western sky;
The gold-flecked clouds have melted into gray
And in their dying splendor passed away,
While Nature hums her sweetest lullaby.
The fields that cap the hill with wheat and rye,
The sister hills o'erspread with new-mown hay,
And distant groves of stately pine and bay
Sink silently to sleep, for night is nigh.
A brook that softly murmurs as it flows
Between the hills into the gathering gloom
Repeats the sky in all its tender hue.
Along a path there moves a man who shows
The heavy weight of many years—on whom
The twilight hour of life has fallen too.

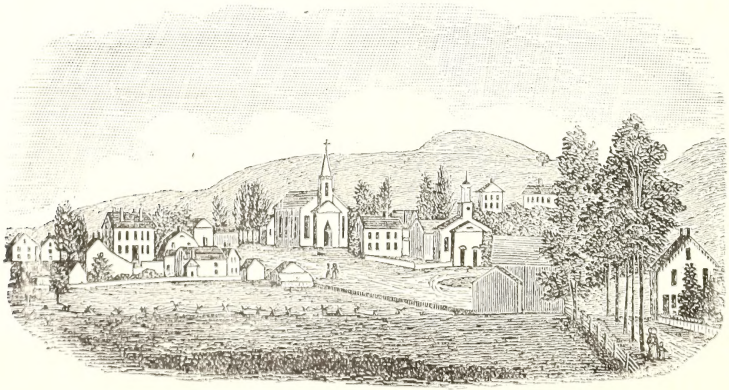
THE HOME OF JOSH BILLINGS.

By Edith Parker Thomson.

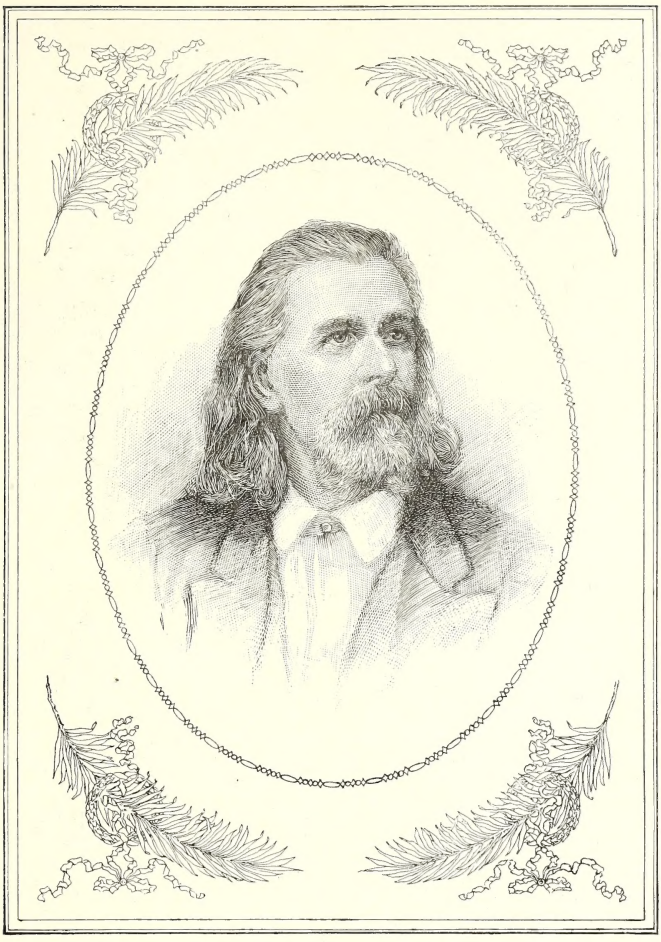
FEW sections of New England are so rich in historic and literary memories as the Berkshire Hills. Bryant was born and bred among them. So was Mark Hopkins, who raised Williams College to so high a position and achieved a higher personal eminence as an educator than any other American. The famous Field family, in which Justice Field of the Supreme Court and David Dudley and Cyrus W. and Henry M. Field were brothers, was a Stockbridge family. The first of American women to achieve noteworthy literary success was also a native of Stockbridge. Catherine Sedgwick's stories of early New England life, many of whose scenes were laid among the Berkshires, were translated into French, German, Italian and Swedish, spreading abroad the fame of this beautiful region. Col. Ephraim Williams, that doughty Revolutionary fighter, whose name lives on in Williams College, was a Berkshire pioneer. Many of the early settlers were from prominent families of Framingham, Natick and Plymouth, interested in missionary work among the Stockbridge Indians; and in the midst of this work for the Indians Jonathan Edwards wrote his "Freedom of the Will." In later days Holmes and Longfellow and Hawthorne dearly loved their quiet retreats at Pittsfield and Lenox and Stockbridge; and these are but a few of the great names that add lustre to this region.

In one of the most charming parts of Berkshire County somewhat remote from the railroad, lies a little town now often overlooked by tourists. Lanesborough, however, is worthy of notice, not only because of its once prominent place in Massachusetts history, but also for its connection with the Yankee humorist, Henry Wheeler Shaw, better known as "Josh Billings."

The fashion of a people's jests changes, as well as the fashion in dress. Josh Billings, like many another comic writer whose name was on every one's lips some years ago, is seldom quoted now; yet to the student of New England he will always possess significance, for he represents in a remarkable degree the peculiar element of humor that exists in the typical Yankee character. Who but one imbued with the deeply religious spirit of his Puritan fathers, who made a solemn thing even of a jest, could turn his mirth to such good account in pointing a moral as Josh Billings?



LANESBOROUGH IN 1840.



HENRY W. SHAW.
"Josh Billings."

"Menny people," he says, "spend their time trieing to find the hole whar sin got into the world. If two men brake through the ice into a mill-pond, they had better hunt for some good hole tew get out rather than get into a long argument about the hole they cum to fall in."

"There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life preserver, only put on at the moment of extreme danger, and then half the time put on hind side before."

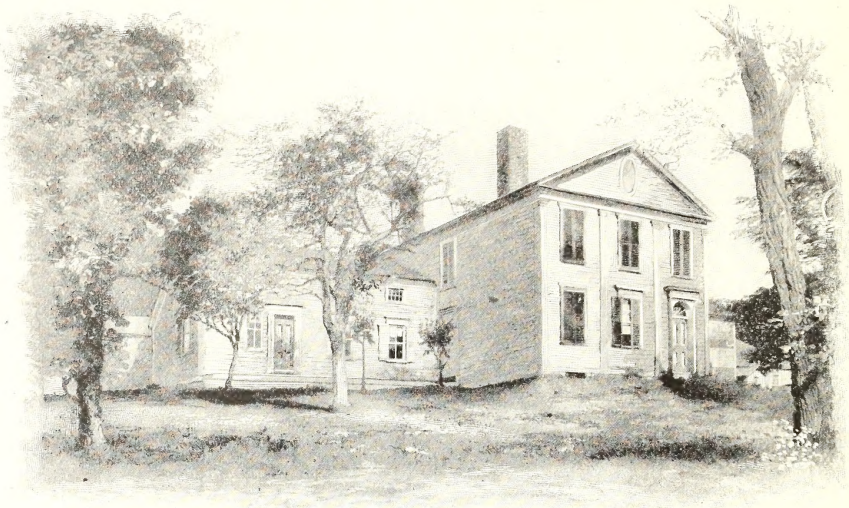
"Sin in the soul iz like a slivver in the flesh; mortifikashun iz the natral way tew git rid ov it."

"Next to a klear conshunce for solid comfort cums an eazy boot. Try both."

It would be hard to find a more graphic description than his few piquant lines give us of the old fashioned pedlar, familiar not many years ago in every country village:

"Joel Briggs waz born down east, his hight waz 6 foot 2;
His panterloons waz striped, and hitched beneath his shu.
Joel Briggs a pedlar waz, a pedlar ov renoun,
He dealt in tin war and sitch, and druv from town to town.
His kart waz a karavan, piled hi with every kind
Ov dikker yu kould name, besides sumthin hitched behind."

Mr. Shaw's humor does not perhaps provoke a downright laugh so often as the humor of some others; it rather

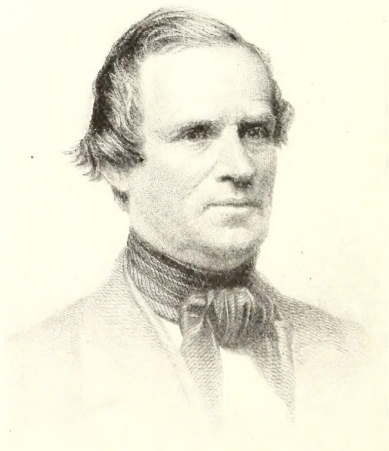


THE BIRTHPLACE OF JOSH BILLINGS.

makes us laugh to ourselves. He was himself a quiet, unassuming man; and one who had known him for years testifies that he never saw him smile when saying even the wittiest things. This very fact enabled him to express so well the fun which an old-time New England countryman most enjoyed. The true Yankee knows well how to "laugh inside" and to crack jokes with a sober face. We can easily imagine the amused chuckle with which some farmer would greet these sayings,—how his keen eyes would twinkle and the corners of his mouth faintly twitch in spite of himself as he revelled in their quaint drollery and shrewd common sense.

Josh Billings first became generally known through his contributions to the *New York Weekly*. But the immediate and striking success of his books is seldom paralleled, at least in the realm of humor. His "Farmer's Allminax," published in 1870, reached a sale of 90,000 copies in the first year, 117,000 in the second, and 100,000 in the third. For some time he averaged eighty lectures in a season, which lectures were delivered in all parts of the country.

Applying to Josh Billings the test of his own definition, that humor implies "a thing that is ludicrous and at the same time true," he was indeed a genuine humorist. He could put forth literary power on occasion, as many of his articles and bits of verse prove; but his genius lay in pure humor without additional literary qualities to recommend it. Hence the wonderful

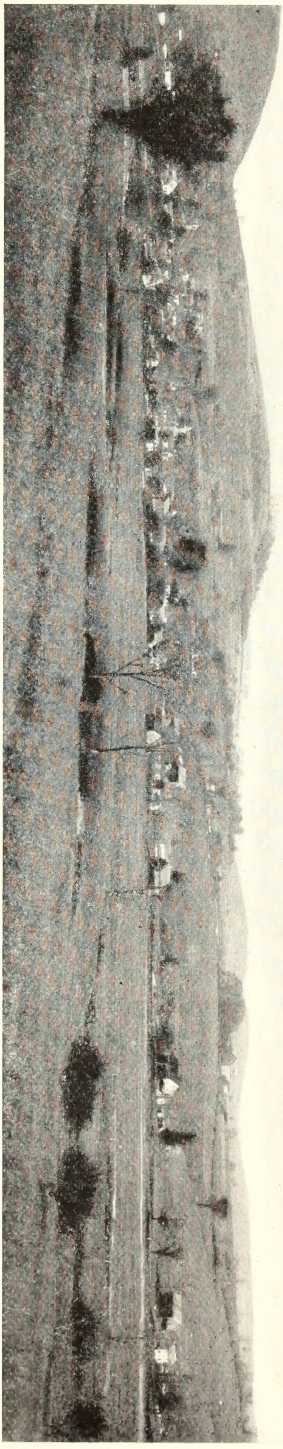


GOVERNOR BRIGGS.

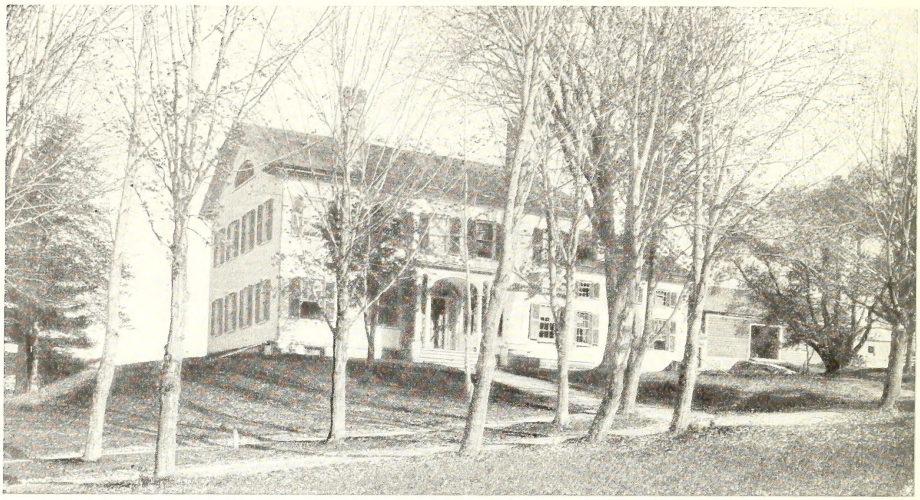
popularity with which his writings burst upon the public has not endured. The quaint spelling, on which both he and Artemus Ward so much relied, was but a weak prop, and could not stand the stress of time.

The little town where Josh Billings was born and where he gained his keen insight into the life of the New England farmer owes its name to a woman. When in 1765 Governor Bernard found it necessary to incorporate the rapidly growing settlements in the western hills of Massachusetts, he gave the name of Berkshire to the county, for the sake of his old home in England; and one of the small towns he called Pittsfield, in honor of the great prime minister. But what was then the chief town in the newly opened region he named for the Countess of Lanesborough, the wife of one of his privy councillors, whose beauty and popularity had won for her the title of "Lovely Lanesborough" in the Boston society of that day. The full name, "Lovely Lanesborough," might well be accorded the village also. It is located five miles north of Pittsfield, in a beautiful valley, with the clear waters of Pontoosuc Lake stretching like a bright mirror at its southern border, while at the head of the long blue line of hills that shut it in from the outside world rises the sturdy summit of old Greylock, the loftiest peak in the region and in Massachusetts. From the high hill near the centre of the town, Pontoosuc and Onota lakes and the Cheshire reservoir are plainly visible. This view is doubly charming if seen in the early morning when the mist hangs low in the hollows, forming here and there another phantom lake.

When Josh Billings was born, in 1818, and for some years following, beside the natural beauty of the place, there was plenty of opportunity to observe the busy life of a prosperous New England town. Lanesborough contained in its earlier days five hotels, three tanneries and two cloth dressing factories, as well as several grist mills



THE VILLAGE OF LANESBOROUGH.



THE HOME OF JOSH BILLINGS.

and stores, while $200,000 worth of marble was sent from its quarries to various parts of the country. The position taken by the town also in intellectual and political movements was no insignificant one. When Massachusetts was on the point of rejecting the new Constitution of the United States, Jonathan Smith from Lanesborough addressed the State convention and won it over to the side of ratification. The chief hill in Lanesborough is named Constitution Hill in honor of the event. Daniel Webster afterwards said of Jonathan Smith that "of all the men he had known this was the one most characterized by sound sense, correct principles, and a correct judgment as to public affairs." The first definite movement to plant the Episcopal Church in all the larger towns of Massachusetts was due to a delegate from the Lanesborough Episcopal parish;* and it was the men of Lanesborough who laid the foundation of those local agricultural societies which have since done so much for farming interests in New England.

The frequent disparaging mention of dogs in Josh Billings's "Farmer's Allminax" and other writings makes it seem likely that Lanesborough had more than its share of these faithful friends of mankind.

*The student of Lanesborough history is referred to a sermon by Rev. Charles J. Palmer, preached at St. Luke's Church, Lanesborough, in 1892, on the 150th anniversary of the town.



THE BRADFORD FARMHOUSE.

"If i had 4 fust rate dogs i would name the best ov them 'Doubtfull,' and all the other 3 'Useless.'"

"Don't keep but one dog; no one but a pauper kan afford to keep three."

"There is no man so poor but what he kan afford to keep 1 dog,—and i hav seen them so poor that they could afford to keep 3."

Certain it is, at all events, that on a motion of the representative from Lanesborough, the Massachusetts Legislature enacted that the proceeds of the dog tax should be used for the support of public libraries. The Berkshire town reaped so large a harvest from this measure that it is now said to possess a public library larger in proportion to its size than Boston itself.

Among the influential men sent out from Lanesborough were sturdy old Governor Briggs and Henry Shaw, the father of the humorist, whose high character and mental powers won him the election to Congress a few months before he had reached the required age. At Washington his influence was greatly felt, and Daniel Webster counted him among his warmest friends. Descendants of William Bradford also made their home in Lanesborough, and on the old Bradford farm near Lake Onota, still an object of interest, Josh Billings found his bride. Mrs. Shaw, the widow of the humorist, is the seventh in direct descent from the great Plymouth governor.

With the coming of the railroads to the surrounding towns which were more conveniently located for railroad purposes, Lanesborough lost its prestige. It is now little more than a farming community, with its two or three little brick churches, its tiny post office and town hall, and its simple homes clustered about the long main road which leads to Pittsfield. Its trading life is centred in the single country store, which further serves in the evening as a rendezvous for the discussion of weighty village matters. A few summer visitors are attracted to the place by its picturesque scenery and rustic quiet, or come to look curiously at the huge white boulders left by the glaciers ages ago, one of which is a remarkable freak of nature. An immense rock of many tons' weight is balanced on the point of another rock so nicely that once the touch of a hand might sway it. This delicate balance was destroyed some years ago by a party of experimenters, who made wanton use of dynamite; but the rock is still one of the famous sights of the region.

No one can spend a day in Lanesborough without learning something

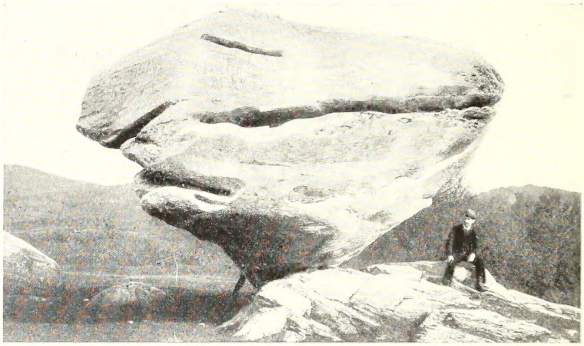


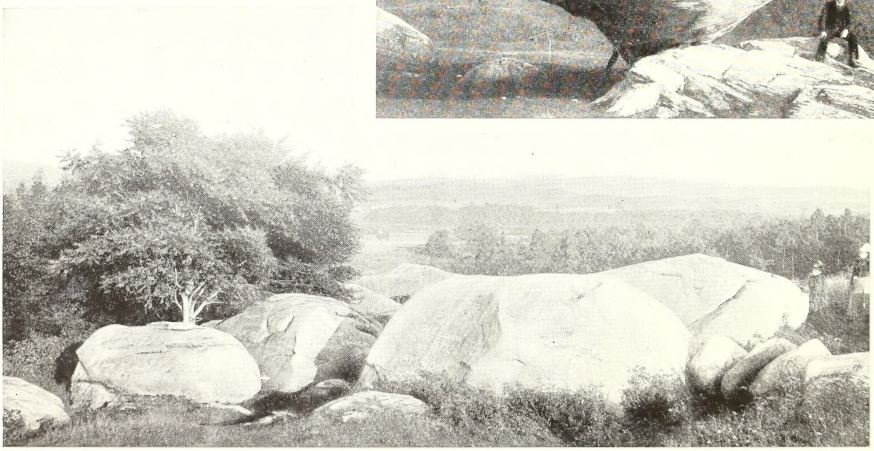
PONTOOSUC LAKE.

of the quaint humorist whose memory pervades the place. The principal summer boarding house was once his home. It stands on the main road just above the centre of the village, well shaded by fine old elms, for which Berkshire County is famous. Its stately porch of imported marble and the graceful spiral staircase which adorns its broad hall give it a charm not found in the ordinary country homestead. The pleasure which Mr. Shaw had anticipated in it was short-lived. An iron foundry was built almost directly across the road, making such a blot on the landscape that he

Its location renders the house doubly conspicuous. It stands close to Constitution Hill which lies within the limits of the farm, and thus the best of the historic as well as of the literary associations of the old town cluster about this spot. The hill is visible in the landscape for miles around, and one soon learns to recognize it by the single giant tree that

BALANCE ROCK.





THE VALLEY FROM BALANCE ROCK.

abandoned his home. The foundry, which was three or four miles from the ore bed and five miles in another direction from the railroad, was soon closed, as might have been expected. It stayed just long enough to drive the best families from the town.

Across the fields, a quarter of a mile from the centre of the village, stands the old farmhouse where the humorist was born. The farm lands, in front of the house, slope down towards the main road, giving to every traveller through the village an unobstructed view of the little homestead.

crowns its summit, and to watch for the first glimpse of it in the distance as he leaves the busy main street of Pittsfield behind, and turns into the Lanesborough road. Greatest pains have been taken to preserve this tree intact as a landmark, while all smaller trees and shrubs in its vicinity are kept carefully cleared away.

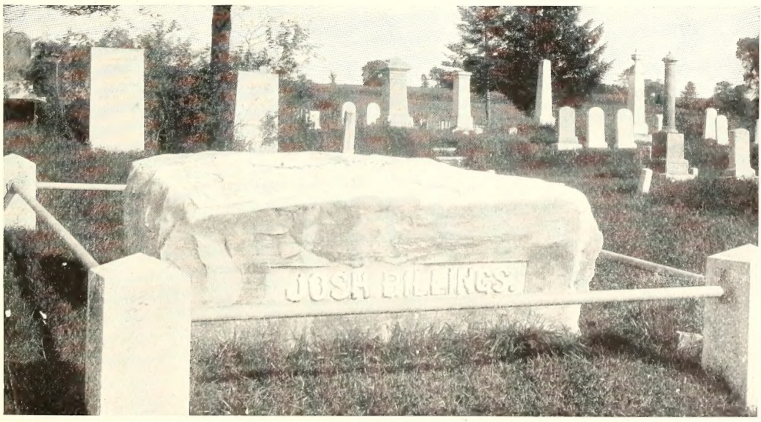
The neighborhood of the farmhouse abounds in interesting and picturesque nooks. One curious retreat is Constitution Cave, in which, we must believe, young Henry Shaw once found much boyish delight. The

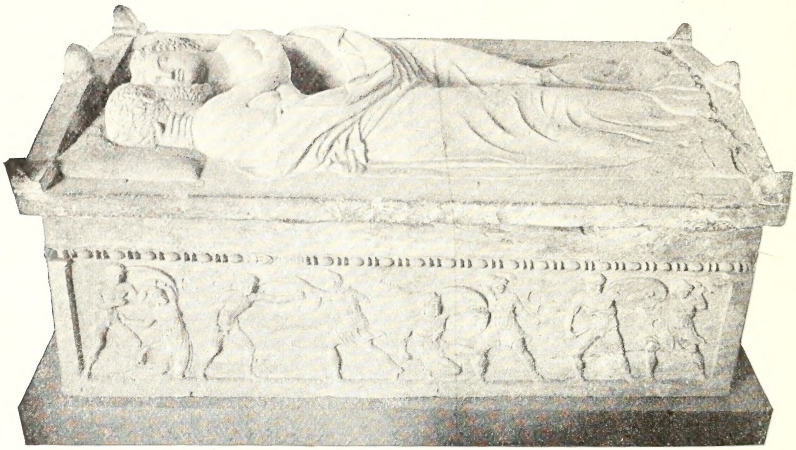
low entrance to the cave is concealed just within the edge of the woods on Constitution Hill. Another cave still more remarkable than this lies just beyond the borders of the farm, in which a tiny spring has its source. The streamlet, after flowing a short distance, disappears under ground, then breaks out once more, only to disappear and reappear again a little way farther on.

Standing in the doorway of the Shaw homestead one may look across to the small house so long the home of Governor Briggs, which is still in excellent condition, and to the little court house where he first began to practise law. The house and lands of the Shaw farm long since passed out of the possession of the family. The place is now the residence of one of the oldest inhabitants of the town, and still supplies a living for the small family who make it their home. It was no doubt here at his early farm duties that the future Josh Billings first learned, as his successors have had to do, that

"He who by farmin' wood git rich
Must dig and ho, and plant and sich;
Work hard awl day, sleep hard awl nite,
Save evry cent, and not git tite."

Although the humorist led for many years a roving life, acting in turn as farmer, coal operator, steamboat captain and real estate agent, and never writing a line till after he was forty-five years old, the farm life amid which his boyhood was passed deeply colored all his writings. It is true that he soon outgrew the little farm in Lanesborough, and even the town itself when it began to stagnate, yet he never lost his fondness for it nor ceased to regard it as his home. The first object of interest pointed out to the visitor as he approaches the town from Pittsfield is the little cemetery by the roadside, whose most conspicuous monument is the simple, rough-hewn granite stone raised to the memory of the humorist. It was his wish to be remembered even in death by his chosen pseudonym; and the name Josh Billings is cut in large letters on the rough face of the stone; his full name on the smooth upper surface, with the dates of his birth and death, can only be seen by one standing close beside it. Josh Billings died in Monterey, California, in October, 1885, three thousand miles away; but the little town which he loved became his last resting place.





A SARCOPHAGUS.

By Abbie Farwell Brown.

THESE were a prince and princess, fair and young,
Their glorious lives of royal lineage sprung;
And still their marble figures, side by side,
Wear the brave crowns whose pomp the minstrels sung.

Theirs was the honor, great their praise and pride;
Yet what avail? For in their bloom they died.
O pale, cold faces, passionless and still!
O pulseless hands, to clasp of love denied!

So close they lie, yet neither knows a thrill,
The marble touch to touch is icy chill,
Their dull eyes signal no responsive flame,
No quicker breaths their stony bosoms fill.

And gazing on these sculptured forms of fame
The chill of death steals over all my frame,
The hot blood freezes at my glowing heart,—
Lean closer, Love, and whisper me my name.

Are you and I of their pale tomb a part?
Is this warm flesh I clasp, or chiseled art?
Move thy red lips, or are they dumb and white?
So, at my touch I feel thy pulses start.

Aye, though no stately crowns our brows bedight,
And though we boast no rank nor gold nor might,
Yet are we living lords of more than they,
By power of youth and hope, by love's own right.

Before we leave them on their bed of clay,
Dear, kiss her once,—thou knowest well the way,
As I these cold lips press; the stone may feel,
Perchance, an afterglow of their brief day.

THE PASTORATE OF ALLAN EVANS.

By Philip E. Stanley.

AS the vigorous tones from the bell of the Methodist church at the other end of the village began to quiver through the calm of the Sabbath morning, a bent and haggard figure climbed painfully up the decayed wooden steps of the old Congregational meeting-house, fumbled weakly at the lock with a large key tied to a wooden block, and at last opened the door and entered.

For more than forty years, at this same day and hour every week, Allan Evans had opened the church and summoned the congregation to worship. This little Ohio mining town, to which in his hopeful youth he had come from the old country, contained many Welsh miners from the same Glamorganshire parish as himself, and they had for a generation kept unchanged the language and customs of their old home, as sacredly as they preserved the faith of their fathers. Every week the old minister preached his long sermon in the familiar Welsh dialect, which his hearers fully believed to be the speech of God and the angels,—the language in which, as they were accustomed to say, no unclean book or paper was ever printed. Then the whole congregation remained for Bible study. Even the little children were compelled to pore wearily over the day's lessons in an unfamiliar tongue, forbidden to answer any questions in English, though daily association with the other children of the village had long ago made that the language most natural to all except the elderly people.

As time passed, the old men and women who had been the active supporters of the church died, and no young people came to take their places. The use of the ancient tongue, the adherence to the stiff and unyielding forms of the old-country church, the absence of other youth,—these things naturally repelled the younger generation, who went to swell the ranks of the other church of the village. Like a river whose head waters have been diverted to another channel, the old church had been dwindling away. For some years the pastor had been dead, and only three worshipers of the original flock remained to keep the ancient covenant and lift their voices in the songs of Zion.

But every Sunday Allan Evans had preached, and an aged woman had started the tunes with which they were familiar, whose full-voiced harmonies, with mingled childish pipings, the clear, soaring notes of women, and man's heavy, sonorous tones, had so filled their hearts with joy and peace in the olden times when the church was prosperous.

The handful of worshipers had come to look upon their meeting-house as in an almost material sense God's dwelling place, and, as one after another of the old company had been borne from its doors to their long repose in the graveyard beneath the shadow of its wooden spire, those left behind clung to it with a devotion which only increased with their thinning ranks.

For some months the three old people supported the weekly worship, until the woman died and the other man was compelled to remove to another part of the state to follow the fortunes of a son upon whom he was dependent. Allan Evans was thus left alone; and the following Sabbath, impelled no less by habit than by his love for the religion of his

fathers, at the usual time directed his feeble footsteps toward the church.

Before the Methodist bell had ceased ringing, old Allan was bringing out a responsive peal from the steeple above him. The vivid memories which long familiar sounds have power to arouse thronged in upon the ringer's mind. He could see again the groups of neighbors pausing at the door; he heard again their kindly greetings and the harmless gossip of the week. Then, as he finished the summons to which he knew no one would respond, the desolation of his surroundings forced itself again upon his consciousness. But he felt the burden of responsibility resting upon his shoulders. The Lord must not wait in vain to hear prayer and praise coming from this his own house, in the old Welsh tongue.

"In all this broad land there is perhaps no other place where God may hear his name pronounced in the sounds that please him best," said old Allan, "and while I live it shall never fail him here."

With a firm step the old man ascended the pulpit and, opening the Book, in a loud voice began the familiar psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." But his voice broke as he felt the melancholy sweetness of the Hebrew poem, and the empty pews, seen through his tear-dimmed eyes, seemed to stretch far away into the distance, until the vista reached the little Glamorganshire hamlet in which the old man had been a boy.

Rousing himself with an effort from his reverie, Allan Evans then selected a hymn, and, though his voice sounded to him strange and distant, persisted till the four stanzas were finished. The long prayer was next in the well-remembered order of exercises,—the prayer that in the old pastor's time used to come to the hearts of the hearers with power to sweep away the cares of the week, as a fresh breeze from the mountain carries away the clinging fog of a lowland swamp.

"The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," murmured the old man,—but further words he could not find. The people with whom, all his life, he had joined in this worship, were sleeping in perfect repose where he could see the white stones above the grass as he glanced through the window.

There was still the sermon; and, announcing the text, the lonely man, filling at once the office of priest and people, spoke for some minutes in the way that years of exhortation had made natural. Crushing out from his mind the swelling sense of unreality, he addressed himself, urging the hearer to be faithful while life should last to the faith of the fathers. "You are an old man now, Allan Evans," said he, "and the friends you have loved are all sleeping yonder. The young folk have scattered, and no one is left to honor the house of God and open the Book but you. For the sake of them that's gone and the service of the Master that has loved you, can you not watch one hour?"

When the sermon was finished, the old man gave a last look around the room and, locking the door, went home and placed the key in the case of his clock, where for many years it had hung from Sunday to Sunday.

It was not used again, for the nervous strain of the church service was more than old Allan's failing powers could endure, and the next Sabbath there was a new grave among the rest and the old wooden belfry above them was silent.

RECENT NEGRO MELODIES.

By William E. Barton, D. D.

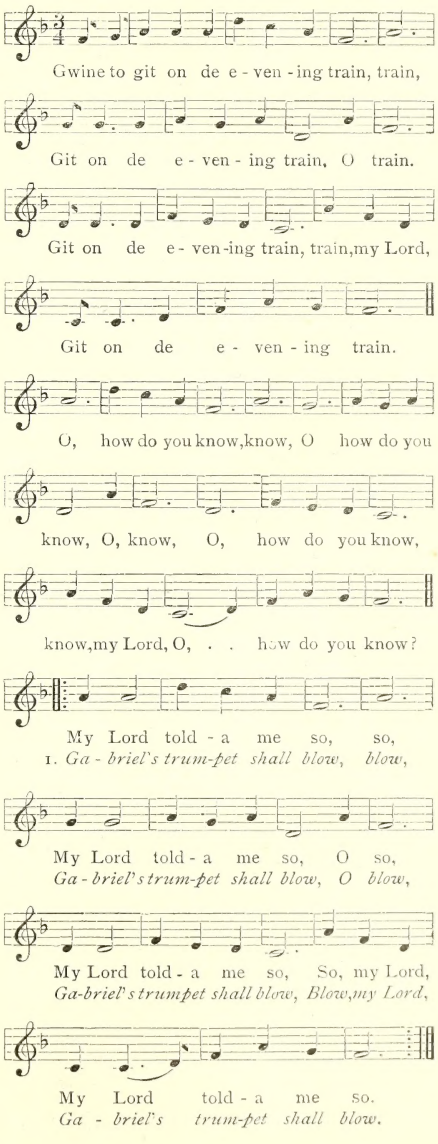
IN two previous articles I have given fifty-four old plantation hymns, including both those of unquestioned antiquity and those which show the influence of the war and the effects of newly found freedom. In the present paper I propose to consider some which show more recent influences.

I cannot pretend, however, that the classification which I have made is strictly chronological. Material is lacking for a hard and fast division of these songs into historical groups. A song which I have recently learned, and which the man who sang it for me assured me was composed by a man well known to him, has all the characteristics of the older melodies. I have selected, in part, the songs that had common or contrasting features in melody or doctrine, and I shall include in this article some songs that were simply left over from the preceding ones. And the so-called "railroad songs" which make up a part of this article, though in their present form modern, represent a very old type of hymn structure, and had their beginnings far back in the days of slavery. No one man made them, nor are they ever written or ever complete. But I have endeavored to follow the general principle of grouping these songs according to their probable age.

Beside the "railroad songs" proper, there are some that are about the railroad. One of these will illustrate how modern influences in the South have affected the content of negro hymns.

To the negro on the levee the steamboat is the greatest thing afloat. But to the negro of the interior the place of the steamer in religious typology is assigned to the locomotive. There are several songs about the Gospel Train, some of which are familiar. The railroad seems so supernatural that it is hard to convince some faithful old souls that heaven is not at one or the other terminus. There is a good old song with this suggestion. It is in triple time, and pronounces "evening" in three sharp syllables.

GIT ON THE EVENING TRAIN.



2—Old Death stayin' in de grave, grave, etc.

3—Swing low, chariot, swing low, low, etc.

4—Prayer, prayer is de way, way, etc.

5—Let God's people git 'board,'board, etc.
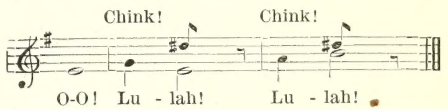
6—Gwine to heaven on de mor-en-ing train, train, etc.

7—My Lord send a me here, here,
My Lord send a me here, to pray.

8—Do thyself a no harm, harm.

Railroad songs are so named from the fact that they are sung by large bodies of men in the construction of railroads and other public works. Not many of them originated on the railroad, but their use in the army building fortifications, and in these more modern kinds of labor, has probably served to elongate them. The wise contractor employing colored men at work of this character lets them sing. The songs require little expenditure of breath, and are long drawn, monotonous chants. They usually have a Scripture theme, and often tell at length a long Scripture story with the negro's own improvements and interpretations thrown in. The refrain comes at considerable and irregular intervals, just often enough to quicken the lagging interest of any who may have dropped out. Only the leader attempts to sing the words, though perhaps a few nearest him catch a strain here and there; but the tune, which often runs along for a dozen verses between *la* and *do*, is hummed by others far and near, and gives the time to which the spades sink into the clay or the picks descend.

To hear these songs, not all of which are religious, at their best, one needs to hear them in a rock tunnel. The men are hurried in after an explosion to drill with speed for another double row of blasts. They work two and two, one holding and turning the drill, the other striking it with a sledge. The sledges descend in unison as the long low chant gives the time. I wonder if the reader can imagine the effect of it all, the powder smoke filling the place, the darkness made barely visible by the little lights on the hats of the men, the echoing sounds of men and mules toward the outlet loading and carting away the rock thrown out by the last blast, and the men at the heading droning their low chant to the *chink! chink!* of the steel. A single musical phrase or a succession of a half dozen notes caught on a visit to such a place sticks in one's mind forever. Even as I write I seem to be in a tunnel of this description and to hear the sharp metallic stroke and the syncopated chant.



One occasionally hears these long songs in an evening meeting. They are interminable, and the only way to end them is to stop. One of them, a part of which has been published, and the whole of which no one man knows, is "Walk Jerusalem just like John." Different versions of it have been printed, but none like the one I have.

This song throws in almost at random couplets like:

Walk around from do' to do',
What to do I did not know;

Walk Jerusalem on Zion's hill,
Walk about on heaven and earth;

Satan thought he had me fast,
Thank the Lord I'm free at last.

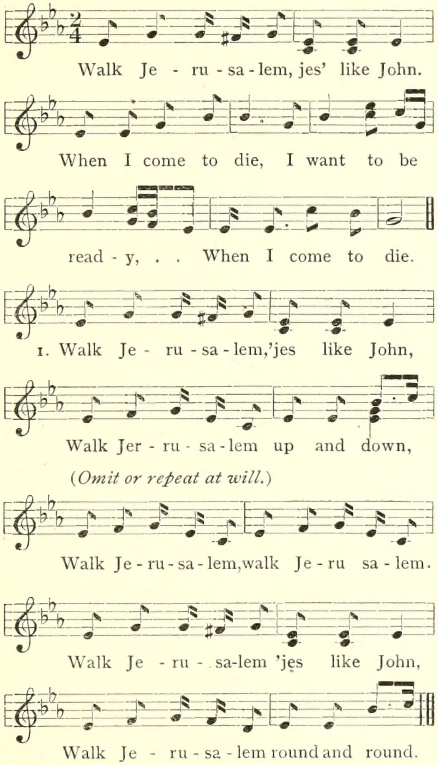
I bless the Lord I'm going to die,
I'm going to judgment by and by.

Oh, John he heard the trumpet blow,
Hills and mountains fall below.

It has no proper end. It goes on at the will of the leader, and, unlike the ordinary hymn, which may be ended either with a stanza or the refrain and usually is meant to end with the latter, this is meant never to end so far as the structure of the song is concerned. It may end with "When
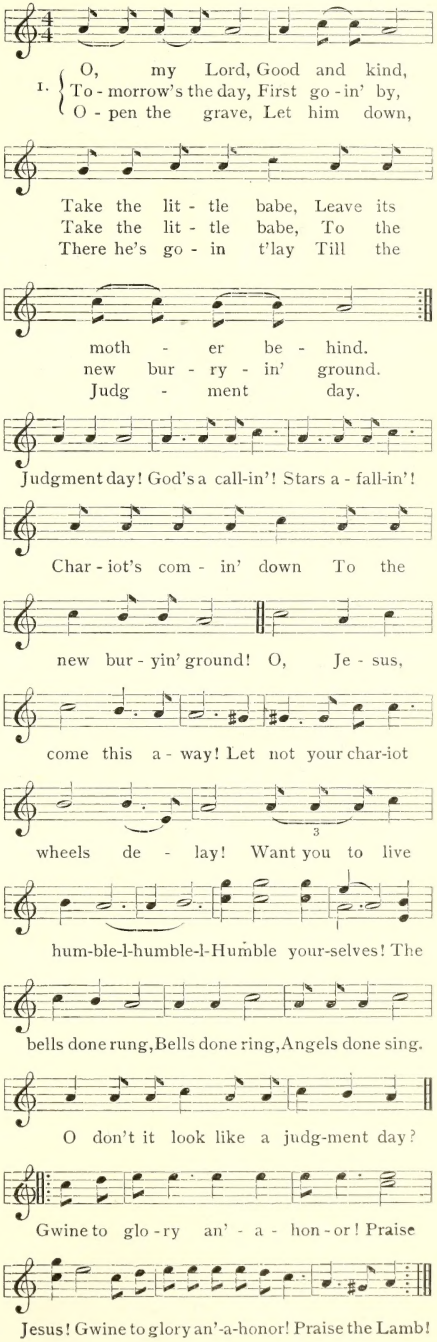
I come to die," or "Jes' like John"; but in either case it gives the air of incompleteness, like the old Scotch and Irish songs which ended so often on *re* and were ready to begin again. Some of these songs have a proper end, and may stop with the refrain any time; but the refrain is of variable occurrence, and may come every two lines, or run on for an epitomized biography of some Bible character.

WALK JERUSALEM JES' LIKE JOHN.



While the narrative portions of this song and others like it are used as a solo, which is a great saving of breath, there is a humming accompaniment, with many an "Amen" and "Yes," and frequently a chuckle or "holy laugh," especially at any suggestion of giving the devil what is conceived to be his due, or of any sharp turn of Providence for the worsting of sinners. One of these songs, which I have heard both on the railroad and in an evening meeting, is "The New Burying Ground."

NEW BURYING GROUND.



2—All along down by de watery shore,
De waters run steady, level as a die;
Hearse come down next day gone by;
Take de lill babe to new burying ground.
Yes, I went down to the valley to pray,
Met ole Satan on de way.
Look out, Satan, out my way!
Took my sword an' cut him down;
Satan shot one ball at me;
Missed my soul and got my sin.

Refrain.

3—O, no, brethering, dat ain't all,—
Golden girdle round my waist,
Starry crown upon my head,
Palm of victory in my hand.

Refrain.

4—I went to meeting on a certain day,
Went fo' to hear what de preacher say.
Bout de time dat I got in,
Spoke one word condemned my sin.
Went back home an' counted de cost,
Heard what a treasure I had lost.

Refrain.

5—Yes, mysteree! Come and see!
Heard a great voice shoutin' in de new buryin' ground.
B for book and be forgiven,
Wrote by wise men sent from heaven.
If you want to go to heaven when you dies,
Stop you long tongue from telling lies.
Stars a-fallin'! God's a-callin'!
Don't dat look like judgment day?

Refrain.

6—I went down by the tottery sho',
Found a ship all ready to go.
Cap'n he come, troubled in mind,
"Wake up! wake up, you sleep, sleepy man!"
O, cap'n, if it's me,
Pray you cast me overboard!
Cast Brer Jonah overboard;
Whale did swaller Brer Jonah whole.
Three long nights, three long days,
Jonah lied in de body of de whale.
Las' words I hear Brer Jonah say,
He had no place to lie his head.
God commanded fish to land,
Cast Brer Jonah on dry sand.
Gourd vine growed all over his head,
Inchworm come long and cut it down.

Refrain.

7—Hit 'em wid de hammer cryin', "Sinner, repent!"
Wrought sorrow in de Jedge-e-ment.
Green trees burn, and why not dry?
Sinner man die, and why not I?
Sea ob glass all full of fire,
I'm gwine to jine God's heavenly choir.
H for Hannah, happy was she,
Lill boy Samuel on her knee.
B for book an' God forgiven,
Young child Jesus came from heaven.
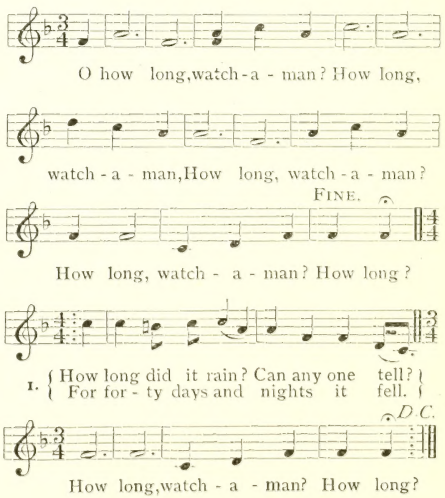
Refrain.

8—Sing ole hymn at new buryin' ground,
Dar gwine lay his body down.
He gave me pree, and sot me free
An' bought my soul from libertee.
Death come along at break of day,
Take de lill baby on his way.
Give me a horn and tell me to blow,
Come along, don't you want to go?
Bell done ring, angels done sing,
God A'mighty bought my heart and tongue.
Went down hill, fell on my knees,
Help me, Jesus, if you please.

Refrain.

Another of these is "How Long Watch-a-Man?" The melody of this is worthy of special attention. It is sweet, full, dignified and descriptive. The variations of "Watch-a-man" are very telling, and the repeated and retarded final tonic notes, suggestive of the passing of time as seen by the "Watch-a-man" are fine. It deserves to be fitted with a strong, full harmony and to be widely known. I consider it a gem. It is partly in 3:4 and partly in 4:4 time, and the fitting of these into a smooth, flowing melody in perfect taste is noteworthy. The words are not so good.

HOW LONG, WATCHMAN?



2—Oh, dey called ole Noah foolish man,
Built his ark upon dry sand.
Foolish Jews come a-ridin' by,
Hawk and spit on Noah's timber.
My sister done broke de ice an' gone
Sitting in heaven wid 'er raiment on.

Refrain.

3—Watah come up to de cellah door,
Marched an' slipped on de upper floor,
Den I went up to de winder an' peep out;
I see ole Noah passin' by,
Try an' help me out er my miseree.
I know ole Noah felt and seen,
I b'lieve God A'mighty locked de door.
Come along my muddah to de watah side,
Come along an' be baptized.

Refrain.

4—My dungeon open, my chains flew wide,
Glory to God, I've found him at last.
Brer Jonah lied in de bowels ub de whale,
Brer Jonah prayed in de bowels ub de whale.
De ark got stuck on de mountain-top,
God commanded de rain to stop.
De rainbow show, de sun he shine,
Glory to God, my sins are forgiven.

Refrain.

5—How long was Noah buildin' of de ark?
Mo'n a hundred years he kept to work.

6—How long was Jonah in the bowels of the whale?
For three whole days and nights he sailed.

7—How long will the righteous in heaven be?
For ever and ever their Lord they see.

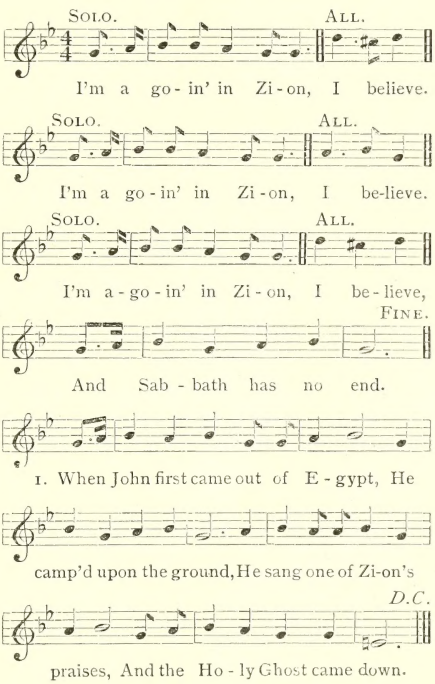
A good many people, no one of whom knew it all, contributed first and last to give the foregoing hymn the degree of completeness which is here shown.

The negro is reluctant to bring a service to a close. When, late at night, the end finally comes, there is often a quotation concerning the heavenly assembly:

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

The thought enters several of their own songs, among them one of the interminable ones such as we are now considering. It runs on in narrative form with long or short stanzas, but calls for active and repeated responses in the refrain, "I believe!" The refrain changes, also, from time to time, to suit the tenor of the stanzas, but the end is always the same, "And Sabbath has no end."

SABBATH HAS NO END.



2—He done blessed him and cheered him
And told him not to weep,
For the power was in Christ Jesus
To raise him from his sleep.

Refrain.

Mighty meeting in Zion,
I believe,
Mighty meeting in Zion,
I believe,
Mighty meeting in Zion,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

3—When Jesus came to the world,
He came to do no harm,
But they placed on him a thorny crown,
And the blood came streaming down.

Refrain.

Wasn't that a shame?
I believe,
Wasn't that a shame?
I believe,
Wasn't that a shame?
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

4—Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain
Could give a guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
Behold he wore the mortgage,
He was Almighty God;
At once they might have 'stroyed him,
But he saved them by his word.

Refrain.

I know, 'twas Jesus,
I believe,
I know, 'twas Jesus,
I believe,
I know, 'twas Jesus,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

5—Want you to look at you dying Saviour,
Want you to look at you dying Lord;
Stand near the cross and view him,
Behold the Lamb of God.
They rebuked him and they scorned him,
And told him to come down,
Before the cross of suffering,
They changed him for his crown.
Jesus came in many mysterious ways,
His wonders to perform,
He placed his footsteps in the seas,
And rode upon the storm.

Refrain.

I'm going to heaven,
I believe,
I'm going to heaven,
I believe,
I'm going to heaven,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

6—They took my blessed Jesus,
And led him to the whiteoak island.
They hewed him out a yoke,
And they yoked it on to him.
His ankle bones they done give way,
His knees they smote the ground,
And every star shall disappear,
King Jesus shall be mine.

Refrain.

I'm going to Zion,
I believe,
I'm going to Zion,
I believe,
I'm going to Zion,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

7—I met old Judas at the spring.
The history how he talked,—
"For thirty pieces of silver,
I show you where my Jesus walk."

Refrain.

Walked the road to heaven,
I believe,
Walked the road to heaven,
I believe,
Walked the road to heaven,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

8—Mary saw her father coming,
Done run and met him too,
She told him 'bout her brother,
Who was dead and passed away.

Refrain.

Then come forth Lazarus,
I believe,
Then come forth Lazarus,
I believe,
Then come forth Lazarus,
I believe,
And Sabbath has no end.

9—Well, they taken my blessed Jesus,
They led him to the low ground of sorrow,
They hewed him out a Roman cross,
They placed it on his shoulder.
They speared him long in his side!
They speared him long in his side!
(Wasn't that a shame!)
There came out water and blood!
There came out water and blood!
(O my Lord!)
The blood was for redemption,
The water for baptism.

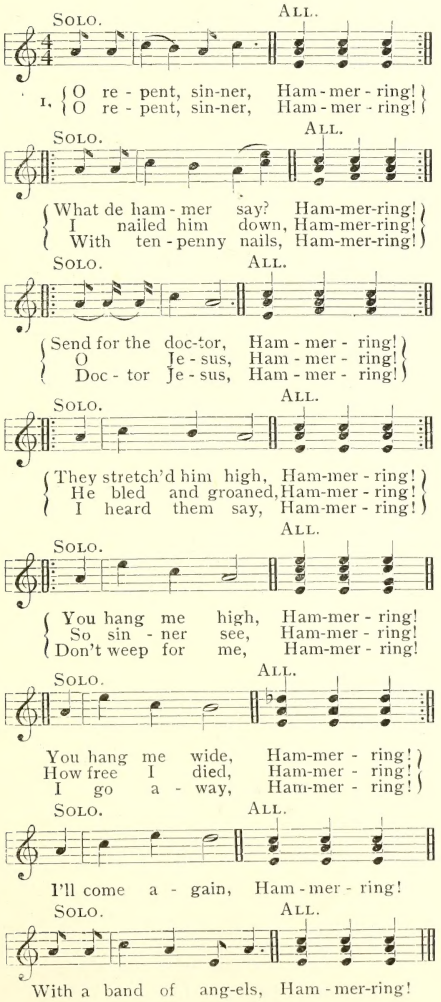
Refrain.

So we'll rock trouble over
I believe,
So we'll rock trouble over,
I believe,
So we'll rock trouble over,
I believe.
And Sabbath has no end.

This last hymn I have heard in different places, but the part relating to the crucifixion I have not heard ex-

cept at religious services. The last of these hymns which I shall give is one that I heard but once. I do not know that it is used as a song to work with, but suspect that the "ham-mer-ring!" which is the constant response, may be used sometimes to time the descent of the pick or sledge. As I heard it, however, it was sung at an evening meeting, a single voice telling the story, repeating twice each line, while the congregation sang a heavy bass "Ham-mer-ring!"

THE CHRISTIANS' HYMN OF THE CRUCIFIXION.



2—Mary wept (Ham-mer-ring)
And Martha mourned. (Ham-mer-ring)
If thou'd been here, (Ham-mer-ring)
My brother hadn't died. (Ham-mer-ring)
They buried him, (Ham-mer-ring)
And on the third day (Ham-mer-ring)
He ascended high, (Ham-mer-ring)
To his Father's house. (Ham-mer-ring)
Jesus came, (Ham-mer-ring)
His friend he rise, (Ham-mer-ring)
And found a home (Ham-mer-ring)
Above the skies. (Ham-mer-ring)
O, Lazarus, (Ham-mer-ring)
I know Lazarus! (Ham-mer-ring)
Come forth, Lazarus! (Ham-mer-ring)
Want you to loose him (Ham-mer-ring)
And let him go. (Ham-mer-ring.)

A good many of these railroad songs, I am satisfied, originated in those grewsome vigils wherein a dozen or more people "sit up" with the dead. The night is largely spent in singing, and the set songs run out long before morning. The family sleep, or are supposed to sleep, often in the same room, and if not there then in a room within easy hearing distance, and the singing is thought to comfort them, as well as to help in keeping the watchers awake and to apply the occasion to the profit of those present. The song about "The New Burying Ground" is evidently of this kind. Its references to the little babe that had been taken, the mother left behind, and to the next day as that of the burial, plainly show its original meaning; but it is sung now on other and very different occasions.
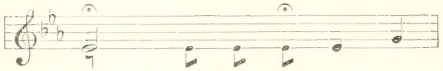
These songs are long, low, monotonous croons, wherein the recitative is half sung, half spoken, and the voices other than that of the leader merely hum with occasional ejaculations and an intermittent refrain. The songs are modified by their subsequent uses, but originating, as they do, without a distinct purpose to make a song, they are most irregular in everything but rhythm, which is always such that they can be swayed to and patted with the foot. They afford a good illustration of the way in which the more elaborate songs originate.

There are some of the more recent plantation hymns which have added an element of culture without diminishing religious fervor. One of the best of these is "Were You There When They Crucified My Lord?" It dwells on the details of the crucifixion, and the separate stanzas add only a single line each to the song. It is a tender and beautiful hymn, the climax of its effect depending largely on the hold and slur on the exclamation "Oh!" with which the third line begins, and the repetition and expression of the word *"tremble! tremble! tremble!"*

WERE YOU THERE?
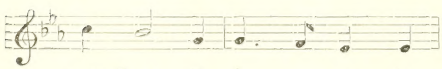


1. Where you there when they cru - ci - fied my
2. Were you there when they nail'd him to the
3. Were you there when they pierced him in the
4. Were you there when the sun re-fused to
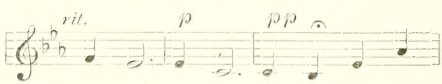


Lord? (Were you there?) Were you
cross? (Were you there?) Were you
side? (Were you there?) Were you
shine? (Were you there?) Were ou



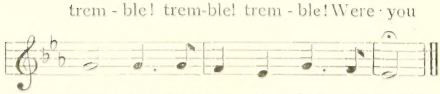
there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? O
there when they nail'd him to the cross? O
there when they pierced him in the side? O
there when the sun refused to shine? O



some-times it caus - es me to
some-times it caus - es me to
some-times it caus - es me to
some-times it caus - es me to



trem - ble! trem-ble! trem - ble! Were you
trem - ble! trem-ble! trem - ble! Were you
trem - ble! trem-ble! trem - ble! Were you
trem - ble! trem-ble! trem - ble! Were you

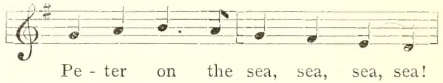


there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord?
there when they nail'd him to the cross?
there when they pierced him in the side?
there when the sun re - fused to shine?

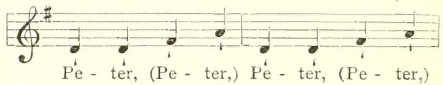
PETER ON THE SEA.
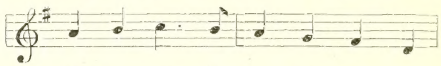


1. Pe - ter! (Pe - ter,) Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,)
2. Ga - briel! (Ga-briel,) Ga-briel, (Ga-briel,)
3. Who did(who did) Jo - nah?(who did?)
4. Whale did(whale did) Jo - nah!(whale did!)
5. Dan - iel(Dan - iel) li - on's (Dan - iel!)
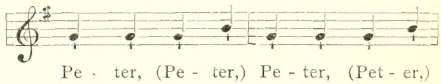


Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Ga-briel,blow your trump,trump,trump,trump!
Who did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah?
Whale did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah!
Dan - iel in the li - on's, li - on's!
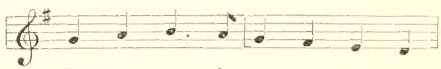


Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,) Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,)
Ga - briel, (Ga - briel,) Ga - briel, (Ga -briel,)
Who did (who did) Jo - nah? (who did?)
Whale did(whale did) Jo - nah!(whale did!)
Dan - iel (Dan - iel) li - on's (Dan - iel!)



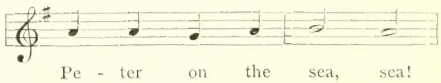
Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Ga - briel,blow your trump,trump,trump,trump!
Who did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah?
Whale did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah!
Dan - iel in the li - on's, li - on's!



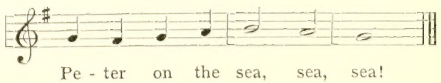
Pe - ter, (Pe - ter,) Pe - ter, (Pet - er,)
Ga - briel, (Ga - briel,) Ga - briel, (Gabri-el,)
Who did (who did) Jo - nah? (who did?)
Whale did (whale did) Jo - nah!(whale did!)
Dan - iel (Dan - iel) li - on's, (Dan - iel!)



Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea, sea!
Ga-briel,blow your,trump,trump,trump,trump!
ho did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah?
hale did swal - low Jo - nah, Jo - nah!
Dan - iel in the li - on's, li - on's!



Pe - ter on the sea, sea!
Ga - briel, blow your trump - et!
Who did swal - low Jo - nah?
Whale did swal - low Jo - nah!
Dan - iel in the li - on's!



Pe - ter on the sea, sea, sea!
Ga - briel, blow your trump - et, blow!
Who did swal - low Jo - nah? Who?
Whale did swal - low Jo - nah! Whale!
Dan - iel in the li - on's den!

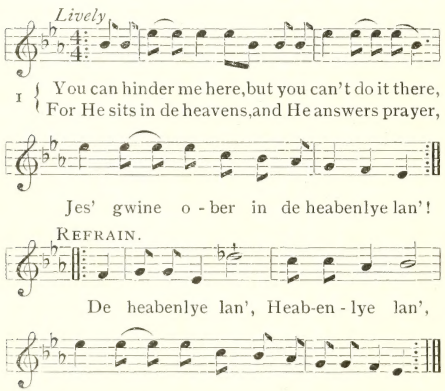
The foregoing modern song keeps much of the spirit of the older ones. It is in striking contrast with the preceding song. It is a lively staccato, is full of responses, is not in the least shy of the fourth and seventh notes, and is thoroughly up to date except perhaps in its theology. No higher criticism has yet eliminated from negro theology a vestige of the miraculous. Peter on the sea, Gabriel with his trumpet, Jonah and the whale and Daniel in the lions' den are all here in a swift-moving panorama, and with a lively good humor that is nothing less than mirth-provoking.

One of the most interesting places in which I have ever attended worship is a well built and fairly well appointed meeting house erected by the colored people, well out in the country, and adorned with crude frescoes that show a desire to beautify the sanctuary of the Lord. I have been there in summer when the temperature of the day did not exceed that of the meeting, and I have been there in winter when the minister announced that he was "cold, brethren; cold two ways, cold in de body and cold speritually"; and yet I have never been wholly disappointed in seeing something worth while. The records of the business meeting of Saturday are read on Sunday morning with a good many exclusions from the church "for immoral conduct," as the charge has invariably read when I have been there; and not infrequently there are people to be received into membership with ecstatic experiences proved by a repetition of them on the spot. The preaching begins very moderately, but as one after another comes to the front, the tide rises until the preacher in charge, who is said to have been the longest settled pastor in Kentucky, rises and begins; and then there is a demonstration. The company has long been swaying back and forth in the rhythm of the preacher's chant, and now and then there has come a shout of assent to the oft repeated text. Each time the preacher's almost incoherent talk becomes articulate in a shout, "I have trod de wine-press," there are cries of "Yes!" "Praise de Lawd!" and "Glory!" from the Amen corner, where sit the "praying brethren," and the Hallelujah corner, where sit the "agonizing sistering." In the earlier demonstrations the men rather lead, but from the time when Aunt Melinda cries out "Nebbah mind de wite folks! My soul's happy! Hallelujah!" and leaps into the air, the men are left behind. Women go off into trances, roll under benches, or go spinning down the aisle with eyes closed and with arms outstretched. Each shout of the preacher is the signal for some one else to start; and, strange to say, though there are two posts in the aisle, and the women go spinning down like tops, I never saw one strike a post. I have seen the pastor on a day when the house would not contain the multitude cause the seats to be turned and take his own position in the door with a third of the audience inside and the rest without, and have heard him provoke the most ecstatic response to a reference to his wife such as this, "O, I love dat yaller woman out dar in dat buggy, but I love my Jesus bettah!" I have seen the minister in grave danger of being dragged out of the pulpit by some of the shouters who in their ecstasy laid hold upon him. I have seen an old man stand in the aisle and jump eighty-nine times after I began to count, and without moving a muscle of his thin, parchment-like face, and without disturbing the meeting.

There is more or less variation in the service at this church, but there is one invariable feature, the collection; and the more white people there are present, the more important is this feature. Two deacons sit at a table in front of the pulpit; a song is sung, and the contributors walk up the aisle and deposit their contributions amid exhortations and plaudits thrown in at the end of the line. Each coin is scrutinized, and there is no opportunity to pass a mutilated coin at par, as some people do in dealing with the Lord, or make a

button do duty for legal tender. One day some one started a new fashioned hymn, and the people came up slowly. The preacher interrupted the hymn midway saying, "Breddern, dah hain't no money in dat tune. Sing one of de good ole tunes." In response to this suggestion they sang "Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'." It has a high air, covering only a diminished fifth, and running mostly on the tonic note, but the monotony is broken and a decided character is given to the melody in the refrain, "De heabenlye lan'," when from the last syllable of "heabenlye" to "lan' " the voice rises from E flat tonic to D flat, which it holds with a strong accent on a half note filling the last half of the measure.

JES' GWINE OBER IN DE HEABENLYE LAN'.



2—Sinnah jine de church an' he run pretty well,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
An' afore six weeks he's on his road to hell,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!

3—Hebben is a high an' a lofty place,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
But yer can't git dah ef you hain't got de grace,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlve lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!

4—Satan he's like a snake in de grass,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
An' ef you don' mind he'll git you at las',
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!

5—Way ober yander in de harves' fiel',
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
De angels are rollin' at de chariot wheel,
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
De heabenlye lan'!
Jes' gwine ober in de heabenlye lan'!
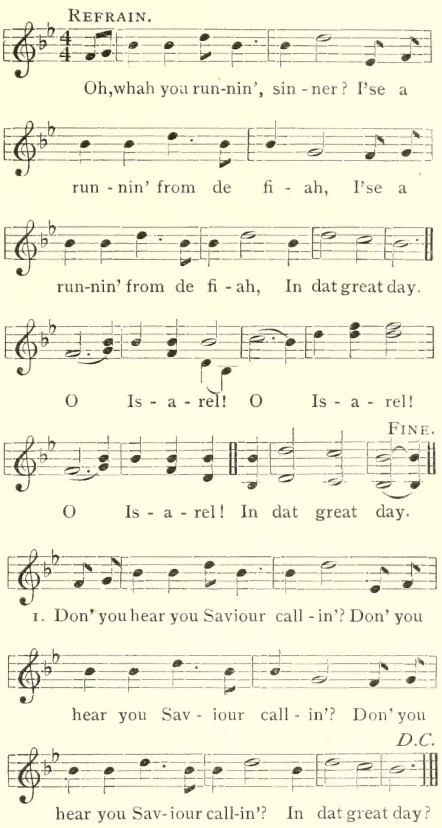
What conception the worshipers have of an angel is patent, for two of them are wrought into the frescoes of the room. The feet of one turn abruptly to the right, and the feet of the other to the left. One of them is cross eyed; both are white. There was every indication that this song brought a good collection.

A good many of the negro songs are written in the pentatonic scale. The same is true of a majority of Scotch songs and the songs of Oriental nations. When Luther W. Mason went to Japan to teach our system of music in the government schools, he sought out melodies common among us that are written in the scale of five notes. The first which he taught and which they received with great pleasure was one that we received from the Orient, I think from India, "There is a happy land." Few of the thousands of thousands who have sung this air all round the world have thought how a part of its hold upon so many million of hearts is its omission of the two notes 4 and 7 from the diatonic scale. Several of the best of the Scotch songs are of this character, as "Auld Lang Syne," and, with the exception of one or two notes which I believe are modern, "Annie Laurie." It is a little strange that just when the breaking up of Primrose and West's minstrel troupe might seem to indicate, and probably does indicate, a decline of interest in the burnt cork show that has been so popular for generations, and still is popular in England, there should be a great increase of so called "coon songs," some of whose airs are very

pleasing, arranged for the piano. To any one who desires to write a fair imitation of a characteristic negro melody, one simple rule is good to start with: compose it on the black keys of the piano. It takes more than this rule, however, to make a good negro song, and the best of them are ill adapted to a piano. The violin or banjo fits them best, for they have no frets to distribute the error in tone. A sharp and B flat are not mathematically the same, but they must be represented by one tone on the piano. The negro is able to make this fine discrimination when he uses accidentals, and this makes it impossible to represent the tones exactly upon the staff; but the five notes of the simpler scale suffice for most of the hymns. "In Dat Great Day" is an example of a song whose tune is major and which ranges over an octave and a half with no suggestion of a lack of sufficient tone variety. There is great contrast between the startling warning, almost breathless, "Whah you runnin', sinnah?" and the clear, exultant "O Isa-rel" The entire piece is of great power. It is a negro *Dies Iræ*. The use of the major is all the more remarkable because the eschatological theme and the sombre succession of incidents described would naturally suggest the minor.

This song illustrates a way in which the negro varies his melodies. In theory the song is sung in unison, and there is no harmony proper. But in practice the more independent singers introduce grace notes and slurs, and the higher and lower voices range above and below in fifths and thirds in the more descriptive portions, especially in the latter verses. In this song the melody of "O Isarel! O Isarel!" is given in the first line where those words are used, and in the notes which run nearest the tonic; but as the song proceeds this simple theme is worked out quite elaborately and with much greater variety than the notes here given indicate, but in a manner which they illustrate.

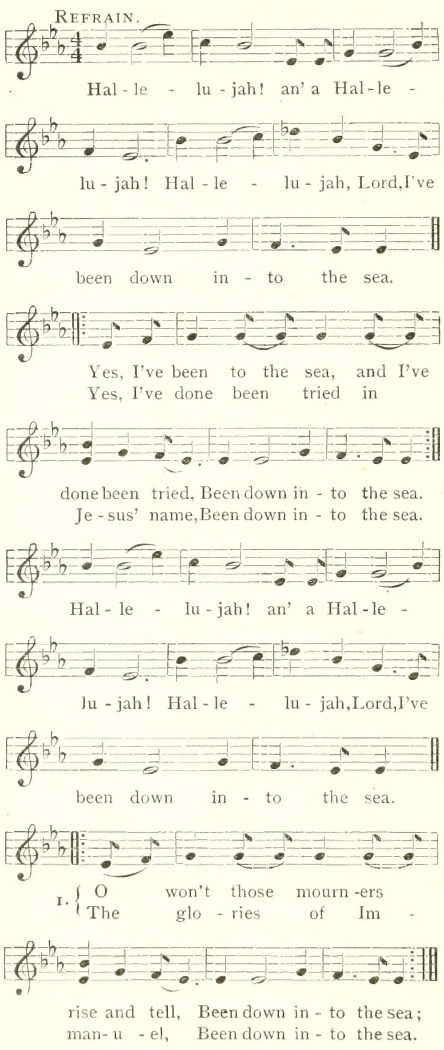
IN THAT GREAT DAY.



2—Don' you see de dead arisin'? etc.
3—Don' you heah de trumpet soundin'?
4—Don' you see dem tombs a-bustin'?
5—Yes, we'll see our chillen risin'.
6—Don' you see de chariot comin'?
7—Don' you see de sinnah tremblin'?
8—Don' you heah de saints a-shoutin'?

This quaint *Dies Iræ* may well be paired with an equally quaint "Hallelujah Churus." It is a Baptist hymn, "Been down into the Sea." Its exultant hallelujahs suggest, as one hears them, some passages in Handel's great masterpiece. I cannot expect any one to agree with this statement who merely picks out the notes on the piano; but one who hears the piece sung by a great congregation will not think the statement wholly extravagant.

BEEN DOWN INTO THE SEA.



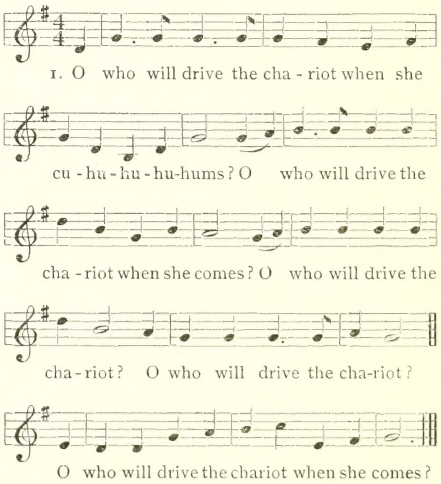
2—Hallelujah! an' a hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Lord! I've been down into the sea!
Why don' dem mourners rise an' tell—
Been down into the sea—
The glories of Immanuel?
Been down into the sea!

3—Hallelujah! an' a hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Lord! I've been down into the sea!
I do believe without a doubt—
Been down into the sea—
That a Christian has a right to shout,
Been down into the sea!

4—Hallelujah! an' a hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Lord! I've been down into the sea!
Yes, I've been to the sea and I've been babtized,
Been down into the sea;
I've been babtized in Jesus' name,
Been down into the sea!
Hallelujah! an' a hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Lord! I've been down into the sea!

Now and then there is a piece that not only uses the diatonic scale, but makes the most of it. One effective song, "When the Chariot Comes," uses the seven toned scale, and emphasizes the fact by the prominence of its major thirds. For instance, the first time the word "comes" is used, it is cut into five syllables with emphatic rough breathings, and fitted to a *do-sol-mi-sol-do.*

WHEN THE CHARIOT COMES.



2—King Jesus, he'll be driver, when she cu-hu-hu-hu-hums, etc.

3—She'll be loaded with bright angels, etc.

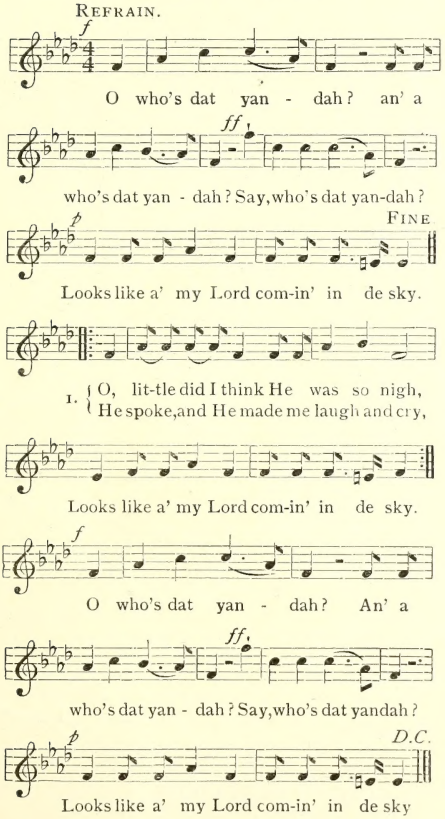
4—She will neither rock nor totter, etc.

5—She will run so level and steady, etc.

6—She will take us to the portills, etc.

Among the eschatological songs, I do not remember any that have affected me as did the song, "Who's Dat Yandah?" At the end of each inquiry, "Who's dat yandah?" is a rest of two beats in the middle of the measure; and the effect is more startling than the syncopation of a note. It is an emphasized silence of eager and fearful expectancy. It is a pure minor, and runs almost wholly in thirds. This song is so painfully realistic in its tone picturing as to cause an involuntary turning of the head in expectation of some majestic Presence. It starts with a refrain, which is repeated after every stanza and again at the end, as is usually the case where the song opens with the refrain.

WHO'S DAT YANDAH?



2—Sinnah, sinnah, you'd bettah pray,
Looks like-a my Lord comin' in de sky!
Or you' soul be los' at de jedgment day,
Looks like-a my Lord comin' in de sky!

3—Wait till I gits in de middle of de air,
Won't be nary sinnah dere.

4—De debbil is a liar and a conjurer, too,
An' ef you don' mind he'll conjure you.

5—I nebbah can fo'git de day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

6—Washed my haid in de midnight dew,
De mawning star's a witness, too.

7—Sinnahs jines de church, and dey sing and dey shout,
An' afore six months des all turned out.

8—When I was a mourner jes' like you,
My knees got 'quainted wid de hillside, too.

In this and the two preceding articles I have given nearly seventy of these songs. It has been a sincere pleasure to prepare them for preservation in this form. Growing out of the heart experience of the negro, the older ones are absolutely natural and unaffected, and exhibit no attempt to express the religious life in conventional terms. Even their crudest oddities are of interest as data for study in religious and social development, and this is by no means the limit of their value.

I have not counted it a part of my duty to write harmonies for these songs, but have endeavored to preserve the melodies as accurately as possible.

These songs are such excellent exponents of "heart religion" that they are certain to disappear before the swift coming "book religion," save as they are carefully recorded and preserved. I exhort all teachers, pastors and others who are able to secure these songs to do so, with the music wherever possible, and to see that they are suitably preserved in print.



HEREDITY.

By Meredith Nicholson.

I KNOW not whether, far away,
Firm-planted in my destined path,
There lurks a spectre, grim and gray,
To vent on me his wrath;

Or if, deep hidden in my blood,
Some fierce and subtle poison dwells,
I do not ask when it will flood
My being from its wells.

I do not strive to learn what shade
May be concealed by rock or tree,
But down the pathway, unafraid,
I journey songfully.

And medicined by the cleansing breeze,
Anointed by the starry sky,
I brush aside dark destinies
And pass the spectres by.

For Nature's fearless, searching sun,
Her calming dew and blessèd rain,
Will through my heart's red cordial run,
And make it pure again.

SYMPATHY.

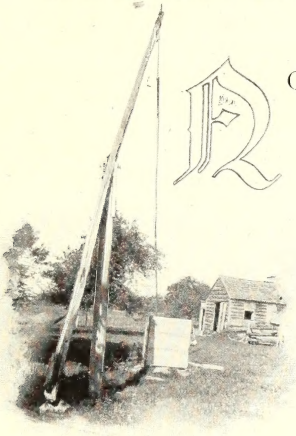
By Clifford Trembly.

WOULDST thou the prison doors of grief unbar,
And enter in, of pain to be a part?
Ah, he who succors grief must show the scar
Which Sorrow left upon his bruisèd heart.



New Britain, Connecticut.

BY MAY CHURCHILL TALCOTT.



"NO township within my knowledge, which does not border upon the ocean or lake or river, is equally beautiful with this. It is composed almost wholly of a vast basin, studded with several fine eminences and the acclivities by which it is surrounded. The noble bluffs of the Blue Mountains in Southington are at the distance of ten miles; Farmington west, five miles; West Mount, fifteen, and the peak of Mount Tom, forty-five. The basin itself is a scoop of singular beauty and elegance. The soil is of the richest kind; the groves thrifty, the vegetation luxuriant, and the interspersion of churches, houses and fields delightful."

So wrote the elder Dr. Timothy Dwight in his volume of Travels, after he had looked from the summit of Walnut Hill in the town of New Britain. Why this goodly prospect, including the crowning human touch? For whom appeared the "churches" and "houses"? The cherished story of the olden days should be told, rather than written, like the "spoken novel" of present interest, and that to an eager circle, whose expectation is quickened by personal memories. But when this "hill-encircled city," as an honored sculptor has lately called it, would tell her tale in print, let the generous reader use his ready imagination, clothing the names, set forth meagrely at best, with color, form and life. The story, adequately traced in the town history, written by a scholarly citizen, can be merely touched here, but possibly some slight knowledge of the heroism, the perseverance, the innate nobility of the founders may be imparted.

The city of New Britain, Connecticut, may salute the city of Cambridge, Massachusetts, as her godmother. Some of Thomas Hooker's famous company, who struggled through the wilderness from Newtown to Hartford, found their way into the pleasing and fertile Tunxis Valley, and formed a settlement called Farmington. Farmington in turn colonized and made Great Swamp, or Kensington. This settlement in 1785 was divided, a portion, including the present-day New Britain, being set apart under the name of Berlin. When Farmington was endeavoring, by "lenity and gentleness" towards the Tunxis Indians, to make them more desirable neighbors, they would wander away over hills towards the southeast, as yet untroubled by psalm-singing



COLONEL ISAAC LEE.

whites, to find meat in the forests and fish in the streams which at no distant day would be subdued by the first members of the New Britain Society. Arrow heads and other stone implements found near the source of the Quinnipiac River in the town indicate the use of the section as a temporary camping-ground. Farmington received her charter as an independent town in 1645. A few years later settlers' cabins extended from the town centre to a hill now included within the limits of New Britain. At the same time, from Wethersfield, well established on the banks of the Connecticut, there appeared other pioneers upon a ridge that would presently be claimed by the Society. In 1661, the General Court made a grant to Jonathan Gilbert, one of its officers, of land, including portions of the New Britain of to-day. Gilbert was an important personage, the proprietor of a tavern. Thither occasionally went the wealthy Captain Andrew Belcher of Boston. He gained the confidence and esteem of Gilbert, married his daughter, and bought his tract of wild land. Here was opportunity for a young man's enterprise. Captain Belcher was equal to it. He opened roads, built houses and, by many clever means, made the section very alluring to settlers. Thus New Britain, not yet, however, united under the name, gained a substantial start in life. Twenty years later a settlement was made in a spot afterwards known as "Christian Lane." A fort warded off attacks from the Mattabesett Indians, who had a hunting lodge near by; fortunately they confined their chases to the wild things of the woods. A well, in excellent condition to-day, was constructed, and the little colony grew apace.

The expansion of Farmington in several directions made the Sunday excursions to the church serious undertakings for many. "It is a Sabbath morning in that lonely wilderness," wrote the Rev. John H. Denison of Williamstown, Massachusetts, at one time the beloved pastor of the First Church of New Britain. "The sun has yet hardly found its way above the tops of the tall forest trees that form the margin of this natural clearing. We can see the little groups of houses huddled together; the tall sharp pickets of the stockade; a drum is beating; from one cabin after another armed men are gathering; a phalanx is formed; the order, 'March!' is given. What is this? A foraging party? An expedition against some hostile Indian tribe? No; when men go to battle they leave their families at home. Between the front and rear ranks walk the women, many of them with children in their arms. All take their course northward, and strike into the woods, where now a beautiful grove stands as the only representative of that vast forest. There



SETH J. NORTH.

is no broad, comfortable wagon road, but the trail of the Mattabesett Indians, which winds through the dense timber over Osgood Hill to Farmington. They strike the trail and march steadily on, the men with guns well loaded, the eyes of the leaders searching the underbrush with many a keen and anxious glance. . . . It is a strange scene, that company of men and women and little children threading the wilderness with firm, set faces and resolute tread. That Indian trail from Great Swamp to Farmington must have been eight or ten miles



THE SMALLEY HOUSE.

long; yet they march on uncomplainingly till they reach the Farmington meeting-house. There Samuel Hooker, the minister of that church, preaches to them the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ."

The story of this weekly pilgrimage reveals the character of New Britain's earliest citizens. Is it surprising that the General Assembly in session at New Haven in 1705 was petitioned for a "confirmation of a society at a place called the Great Swamp within Farmington bounds? The principal and only moving cause of this,



REV. JOHN SMALLEY.

our humble petition, is the remoteness from any town, whereby we are under great disadvantage for our souls' good by the ministry of the word, and in that your humble petitioners may be under the better advantage to set up and maintain the worship and ordinances of Jesus Christ in that desolate corner of the wilderness, we humbly proffer our request." The petition was granted. The forbidding name, Great Swamp, was changed to Kensington; and there is evidence that the wilderness proceeded to blossom under new religious privileges. In 1754, another meeting-house having become necessary, the incorporated



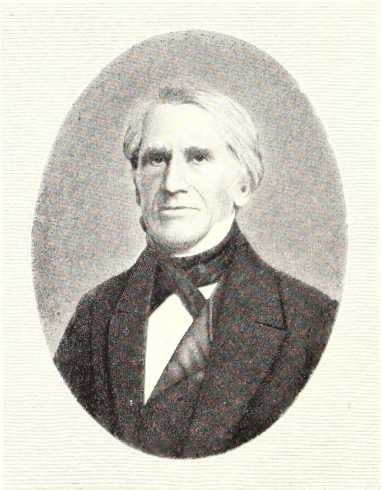
THE SKINNER HOUSE.



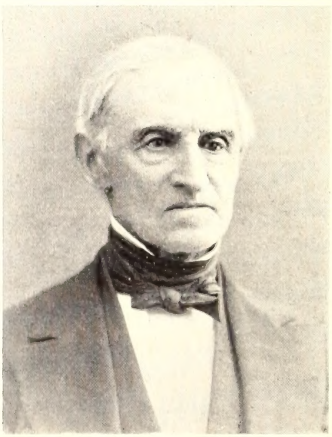
ELIHU BURRITT.

Society of New Britain was established. Farmington retained a nominal supremacy, but from this time New Britain's existence as an independent ecclesiastical organization is recognized. In 1785 the withdrawal of Berlin from Farmington, and its transformation into a town, gave New Britain a different civil guardian. Many an old New Britain name appears in Berlin annals. The first annual meeting of that town was held in New Britain's meeting-house, Colonel Gad Stanley being moderator. The erection of a whipping-post, the improvement of the highways and the appointment of the clergy as school visitors were the chief matters of business brought before this meeting. Town meetings were for a time held in the meeting-house; but so close a connection between church and state roused apprehension in certain pious minds, and a town hall was built.

A most reverent regard for the house of God, as well as for the word which was preached therein, was noticeable among the austere parishioners of early New Britain. Religion was the dominant interest of the people. Evidence of slight material growth may be detected in the appointment of "one to take care for the obtaining of a fashionable and decent cushion for the desk of our meeting-house." Later it was recommended that "the committee of the Society procure a drum, and some person to beat it on Sabbath days." Soon a new meeting-house was needed. The church fathers accepted this work in the fear of the Lord and with a solemn joy. With eagerness born of mutual interest, John Smalley, recently licensed to preach by the Litchfield South Association, was called by the New Britain Society to be its pastor. He came and preached for over fifty years in the town, which to-day looks upon Smalley, the young probationer of 1758, as one of her noblest and most inspiring memo-



ETHAN ALLEN ANDREWS.



HON. F. T. STANLEY.



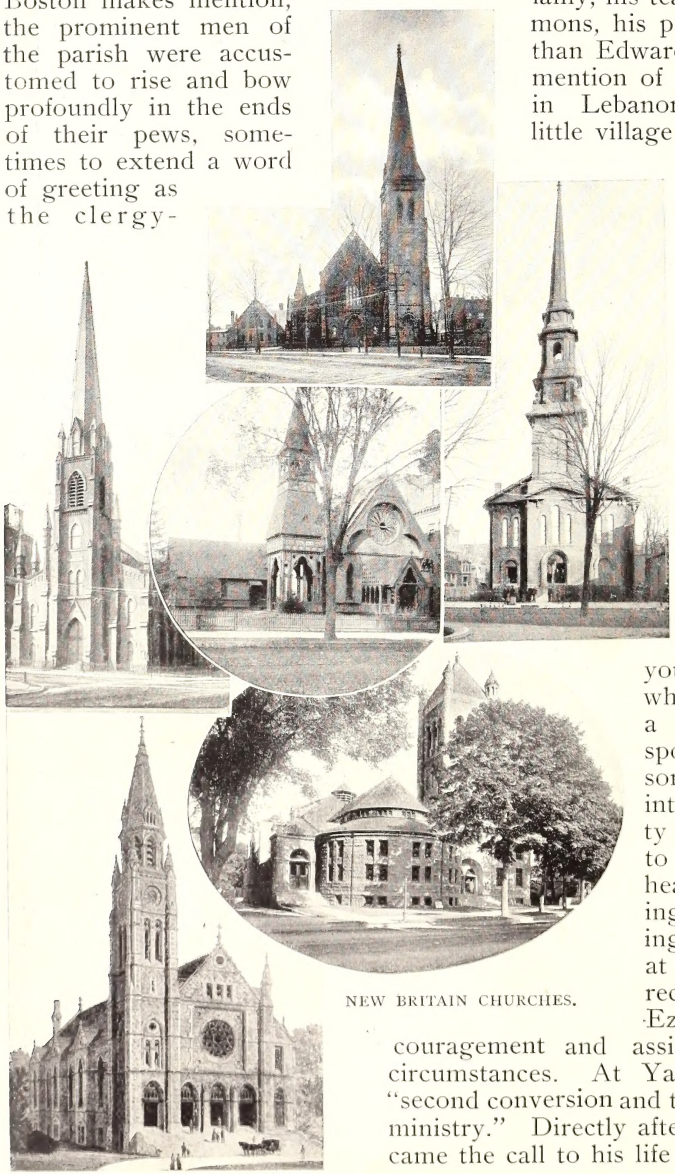
A RESIDENTIAL STREET.

ries. He has been a spiritual guide to some who never heard his voice. To the struggling parish of the last century he was both practical adviser and spiritual counsellor. There was no well appointed edifice in which to gather the church; but the men were ready, except during the "busy season" on the farms, to work upon the meeting-house, and on Sundays to sit therein, chill and comfortless, save for the bread of life which the clergyman could dispense. What wonder that the young preacher developed through strenuous thought, and that the hearts of the people warmed towards him! Substantial walls enclosed the galleries and square pews, and the pulpit with sounding board, reached by perilous narrow stairs, without which one could scarcely picture true last-century New England piety of a Sunday morning. As well imagine an old-time clergyman without a text! The "Sabbath Day House," that promoter of debate, stood hard by. The congregation contained some men of solemn mien as well as serious purpose. Among these was Joshua Mather, a farmer, whose clerical ancestry had bestowed on him a markedly ministerial bearing. On journeys about the country he was frequently invited to preach. Upon one occasion, having complied with the first request, he was asked to preach again in the afternoon. Having only one sermon, he trembled from lack of experience in extempore work, when, shortly before service, a



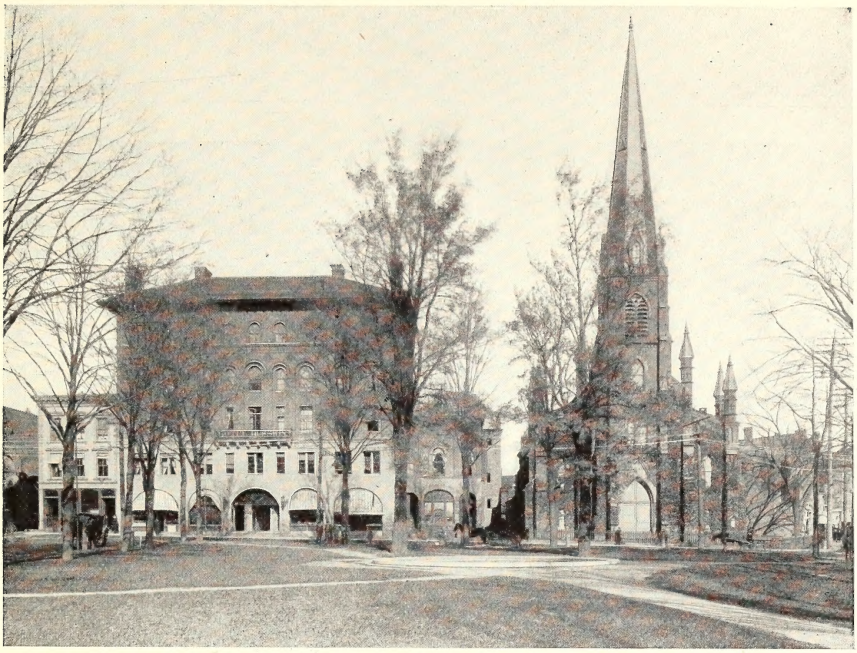
THE JUDD ELM.

committee urged that he would repeat the morning's discourse, which had been of so great benefit to the congregation. Those were indeed the times when all were eager to hear the word, insomuch that one deaf old gentleman was accustomed to stand in the pulpit with his ear-trumpet. In the "ancient congregation of New Britain," as the *Puritan Recorder* of Boston makes mention, the prominent men of the parish were accustomed to rise and bow profoundly in the ends of their pews, sometimes to extend a word of greeting as the clergyman passed by and up to his lofty vantage ground. This was not a custom singular to one town; but where else can it be read that the minister, upon entering at the rear, would stamp on the floor, thus signaling to his deacons?



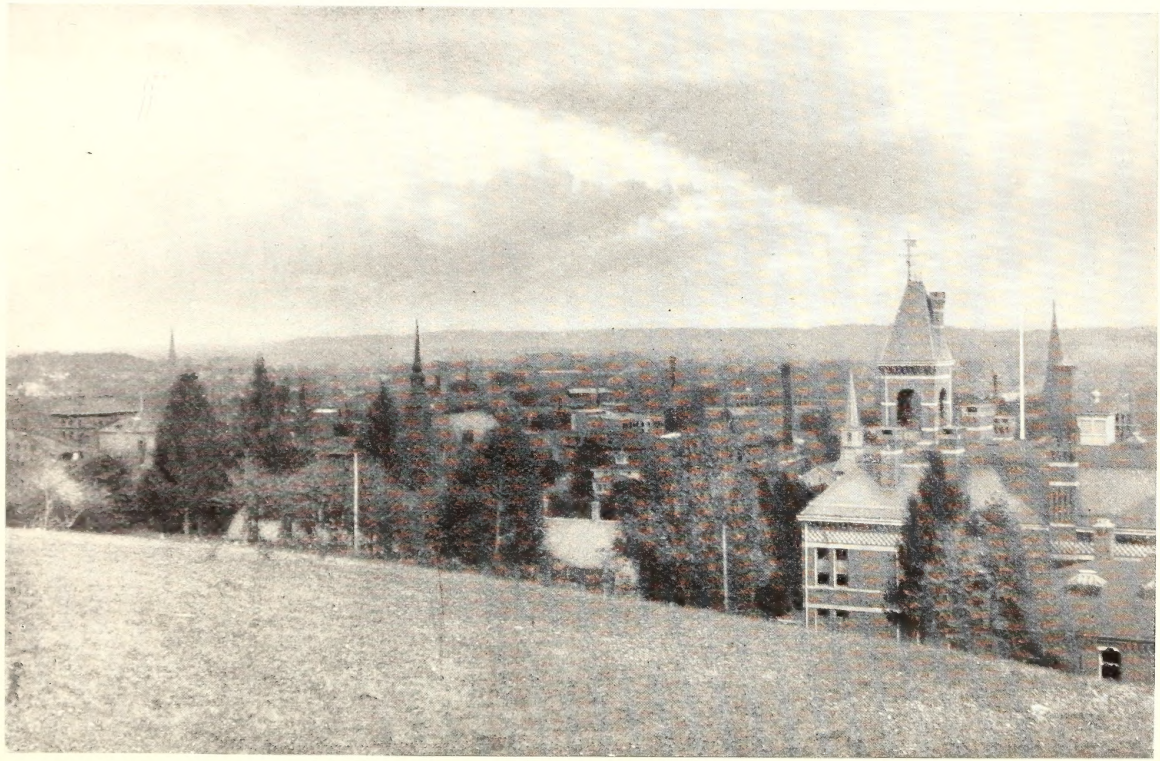
NEW BRITAIN CHURCHES.

Dr. Smalley's acknowledged place in the great line of New England divines, which includes Joseph Bellamy, his teacher, Nathaniel Emmons, his pupil, and even Jonathan Edwards, would make brief mention of him difficult. Born in Lebanon, Connecticut, the little village that nurtured fifty-three clergymen and was also rich in such men as Governor Jonathan Trumbull and Governor Buckingham, Connecticut's two war governors, he lived the rugged life of many a country boy. His pastor, Dr. Wheelock, noticed the lad's promise, and one day said: "John, come to my room with a Latin grammar, and I'll fit you for college." John, who had begun to learn a trade, joyfully responded. At the parsonage he was brought into contact with twenty or more Indian boys to whom the large-hearted pastor was giving an education. During his subsequent life at Yale, young Smalley received from President Ezra Stiles both encouragement and assistance in straitened circumstances. At Yale he experienced a "second conversion and the consecration to the ministry." Directly after theological training came the call to his life work. Dr. Smalley's



CENTRAL SQUARE.

great success was due in a large measure, aside from his consecration, to his marvellous capacity for hard, close work and the conscientiousness with which he "sought diligently to find out acceptable words" whereby to teach his people the progressive doctrines of the church. Dr. Constans L. Goodell, whose presence for several years as pastor of the South Congregational Church was an honor and inspiration to the community, has written: "He taught the people knowledge with an acute and discriminating mind, and strong and profound as it was acute," and Dr. Goodell further comments: "The leading families of Dr. Smalley's parish were men and women of great excellence and worth, and his congregation constantly increased in intelligence, wealth and numbers." The essence of his teaching has been preserved in book form, one of the volumes being "Sermons on Various Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical, together with an Appendix, containing Brief Remarks on Certain Late Innovations in Divinity." Some of his sermons were widely circulated in England as well as in this country. A few of his subjects were: "Liberality of Temper and Conduct," "The Sufficiency of the Atonement of Christ for the Salvation of all Men," and "How the Salvation of All Men is Agreeable to the Will of God." In these latter days of differences within denominations, the leading thought of this sermon, preached in New Britain during the last century, deserves to be remembered. The text was 1 Timothy ii. 4: "Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth." Furious charges from the Calvinists did not deter him from working out this theme. Do we marvel that young students, as well as older preachers, flocked to Dr. Smalley's study to inquire concerning the recent innovations in theology? Among his pupils were Oliver Ellsworth, third chief justice of the United States, and Jeremiah Mason, senator from New Hampshire, the Rev. Ebenezer Por-



NEW BRITAIN FROM WALNUT HILL.

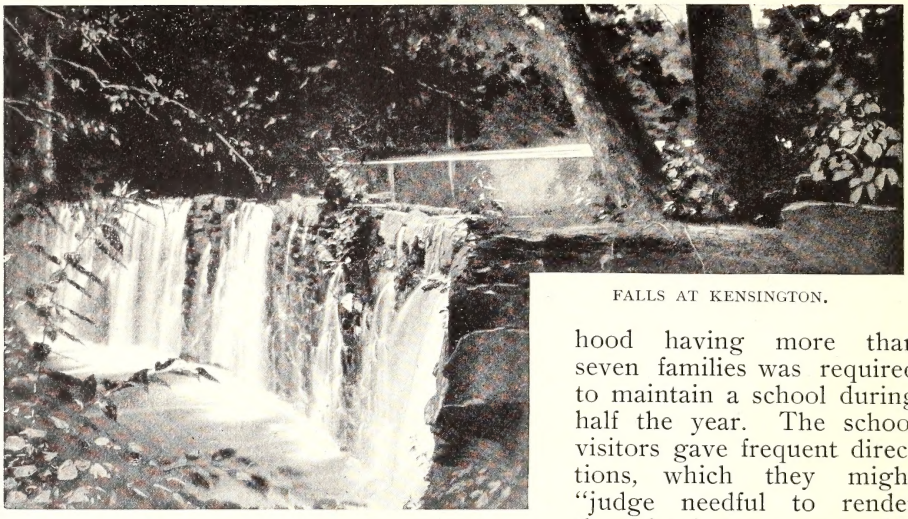
ter, president of Andover Theological Seminary, and the Rev. Andrew Rawson, who led to Christ Titus Coan, the apostle of light to the Sandwich Islands. In the *Puritan Recorder*, published in 1856, is found a careful and critical estimate of his work. Of that part directly connected with the pulpit it is said: "Dr. Smalley's preaching was doctrinal, intellectual, evangelical, rather than vivid, figurative, impassioned. He was literally a Doctor of Divinity, and his congregation a Theological Seminary;" and further the remarkable statement of this preacher's ideal for the layman: "The Christian man was to be something more than a convert, conceiving a hope that he should be happy, a hope depending on some notion of his own, or on the word or opinion of some one else. He was to be a student, a searcher, an observer, a philosopher, a man of understanding and knowledge in the works and providence of God, growing in the wisdom of the Scriptures and in the spirit of holiness all his life." Dr. Smalley's influence reached and quickened every form of intellectual activity in the town; he led the people in clear and Christly thought, which produced noble lives.



ROARING BROOK.

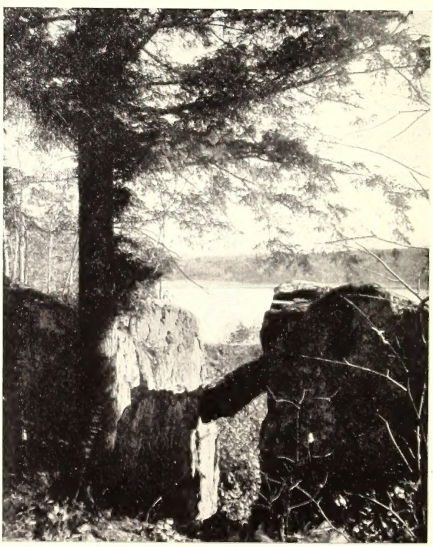
Through the efforts of Dr. Smalley's successor, Rev. Newton Skinner, the first Sunday-school Society in Hartford County was organized, in 1816. Jonathan Cogswell, afterwards professor of ecclesiastical history in the Theological Seminary at East Windsor, came to the church in 1829, attracted among other reasons "by the unusual harmony and unexpected unanimity which appear to prevail among you." During a period following his pastorate, the people desired that the Rev. Noah Porter, afterwards president of Yale College, be called. Mr. Porter persuaded a classmate, Rev. Dwight M. Seward, to accept an invitation to preach. This was followed by a call, which was accepted. The organization, in 1842, of another Congregational church from this, the original one, marks a new period in the development of the town life.

Educational problems early occupied the minds of the town fathers. The two supremely important reasons for education were stated thus: "That all may be able to understand the Scriptures, the rule for daily living, and also the better to discharge their duties as citizens." The colonial laws made it the duty of the selectmen "to keep a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbors, to see first that none of them shall suffer so much barba-



FALLS AT KENSINGTON.

rism in any of their families as not to endeavor to teach, by themselves or others, their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue, and knowledge of the capital laws, upon penalty of twenty shillings for each neglect therein; also that all masters of families do, once a week, at least, catechise their children and servants in the grounds and principles of religion." This law was carefully heeded, as was also the following regulation, passed by a Farmington town meeting: "Voted: That the town give £30 for a man to teach school for one year, provided that they can have a man that is so accomplished as to teach children to read and write and teach the grammar, and also to step into the pulpit, to be helpful there, in time of exigency; and this schoole to be a free schoole for the town." This plan was amended by the amazing restriction, passed it may be happily noted no later than 1687: "That *all* such as shall be sent, is to be understood only *male children*, that are throw their korning book." A committee was appointed to organize the scattered settlements into "Squaddams," or school districts. When the New Britain Ecclesiastical Society was formed, every neighborhood having more than seven families was required to maintain a school during half the year. The school visitors gave frequent directions, which they might "judge needful to render the schools most serviceable for the increase of knowledge, religion, and good manners." For many years Dr. Smalley, with prominent laymen, served as school visitor; and the diligent care bestowed by these men upon feeble squaddams brought rich reward to the community. Sturdy young students those, who in extreme cold weather were allowed to "go to the fire" in the middle of the schoolroom, that the snow might melt from their clothes. The first



NATURAL BRIDGE, SHUTTLE MEADOW.

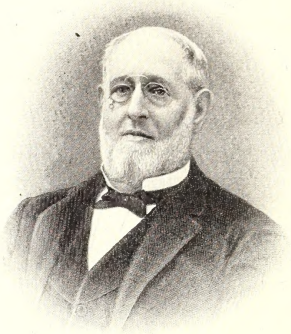
exercise of the morning was reading from the New Testament by the first class; then the second class took their turn from the same text-book, and so on in due order, until the youngest pupils had finished stumbling over the hard words of the Holy Book. In the afternoon the Testament gave way to a secular reader, containing "extracts from the orations of British Statesmen, and selections from standard authors." Among the earlier teachers were General John Paterson and the poet, James G. Percival. Emma Hart Willard, of the adjacent parish of Berlin, wrote: "It was no inconsiderable honor for a young lady to be invited to take a school, much more to keep it—and keep it well." Leaping ahead to 1850, a free high school, then scarcely known in Connecticut, was established in New Britain. Prosperity has attended this school, as its earnest teachers and numerous students in an excellently equipped building testify to-day.

New Britain has not lacked private schools, one antedating the Revolution. Miss Polly Smalley, a daughter of the Doctor, maintained a popular school for some years. In 1828, there appeared a building, substantial and impressive, not unlike the citizens who erected it, and who comprised the "Conference House Company." In this "Academy," as it was known, many a youth from surrounding parishes, as well as from New Britain, was fitted for college, and maidens for lives of gracious womanliness. A boarding and also day school flourished in a stone building which stood not far from the Academy. Earnest, although sometimes short, were the lives of other private schools, the last and most prominent being the New Britain Seminary, under the care of Professor David N. Camp.



PICTURESQUE GLIMPSES IN THE NEW BRITAIN ENVIRONS.

Apart from the common schools, the most important feature in the educational life of the town has been the State Normal School. The town is indebted for the location of this school to the enterprise of a few farseeing citizens. During the winter of 1838-39, the parish of New Britain subscribed four thousand dollars for the establishment of a County Seminary for the Education and Training of Teachers for the Common Schools.



GEORGE M. LANDERS.



CORNELIUS B. ERWIN.

This was one of the very earliest movements for normal training in the country. At this fortunate moment Mrs. Emma Hart Willard returned to her native state. Although her story, strictly speaking, belongs to Berlin, Connecticut, Middlebury, Vermont, and, above all, to Troy, New York, her wise zeal and interest in all the schools of this neighborhood may here be mentioned. Working in coöperation with the secretary of the State Board of Education, Honorable Henry Barnard, known and honored throughout the country, she had a wide and beneficent influence. In her native town, Berlin, a new institution for girls, the Worthington School, is now springing into fair and vigorous life. When in 1840 the state voted to establish its first normal school, New Britain was ready, offering to provide a suitable building, library and apparatus. The school to-day is housed in a rarely well equipped building, erected on a commanding site. Connecticut now has other normal schools, but none perhaps in which all departments are so thoroughly developed. The kindergarten training school, which is among the most important in the country, was established under the direction of Professor Clarence F. Carroll, now superintendent of schools in Worcester, Massachusetts. Professor Marcus White is the present principal of the Normal School. When the well-known educator, Mr. John D. Philbrick, was principal of the Normal School, he influenced the removal to New Britain of Charles Northend, superintendent of the public schools of Danvers, Massachusetts. Mr. Northend was born at Newbury, and



THE ERWIN WOMAN'S HOME.

educated at Byfield and Amherst. His life was devoted to the study of education, and his presence in the town made for the fuller appreciation of all things worthy. He edited for many years the *Connecticut Common School Journal*. For seven years he was the superintendent of schools. The interest which he felt in children was never merely general, but considerately particular. How many a man or woman of the present will remember his friendly greeting and sound counsel, often accompanied by the gift of a book! He was president of the American Institute of Instruction,



THE STATE ARMORY.

and wrote the "Teacher and Parent" and other books bearing on similar subjects.

From the last century date 1785, when Berlin was incorporated as a town, the influence of New Britain, then the largest parish in that town, steadily increased. Gradually her importance became evident to the other Berlin parishes. New Britain's day for an entirely independent political existence was rapidly approaching. The General Assembly came to her assistance; and in 1850 her first town meeting was called. Her first representatives to the General Assembly were Ethan Allen Andrews, more widely known through his classical scholarship, and George M. Landers. These men, by their wisdom and firmness, secured important advantages to the town. In 1871, the city of New Britain took the place of the borough, or village, as most of the inhabitants still modestly called it. To-day the city has a population of more than 25,000.

The beauty of New Britain's natural surroundings, enjoyed by the late President Dwight, was far greater than their utility for the purpose of developing substantial business interests. The settlers tilled the soil, obtaining therefrom moderate prosperity. These farms occupied uneven tracts, which later served to make the laying out of city streets no light task, when "Spiritual Lane" and "Christian Lane" were abandoned for more convenient highways. Absolutely without water power available for manufacturing purposes, what New England seer would have prophesied that the quiet settlement of the last century would now furnish wares of great variety to the markets of the world? Near the year 1750, the Patersons, ancestors of Brigadier General John Paterson, were manufacturing in Berlin tinware, an entirely new industry in America. The tin sheets from which these marvellous dippers and plates were made came into the country through the port of Boston, and thence to Connecticut in saddle-bags. Iron, pewter and wooden utensils were cast aside by all who could afford the new



CITY HOSPITAL.

metal that seemed to shine through very witchery. Mrs. Emma Hart Willard describes the wonder attendant upon the *début* of the first tin plates:

"When cake went round and other matters
Handed on well scoured pewter platters,
Well shone his laughing teeth on black
The Ensign's negro, good old Jack,
Borrowed at need—the only waiter—
Save Norton's Tom, who brought forth
platter!
Oh, what that lordly dish so rare,
That glitters forth in splendor's glare?

Tell us, Miss Norton, is it silver?
Is it from China, or Brazil, or—
Thus all together on they ran;
Quoth the good dame, 'Tis a *Tin Pan*,
The first made in this colony,
The maker, Paterson, just by,
From Ireland in the last ship o'er;
You all can buy, for he'll make more.'"

"The establishment of this new manufacture," wrote William H. Lee of New York, a native of New Britain and a careful student of her history, "was, it is believed, the first effort for the systematic fabrication of metals in this colony, and gave the impulse to a line of enterprises which has resulted in the successful prosecution of those industries that have made New Britain so prosperous." The Yankee quickness to detect a want, and thereupon devise means for its satisfaction, was not lacking among this people. The war of 1812 stimulated the home production of a great variety of articles. A few of those made in New Britain were shoe buckles, silk hats and cow bells.

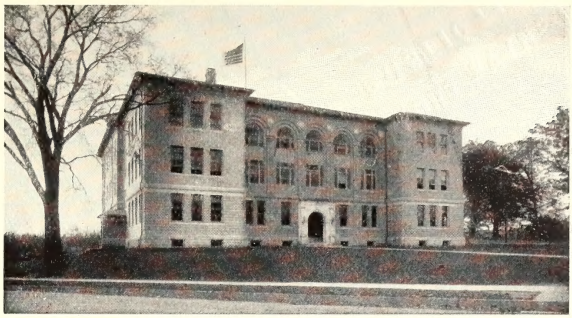


WALNUT HILL PARK.

The town's principal industries, extended accounts of which may be found in the History of New Britain by Professor D. N. Camp, and the History of Hartford County, as well as in manufacturers' journals, are the production of builders' hardware and cutlery.

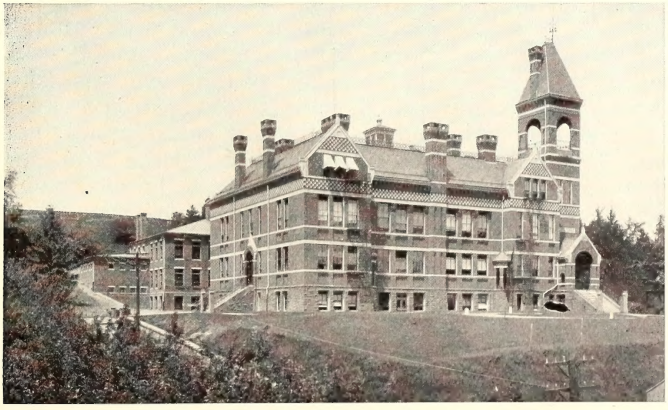
The first important concern established in New Britain is known today as the Russell and Erwin Manufacturing Company, engaged in the production of builders' hardware. It

was followed by the P. & F. Corbin Company, whose business along similar lines has attained great magnitude. The Landers, Frary and Clark Company manufacture a large variety of fine table cutlery. The textile industry is represented by the American Hosiery Company and the New Britain Knitting Company. The Stanley Works and the Stanley Rule and Level Company do a varied and extensive work. These companies employ from five hundred to fifteen hundred men each.



THE HIGH SCHOOL.

However successful in peaceful pursuits, New Britain men were never slow to offer their aid when the country called for warriors. Several "Deacons" saw service against the French; between that period and the Revolution a number of men were prominent in local trainbands or the state militia. At the beginning of the great struggle a mass meeting of the parishes included in Farmington was held, and a committee was appointed to take subscriptions of "wheat, rye and other provisions, and to collect and transport the same to the town of Boston, there to be used for those who are incapacitated to procure a necessary subsistence in consequence of the late oppressive measures of administration." A correspondence was opened with the town of Boston, in order that its needs might be quickly learned. One Sunday afternoon, while the sermon was being delivered in the New Britain meeting-house, word arrived of the appearance of two British men-of-war off New London. Scarcely waiting for the release of the benediction, Captain Gad Stanley stepped into the aisle and ordered his company to meet for parade the following morning,—to the consternation of Dr. Smalley, who was still loyal to the king. The gallant Stanley, later a colonel, was found with his men at the battle of Long Island. Two colonels, two captains and two army surgeons, besides a number of soldiers and sailors, went from this one small parish to serve the cause. From Phineas Judd, who enlisted at sixty-two, to Elijah Hart, who dashed forward at nineteen, New Britain men were ready for action. The most prominent Revolutionary officer upon whom the town can make just claim was General John Paterson, son of that major who, "called of God," had served against the French. His early youth was



THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

spent in New Britain, but he moved to Lenox, Massachusetts, from whence he enlisted. His progress from the command of a Berkshire regiment to the rank of brigadier general on the staff of Washington has always had keen interest for his native town.*

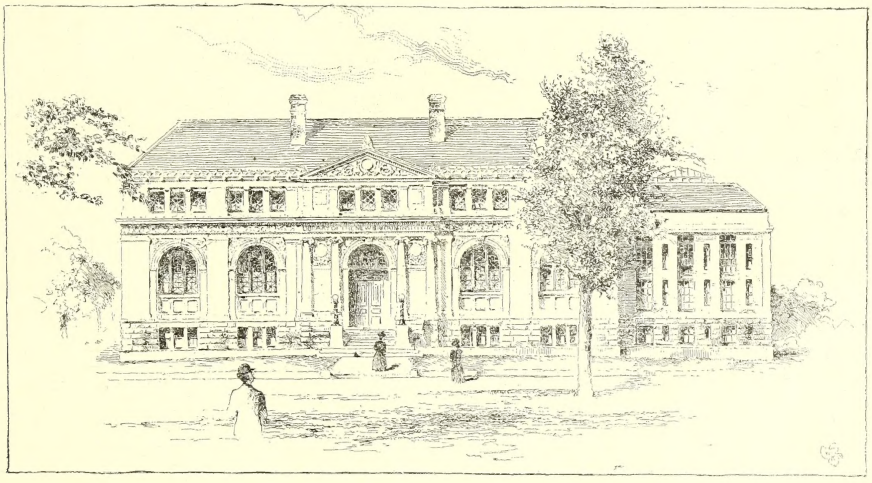
There was less active service in the war of 1812 and in the Mexican war; but to the Civil War New Britain gave her full quota of men, many of her bravest and dearest. When three companies of the First Connecticut Volunteers returned from their recent service they saw rising in the central market place a monument in honor of all the town's brave boys. Its architect is Ernest Flagg of New York, whose mother came of an old New Britain family. The classic style and chaste ornamentation, combined with thorough fitness for the location, will make this memorial a continual delight. The Esther Stanley chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution makes faithful study of the town heroes of different periods. One stands preëminent, a soldier citizen of recent years, whose words and deeds in the walks of peace had the force of his valor on the fields of the Rebellion. Judge Valentine B. Chamberlain, well known and deeply loved, enriched the town by his presence.

The village was long divided into Stanley Quarter, or the north section, the Centre, and Hart Quarter, the southern division. In Stanley Quarter, years before King George the Third sent out any of his odious decrees, six families ordered from England the volumes of Henry's Commentary. These books did not find a home in one bookcase, but in six, remaining in each family for a serious visit, and doubtless revisiting in due order the same homes. If the Bible was read by young girls once a year, Henry's comments were scarcely less worthy of reverent attention. When families from "Britain," as the centre of the town was called, visited their outlying friends, what more suitable for entertainment after the latest additions to the farm stock and the last pieced bedquilt had been exhibited, than the brown books that spoke the truth with authority? Other books upon religious and philosophical subjects were imported at the same time. Shortly after the close of the Revolution, New Britain established a public library. In 1792 over fifty men founded a Library Association. The purpose of the library was

*See article on General John Paterson, by Bulkeley Booth, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, September, 1894.

stated to be the "dissemination of useful knowledge and the improvement of the mind." A subscription library was opened, whose books were kept at the meeting-house, that they might be drawn on the days of conference meetings. Following this came, in 1825, the Julian Society. Biweekly meetings provided opportunities for essays and discussions, and the New Britain Lyceum was soon chosen as a more fitting name. The American Lyceum invited delegates. The subjects before the national organization were discussed by the local branch. Daniel Webster, George William Curtis, Henry Ward Beecher, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips and James T. Fields brought vigor through their lectures to the Lyceum and the town. The Lyceum and village libraries have long since been merged in the New Britain Institute. This stands for a circulating library, which will soon be entirely free, a free reading-room and a reference library. The library is about to enter upon a fresh period of existence. A new building, possible through the munificence of the late C. B. Erwin, and designed by the local architects, Davis and Brooks, will give ample opportunity for the enrichment of the community's life. A magazine and a newspaper room, a children's room, a historical room and lecture hall, besides a separate fireproof stack for the housing of the actual library, will bring continued satisfaction and comfort to the people. May not some citizen, as he listens to the periods of the orator of dedication day, think of the prayerfully procured volumes of Matthew Henry, that traveled from farm to forge, through fresh-sown fields and waving grain, in the years of long ago?

The development of journalism in a country town offers an interesting field for investigation. The Hartford *Courant*, dean among Connecticut journals, satisfied for a long time the local demand for newspapers. New Britain's first editors were women. The gentle journal was known as *The Shepherdess*, and was first printed in 1831. *The Shepherdess* said that she was an "Original Miscellany, undertaken by a company of village girls for their social gratification and improvement." Heretofore it had been conducted in manuscript and confined to their own circle; but it was printed that they might the better supply their friends and others who were ready readers. The tone of the articles, or more properly es-



THE PROPOSED LIBRARY OF THE NEW BRITAIN INSTITUTE.

says, was chiefly moral and religious, indicating the aspirations of the earnest, refined girls of the town. *The Shepherdess* recommended books for a young lady's reading and study. One list reads: "The Bible, Watts on the Mind (large edition), Christian Fathers, Nott on the Freedom of the Mind, Howes' Lectures, Addison's Spectator, Anderson's Greece,"—and so the prose went on. Poets commended to attention were: Pollok, Wordsworth, Wilcox, Bloomfield, Thomson. The study of botany, anatomy and Paley's Natural Theology is recommended. This dainty sheet, nine and a half by six inches, was issued biweekly until its editor-in-chief saw fit to enter another career, and *The Shepherdess* capitulated to Mr. Horatio Waldo, the successful lover. The more usual though not more serious *Advocate* appeared in time to tell of the celebration which "our village" gave to Elihu Burritt on his return from Europe in 1850. *The New Britain News* of war time was suspended when its editor went to the front. *The True Citizen* and others have succeeded, until New Britain's more prominent news avenues are three—a morning and two evening dailies—one of the latter being the *Herald*, edited by Hon. R. J. Vance. The editor and publisher of the *Connecticut Magazine*, George C. Atwell, is a New Britain man.

The greater number of New Britain's early families traced their descent from one of three members of Thomas Hooker's Hartford company, John Stanley, Stephen Hart and John Lee. Society in the early days was allowed to shape its own course, with little thought from the serious-minded men and women, who worked that they might live, apparently oblivious of the enjoyments of life. Manual labor was honored, and many a lawyer or doctor united with the practice of his profession the oversight of a farm. From the products of herds and flocks clothing was fashioned; simple food in plenty the farm crops supplied. The vanity and elaboration of a "tea-drinking" had not yet disturbed the energetic housewives. Changes were inevitable and not undesirable. The more prosperous families began to have a few negro servants, or slaves. Finally that great function, a "tea-drinking" was accepted as a social custom. My lady—Stanley or Lee—with cap, and knitting in a close-woven wicker basket, drove in her chaise, trimmed with bright red and yellow morocco, to the house of festivity. The agitating adjustment of her cap being accomplished in the heavily furnished spare room, she descends to meet with dignity her hostess, with other friends of the Maternal Association. While tea was holding sway and preserves and cakes were being daintily tasted—only one lady of the circle ever indulged in frosting—the hostess's little daughter, with friends upstairs, was stealthily trying on the too attractive bonnets that lay invitingly beside each shawl and empty cap-box. Later arrived the gentlemen; and nuts, raisins and apples, with much exchange of gracious words and even jests, that were now thought no sin, brought the evening to a close. The stately society of that day, which may be traced by portraits in some of the homes and through dearly loved memories in the old families, has been followed by a multitude of interests that demanded organization. To these the children's children, with many others who have found in the cheerful town a home, have given of time, thought and substance.

The Scientific Association, which admits both men and women to its fellowship, has worked particularly to arouse interest in the natural sciences. Carefully planned excursions, lectures on a wide range of subjects and frequent discussions have aided a work which deserves the warmest commendation, as well as facilities for a yet fuller usefulness. In connection with a love for the

natural beauties of the town, which the association has encouraged, it is fitting to make mention of Walnut Hill Park, set apart for the municipality and improved under the guidance of Frederick Law Olmsted. The park can be more adequately described by illustration than by words; it gives, however, only a few of many opportunities for the enthusiastic photographer. Shuttle Meadow Lake and Roaring Brook, that supply the city's water, Sunset Rock and other vantage points are ever attractive to the lover of the simple country-side; while New Britain drives are a matter of no slight pride to her citizens.

The interest in music, which the town has cultivated, was manifest even in 1786, when the prudential committee of the church was authorized to draw on the treasury for "the encouraging of singing in this society to the best advantage." Later, "Instruments of Musick, as they think Proper and Decent," were procured by the committee. During more recent years the Philharmonic Society, organized for choral work under the able leadership of Richmond P. Paine, has gradually produced among a large number of citizens a genuine and critical appreciation of the finer vocal music. Two concerts are given every season, one in midwinter, of a lighter nature, the second in the spring, devoted to the more serious forms of composition, generally sung in conjunction with another society from some neighboring city. The recent gift from the Hon. Philip Corbin, of a wonderful Hutchings organ, placed in the South Church, makes possible organ recitals for the people, which are bringing much enjoyment.* Musicians unite in pronouncing this a "great instrument," in which the possibilities of combinations and tone blendings are almost limitless.

The Woman's Club, the fifth in order of organization of the woman's clubs of the country, has worked for about twenty-five years for the diffusion of that "sweetness and light" which enriches the whole atmosphere of a town. Courses of study arranged under the care of scholars, public lectures by speakers of authority on subjects relating to the courses, and, above all, the enthusiasm and perseverance of the workers have produced and maintained a spirit of warm appreciation and earnest endeavor. Genial intercourse between gentlemen of the town has long been facilitated by the New Britain Club. Its suite of rooms is commodious and attractive; and the annual Ladies' Night is not the least of the club's contributions to the pleasures of the town life. The Saturday Night Club, a quiet organization of a limited number of gentlemen, has met for years on alternate winter Saturday evenings to discuss a paper presented by one of their number. A group of younger men also enjoy a club of a similar character.

The First or Centre Church has, through its faithful parishioners and strong clergymen, done a noble work for the community. Rev. Horace Winslow, Dr. Lavalette Perrin and Dr. John H. Denison, also Rev. G. Stockton Burroughs, Rev. E. H. Richardson and Dr. William Burnett Wright are numbered among its pastors. At the present time Dr. T. Russell Hall is leading the church. The South Church, daughter of the First and co-worker with her in worthy endeavor, has for over twenty years been under the care of Rev. James W. Cooper, D. D. The church's comparatively brief history, dating only from 1842, has included three long and notable pastorates. Rev. Samuel Rockwell, for whom his friend, Horace Bushnell, preached the installation sermon, was followed by Dr. Constans L. Goodell, afterwards called, through his pastorate in St. Louis, to a large work in the Southwest. Rev. Henry L. Griffin, now of Bangor, Maine, ministered to the

*A picture of this organ was included in the article on "Organs and Organ Building in New England," by Henry C. Lahee, in the December, 1897, number of the magazine.

church after Dr. Goodell's removal, until Dr. Cooper was called. Mr. C. B. Erwin's will provided the society with partial means for the building of a parish house, singularly well appointed for numerous forms of church work, including the care of a very large Sunday school. Mr. Erwin also left by will his own commodious residence to be used as the church parsonage. Churches of many other denominations, although not claiming so close connection with the history of the town, which had its beginnings when Congregationalism was supreme in New England, have done efficient work. The Baptist, Methodist and Episcopal churches have attractive houses of worship and strong membership. A Universalist and a People's church hold services regularly. The Roman Catholic church is strongly represented; and Swedish and German churches, both Catholic and Protestant, add an interesting feature to the town's religious life.

An efficient Charity Organization and a City Mission are supported quietly by many citizens. These societies are largely the outcome of the Tract Society, a union effort on the part of all the evangelical churches to carry on a systematic monthly visitation of the town. This organization was in active operation for about thirty years, and accomplished a large and beneficent work. The hospital, on a hill commanding the finest air and view that the town can afford, is doing the Samaritan's work. A Working Girls' Club and the Young Woman's Christian League carry on a variety of good enterprises for such girls as Lucy Larcom loved. Many of the small sisters of the members of these clubs have been gathered into a sewing school on Saturday afternoons. The Young Men's Christian Association carries on a vital work both for its membership of more than three hundred and for many others, who find helpful counsel and society in the building devoted to young men. The departments, religious, educational and gymnastic, are faithfully and attractively conducted. A Boys' Club provides for many little fellows the cheer which they crave and the guidance which they need. The Erwin Home for "worthy and indigent women" was planned with the intention of giving the comfort and independence of a separate home in as great a degree as possible to the good women housed under its roof. To this end a number of apartments, with separate entrances, were arranged, although no occupant is obliged to take more than one room. The nominal rents often make possible a more convenient arrangement than could be planned elsewhere.

During the last century visitors to the town doubtless asked, Who is the courtly gentleman in cocked hat and powdered wig, on whose blue coat glitter metal buttons and whose velvet breeches sparkle with buckles? The children are bowing and courtesying to him, and men in the field uncover when he passes. It is Colonel Isaac Lee, an able counsellor in State and Church. A member of the General Assembly, and an associate in conference with Governor Jonathan Trumbull, he was thoroughly identified during many years with the life of the colony, as well as the town, which always found in him a most valuable friend. At his funeral it was said that "in attending upon the public worship of God, and a very close attention to the ministry of the word, he has had few equals." Colonel Lee stands as typical of all that was best in New Britain's early citizens. "Major North," or Seth North, and Frederick T. Stanley were names known far beyond the town, as indicative of the rare qualities and the public spirit of the men who bore them. With stalwart principles, discriminating taste and courtly manners, they secured to the town many benefits, not least among which were the young men whom they attracted to the community, which became their home. New Britain was the

home of that able scholar, Professor Ethan Allen Andrews. Called as a teacher to North Carolina, New Haven and, finally, as Jacob Abbott's successor, to Boston, he at length returned to labor in his native town. The work by which he is best known to-day is his Latin-English lexicon and several Latin text-books, one of which had in 1862 reached the thirty-fourth edition. No recluse, but a scholar and a man of affairs, he kept constantly at heart the good of his home. His recreation was the study of natural science, in which he found great delight. When growing old, he was urged to relax his toil, but promptly replied, "Fatigue arising from labors that may do good to some one is far preferable to easy indolence." "His mind," wrote a friend, "was remarkably clear, discriminating and logical. No one could be long with him without perceiving the uncommon beauty of his Christian character, nor have we ever known the person who obeyed more faithfully the apostolic injunction, 'Be courteous.'" Professor Thomas Thatcher of Yale spoke the sentiment of thousands when he said, "How highly I esteemed him as a scholar and a Christian gentleman, as a man whose life was an unchanging illustration of urbanity, I cannot tell." In a quiet pine-guarded family lot, opposite the homestead, he sleeps, and many a reverent thought turns towards the spot which commemorates that strong mind and gentle heart.

The village was probably known to many Englishmen who would never have heard of it save for the presence in England of a New Britain man of remarkable powers and winsome personality. His name was Elihu Burritt. His story has been told too well and too often to call for a long account here. The pages of this magazine have contained the strong and touching history.* He was born in New Britain in 1810, and died there in 1879. Throughout his long and ofttimes brilliant career he retained an affectionate interest in his native town. American consul at Birmingham, secretary of the Peace Congress, and an advocate of ocean penny postage, the valued friend of eminent men and women in England and America, he is the man, above all others, who was an honor to New Britain.

New Britain has ever been blessed with citizens who looked beyond private profit to the ultimate general good. Among a number of such men who have walked the streets during more recent years, George M. Landers and Cornelius B. Erwin might be mentioned as representative. Mr. Landers aided his town both through a successful business and through the competent discharge of a multitude of public duties in his state and at Washington. Cornelius B. Erwin came to New Britain poor but energetic. Through the wisest financial management he accumulated a large fortune, the greater part of which he left, with various provisions, to the town. Erwin bequests have made possible improvements on Walnut Hill Park, the Soldiers' Memorial, the Woman's Home, the cemetery chapel and the Public Library. True to his wise business policy, in few cases did Mr. Erwin leave an amount in itself sufficient for the carrying out of the purpose indicated, but one contingent upon the raising of another stated amount, which would make the project entirely feasible. He was modest and quiet, giving away hundreds with the injunction, "Now, don't say anything about it." To this man his townsmen, as well as numerous institutions in Connecticut and in the West and the South, owe increasing gratitude.

And yet the story of this town has merely begun. New Britain is making history rapidly, a history that bids fair to include much wise and progressive action, not unworthy of the fathers.

* Elihu Burritt, by Ellen Strong Bartlett, in the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE, June, 1897.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

By Edward Porritt.

THE longer I stay on this side of the Atlantic, the more it appears to me that public opinion in England is more active, alert, and usually better informed than public opinion in this country. It is especially so as regards political questions; and it is with public opinion on political questions, and with political education, that I am here chiefly concerned.

There are many reasons for this difference in the two countries. In the first place, England is of course much more compact than the United States, and it has a much more homogeneous population. Then again, apart from the Home Rule question, there are no sectional issues in British politics. Occasionally an effort is made to set up a Welsh interest, but no success has ever attended, or is likely to attend these efforts. But to my mind the principal reason for the greater alertness of public opinion in England, and for the fact that it is usually better informed, lies in the difference in the working of the political institutions of the two countries, and the great difference between political parties in the two countries. Principles and measures, rather than party and offices, interest English people; and while for a century past there have been two great parties, each appealing for popular support, English people are not tied to party in any hidebound fashion, and loyalty to party, under any and all conditions, is not ranked first among political virtues.

Parliament in England seems to attract more close and continuous public attention than does Congress. One means of arriving at this conclusion is a comparison of the reports of Parliament and those of Congress as given in the daily newspapers. Parliament is usually in session from February until September, and during these months it seldom happens that less than two or three columns are given to its proceedings in the more important London and provincial morning newspapers. Some of the newspapers, notably the *Times* and the *Morning Post* among those published in London; the *Manchester Guardian*, among those published in the provinces; and the *Scotsman* and the *Glasgow Herald* among the Scotch newspapers, frequently give even longer reports. On important nights the reports in these papers extend to four or five columns, and on great occasions a page or a page and a half are given up to the shorthand writer's reports.

When Parliament is sitting it has first attention and first claim to space in all the first-class daily newspapers. Its proceedings are often dealt with in no fewer than four different ways in the same issue of the paper. First, there is the ordinary report in which, as far as the limits of the space will allow, the actual words of the speakers are given. These reports are invariably matter of fact and colorless, always unpartisan and accurate; for English reporting is seen at its best in the work sent out from the press galleries at Westminster. Alongside these reports, usually as an introduction to them, there is a column or half a column in which the evening's proceedings are described rather than reported. In addition to this, a synopsis of the debates finds a place at the head of the summary of the day's news; and usually, when the Parliamentary session is at its height, the proceedings at Westminster are the

subject of the first article on the editorial page.

It is thus a newspaper-reading Englishman's own fault if he is not well informed concerning the questions which are engaging attention in Parliament, for in most of the better class daily newspapers he has, as I have explained, four means of learning what is doing at Westminster. He can obtain his information from the fifty or sixty line summary; from the descriptive sketch; from the full report; or he can obtain it, with accompanying explanations of partisan character, from the Parliamentary article on the editorial page.

Among English newspaper men there is occasionally some controversy as to whether people care to have so much of the doings of Parliament put before them; and the success is cited of one or two newcomers in the field of daily journalism which have broken away from the traditions as to reporting Parliament. But when the constituencies of these new papers are examined, it is seen that the newcomers have not cut into the field of the older morning papers which maintain the Parliamentary traditions. These newcomers are half-penny papers, and are read chiefly by people who before their appearance were not readers of the morning papers; and the fact remains that the journals which deal with Parliament in the full, varied and careful manner I have described, rank among the great newspaper properties of England, and are earning princely incomes for their proprietors. Their continued and increasing success would seem to show that the reading constituencies they serve demand Parliamentary reports which are full and also soberly and conscientiously done, and that readers of these newspapers take a close, continuous and intelligent interest in the questions which come before Parliament.

That American newspapers usually do not treat Congress in this full and careful manner is obvious to any newspaper reader. The difference in treatment is strikingly brought home to an Englishman accustomed to the press galleries at Westminster, who goes into the chamber of either the House of Representatives or the Senate at Washington. At Westminster even on an ordinary night, or on a Wednesday afternoon when private members' bills are before the House, there are seldom fewer than thirty or forty reporters in attendance; while, when an important debate is on, a hundred and twenty reporters are often crowded into the gallery. I have been present at debates of importance at Washington when there have not been half a dozen reporters in the press gallery. In England, as in this country, there is an Associated Press. There are two in fact, the Press Association and the Central News; but no first-class morning paper either in London or the provinces relies only on the press associations for its Parliamentary services. All the London papers have their own corps of reporters; so have the leading provincial and Scottish newspapers. Each paper requires individual reports for its geographical and reading constituency. The provincial papers want the speeches of the Parliamentary leaders on both sides of the House at as great length as the London papers; and moreover they also want the speeches of the members of their own territory, so that the constituents of these members may be informed as to what part they are taking in the questions which come before the House.

As soon as a member of Parliament begins to make a reputation, his utterances in and out of the House come in for attention at the hands of the newspapers. There is in fact a pretty well established scale by which the length of the reports of speeches is determined. Cabinet ministers, holding the more important positions, are usually reported verbatim when they speak in Parliament or in the constituencies. The Marquis of Salis-

bury, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Goschen and Sir Michael Hicks Beach, to take the present ministry for example, are usually so treated by the reporters; almost invariably so, when they make important political speeches in the constituencies. Similar fulness of treatment is also accorded to the leaders of the opposition, to men like the Earl of Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith and Mr. John Morley. I would not have it understood that all the daily newspapers report these men verbatim, but verbatim reports of their speeches are usually to be found in newspapers of the first rank.

For men in the second rank, that is for those holding or having held the less important offices, such as the presidency of the Local Government Board, the Board of Trade, or the vice-presidency of the Committee of Council for Education, reports a column long are the rule, when they speak in the constituencies. For the rest of the members of the House of Commons the reports vary in length from half a column to a twenty or thirty line paragraph. If a man in this class is of any individuality and prominence, if he is appreciably working his way forward, he soon becomes of half-column value.

These values apply to the newspapers in general. Longer reports, however, are usually given to men, not in the verbatim class, by the newspapers of the cities in which they may happen to make their extra-Parliamentary speeches. None of the men of the first and second class belong exclusively to the particular constituency they represent in the House of Commons. Just now, since his defeat in 1896, at Derby, Sir William Harcourt represents a Welsh constituency, the name of which is not familiar to one Englishman in twenty. Mr. John Morley represents a comparatively small Scotch borough; but when either of them is addressing his constituents, he is really addressing the people of Great Britain, and people who take any real and continuous interest in the discussion of political questions look to the newspapers for full reports of his speeches.

Nor are the utterances of men in the front rank in English political life confined to the constituencies they serve in Parliament. When a man once attains this rank, he belongs to the country, and soon has claims upon him from all parts of it. During the Parliamentary recess, or at least during that part of it which extends from October to the end of January, almost every man of national reputation in Parliament makes from ten to fifteen speeches in the constituencies. During this season these men are all over the country making political speeches; so that to a large number of people they become personally known. They are not mere newspaper figures. English people who are interested in politics have thus opportunities of a nearer acquaintance with their political leaders than seems to be possible with respect to political leaders in this country. The recess season of speech-making is a great factor in the political education of the country, and it also adds to the personal interest in politics. It helps to make the Parliamentary leaders real personages, and not merely names attached to reports of speeches.

Another important factor in political education in England is the custom of members of Parliament publicly meeting their constituents during the recess. This is a comparatively modern custom. It dates back only to the time of the Reform Act of 1832. Before then about half the members of the House of Commons had no constituents in the modern sense of the term. They were chosen by the borough owners or the borough bosses, and not infrequently with the express condition, stipulated by the borough owner, that the member chosen by him should never go near the constituency. Most of the boroughs of this class were swept

away by the Reform Act of 1832. Some of those which survived disappeared with the Reform Act of 1867; and after the Reform Act of 1884 and 1885 not one of them was left. With all these changes England has become increasingly democratic so far as the Parliamentary franchise is concerned. As democracy has obtained more power, it has become more demanding; so much so that to-day nearly every member of the House of Commons has to appear before his constituents during the recess, and discuss with them the work of the past session and the questions likely to be dealt with in the forthcoming session.

On these occasions the member of Parliament addresses his constituents, not the local members of his political party who by their votes secured his return; and it is open to any elector to question his actions, to interrogate him, and to signify dissent when the customary vote of confidence and thanks is accorded to the member. Women attend these meetings, oftentimes in large numbers; for women in England take an active interest in politics, and usually discuss political questions with knowledge and intelligence.

Citizenship duties in England make fewer calls on the time of the ordinary man than they do in this country. An Englishman is not called upon to do nearly as much voting as an American. He votes for members of Parliament on an average about once in five years. For municipal councils and school boards he votes once in three years. He votes for guardians of the poor every year; but at these elections voting papers are delivered to the electors, and they can signify their choice without going outside their homes. An Englishman is never called upon to vote for judges, nor for any paid officers engaged under a municipality. All judges are appointed, nominally by the Crown, actually by the Home Office, and every municipal council appoints its own salaried officials.

Of primaries and caucuses English people know little or nothing. An American voter, it seems to me, has many calls made upon him in respect to these details of party organization. I have attended some of these meetings as an onlooker; but as far as I can judge, the meetings in themselves are not of much value as regards political education. I never remember hearing political questions discussed at them. Political meetings in England are mostly of the kind that would be described in this country as mass meetings. They are open meetings, open to people of both political parties, and people of both parties attend them. During the years I was engaged as a reporter it was my fortune to attend many political meetings in this country as well as in England. The difference in political education in the two countries then often impressed me, as it does still whenever I read the speeches in a political campaign; for example, in the recent state campaign in New York. English people assembled in a political meeting are not tolerant of mere declamation, of humbug and fustian. They would soon get impatient at the kind of speeches which political orators, such as Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, deliver from the rear of platforms of railway cars, and they would quickly make their impatience manifest. English people know how to hiss as well as to cheer, and the hiss is soon heard when a speaker begins to weary his audience, or to attempt to humbug it with wild statements or generalities which have neither sense nor meaning. I sometimes think that the inherent and ready courtesy of Americans is abused by political speakers. English people are fond of political discussion. They will turn out in large numbers to hear an intelligent discussion of political questions. If the discussion were not intelligent, if the speaking were to descend to mere party glorification, they would soon lose patience with the speakers, and no obligations of cour-

tesy would restrain the expression of their impatience.

The political meeting thrives in England because it has some value. It is oftentimes a force in moulding the policy of Parliament and of government. If a bad measure is introduced by the government in the House of Commons, people do not assume that it is sure to pass. If they regard the measure as unsatisfactory, the majority at the back of the government in the House of Commons gives people little concern. The agitation against the measure begins at once, and goes on until its fate is decided. Agitation so conducted led to the defeat in the House of Commons of the first Home Rule bill in 1886; in 1888 to the withdrawal of a bill for compensating the holders of public-house licenses; and later still, in 1896, to the withdrawal of the bill which the government introduced, making sweeping and what were regarded as retrograde changes in the system of public education. When this last measure was withdrawn, the Salisbury government had a majority of one hundred and fifty in the House of Commons, the largest majority at the back of an administration since modern political party lines were established in England. But in face of the opposition as expressed in public meetings and by other methods, the supporters of the government began to weaken, and the government deemed it best to withdraw the bill. A similar fate befell the Irish Local Government bill, which Mr. Balfour, the present leader of the House of Commons, then chief secretary for Ireland, introduced as a government measure in 1892. Like the other measures which have been named, this bill could not withstand the popular opposition it encountered. This was seen at a very early stage, and the government quickly allowed it to drop.

Political discussion by public meetings generally has a quick effect in the House of Commons. If in case of an obnoxious bill outside opposition does not lead to its withdrawal, it usually has a good effect in modifying the bill, and in ridding it of its worst features. No matter how strong a government may be in the House of Commons, the opposition in Parliament usually has its influence in moulding and shaping legislation; and outside opposition, when it is well taken and when the agitation is well directed, gives weight to the opposition in the House of Commons, and compels the government to make some concessions. As far as I can judge, the opposition in Congress and outside criticism have infinitely less weight in shaping legislation in this country than in England. I was a looker-on at Washington when the Dingley tariff was going through Congress; and it astonished me to see at close range how little effect the opposition had in the shaping of the bill. After listening to long debates in the Senate on the tariff schedules, and watching the numerous divisions called for by the Democrats, it seemed to me that Senators Caffrey, Jones, White and Vest might just as well have been holding a meeting in Hyde Park or on Hampstead Heath. A meeting of protest by the Cobden Club in a parlor lent to it by the National Liberal Club in London could not have had less effect.

It is possible to cite an occasional measure passed through the English Parliament within recent years much in the same way as the Dingley Tariff Act went through Congress. The Education Act of 1897, that which took the place of the abortive measure of 1896 to which I have referred, was carried through the House of Commons without so much as the alteration of a comma. But examples of this kind are exceedingly rare. There is little danger that the English people will permit them to become frequent. If they ever should become frequent, the public discussion of political questions in England will cease to be of any practical value;

and in a Parliament the members of which are not paid, and consequently not compelled to attend, the work of the opposition will become such an absolutely useless task that the opposition side of the House will be deserted, and government by public discussion and political party will be well-nigh at an end.

It is because opposition counts for something that people in England are always ready for an agitation. For this reason also men are not afraid to oppose even when the majority is overwhelmingly on the other side. In England, a man who conscientiously stands out against what he regards as bad is in little danger of personal abuse either from the platform or the press. This was not always so. It was not so forty years ago, when Bright and Cobden and those who thought with them opposed the Crimean war. But with the spread of political education and the increased interest in politics, English people have become much more tolerant. A good and recent example of this is to be seen in respect to Sir Wilfrid Lawson's opposition to the military expedition to Khartoum. He opposed this expedition, although the leaders of his own political party had supported it in the House of Commons and later on from platforms in the constituencies. His speeches and his letters of protest were published in the daily press alongside those in support of the expedition and its aims. They were adversely criticised in the editorial columns of many of the newspapers; but no one threatened to read Sir Wilfrid Lawson out of the Liberal party, or suggested that he should go and live with the objects of his solicitude in the Soudan. There would be no bitter personal opposition in England to a man who took the stand like that of Professor Charles Eliot Norton at the beginning of the war with Spain, or like that taken by Mr. Carnegie with regard to colonial expansion. England nowadays respects men of individuality and courage in political life, and is disposed to admire these qualities without always sympathizing with the opinions behind them.

So far I have dealt only with public meetings in England called to criticise or oppose a policy on which the government may be about to embark. There is another kind of public meeting which is oftentimes of great national service. I refer to non-partisan meetings called to strengthen the hands of the government at times of extreme difficulty or national danger—meetings which, so far as I have been able to observe, have no exact counterpart in public life of this country. These meetings are called by the mayors acting on requisition from townspeople. They are strictly non-partisan and are attended and addressed by the foremost men of both political parties. The mayor presides, and his presence at a public meeting of this character is in itself a guarantee that it will be non-partisan and that neither political party will be permitted to make political capital out of it.

These meetings are much more rare than those I have previously described. They are resorted to only in really great emergencies, and are intended to show the government that the country without regard to party politics is at its back. To cite an instance of such meetings, I may recall the assassination of Lord Frederic Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Dublin in 1882. Then all over the country within two or three days after the tragic event of May 6, meetings were held expressive of sympathy with the government in the disaster which had befallen the nation, and also expressing confidence in the ability of the government to carry the country through the crisis. If the Fashoda incident of more recent times had become more serious and threatening, recourse would have been had to these expressions of public feeling, and from the number of these meetings the government would soon have learned that the country was

with it, and prepared to uphold any action it might take. Had the disaster which befell the *Maine* occurred to a British warship there is little doubt that it would have been the occasion of many such public meetings in England. The tone and spirit of these meetings differ entirely from those of a political meeting. They are impressive in their character. On grave occasions they have an almost religious solemnity, and in them at times of crisis the real feeling of the nation as a whole becomes articulate.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROPOSITION.

By Agnes Provost.

IT was a rainy, gusty day, too dark to paint and too cheerless to do anything but talk, and Halliday, who could put on canvas the quiver in the sunlight of an August day, and Scarsden, whose books everybody argued over and nearly everybody read, and Overton, who did nothing in particular, but dipped restlessly into everything, were gathered in Halliday's apartments for common cheer.

There was a spicy odor of hot wine in the room, heavily hung with darkly rich curtains and rugs, littered with chairs and divans and glowing softly with the light of three great Moorish lanterns, bright against the dull patch of sky outside and defying the spiteful dash of the raindrops against the windows.

"We won't draw the curtains," Halliday had said comfortably. "The daylight won't get mixed up with the lanterns,—it's getting too dark for that; and besides, when you look out at those chilly little gusts of rain and back into a warm room, it makes you feel how much better off you are than the poor devils outside."

"Halliday, you do say a decent thing now and then," condescended Scarsden paternally. "Overton, what are you doing to that beverage? You've been fooling with it this long time."

"Come here and smell. This beverage is a complicated affair of original manufacture. You can't get one like it every day."

Scarsden left the divan under one of the Moorish lanterns, where he was surrounded by a mass of papers looking wildly untidy in spite of their manifold clamps and labels and headlines, and disappeared behind the screen where Overton was bending seriously over an alcohol stove, and where the hot, spicy odor was particularly strong.

"It has been a confoundedly long time getting ready," he grumbled, sniffing critically. "Who's that?"

The two behind the screen listened with the alert inquisitiveness of two small boys, as Halliday's man announced "Mr. Chalmers!"

"His Highness of the 'Change!" murmured Overton with a wry face.

"Who could buy us all, body and soul, with a month's pocket money," supplemented Scarsden.

Overton lingered to remove his cherished beverage from the alcohol stove, before he left the shelter of the big screen and followed Scarsden.

"I know it's a pretty dark day," Chalmers was saying in his business-like voice; "but I was anxious to see how Mrs. Chalmers's portrait is getting on."

He was a large, comfortable-looking man, safely this side of the dangerous "portly," but he conveyed a greater sense of bigness than men of heavier weight. His financial weight, however, was stupendous; he had engineered more gigantic operations in ten years than most men would attempt in a lifetime. Overton had once called him "an excellent money-making machine," and Chalmers knew it, and could afford to consider it a joke.

"I think you can see it pretty well when I have fixed the lights," Halliday said after the financier had interrupted himself to greet Scarsden and Overton in a way that was friendly enough, but as laconic as if they had come as strangers into his office. It was a habit gained through years of busy life, with no time for superfluous chattering.

They were expectantly quiet as Halliday ushered them into the studio where the soft amber lights shone down on the easel. They all knew Mrs. Chalmers and admired her, and they had all seen her look just that way. Halliday looked at the picture as intently as they, and he had reason to be proud. Her beauty lay chiefly in two unspeakable eyes and a star-like radiance of countenance that was fascinating; and he had worked enthusiastically to give it full justice. There was a royal dignity in the lift of her dark head, and in looking into the wonderful eyes one realized why it was that Mrs. John Chalmers was more raved over than women far nearer perfection of feature and outline.

"I am very pleased with it," said John Chalmers to the artist, turning slowly away as if he could have stayed longer were no one else there; and Scarsden laid his hand on Halliday's shoulder in a touch that meant "Good boy."

"Don't go out again into this weeping weather without sampling our mixture," invited Halliday hospitably as they re-entered the room which the spicy odor pervaded. "Overton and I invented it, and we have all helped concoct it; but still I don't think it's bad. There are a few clear places to sit down. That litter over there is Scarsden's latest novel, in course of construction. He is trying it on us as a preliminary; and as it is one of these introspective-retrospective-perspective psychological problems, we have argued ourselves into a rage over the complications."

Halliday's voice was muffled behind the screen as he bent solicitously over his "mixture" to assure himself that it was not injured by the delay. When he came into sight again, John Chalmers and Scarsden were seated on the big divan beside the "litter," with Overton in front, and Chalmers was eying the interlined pages with amused interest.

"Not so easy as it looks, is it?" he asked Scarsden. "But tell me now, do you take your 'complications' from life, as some of you fellows say you do, or do you sit down and figure them out?"

"Oh, both. The worst of it is, they have to be figured out more if they are real than if you pull all the wires yourself. And then, by George, I could write up half a dozen incidents I know, and you would all be pounding at me because they were so 'overdrawn' and 'unreal.' "

"Scarsden has no use for incidents anyway, except as necessary side issues to illustrate the contrarieties of the human mind," interrupted Overton grimly. "Still, that is what a novel should be written for,—if it is written at all."

"But nine-tenths of your reading public are interested only in these

incidents, and whether you can tell them entertainingly." It was like John Chalmers to drop like a plummet to the practical side of the question. Scarsden was surprised that he should be sufficiently interested to discuss it at all. He did not know that Chalmers liked professional men and always had half a dozen or more under his quiet eye.

"But I write to the other tenth, you know, and let the nine-tenths pay my royalties," Scarsden promptly assured him.

"You will scandalize them as a unit if you don't impress a proper sense of decency on your heroine," said Halliday frivolously as he came in with punch bowl and glasses and sent Overton to rummage after a fresh box of cigars while he dispensed his hospitality.

"Halliday is worried because one of my women dispenses with formality and does the proposing."

"It is a trifle out of order," assented Chalmers dubiously.

"Undoubtedly. But I hold that, given the same or similar circumstances and a woman of the same strong temperament, it could happen any day of the week."

"And I hold," said Overton quietly, "that, given utterly dissimilar circumstances and a woman by no means erotic or unused to self-discipline, it could easily happen."

"Our ideals unreasonably persist in running the other way," murmured Halliday.

"As a purely psychological proposition, let me tell you a story."

Scarsden looked up keenly and leaned comfortably back among the pillows, burying his hand firmly in one of them; Halliday settled lower in his chair; and Chalmers leaned alertly forward,—these being by nature and habit their several attitudes of attention. Overton, half buried in his big chair, looked rather listless in spite of his earnest tone; but as Overton was not by nature of an enthusiastic or buoyant disposition, his friends were accustomed to have him look slightly displeased with the whole creative mechanism when he was most interested in it.

"It is about two people, a man and a woman whom I used to know very well," he began deliberately. "They were excellent friends in an easy, Platonic way; in fact, he rather prided himself on their good sense in keeping clear of romantic pitfalls. It was a hobby of his that the best friend for a man is a woman, and *vice versa;* and he carried it out by seeking the friendship of the finest woman he knew,—and she gave it to him. He was always impatient of the cynical ones who say that the fires of Platonic friendship are bound to burn somebody's fingers, and believed that the first one who was hurt in such an instance owed it to the other to tell it bravely, and then, if necessary, get out of the dangerous vicinity. I think he spent most of his time hunting down interesting theories. He used to talk over all his personal interests with her, and her sympathetic attention and counsel were very helpful. She was warm and earnest and clever, and her judgment was good. She was sweet to look at, too, and he was proud of her. He wasn't conspicuously devoted, at all, for he admired and was deeply interested in a score of other women he knew; but when one time he was passingly hard hit over one of them, it was a great comfort to be able to come to this one, his friend, and relieve his mind."

"H'm!" said Halliday, staring speculatively at his fingers nails; and Overton took up his thread quickly.

"Perhaps you wonder why he was so ready to tell her that, as well as to tell the whole story to me; but he was by no means a babbler. Most people think him very reticent; only it was a matter of course to him that she should know,—and when he told me, it was years later, and he was sore and miserable over it all and had to let it out. Going on in this comradely way, you may imagine how surprised he

was one evening when she suddenly reminded him of their old discussions and asked that their friendship end. I know, from the way he told me, that the picture of her that night will stay by him for many a year still to come. I have met her, and I can see how fair and regal she must have looked, deeply moved and quivering inwardly, but standing quietly before him with her hands on the chair she had left and holding every nerve tightly as she told him that she wanted him to go, because it was not best that they should meet so familiarly again. It was an odd thing to do, wasn't it? Perhaps two or three years later she would have done differently; but she was brave, and I think she had brooded over it until it seemed the best thing to do,—because they had agreed it was the fairest, as well as the quickest and most final."

"How did he take it?" asked Chalmers.

"He was stunned. He had been wandering along with his eyes closed, and the sudden light blinded him. But he did the craziest thing he could think of. He went home and lay awake thinking it over, and how sweet and bright she was, and what an egregious ass he had been never to think of her in the light of a wife as well as a friend; and the next day, —the next day, mind you,—when she had had good time to realize what she had done and be in a state of smarting humiliation over it, he wrote a long letter and asked her to marry him. I know he meant the best in the world; but, oh Lord, an army mule would have had more tact!"

"I think he would," commented Scarsden dryly. "She refused him?"

Overton had leaned forward again as he told his story, his eyes gleaming and his lips compressing into a nervous line, as they had a trick of doing when he was very much in earnest. He dropped back again at Scarsden's question, with a deprecating shrug.

"Of course!" he said scornfully. "And they didn't meet again for weeks, which he spent thinking it over and learning to yearn for her above all things, now that she was fairly out of reach. Later they met quite frequently in society, and he was desperately in love with a woman who had once said that she loved him, but only gave him the most tantalizing friendliness at a cool distance now that she had told him. At the end of six months he couldn't stand it any longer, and proposed again, and met with a gentle but decided "No." She was miles out of reach. He waited another year, quite miserable, and then she refused him again. She seemed to shrink from the bare mention of love from him as if he were repulsive to her."

"Have you ever seen two men," interpolated Scarsden, "stirred to the depths for some reason or other, but who, from our Anglo-Saxon horror of a man's betraying a tender emotion to a man, would nearly fight for fear that if they were civil they'd be crying over each other?"

"N—no; but I dare say it has happened," admitted Overton indifferently. "However, you must solve that part for yourselves. I merely submit the facts as a psychological proposition,—and I don't attempt to say why she did it, or why she refused him afterwards if she loved him, or how long her love for him lasted. She is too sincere for an ephemeral fancy; but perhaps it died naturally after she told him. She is married now, and I think she is happy. They meet quite frequently. He is not exactly miserable; I do not think he is contented. Her husband is a very worthy sort of a fellow,—oh, yes, he's an excellent man."

"From which I infer that you consider him an ass?" suggested Halliday smoothly.

"Oh, no! He is very highly thought of. Only it is natural that my sympathy should be with my friend."

He walked over to the window and stood for a moment leaning against the cold pane, looking with impatient contempt at two rain-sodden draymen in the street below, wrangling over the right of way. Chalmers arose to go, and a few moments later Overton followed him.

"I promised my sister I'd dine with her to-night. I'll see you at the Vanderbeeks' reception."

John Chalmers gave little thought to Overton's metaphysical theorem, as his cab rattled him homeward through the steaming streets; but after dinner he recollected it, and told his wife. They did not often dine alone, but he was always more interested then.

"It struck me as a most unnatural thing for a woman to do," he said disapprovingly, looking with appreciative eyes at the composed dignity of his wife's carriage and the soft way her lashes brushed her cheek as she looked thoughtfully down at her rings. He was thinking how infinitely preferable was her womanly grace to the emotional, disturbed young woman of Overton's story. "Do you think she cared for him?"

"Yes, I think so, dear. But the sting of a humiliated pride is strong. Few women—of her class at least—could marry a man or even look at him without a quiver after that. Perhaps she regretted; but it was too late to go back. Perhaps she realized that he was not the man ever to make her happy, although she may have loved him the more for that, woman-wise. Perhaps it seemed to her a chivalrous pity, and not love, when he wanted to marry her; and that is far worse than indifference."

"Well, I think it's rather a mess," he said comfortably; and she smiled a little as she left him to prepare for the Vanderbeeks' reception.

"But he said she is happy now, you know, and he not miserable."

Before she went down again, radiant in shimmering greens like the light that strikes a hollow wave, Mrs. John Chalmers dismissed her maid and carefully unlocked a little box which she drew from one of the mysterious recesses that women love. There were letters in the little box, some of them thin, brief notes, relentlessly matter of fact, others, of later date, bulkier and well worn. A dead flower or two dropped from a fold of paper, and a photograph of ten years back lay at the bottom of them all.

There was a grate fire in the room —Mrs. Chalmers loved grate fires— and into this she carefully dropped them, one by one, very carefully, almost reluctantly, for dead friends are dear friends, and the light from their burning played on her face and bare white shoulders as she watched the little cremation with wide, grave eyes. Then, while the ashes were yet warm, she went down to where her husband awaited her, and curved her arm with half-wistful playfulness around his neck; and he drew her cheek to his and held it there. He was not witty and cynical, like Halliday, nor a keen-eyed student, like Scarsden, nor yet a clever dilettante, like Overton; but he was as strong and steady as a mountain,—and this fair woman was his wife, and he loved her.

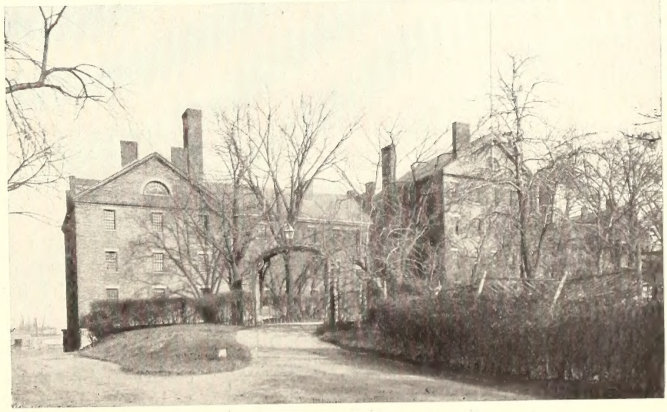


BOSTON'S INSANE HOSPITAL.

By William I. Cole.

ON his death in 1764, Thomas Hancock, a princely merchant of Boston and uncle of the patriot and governor, John Hancock, left to the town six hundred pounds, "for a convenient house for the reception and more comfortable keeping of such unhappy persons as it shall please God in His providence to deprive of their reason." But in those days the number of insane scattered throughout the province was so small that the selectmen felt constrained to decline this legacy, on the ground that such an asylum was not likely to be needed. To-day Boston is caring for more than fifteen hundred of this very class in public institutions of the city and state. To be sure, since the period of Thomas Hancock, Boston has grown from a town of twenty-five thousand inhabitants to a city with a population of half a million; but this expansion of and by itself cannot fully account for the enormous difference between the number of its mentally defective and diseased then and now. The more complicated conditions of life resulting from such a growth, together with the intenser civilization of modern times, have had not a little to do with it. Moreover, the larger the community the greater the difficulty of keeping the insane at home with comfort to themselves and safety to society. As a place grows, this unfortunate class is of necessity gathered more and more into institutions. In the great, crowded, rushing city of to-day there is no place for the mentally unsound. Then, too, an increasing knowledge of morbid mental conditions constantly swells the ranks of the recognized insane by adding to them one and another of those hitherto regarded as merely queer, or morally depraved, or even criminally vicious.

The first public institution in Boston for the care and treatment of the insane exclusively was opened in 1839, and was known as the Boston Lunatic Hospital. Until within six years of that date, the insane of the city had been divided between the County House of Correction and the House of Industry, which were situated near together in South Boston. In the earliest days of Boston they had been confined, in common with "disorderly persons," in the bridewell, or jail, which stood near the old Granary Burying Ground. In 1833 a state hospital for the insane was opened in Worcester, to which were

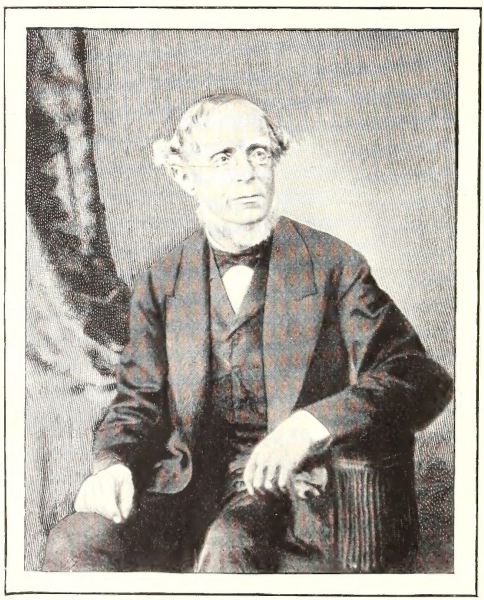


THE OLD BUILDING FOR THE INSANE AT SOUTH BOSTON.

sent the unhappy wretches of this class from Boston's pauper and penal institutions. A few years later, however, a large number of these had to be returned on account of the overcrowded condition of the asylum.

The Boston Lunatic Hospital was located in South Boston, midway between the Houses of Correction and Industry, from which its patients were to come. At first it consisted of a central part and two short wings. There were seventy-two single rooms, eight by twelve, and six wards.

A curious illustration of the fear in which the insane were held sixty years ago is furnished by the fact that, on the opening of this hospital, the more violent patients were removed to it in slatted boxes on wheels, like the vans in which wild animals are carried through the streets. These cages, be it noted, were not brought into requisition merely for this occasion, but had been used at the House of Industry for the confinement of those considered dangerously mad. It had been regarded as extraordinarily kind treatment when the cages were drawn out of doors in fine weather to permit their inmates a little fresh air and sunshine.



DR. JOHN S. BUTLER.
First Superintendent of the Boston Lunatic Hospital.

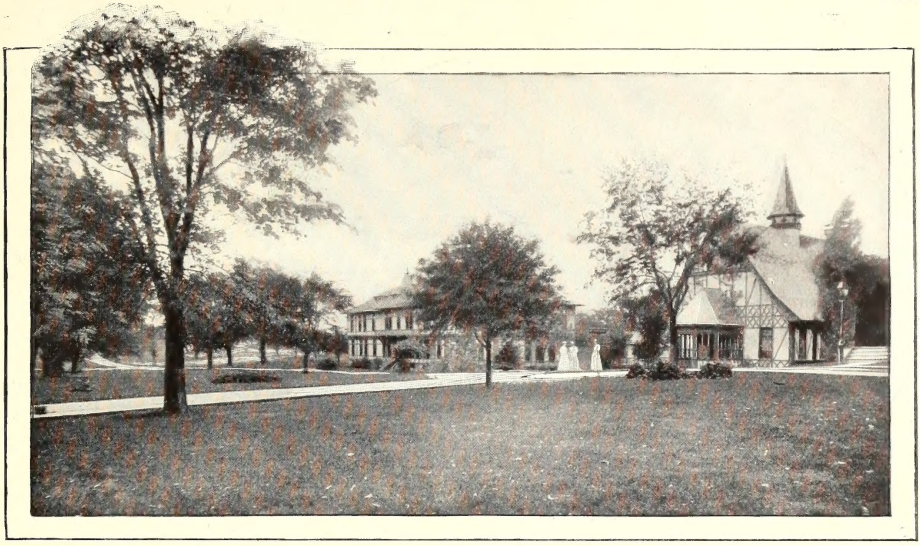
The superintendent of the hospital, Dr. John S. Butler, however, quickly released the unhappy prisoners, and inaugurated radically different and more humane methods in the care of the insane.

Charles Dickens, who visited the place a few years after it was established, has left us in his "American Notes" a graphic account of what he saw there. A picture of its home life like the following is in marked contrast with what one might have seen at the House of Industry in the days of the wooden cages:

"Each ward in this institution is shaped like a long gallery or hall, with the dormitories of the patients opening from it on either hand. Here they work, read, play at skittles and other games; and when the weather does not admit of their taking exercise out of doors, pass the day together. In one of these rooms, seated calmly, and quite as a matter of course, among a throng of mad women, black and white, were the physician's wife and another lady, with a couple of children. These ladies were graceful and handsome; and it was not difficult to perceive at a glance that even their presence there had a highly beneficial influence on the patients who were grouped about them."

In regard to the methods of treatment, Dickens says further:

"Every patient in this asylum sits down to dinner every day with a knife and fork; and in the midst of them sits the gentleman whose manner of dealing with his charges I have just described. At every meal moral influence alone restrains the more violent among them from cutting the throats of the rest; but the effect of that influence is reduced to an absolute certainty, and is found, even as a means of restraint, to say



AUSTIN FARM. THE CHAPEL ON THE RIGHT.

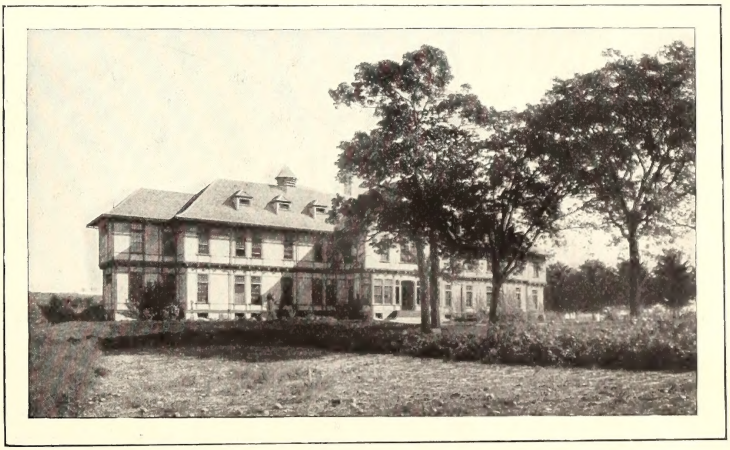
nothing of it as a means of cure, a hundred times more efficacious than all the strait-waistcoats, fetters and handcuffs that ignorance, prejudice and cruelty have manufactured since the creation of the world."

Of the employments and amusements of the inmates, he goes on to say:

"In the labor department one is as freely trusted with the tools of his trade as if he were a sane man. In the garden and on the farm they work with spades, rakes and hoes. For amusement they walk, run, fish, paint, read and ride out to take the air in carriages provided for the purpose. They have among themselves a sewing society to make clothes for the poor, which holds meetings, passes resolutions, never comes to fisticuffs or bowie-knives as sane assemblies have been known to do elsewhere, and conducts all its proceedings with the greatest decorum. The irritability which would otherwise be expended on their own flesh, clothes and furniture is dissipated in these pursuits. They are cheerful, tranquil and healthy."

The principle underlying the whole management is summed up in these words of the superintendent to his distinguished visitor: "Evince a desire to show some trust, and repose some trust even in mad people."

From time to time additions were made to the buildings of the hospital as the number of its inmates increased. The constantly growing



A WARD AT AUSTIN FARM.



AUSTIN FARM.
Showing the Superintendent's House in the distance.

pressure upon its accommodations was further relieved by the transference of patients to state institutions. But in 1887 the limit of local expansion had been reached, and a branch ward was opened in the buildings on Austin Farm, which had been recently vacated by the female paupers on their removal to the new city almshouse at Long Island. Four or five years later the city purchased Pierce Farm, about a mile distant from Austin Farm, for additional hospital buildings. On their completion in 1895, the patients still remaining at South Boston were removed thither and the original hospital structure was abandoned. Thus at the present time the city institution for the insane is divided into two parts, known as Austin Farm and Pierce Farm. The general distinction between these is that the female patients are at the first and the male patients at the second. One ward at Austin Farm, however, is occupied by men. While each branch has of necessity its own staff of officers and attendants, both are under one superintendent, who resides at Austin Farm. When a separate department of the city for the care of the insane was established, in the spring of 1897, the name of this institution was changed from the Boston Lunatic Hospital to the Boston Insane Hospital.

No more suitable region for an insane hospital than that including these two farms could be found within the city limits. Aside from the pure air and out-of-door employment and recreation that are possible here, the surroundings are of an exceptionally attractive character. The general section is in the immediate vicinity of Franklin Park on the west. Pleasant



THE CONSERVATORY, AUSTIN FARM.

woodland walks and drives extend in all directions. Adjoining Austin Farm is a hill, from which may be had an extensive view of the city and harbor, and of the country towards the Milton Blue Hills. The grounds are quite ample, containing altogether about one hundred and twenty-five acres. Those at Austin Farm are especially attractive, with their graveled walks, stretches of lawn, flower beds and numerous shade trees. Pierce Farm, on account of its comparative newness, is still in rather a raw state.

Both divisions of the hospital are constructed on the cottage plan. At Austin Farm the principal buildings consist of a superintendent's house with a large rear extension containing two wards, a chapel, and three detached wards. The first mentioned, known as the administration building, formerly the women's almshouse, is of wood; the others, which have been put up since the farm was taken for hospital purposes, are of the so-called open timber-work construction.

The chapel, a picturesque Gothic structure, is connected by enclosed corridors with the wards on either side, and serves the additional purpose of a dining-room for the inmates of these wards. It is also the amusement hall of the farm. The basement is utilized as the central kitchen and the bakery.

One of the connecting wards is that occupied by the men. Like the other buildings, this is two stories in height. The lower floor is given over to day-rooms, in which the patients pass most of their waking time when not out of doors. A great chimney forms part of the dividing wall between the two principal rooms, on either side of which is a fireplace. Needless to say, fires are never kindled in the fireplaces. The floors and finish of these rooms, as indeed throughout the building, are of polished cypress wood, and the furniture is of the simplest possible description. On the floor above are the dormitories, with their rows of neat white beds. All the windows are covered with gratings, and the stairways are protected in the same manner. Only the quieter cases are kept in this ward, the more disturbed being at Pierce Farm.



THE BARN AT AUSTIN FARM.

In this connection, it may be said that the patients throughout the hospital are classified according to their mental and physical condition. At present there are three general divisions for each sex: violent, infirm, and quiet demented. Each group is kept more or less apart from the others, and receives the care demanded by its especial needs. There is no separation of the chronic cases from the acute. Indeed this would serve no practical end, since the difference between the two has to do solely with the duration of the malady. Strictly speaking, the acute insane are those having been ill less than a year; the chronic insane those whose sickness has extended through a year or more. The classification at the hospital is necessarily practical rather than scientific.

The other ward joined to the chapel by a covered walk is the double one in the rear extension of the administration building. A few weeks ago, however, this was condemned by the State Board of Insanity as extremely unsafe in case of fire, and will soon be vacated.

Wards C and E are duplicates one of the other. Each has a frontage of one hundred and eighty-seven feet, and a middle wing at the back eighty-five feet deep and thirty-five feet wide. On both floors is a large, central, sunny day-room, from which lead off corridors containing rows of small sleeping-apartments, many of them single rooms. Plants add much to the cheerfulness of the central halls. Each story has its own dining-rooms for patients and attendants. The lower floor of Ward C is used for the most agitated patients, and the shrieks which assail one's ear on entering remind him that he is indeed in a madhouse. The women's infirmary occupies the upper floor. Ward E contains the quieter and generally better grade of patients, and many of its rooms are fitted up by their occupants with considerable taste.



NURSES AND ATTENDANTS AT AUSTIN FARM.



DINNER IN THE CHAPEL, AUSTIN FARM.

Back of the chapel and administration building is the boiler house, the second story of which is given entirely to laundry purposes and has every convenience for washing and ironing. Near by, in pleasing contrast, is a small greenhouse.

Unlike those at Austin Farm, the buildings at Pierce Farm, with the exception of the associate superintendent's house, are all connected and together present a long, imposing frontage. Occupying the centre of the row is the domestic building, which contains the administrative offices; and at the ends are the wards. The latter are identical in plan, each having a width of three hundred and fifty feet, with three wings running back from the rear,—the middle one one hundred and forty feet deep, the side wings seventy-five feet deep. The construction is the same as that of the newer buildings at Austin Farm. On the first floor of the wards is a centrally located hall, from which corridors lead off to day-rooms at the head of the side wings. On the right and left of the corridors are rooms for the isolation of patients. At the end of the side wings are more isolated rooms, and also quarters for attendants. Two dining-rooms are directly back of the main hall in the middle wing, at the rear of which are two small wards of six beds each, with attendants' rooms adjoining, and toilet and bath rooms at the extreme end. Opening out from the day-rooms, in detached towers reached by bridges, are additional toilet accommodations. The



DR. EDWARD B. LANE,
Superintendent.

second story is similar to the first, except that suicidal and sick quarters take the space on this floor utilized by the main hall on the floor below. The associate superintendent's house is a detached wooden structure.

The capacity of Boston's Insane Hospital is one hundred and fifteen men and two hundred and forty women at Austin Farm, and two hundred men at Pierce Farm. The movement of population in the whole institution during the year ending January 31, 1898, may be seen from the following table:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Patients in hospital, Feb. 1, 1897	216	229	445
Admitted	108	145	253
Discharged	68	107	175
Remaining Jan. 31, 1898	256	267	523

As to the nationality of the two hundred and fifty-three admitted in 1897, sixty-one were wholly or partly of American parentage; one hundred and twenty-eight of Irish, and a scattering of Canadian, Newfoundland, English, Scotch, German and Russian.

In respect to occupations they were principally laborers, teamsters, domestics, housekeepers, clerks, school teachers, seamstresses, actors and pedlers—the representatives of the more unskilled employments largely predominating. Fourteen men and forty-eight women had no occupation. Among the probable causes of disease in those admitted were: Heredity, ten; intemperance, thirty-five; senility, thirty-three; syphilis, five; business trouble, three; disappointment, three; domestic trouble, six. In the case of sixty the causes were unknown.

Patients can be received only by order of the Probate or Police Court



A DAY-ROOM AT AUSTIN FARM.

on the representations of two regularly accredited physicians of at least three years' experience. An emergency case, however, may be taken for a period of not longer than five days without a commitment by the court. If a patient must be maintained wholly or in part at the city's expense, there is the further requirement of a legal settlement in Boston. One for whom not less than five dollars a week will be paid is regarded as a private patient, and can be admitted irrespective of his place of settlement. There is no law forbidding the reception of boarders from without the state. Of the five hundred

and seventeen in the institution at the time when the last annual report was issued, four hundred and thirty-nine were supported as city patients and seventy-eight as private patients. Thus nearly one-sixth of the inmates were from classes distinctly above that of the very poor. Some of the boarding patients were paying as much as ten dollars a week.



A CORNER OF THE WOMEN'S DAY-ROOM.

Since the time of the wooden cages for the "furiously mad," Boston has made a great advance in the care of its insane. The revolutionary system introduced by the first superintendent, and so picturesquely described by Dickens, has continued in principle to the present day. Particular methods, it may be supposed, have changed from time to time in accordance with the later attainments of science and with altered conditions; but, from the day when Dr. Butler opened the doors of the cages, insanity, even in its most violent forms, has been looked upon solely as a disease and treated as such. Mechanical restraint is resorted to only in extreme cases. There are days at a time when no patient is in solitary confinement. Camisoles are rarely if ever used.

Within the different wards the inmates move about with the greatest degree of freedom, any tendency to do harm to one's self or to others being quickly checked by the ever present and ever watchful attendants. Not a few enjoy the liberty of the grounds on parole, and occasionally a patient is permitted to go a greater distance unat-



PATIENTS IN THE YARD.



tended. In the chapel dining hall about two hundred and forty men and women sit down together at table, the two sexes occupying different parts of the room. Each person has his own knife and fork, and so far as decorum is concerned there is little to distinguish this assemblage from similar ones in any sane institution.

The prescribed bill of fare throughout the hospital is as follows:

SUNDAY.

Breakfast.—Bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Beans and brown bread, bread, bread pudding, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, gingerbread, tea.

MONDAY.

Breakfast.—Corn cake, bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Bread, corned beef with cabbage, potatoes, turnips or beets, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, prune or apple sauce, tea.

TUESDAY.

Breakfast.—Bread and butter, hash, coffee.
Dinner.—Bread, mutton stew, hominy, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, mutton stew, gingerbread, tea.

WEDNESDAY.

Breakfast.—Baked beans, bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Bread, fish chowder, tea.
Supper.—Hot biscuit, bread and butter, coffee.

THURSDAY.

Breakfast.—Graham bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Roast beef or pork, potatoes, cabbage, bread pudding, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, cheese, tea.

FRIDAY.

Breakfast.—Bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Salt fish with potatoes and beets, Indian pudding, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, cake, tea.

SATURDAY.

Breakfast.—Fish hash, bread and butter, coffee.
Dinner.—Bread, beef stew, tapioca pudding, tea.
Supper.—Bread and butter, beef stew, apple sauce, tea.

This bill of fare is not strictly adhered to, but is improved at various points as circumstances permit. A good deal of fresh fruit, for instance, is provided in its season.

There is a constantly decreasing use of drugs in the institution, more and more reliance being placed upon the therapeutic value of good care, pleasant surroundings, exercise, occupation and diversion.

Patients able to perform manual labor are given employment of some kind in and around the buildings, in the laundry, about the grounds or on the farm. No one is compelled to work. Exercise in the open air is a part of the daily routine whenever the weather is suitable. During the sum-



THE MORNING WALK.



THE INFIRMARY IN THE WOMEN'S BUILDING.

mer many of the quieter inmates pass much of the time sitting out of doors. Occasionally a drive is enjoyed.

A small sum of money, to be spent on amusements, is allowed the hospital each year by the city. Once a month, during the fall, winter and spring, there is a dance in the chapel, to which the men able to attend come over from Pierce Farm. Music is furnished by a small orchestra, and the dancing is participated in by the doctors, nurses and attendants, as well as by the patients. If these occasions differ in any respect from similar ones elsewhere, it is in the greater solemnity of the former. There is little talking among the patients present, and almost no laughter. The dances are gone through stolidly for the most part by the men, and with little show of enjoyment by the women; and yet the spacious, well-lighted and attractive room, the good music and the large company cannot fail to arouse some pleasurable emotions even in the most self-absorbed. Occasionally a dancer meets with some mishap which calls forth a momentary burst of laughter from the on-lookers; for the insane in many cases have a keen sense of humor and derive much amusement from the queer doings of one another.

Alternating with the monthly dances is an entertainment, dramatic or musical, in both branches of the hospital. The pleasure derived from these varies with the temperament and taste of the auditors quite as much as among the sane. Those naturally fond of classical music would enjoy a concert of this character, while others would care but little for it. A play would appeal as differently to different spectators here as elsewhere. Insanity does not necessarily destroy all individuality. Many of the traits, tastes and habits which distinguished one in health may be retained even long after he has fallen a victim to this dread disease.

In an institution of this kind and magnitude, the greatest variety of mental diseases is of course represented. Two of the more common are melancholia and mania. Strangely enough, these are but diverse manifestations of the same pathological conditions. The delusions accompanying the former are of a most painful character, as of some impending calamity which cannot be averted, or of the illness or death of friends. These are but the patient's interpretations of his depressed feelings. Among the melancholiacs most of the really conscious suffering is to be

found. In many cases the anguish is so acute that it cannot be long endured; unless relief comes, death must ensue.

Mania, on the other hand, although only a different degree of psychologic disturbance, carries with it a feeling of elation. The maniac—using the word in its strict sense—thinks of himself as occupying some high social position, or as possessed of boundless wealth or power. He may be the President of the United States, or a Rothschild, or the ruler of the universe.

Perhaps the largest class is that of the deluded insane. These are the so-called crazy, and constitute from one-fourth to one-third of all the inmates. They are distinguished by being mentally alert—morbidly so—and talking and acting queerly.

Almost as numerous as the crazy are the demented, who represent every degree of their particular affliction, from slight loss of mind to complete amentia. The victims of its extreme form are the most pitiful of all to see. Without a ray of intelligence, utterly devoid of all power of initiative, they must be fed and lifted and dressed, and have an existence more truly vegetable than animal.

Nor are those suffering from that gross disease of the brain itself, in distinction from brain function, general paralysis, few in number. Inasmuch as this malady is always fatal, it is a source of consolation to know that the general paralytics are usually happy, often extravagantly so.



A BALL AT AUSTIN FARM.

Among the less frequent cases are those of the so-called "doubting-insanity," or, to use the French term, *folie du doute*. In its outward manifestations, this is nothing more than an extreme form of hesitation, or slowness in making up one's mind. One suffering from it may, for instance, spend half an hour in trying painfully to decide which shoe he will put on first. An interesting form of *folie du doute* occasionally found here is what is known as "imperative conception." As the name implies, its victims are irresistibly impelled to do

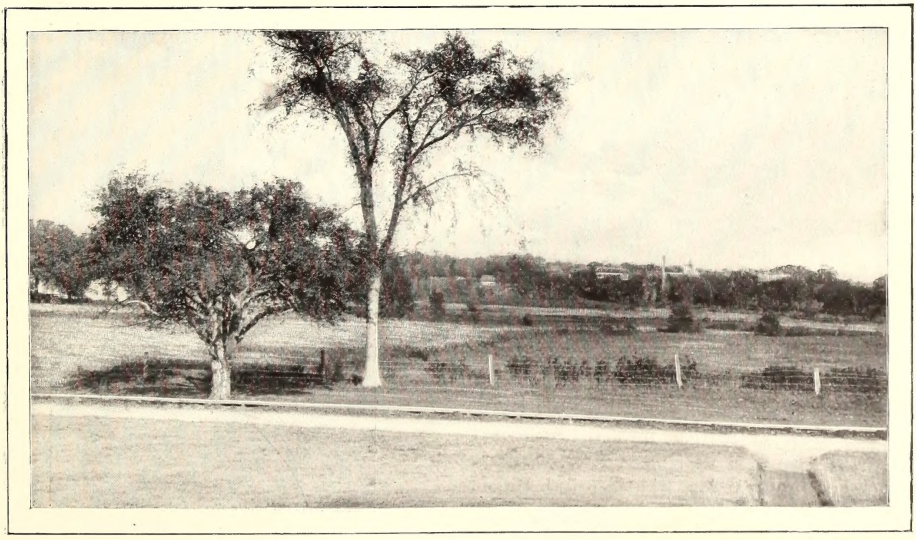


PIERCE FARM FROM AUSTIN FARM.

whatever their fancy suggests, however strange, fantastic or even criminal this may be. A former patient could never enter the dining-room except by walking on the white squares of the checkered oilcloth; another invariably turned a somersault before making his entrance. Often a fixed order in the performance of certain acts is insisted on. One of the patients has to sit on a particular stone each time he comes to it in his daily walk, and, after that, a little farther along, touch a certain section of exposed pipe. If, for any reason, the route is changed so that he comes to the pipe first, he is greatly disconcerted.

Epileptics are gradually being withdrawn from the hospital and placed in special state asylums.

It is a strange company gathered



AUSTIN FARM FROM PIERCE FARM.



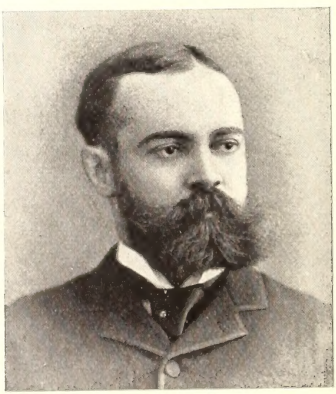
PIERCE FARM.

at Austin and Pierce Farms. Some of the types are most painful to see because of their apparent distress; others, on account of the happy delusions in which they live, merely amuse until their pitiable condition is remembered. A few are revolting, lacking as they do all semblance to rational beings. Here a woman is praying to be let out, that she may join the funeral procession of her parents, which even now is passing the building; there a silent and solemn figure with vacant look is sitting on the very spot where, perhaps, she has sat for years. Pacing up and down the corridor, talking unceasingly in a deep, hoarse voice, is a stout elderly woman with loose white hair. Now and then she breaks out into peals of laughter, apparently at something that she has said. At the end of one of the settles is a small, delicate-looking woman, with refined manner, who describes to whoever will listen the scenes of her early life in Boston, which to the narrator are very real and present. Her parents, she assures the hearer, are still living at the age of one hundred and fifty.

No less varied are the characters in the men's wards. One male patient spends much of his time in writing checks on strips of brown paper for fabulous sums on a well-known bank in London; another sits quite apart from all the rest in the awful isolation made necessary by his fancied belief that he is the highest representative of Deity on earth. Presidents and queens and other great dignitaries and celebrities of both sexes are never wanting at the institution.

Since so many forms of insanity are practically incurable, the percentage of recoveries must of necessity be small. Of those discharged in 1897, thirty-five were cured, thirteen much improved, eleven improved, and thirty-two not improved. Six persons were found to be not insane, and fifty-two died. Thus in the cases of a large majority of its patients the utmost that the hospital can hope for is to afford some comfort and relief.

Herein lies one essential difference between the Insane Hospital and the other city institutions: the Houses of Correction and the almshouses are not first of all asylums for those whom they receive, but places where, in the case of the former, such influences may be brought to bear, and, in the case of the latter, such oppor-



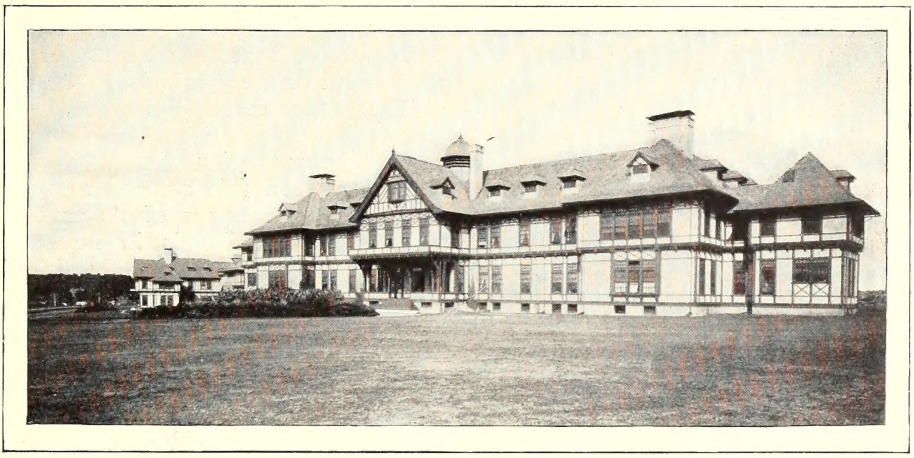
DR. WILLIAM NOYES.
Head Physician at Pierce Farm.

tunities for rest and recuperation may be afforded, as will make them once more useful members of society. The asylum character, even of the almshouses, is, or should be, subordinate to that of moral and physical reformatories. But the Insane Hospital must be first and chiefly a refuge for its inmates so long as they live, if their recovery is out of the question, or at least so long as their friends desire them to remain.

And yet, while those that go out cured are relatively few in number, together they form a considerable company. Once a year many of these find their way back for a social gathering in the chapel with the doctors, attendants, and inmates. The witness that these annual reunions bear to the kindly feeling of former patients toward the hospital becomes the more striking when one takes into account the painful associations which such gatherings must have for the visitors.

Dr. Edward B. Lane, the superintendent, has been connected with the hospital since 1884, with the exception of eighteen months at the state hospital at Northampton. With a view to becoming a specialist in mental diseases he had entered the Harvard Medical School, of which he is a graduate. In 1889 he came to Austin Farm, at that time a ward for chronic patients. His superintendency of this division dates from 1895, and of the entire hospital from July last. In the administration of his office Dr. Lane unites the best traditions of the past in the care of the insane with the later results of scientific inquiry. Associated with Dr. Lane as head physician at Pierce Farm is Dr. William Noyes.

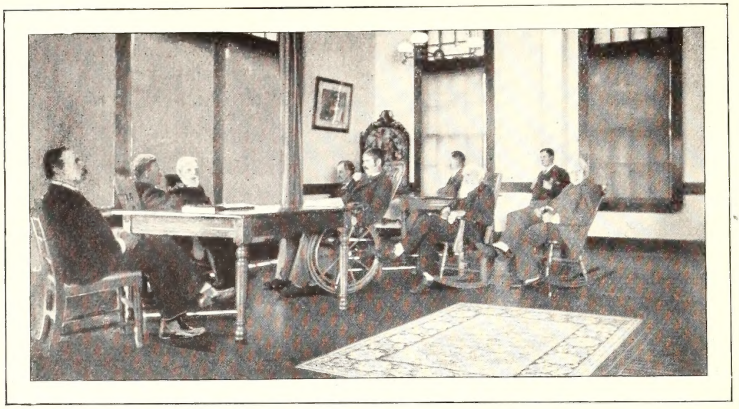
Notwithstanding their extensive buildings, Austin and Pierce Farms can accommodate only a part of Boston's insane. At the beginning of 1898 the rest were distributed as follows:



THE BUILDINGS AT PIERCE FARM.

Danvers Insane Hospital	70
Taunton Insane Hospital	91
Worcester Insane Hospital	96
Worcester Asylum	153
Westborough Insane Hospital	143
Medfield Insane Hospital	218
Tewksbury Asylum	75
Northampton Hospital	1
State Almshouse	1
Insane boarded in families	34
Total	882

In addition to these, twenty-nine criminal insane were at Bridgewater; sixty-seven inebriates at Foxboro; and forty feeble-minded adults at Waverly. No private patients are included in the above figures.



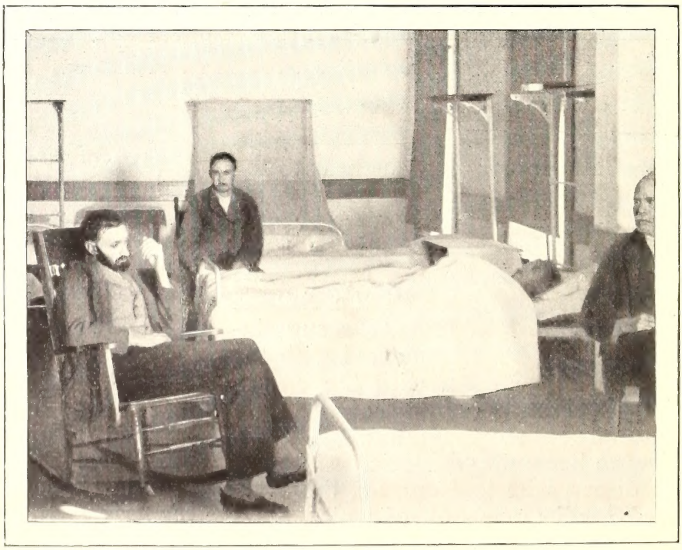
A DAY-ROOM AT PIERCE FARM.

Thus Boston cares for about one-third of its insane at home, and sends two-thirds, for lack of proper accommodations of its own, to the state institutions. One unfortunate result of this policy has been pointed out by Dr. H. C. Baldwin, chairman of the trustees of Boston's Insane Hospital, who says: "It throws the burden upon those least able to bear it, namely, the poorer classes, who must lose their time and money, if they would visit their friends in distant hospitals." In this connection the following words of Mayor Quincy in a recent message to the Board of Aldermen will be read with much satisfaction:

"I am strongly in favor of the policy providing for the care of our own insane within the limits of the city, rather than placing them in state institutions at a distance; but it is, of course, necessary, in order to enable this to be done, that buildings of a proper character should be provided. I trust that an appropriation to build additional buildings of our insane hospital may be passed early during the coming year."

The land already owned by the hospital, together with that in the immediate vicinity which might be purchased, amounts to nearly one thousand acres. Plans of this great tract have been made by the city engineer, assisted by a landscape gardener; and from these plans sketches have been prepared for the further development of the institution.

The proper care of its mentally irresponsible is not the least in importance among the functions of a great city; for upon this as well as upon the proper treatment of its paupers and criminals depends in no small measure the welfare, not only of individuals and families, but of the whole community. How Boston is discharging its duty in this respect it has been the purpose of this article to show.

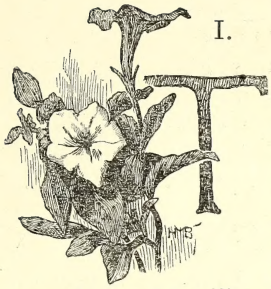


A CORNER OF THE INFIRMARY.

THE TRYING OF FRIEND FOLGER.

By Stanley Edwards Johnson.

I.



THE red November sun was sinking to its rest, warming the russet yellow of the bare corn stalks and spreading a faint illumination over the crimson oak leaves in the grove beyond. In the fast deepening twilight one might have gazed over the farmstead and seen a picture of peace,—the solemn, impressive harmony of the autumn embracing the fields, the pastures and the forests. Yet on turning around the spectator would have viewed a scene of war—an army in the last moments of drill on the frozen parade ground. The first picture was the farm of Friend Folger, lately removed from Nantucket; the other was the camp of Continental soldiers under the command of General Israel Putnam.

It was within a few days of Thanksgiving, in 1778, and our views are in a part of the township of Redding, Connecticut, where General Putnam and his troops spent a winter which was a dull monotone of distress to all, but to a few, with whom our history deals, not without its redeeming incidents.

Abner Folger of the Society of Friends was undergoing the trial of God, as he thought,—for he was a very pious man, and withal a very obstinate one. He had been born and bred on Nantucket island, where, with his wife Mehitabel and his daughter Salome, he had passed the greater number of his thriving days. When the British had made a brief visit to the island and carried off sundry properties, which amounted to $50,000, Friend Abner Folger, inasmuch as a part of the property was his, had judged it was best for him to depart. War was the most hateful thing in the world to his honest but self-willed soul. Like the rest of his brethren, he had maintained a strict neutrality, showing favor to neither tory nor rebel. He was one individual of many who have caused Nantucket to be written in history as a tory town. His character might be described by the word thrift; and many a struggle he waged with his conscience on the one side and his thrift on the other. When the inner battle was over, he may have satisfied himself that his Maker had been the victor; more worldly folks might have taken a different view. At all events, Friend Folger reasoned with himself and decided that it was far from wise to spend these days of wilful and wicked warfare near the sea, giving opportunities for unexpected and expensive visits from the marine of His Majesty's service. He reflected that the war was being mainly waged in the central part of New England, and in New York and New Jersey; so he decided to migrate, with all his worldly possessions, into Connecticut,—a few miles inland. He went to Redding and, as he now concluded, thus stepped from the frying-pan into the fire.

The troops had been but a few days in camp; but in that brief interval a spirit of grave unrest had risen in Friend Folger. In the darkening twilight, we may see him walking slowly from his barn, where he had performed the last offices by securely locking its doors with a brand new

lock, which his thrifty nature had prompted him to make,—for it was a principle with him never to buy what his hands could devise. His eyes were cast to the ground. He would never look toward the camp. The sight of the troops was grievous, and he knew he saw enough without looking. He opened the door of his house, and the light, shining across his tidy door-yard, threw his bulky form into a strong outline. Within his neat kitchen, his wife Mehitabel sat knitting in front of the glowing coals on the hearth, while Salome was removing the coarse wheaten cakes from the brick oven and was about to take the baked potatoes from the ashes. Friend Folger removed his coat and warmed his hands in the warm effulgence of the fire.

"Wife," he said, "does thee still sit sadly longing for thy island home?"

As she looked up, one could see the signs of tears. "O Abner!" she moaned, "what can we have done that God should try us so? Thee could not have planned it worse if thee had tried."

"Thee should not blame me, Mehitabel, for General Putnam's coming. Neither should thee complain of God. We little understand the ways of Providence; but we do know, if we believe as we profess, that what has been foreordained we must endure,—and it little becomes us to take our lot in bitterness. Let us rather put on a serene face, and in soberness of thought accept what comes to us."

This little homily was interrupted by Salome, who announced in her strong, sweet voice that supper was ready. The meal was eaten in silence. The trials of Friend Folger had not yet affected his appetite, and he ate the fruit of his hands with a zest born of toil. Daily he had labored about his farm, during the spring and summer; and although he was better trained to trim the sails of a whaler, he had done excellently, as his well-filled barns and bountifully stored cellars could testify. He had a fine flock of fat sheep, several good cows, two yoke of oxen, pigs, poultry,—and, above all, he had observed Shakespeare's injunction and even in these troubled days had "put money in his purse." Untrained as he was in the art of agriculture, he had shown his neighbors what he could do by a tireless industry. They, on the other hand, had made some efforts to make fun of his Quaker ways; but when they had seen what he could do, their feelings changed to jealousy. Still they would sometimes hint that he was more of a sea-dog than a land-lubber.

Salome had at once become interested in everything about her. Her open ways made it an easy matter for her to become acquainted with the families of the adjoining farmers. She was a blonde with a fresh pink complexion, which made her very attractive in her garb of gray. In the depths of her gray, wimpled bonnet gleamed two blue eyes, which shone brightly in the shadow and were half mirthful and half serious. Her twenty years had taught her many things that Friend Folger had never learned; and her tendency toward the world had given both the father and the mother many anxious hours. Now that she was far away from the influence of the Friends' meetings, she was still further from their manner of looking at life, and was one of the other trials which God in His providence had deemed fit for the trying of Friend Folger.

Salome was trim and lithe of figure, and she possessed a constant exuberance of joyousness, which suffered a constant suppression in her home. It was not strange that she should pine to be among the young people of the region; and her expedients and excuses for getting away frequently strained the wits of her parents, until they succumbed and she had her way.

"I wish to go to Rachel Todd's this evening, father," she broke in upon the silence of the supper table. "There is to be a working bee there

this evening, and I promised her I would come." She was too wise to say that the object of the gathering was to sew for the Continental soldiers in General Putnam's army. This would have nipped her evening's pleasure in the bud.

"Thee should make no rash promises, my daughter. Thee has been taught to make no plans without thy parents' consent. It is not well for thee to associate with the worldly folk,—and thee knows there are none other here."

"But thee also knows, father, that one must have friends," she answered petulantly, "and thee would surely not keep me a prisoner."

"Above all things thy father's wishes should be law for thee; and I cannot understand, my daughter, how thee can trouble him when thee knows he has enough to bear," the mother broke in gently.

This brought the tears to Salome's eyes; but they were hardly tears of sympathy. It was her last weapon, and was usually deadly in its effect. Her father moved nervously in his chair.

"Well, if thee must, I suppose thee must, and if thee goes I desire thee to return early."

Salome's tears were soon dried, and as she sang to herself, she imagined many pictures of her evening's pleasure, which would have scandalized her parents if they had seen them too.

II.

Salome hastened about her work, and it was soon finished. She set forth gayly on her way, and her light footsteps fell crisply on the November snow. Rachel Todd's home was a half mile beyond her own; but a strong sympathy had been felt in the Todd household for the lonely girl, and while they were disgusted with the thrifty neutrality of her father, they had really learned to love the girl. The Todds were ardent workers for the cause of liberty, and were among the closest of the friends of General Putnam. In the years before the war they had been eminently successful farmers, and were now liberally giving their wealth to support the tottering cause of the Continentals. The troops under General Putnam had a hard winter before them. The sufferings of Washington's troops at Valley Forge were being repeated at Redding. General Putnam presided over three camps in the township, filled with poorly fed, poorly clothed men, many of them discouraged and almost on the point of deserting the cause for which they had fought against great odds.

Every week the whole neighborhood met and sewed for the soldiers. A bright fire burned on the hearth, and cider and apples were given as entertainment. It was a gay company, and dearly Salome loved to go there. There was no merrier laugh than hers and no quicker wit. Now and then General Putnam, when he did not return to his tavern at Pomfret, would join the company, and the gathering was made the more lively by his presence. Sometimes he would come with some of the officers of the army, and while the others sat sewing, Mr. Todd and his guests sat about the fire and discussed the war over their long church-warden pipes and mugs of cider. General Putnam was a very genial guest, despite his severe treatment of deserters and others who came into conflict with his will. In the camp he was an intrepid general, whose presence brought fear and obedience; but at Mr. Todd's he became the tavern-keeper and told stories and cracked jokes to the pleasure of all. His tavern over in the near-by town of Pomfret was a famous resort, and the traveller generally planned to be there rather than at any other hostelry on the way to New York, to listen to his tales of the French and Indian war, told with a becoming modesty, yet with a vividness which held the listener spellbound. "Old Put" had also an eye for the beautiful, and was much at-

tracted to Salome. He jibed her mercilessly about her Quaker ways, and made many remarks about her father, which, strangely enough, she did not resent, although her filial duty should have prompted her to do so.

"So your father does not approve of war, my pretty Thee-and-Thou! How does it happen that he lets you come and sew for us?"

Salome flushed a little, but answered bravely: "'Tis not well to tell all one does, even to one's parents."

The general laughed heartily. "We would not call that good discipline in camp. But tell me, do you hate war and love liberty at the same time? I wish you would tell me how to gain the one without the other. You would quickly see me send home the troops and return to my tavern in Pomfret. I have loved a good fight ever since, as a boy, I thrashed the Boston lad who laughed in my face, and shot that she-wolf over in Pomfret. Yet I feel I've had enough, and would gladly take mine ease in my tavern, as does our gray-coated friend, thy father, near my camp."

"My father would be much rejoiced to have thee; and I am sure no one in this township would bid thee a heartier God-speed," the girl answered.

With this the colloquy ended, and the general, having quaffed his cider, turned to the fire and lighted his pipe with a coal. A tall, handsome young man, Lieutenant Manning, aid on General Putnam's staff, saw his opportunity, and came to Salome's side.

"Does it not trouble your conscience, Mistress Salome, to sew for soldiers,—and you a gray little Quakeress?" he said.

"One would suppose thee was a Friend at meeting, so anxious does thee seem to care for the consciences of others," the girl answered. "If I should tell thee that it mattered little to me for whom I sewed, since I am enjoying the company, perhaps thee would not think so much of my effort. I must confess myself that I have but little regard for those who shed man's blood."

But the young man hardly listened to her words, he was so intent on the sweet young face. He was from New York. He was well born. He had given his heart to the cause of the Colonists, while the others in his household had long since joined the refugees in Canada. He had no relatives whom he could now call friends, since he had been a participant in the pulling down of the statue of King George. He had fought with Putnam with all the courage of one who cared nothing for his own life. Having been deprived so long of the social gayeties which had made so large a share of his life in New York, he found it refreshing to sit beside this young beauty, who seemed to have an instinctive knowledge of the art of repartee and parried his thrusts so deftly.

"You must come to camp some day, and let me show you some real soldiers. You will find they are not so terrible after all."

Salome's eyes lighted with pleasure. "It would be a delight to see the camp," she said; "but my father would never allow that. He declares he will never look in that direction as long as they remain."

"Had I the honor of your father's acquaintance," the young officer answered, "I could advise him that it would be well for him to look out for our men, even if he does not enjoy looking at the encampment. I regret to say that their acts during the night are not always commendable. Your father has some cattle and poultry, I presume?"

"Oh, yes," the girl answered, without thought. "We are very proud of our fat oxen and plump capons. But surely soldiers are not thieves?" she asked, anxiously, guessing his meaning.

"Well, I can hardly say as to that," he answered. "You know that in time of war we take a different view of such things, although some of your

farmers may not. I understand that some of them have begun to quarter their cattle in their cellars. As I look upon you as a friend, I would advise you to tell your father to put his fattest oxen under the kitchen. Our soldiers dearly love a barbecue, and where a fat ox is concerned, they are not apt to inquire whether the owner be a tory or a rebel—or even whether he remains neutral."

Salome had been bidden to depart from the company early, and, fearful lest she should abuse the privileges she had been given, she now rose to take her leave. The gentlemen also stood, and as she started to the door Lieutenant Manning offered to escort her across the snowy fields. Salome accepted readily, little thinking that it would be disastrous if she were discovered by her father in the company of one of General Putnam's aids.

Lieutenant Manning was in no haste. In fact, he had desired to be alone with Salome, with whom he found conversation so agreeable. So interesting, indeed, was this conversation, that they had passed Salome's home before they knew it. Then, as they approached the house, they saw the face of Abner Folger framed in the small panes. Its expression was anything but assuring to Salome. He nervously beckoned for her to enter quickly. The moon, so often a friend to young strollers, was hardly one in this case.

"Thee must not come," she said, as she hastened ahead and Lieutenant Manning started to follow.

"Tell your father that, if I am a soldier and fight for the freedom of my fatherland, I am a gentleman and as prompt to my duties to women."

Abner Folger's face was a study of rage as he opened the door. Tugging savagely at Salome's arm, he pulled her into the room as a lion would drag his prey into his lair. Manning burned with indignation as he saw the ungracious act; and if the germs of love had been sown in his heart that night, other seeds fell there too.

"To thy room, daughter. I desire not to talk with thee in anger. Thee may remain in thy room to-morrow morning, and I will visit thee."

Salome retired without response, and her head lay restlessly on her pillow. It was not the unrest of a contrite heart. Constantly she beheld before her the tall, handsome form of Lieutenant Manning. She thrilled over the memory of things she had listened to as he had walked beside her over the snow. She had seen a new life in his account of his days in New York before the war. She had felt a bond of sympathy when he told her of his broken home and how little he had to cheer him. Then she thought of what she must face in the morning; and it seemed to her that their lots were not unlike. In spite of all, she was happy; and when sleep at last closed her eyelids, it left a smile of sweetness on her face.

She slept only to be rudely awakened. There was a sound of axes cleaving wood, on the freezing air. Salome sat up in her bed; and her first thought was for her father's cattle. She crept to her window. She had guessed right. A gang of Continental soldiers had broken into the barn, and were driving a yoke of fat red oxen over the snow. Half a dozen others were holding her father struggling and vainly protesting that he was neutral and had no malice against the troops. He was only jeered at in response; and when the oxen were well on their way, he was released and entered the house. For the first time in his life, he felt that he would like to own a musket.

III.

All that Salome had expected she received in full measure the next morning. She understood her father well, and knew that in the absence of other persons to blame for his loss, she would be obliged to suffer a double chastisement.

"I have brought thee no food, this morning," he began. "If it has come

to me, with other trials, that I shall have a Jezebel for a daughter, I will be the instrument of God and see to it that she is well punished. Thee may consider thyself a prisoner; and thee shall have prison fare. It was never the lot of a Folger to be disowned; but were thee to act thus on the island of Nantucket, thee would soon bring not only thyself, but the good name of thy people, to disgrace. For that alone it is perhaps fortunate that I have moved. Thee may tell me now who it was I saw with thee in uniform, last evening, and how I have lost a yoke of fat oxen, taken from me before my eyes in a land where there is neither law nor respect for honest people who earn their bread by the sweat of their brows and not by war or theft."

Salome turned to her father with a look of pity. His face was pinched, and his fingers were working nervously as he stared at her with angry eyes.

"Thee shall know all," she said. "I was at Mr. Todd's house last night, where were several gathered to sew for the soldiers. And I—I will not lie to thee—I sewed too. When I started to go home, Lieutenant Manning, who is an aid of General Putnam's, and a gallant gentleman, offered me escort,—which I accepted. He told me to tell you he was a gentleman; and I am sure he has done nothing which he would consider wrong. And that he wishes you no harm I know; for he told me to advise you to quarter your cattle in the cellar,—for he could not restrain the soldiers from feeding on fat oxen. Thee may do to me as thee thinks best; but I wish thee to know that Lieutenant Manning is a man of honor, and that I—admire him—very much."

The old man shook with rage. "So this is thy high sense of honor,—that an officer should see his men steal the property of honest men, and make no objection? Thee has fallen, indeed, my daughter. Thee may expect to attend no more bees after this. And as for General Putnam's soldiers, they may think to steal my property unscathed,—but I'll have the satisfaction of a word with General Putnam, and he shall know what I think of such acts and how men whose code of honor is derived from God regard stealing; for taking property from men *is* stealing, no matter how it may be done. I shall go at once to General Putnam's headquarters; and I shall ask him, among other things, to see that Lieutenant Manning practise no more of his gentleman ways on thee."

He was soon on the way to the general's headquarters on Umpawaug Hill. He found him chatting with his aids, in whose number was the courteous Manning. As he stood, with his hat on, before Putnam, the latter was inclined to claim the privilege of his rank; but the sweet face of Salome Folger crossed his memory, and he waived the ceremony.

"I am Friend Abner Folger of the island of Nantucket, lately master of the brigantine 'Mehitabel Folger,' which was a lucky whaler, and has made me good money." He bit his lip at this slip; he had no intention of telling of his money. It was not unnoticed, however; and as General Putnam removed his church-warden from his lips, he said:

"Which money I should hope you would devote to the cause of the colonies, so that we may soon have peace, and the 'Mehitabel Folger' may catch more whales. I can tell you, my man, that it would pay you in the end."

"Not a farthing!" Abner Folger exclaimed. "We do not believe in war; it is against the teaching of our sect, which prompts us that to resist is against the law of God."

"And as I suppose you are a man of God," the general answered, "you have naturally not come to object to the act of a few of my soldiers last night!"

"I have not come to discuss matters of religion," Abner replied,

"but to say that I desire thee to keep the hands of thy men off my property. In Nantucket we informed the soldiers of His Majesty that we were neutral and would have no hand in the resistance of his government. I have now to inform thee that, having had a taste of what neutrality means to the British soldiers, when they visited Nantucket island, I have come to say that I feel no malice or resistance to the acts of the Continental Congress. The Friends only await the outcome of the war, when they will obey the government which God imposes upon them."

"You are indeed a clever people, and it takes a nimble man to balance long upon the fence. I hope, my friend, you will not have to remain in such an uncomfortable position long." His rosy face wrinkled with a smile that was not pleasing to the man in gray.

"I have but one more request to make," Abner continued. "There was a certain young officer of thy army with my daughter Salome last evening. I desire that thee will tell him that I wish her to have the acquaintance of no men, especially officers in thine or any other army, and that if he is a gentleman he will respect a father's wishes."

Lieutenant Manning had been an interested listener; but at the mention of his name in connection with Salome his face flushed. He came forward, addressing the general.

"With your permission, General Putnam, I would like to speak to this man." Putnam nodded his head. "I have been taught, sir, never to fail in showing courtesy to ladies; and since your daughter is a lady, I must take the liberty of warning you that in a similar instance I shall regard it as my duty to show her the courtesy which is due to her."

"Thee will not be troubled by the need of doing so again. It has become my duty to visit punishment upon my daughter, and thee will not be hampered again by the necessity of showing her to her home."

With this he rose to go. The general also rose, saying: "I am sorry that I am not able to pay you for your loss. Had we greater resources, it would be possible for me to pay you. But as we are unable to give the soldiers much fresh meat, we can only warn those so fortunate as to possess fat oxen that they had better keep them beyond the reach of Continental troops."

As Abner turned away, General Putnam turned his glance towards Lieutenant Manning. "Your little Thee-and-Thou appears to be a prisoner of war; and as it appears you are a large instrument in her trials, I trust you will indeed prove as much of a gentleman as you are a soldier. I am inclined to place you in command of a troop to capture the maid and teach her father a lesson in the proper government of young women of twenty."

The lieutenant was in no joking mood. There were new emotions rising in him. The pitiable condition of the girl was changing admiration into love. He felt he must in some way send her a note to express his sorrow in being the cause of her imprisonment. Then if she would accept assistance he felt that he could save her from her father. He sat down at his table, and Cupid guided the pen which wrote:

"My Dear Young Friend:

"I should find it difficult to tell you how deeply I regret being the means of causing you to become a prisoner in your own home. Your father and myself have been trained in different schools. What seems cruel to me appears to him a duty. But without further words I wish to offer you my assistance, which I long to have you do me the honor to accept. You have friends, who will be glad to aid me. Thus if you remain long a prisoner it is not because you are obliged to. One word more,—I am asking this favor for my own sake as well as yours.

"Your most obedient and concerned servant, "MAURICE MANNING."

This note having been written and addressed, Manning went about his duties until evening. Then he went

again to Mr. Todd's house, where he suffered not a little from the wit of his general. The company worked until long into the night; then as they started homeward, the lieutenant walked alone in a different direction. He knew that he had a difficult task; but he had noted on the evening of his adventure that a light soon appeared at a certain window; and he resolved to take the chance of this being the room where Salome slept. Finding a ladder in the barn, he raised it cautiously and, mounting, pushed the note through the lattice.

IV.

Salome's day had been a hard one. Her father returned from his visit angered as he never had been by a mutinous sailor: in that case he could wreak his vengeance by tying the sailor to the mast and giving him his "three dozen" with the "cat." But in this case Salome was his only victim. As his anger surged in his heart, he visited her room again and again. She heard sermons enough to last her for a year; for the "spirit moved him" to speak incessantly. At last Salome's pity turned to anger. At night she fell into a fit of weeping, and moaned herself to sleep. When she was wakened by the first flush of dawn, she saw the white paper on the red of her rag carpet. In a moment she was sitting up in bed, reading it. Her sweet pale face grew red as she turned the sheet. It was ointment to her sore heart, and she lay, with her eyes wide open, in a multitude of happy reflections. Yet, she thought, he had said nothing which definitely answered to the song of love which was sounding within her. Then she thought of her father and the suffering before her if she did not accept the proffered assistance. She resolved to send an answer; but how to send it puzzled her. When the morning wore on, her mother came with her breakfast. She would have comforted the girl had she dared to do so. Her father came and preached, —and then Salome decided that she could endure it no longer. The twilight came, but she had yet devised no means to communicate with Lieutenant Manning. But in some way she believed that he would know her answer and that he would come. So deep was this feeling, that she remained sitting up in her room, and after her father and mother had retired she made a few simple preparations for departure. Then she sat quietly in the darkness and waited. How long those minutes seemed! She could hear the old clock echoing through the silent house; ages seemed to pass between its strokes. As the night cold strengthened, she could hear the snapping in the rocky cliff above the camp. It seemed to say that her lover was coming. Then she began to feel other sounds, rather than to hear them; and at last there was a gentle scraping at her lattice. She went to the window, and there was the ladder, and an ascending figure. She recognized Lieutenant Manning.

"Will you come?" he breathed.

"Yes," she answered.

Half an hour later she was in the home of the Todds. Rachel received her with a soul overflowing with sympathy, and Salome wept joyful tears. The good friends left her with Manning, drinking her cup of tea beside the bright fire which crackled comfortingly. She made no effort to thank him. When she thought of speaking, she seemed dumb, and not a word could she utter. When he drew a chair to her side and took her hand she made no resistance. The crisis of her life had come, and she was overcome with the thought that she would have to choose one of two paths that night.

It was a simple matter after all, although it had seemed so hard for both. "Salome, do you love me? Will you be my wife?" "Yes," she said, and responded to the pressure of his hand.

In the parish records of the Rev.

Nathaniel Bartlett, pastor of the church at Redding, eight marriages between soldiers in General Putnam's camp and the young women in the surrounding country are entered. One of these entries, on Thanksgiving morning, read: "I joined in marriage, Lieutenant Maurice Manning, Aid to General Putnam, and Salome Folger."

The trying of Friend Folger had been indeed severe. He found his daughter's room empty. His impotent rage led him to many violent acts, but his efforts to accomplish the return of his daughter were vain. He returned to the island of Nantucket, with his heartbroken wife. She was not allowed to see Salome. The smelting of the iron which hid the gold in his nature was not to be accomplished for many years. As he was sinking to his end, in his old age, his heart mellowed, and he longed for his daughter. There was a sweet and pathetic homecoming. Friend Folger's dimming eyes saw with a new light; and when he was moved to forgive and bless his child, the ways of Providence appeared not so hard and cruel after all.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE historical and literary associations of New England become of ever deeper interest to our people as the years go on. Our own experience in the conduct of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE during these ten years has been a continuous, growing revelation of the varied significance, charm and wealth of New England history, literature and life. The more one works in the stimulating, fertile field, the more fertile it appears; and the problem of the editor of a New England magazine is the problem of embarrassment of riches —the multiplicity of attractive and important New England subjects knocking at the door, for which in our limited quarters adequate hospitality is so difficult. The old Indian life, the romance of the yet unbroken forest, the coming of the Pilgrim, the Puritan day, the solemn religious story, the drama of the Revolution, with a declaration of independence in every New England town meeting, the fortunes of the farm, the village, the church, the school, the factory, the great golden age of American literature, when the Old Corner Bookstore was haunted by a dozen men entitled to "a peerage or Westminster Abbey," the antislavery time, when Faneuil Hall echoed with the eloquence of Phillips and Garrison and Parker and Sumner as it had echoed in the older day with the strong defiance of Adams and Otis and Warren, the beauty of the rock-bound coast, of the Connecticut and the Merrimack, of Berkshire and the woods of Maine, of the White Mountains and the Green,—how full of meaning and of fascination all to the New England heart and to the strangers who, in multiplying numbers, in the summer days, turn New England-ward!

* * *

A striking witness to this perennial and deepening interest in New England is furnished at the present moment by the simultaneous appearance of two books devoted to New England historical places and associations, prepared for the special use of the pilgrim to New England, prepared

quite independently of each other, prepared alike with noteworthy thoroughness and enthusiasm, and published alike in most charming form, both with a great wealth of carefully chosen illustrations.

The two books are "Historic Towns of New England," edited by Lyman P. Powell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), and "Historic Pilgrimages in New England," by Edwin M. Bacon (Silver, Burdett & Co.). Mr. Bacon's book is intended specifically, as its title indicates, for the historical pilgrim, is much the more strictly a guidebook; yet Mr. Powell's book, the larger and costlier of the two, had distinctly a pilgrimage incitement and birth. Mr. Powell, who was for some time a university extension lecturer in Philadelphia, may properly be called the father of the historical pilgrimage idea in America, although before him some of our school people had utilized visits to local historical places for educational ends. In the summer of 1894, Mr. Powell organized a pilgrimage in the footsteps of Washington. A large number of teachers and others responded to his invitation, and he conducted the enthusiastic company on a fortnight's trip, which, beginning at Philadelphia, took in Hartford, Boston, Cambridge, Lexington, Concord, Salem, Plymouth, Newburg, West Point, Tarrytown, Tappan, New York, Princeton and Trenton. The pilgrimage awakened unusual interest in every place which it touched; in many of the places the pilgrims were welcomed in large meetings, with addresses by local historical scholars; and the undertaking gave an impulse to the pilgrimage idea as a thing of important educational value which has grown stronger with each succeeding year. The Old South pilgrimages, which have now become a regular annual feature of the Old South work and have proved so remarkably attractive and successful, joined in each of the last two years by six hundred people young and old, owed their inauguration directly to Mr. Powell's enterprise. And to this enterprise we owe this new book on "Historic Towns of New England." The pilgrimage set Mr. Powell to thinking more and more about historic places. Why not edit a series of volumes, he presently asked himself, on "American Historic Towns"; and this volume on "New England Historic Towns" is perhaps the first of such a series.

Indeed Mr. Powell intimates that he may devote another book to other historic towns in New England itself. "Adequate reasons," he says in his preface, "which need not be stated here, have made it advisable to omit Lexington, Groton, Portsmouth, the Mystic towns, and other towns which would naturally be included in a later volume on New England towns, in case the publication should be continued." Mr. Morris, in his comprehensive and sympathetic introductory chapter, refers incidentally to other towns which would naturally be included in such a volume. "Northampton will ever be a Mecca because of the identification of Jonathan Edwards with the town." He might have added that Stockbridge will ever be a Mecca by reason of similar identification, as well as because of its conspicuous relation to the cause of early Indian education and its interest in later time as the home of the versatile and brilliant Field family. "Litchfield, Connecticut," he says, "is famous as the birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher, and if one wishes flash-light pictures of New England ecclesiastical and social life at the beginning of this century, let one read the autobiographic records of Lyman, Henry Ward, Harriet and Catherine E. Beecher." Very much more might have been said of Litchfield. Its Wolcott days were even greater than its Beecher days. Seldom indeed has there been in a little country town a society so virile and so intellectual as that in Litchfield at the time of the Revolution. "She would grace any court in Europe," said an

admiring British officer of Miss Wolcott, to a sturdy Connecticut patriot, at a ball in New York following the declaration of peace. "Sir," rejoined the man of Connecticut, "she is an ornament to Litchfield Hill!" It was no common man or woman who could shine conspicuously on Litchfield Hill in 1776. The place of Litchfield in the history of American legal education was unique. And the town owed its strong, proud position not to the exceptional Wolcott or Beecher, but to the thrift, devotion, self-sacrifice and self-reliance of its average citizenship, the men and women whose strong, sterling qualities Horace Bushnell, himself a son of the old town, d lineated with such rare insight and fidelity in his "Age of Homespun."

Pomfret, Connecticut, the home of Israel Putnam, is also surely a "historic town"; so is New London, with its Fort Griswold; so are Springfield and Pittsfield and Hadley and Williamstown and Bennington and Londonderry and Newburyport. "And think," writes Mr. Chadwick, himself a loyal son of the quaint old town by the sea, "of a book on historic New England towns, leaving out Marblehead!"

These are some of the lacks which will be supplied by Mr. Powell's second New England volume, which we trust will be insured by the warm welcome of this first one. The historic towns taken up in this are Portland, old Rutland, Massachusetts, Salem, Boston, Cambridge, Concord, Plymouth, Cape Cod Towns, Deerfield, Newport, Providence, Hartford and New Haven. The book is a coöperative book, the various towns being treated by various writers. Colonel Higginson and Dr. Hale contribute the two chapters upon Boston, the only town which has two chapters; Mr. Frank B. Sanborn writes upon Concord; the veteran George Sheldon, upon Deerfield; and the other chapters are by writers similarly identified with their respective subjects. A general introduction is supplied by Mr. George P. Morris of the *Congregationalist*.

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There is not in the book a more valuable or more interesting chapter than this introductory one; and the distinctive features of New England history and character have seldom anywhere been better summed up. The significance of the New England town meeting in the development of New England character itself and in the general development of democracy is dwelt upon through several forcible and luminous pages. The place of the church and school and factory and railroad and public library in the New England town—each is studied most usefully and justly. "The New England States still lead in reformatory legislation. New England's approval or disapproval of ideas affecting national destiny still has weight with Congress and Presidents altogether disproportionate to the number of her representatives in Congress or her votes in the Electoral College. . . . It is from the thrifty, prosperous, philanthropic New Englander that the treasuries of the great Protestant missionary and educational societies receive their largest average per capita gifts; and it is to New England that the steps of the Western and Southern educator still turn for endowments which his state may not, or the people cannot, or do not, give." The influence of New England in the South and West is carefully traced. "Millions of dollars have gone from New England for the founding and support of such institutions as Berea College, Atlanta University, Hampton Institute, Fisk University and Tuskegee Institute. Three New Englanders, George Peabody of Danvers, Massachusetts, John F. Slater of Norwich, Connecticut, and Daniel Hand of Guilford, Connecticut, have given between them $5,100,000 in bequests or donations for the establishment or assistance of

schools, colleges and training schools for teachers in the South. The Peabody Education Fund, from 1868 to 1897, distributed in the South, from its income alone, a sum amounting to $2,478,527."

Into the states of the great West New England has gone to such an extent that, as we have said more than once in these pages, there is to-day more of New England west of the Hudson River than east of it. "Its best blood and brawn," says Mr. Morris, "have gone to found commonwealths ranging from the Alleghany to the Sierra Nevada mountains." He pays high tribute to Rufus Putnam, Manasseh Cutler and Nathan Dane, the Massachusetts men who pushed through Congress the Ordinance of 1787, and shows how the pioneers from New England who founded Ohio and other western states carried with them everywhere the public school, the academy and the college. Garfield used to say that, to see the pure type of the New England village since the era of factory life has come in New England itself, one needs to go to the remoter, quiet places in the Western Reserve. "To see the American college town in all its pristine simplicity and beauty," says Mr. Morris with very considerable warrant after picturing the changes in the standards of living even in such smaller New England colleges as Amherst, Williams and Dartmouth, "one now has to go to the new New England, and visit such institutions as Oberlin, Beloit, Knox, Iowa, and Colorado colleges." Mr. Morris's essay is nowhere better than in the pages devoted to education. "The New Englander," he says, "is convinced that it pays to be educated, and to have educated neighbors and children." His tribute to the four New England men whose influence upon American education in our time has been so conspicuously greater than that of any others is a terse and pregnant passage to be treasured:

"Subtract from the history of education in the United States, during the latter half of the century just closing, the influence of four men, Horace Mann, Henry Barnard, Charles William Eliot and William Torrey Harris, and you take from it the best that it stands for to-day. All of these men were born in New England. All were reformers. All showed great administrative ability. All lived to see their radical views find general acceptance. Horace Mann did his greatest work in remodelling the public school system of Massachusetts. Barnard did a similar work in Connecticut, Rhode Island and Wisconsin, but his greatest service to the cause of education was his masterly editing of the *American Journal of Education* from 1855 to 1881. Eliot has transformed the curriculum of Harvard, the oldest university of the North, has resolutely contended for the largest measure of election by the student in his selection of studies, his personal conduct and his personal attitude toward God, and he has made 'Veritas' in very truth the appropriate motto of the leading American institution of learning. Harris, as an interpreter of the philosophy of education, both in his many writings and more numerous addresses, has lifted the popular conception of the profession of teaching to a loftier and more rational plane, while his control of the United States Bureau of Education since 1889 has given it a standing abroad and a measure of utility at home which it is gratifying to contemplate."

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A centre of educational influence for the whole country, the feeder and former preëminently of the West, New England's interest and zealous activity have transcended the limits of America and been, to a degree second to those of no other point on the planet, world-wide. We remember a word of Dr. Hale's in the first number of the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE: "The New Englander is now to be found in all parts of the world, and the ideas which have made New England what it is have extended into all parts of the civilized world. There is not a written constitution in the world, down to those as late as that of Bulgaria or of Orange Free State, but the careful reader finds in it weapons or armor which were first forged in the New England workshops. The New Englander again inherits the roving disposition of his

Norman ancestry. 'He hungers for the horizon.' We have all in our blood the desire to establish something new. These lines will be read therefore by New Englanders on every coast, of the Pacific, of the Atlantic, and of all other oceans. They will be read in Australia, in the Samoan Islands, in Niphon, and in Alaska. They will be read in every capital of Europe and of Asia." We think it was Mr. Stead who recently said in the London newspapers, returning from a careful study of the East, that Robert College has done more to break up the rigidity and torpor of the East and to advance through the whole large circle of its influence the cause of freedom and of progress than was done by the Crimean war and everything connected with it. Every one of the vigorous young Bulgarian political reformers who had taken leading part in helping on the independence of Bulgaria had been students of Robert College, that New England institution by the Bosphorus. This is a thing worth repeating often to those who prate in these days about New England's provincialism and insularity. One Robert College in Manila or in San Juan is, for every purpose of police and progress, worth a dozen gunboats terrorizing unfortunate men, stumbling and struggling upward, with the gospel of Joseph Chamberlain and Cecil Rhodes. The New Englander has been the great expansionist of the century; but to his eternal praise it can be said that he has mixed expansion with conscience and has perceived more clearly than most other men that the time has come in the world when the fitting and efficient instrument of expansion and sovereignty is education and not subjugation, not gunboats, but ideas. Rufus Putnam and his New England farmers were the first to stand up when the great Northwest was to be settled, and say, "Send us!" But they would not be sent, they would not go, however great their own needs or however loud the call, until the land was pledged to freedom. And to-day, with enterprise and daring greater even than a hundred years ago, with a hunger for the horizon greater still, the New Englander lays his hand down firmly when he is exhorted to ventures compromised with tyranny and with reaction, and exclaims in the old Puritan word which in New England at least has not yet gone out of fashion: "It is not safe to do anything against conscience, but with conscience."

Mr. Morris does not fail to furnish good words to meet the foolish charge of New England narrowness. Not that he had any thought of meeting it, but that no comprehensive survey like his of New England character and interests could help meeting it. Of New England's world-wide educational influence he has this to say: "The educational system of Honolulu is based on New England models. Robert College, near Constantinople, has spread the principles of Christian democracy in church and state, as they are held by New Englanders, throughout Bulgaria and the Balkan States, and given ideals to the Young Turkey party in the land where the Sultan is dominant. The Huguenot Seminary in South Africa was distinctly modelled after Mount Holyoke Seminary, and its first teaching staff was made up of New England women educated at Mount Holyoke. Wherever American Protestant missionaries have gone and established schools and colleges in Asia, Africa or Europe, almost invariably the master spirits, the men and women who have given character to, and established the ideals of, the institutions, have been graduates of the New England colleges and academies, even if not New England born."

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Turning again the pages of this book, so attractive to the New Englander, we find many passages marked which we had meant to make texts

for dissertation. We had marked Colonel Higginson's word upon the golden age of our literature, when such men as Emerson, Parker, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Sumner, Agassiz, Parkman, Whipple, Hale, Aldrich and Howells might easily be met in a day in Boston. "If we consider," he says, "how much of American literature is represented by these few names, it is evident that, if Boston was never metropolitan, it at least had a combination of literary ability such as no larger American city has yet rivalled." We had marked the fine passage in Mr. Eliot's chapter on Cambridge, picturing the founding of the college in 1636. "This is the significant act that marks the distinction between the Puritan colony and all pioneer settlements based on material foundations. For a like spirit under like circumstances history will be searched in vain." We had marked the strong page in Mr. Sanborn's chapter which shows how our fathers in 1775 were engaged not in a French Revolution but an English one:

"This was peaceful revolution," he says, speaking of the firm resolutions of the Concord convention of 1774, "proceeding not upon any vague notion of a general 'Social Contract,' but on formal violations of a written contract, the Colony Charter, as explicitly stated. I ask attention to this, because it has been a favorite fancy of some modern writers, who praise the Puritans and disparage Jefferson and Franklin, that our Revolutionary fathers had gained through these latitudinarians a glimpse of the levelling French doctrines, and gave themselves up to be guided by Rousseau and Voltaire, in dereliction of their Puritan ancestry. Precisely the opposite is true; the French author whom Jefferson may have had in mind, when he was not thinking of Pym and Hampden, Sergeant Maynard, Locke and Algernon Sidney,—I mean Montesquieu,—having derived his theories more from the English constitutionalists than they from him. Probably not one of the men of Middlesex, who thus led the way to revolution in this law-abiding town of Concord, ever heard of Rousseau; but they were lawyers, deacons, country justices and farmers, accustomed to sit on juries; and they understood the law of contract and the obligations of fair trade as well as any English lord could tell them."

Many more passages we had marked; but all will be found by readers of the book—and it is to invite readers to the book that we write of it. Where all the work has been done so lovingly and faithfully, it is almost ungracious to mark distinctions; but it would be ungracious also not to speak of the rare pleasure we have had in reading Miss Katharine Lee Bates's charming paper on the Cape Cod towns—from the literary standpoint by far the most charming chapter in the book. Not since Thoreau has Cape Cod fared so happily at the hands of any writer as here at the hands of Miss Bates. Her delightful paper should be published separately for Cape Cod folks and Cape Cod pilgrims in a little booklet, illuminated by the best which the artist can do for it.

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It is to old Provincetown at the tip of the Cape that Mr. Bacon takes us on the first of his "Historic Pilgrimages in New England." In the same way that his pilgrimage to Provincetown complements Miss Bates's ramblings about the old town is his book altogether complemental to Mr. Powell's book. It is a book of reference, a little mine of information, with everything compact and in the right place to do the pilgrim exact service at the right time. We spoke of it at the beginning as a guidebook,—and by way of distinguishing its character from that of Mr. Powell's book, that term is useful; only it must be understood that it is not at all a guidebook in the ordinary sense, not a body of dry-as-dust hints, itineraries and statistics, but a succession of "sentimental journeys," the pilgrimages of a richly informed and fond historical scholar, whose every page is at the same time learned and enthusiastic. It is in feeling like Hare's "Walks" in London, in Florence and in Rome,

rather than like Baedeker or Murray, only quite unlike Hare in its method. The author creates a companion for himself, a bright high-school lad from the West, looking forward to a college course. Massachusetts had been the home of his ancestors. "Born and reared in the West, the East, with its wealth of historical associations, evidently had a fascination for him; and, American to his finger-tips, he had a strong desire for a personal knowledge of the places where the steps which had led from colonies to provinces, and from provinces to republic, had been taken. He had discovered through the slight excursions into ancient records which he had made for his elder sister, who was a member of the Daughters of the Revolution, that he not only had ancestors, but that they were settled here in the 'good old colony days.' This discovery had stimulated his interest in historic New England"—to which he now came for his summer holidays. Such a fellow is the best possible companion for historical pilgrimages, especially for pilgrimages whose story is meant largely for the young people in the schools; and him Mr. Bacon takes with him through his successive chapters, and to him does his talking, imparting his information and his inspiration.

We spoke of the lacks in Mr. Powell's "Historic New England Towns," to supply which a second volume is demanded. A more railing accusation could be brought against Mr. Bacon's title, "Historic Pilgrimages in New England," unless the volume is to be regarded as the first of a series. We are given reason to consider this the case, for the last words of the volume are these: "We had by no means exhausted the landmarks of old New England in these Massachusetts pilgrimages, I told him; and he promised to come East again, when we might extend our journeyings into other historic parts." Even "Massachusetts Pilgrimages" would be too large a title for this volume viewed simply by itself. "Historic Pilgrimages about Boston" would be more exact; for all these pilgrimages are to places in eastern Massachusetts, none of them more than a day's journey from Boston.

To tell the truth, if we were to have but a single book of New England pilgrimages from Mr. Bacon, as we hope we shall have half a dozen, this book on pilgrimages round about Boston is precisely that which we would wish. We have heard of "bigoted Bostonians." A bigoted Bostonian, in the pleasant sense of being just such a devotee of Boston as Charles Lamb was of London, is Edwin Bacon. He loves every brick of the dear old town, and knows every one. Untiring worker that he is, we do not know whether he ever takes a holiday; if he does, we suspect he spends it on Boston Common, believing himself in the depths of nature, or at Nantasket Beach, as something better far than the Bay of Naples. His little "Dictionary of Boston" and his "Walks and Rides in the Country Round About Boston" are the best books of the kind which Boston has; and this new book, in which he ventures a little farther away from his dear haunts, is by far the best handbook to the historic Massachusetts coast which has ever been placed in the hands of the pilgrim. The reader must not get the idea that its field is more restricted than it is. Cape Cod and Cape Ann both come in—and everything between; and the treatment of every place is searching and thorough, bringing us always through liberal use of the original authorities into close contact with the actors in the famous scenes described. The story of the romantic fortunes of the Bradford manuscript given in the chapter on Kingston, the very full account of Webster's life at Marshfield, the picture in the opening pages of Boston Harbor as it was when Standish and his men from Plymouth came sailing into it from Plymouth in the Septem-

ber days in 1621,—a score of such passages come to mind as presenting with peculiar vividness and freshness the episodes in the old New England annals which the author seeks to make real to his young Western friend and to ourselves. The last half of the book—the chapters on Provincial Boston, Pre-Revolutionary Boston, Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, Cambridge—is devoted almost entirely to the outbreak of the Revolution and the places associated with it; and it would be hard to find a more stirring picture of those stirring days.

The Boston antiquarian cannot turn the pages of Mr. Bacon's book without finding everywhere passages which will make him want to pause and organize a symposium of the sort of which Mr. Bacon himself—who comes nearer than anybody else, as we suspect has always been the case, to being the "Taverner" of the Boston newspapers—has managed so many. We are glad to see that, speaking of the beginnings of Boston, he corrects the common impression that Winthrop's first house stood beside the spot where the Old South Meeting-house now stands. His first house stood on the site of the present Exchange Building on State Street; the house by Spring Lane was his second house, and in this he died in 1649. But is not Mr. Bacon wrong in saying that the spring with which Blaxton "acquainted" Winthrop, and which led to the removal of the colonists from Charlestown to Shawmut, was in the middle of the present Louisburg Square? As we understand it, the spring on Blaxton's home lot was near that point, but the great spring, that which drew the colonists, was near the present Spring Lane, and it was about this that their little town grew up.

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The historical student in New England and the lovers of New England through the country surely have reason to be grateful to have two such books as these laid together upon their tables. To the historical pilgrims, whose numbers in these days are multiplying so fast, they will prove a special boon. The Old South Historical Society went for its first year's pilgrimage to old Rutland, Massachusetts, "the cradle of Ohio"; the second year, it went to the lands of Whittier beside the Merrimack; the third year, it went to the King Philip country—Mount Hope and Narragansett Bay. Each year it asks itself, and other groups of zealous pilgrims ask themselves, about the historic New England places which they can most profitably make their goals. Here come these books with their helpful and stimulating answers. They bring before the student graphically for his choice a score of famous points; and when his choice is made they place him in position to get the best and most out of his serious holiday. Every pilgrim will be grateful to Mr. Powell and Mr. Bacon, and will hope that Mr. Powell will give them yet another volume on New England and that Mr. Bacon, as we have already said, will give them half a dozen.

